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"*The Story of our Lives from Year to Year.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME I.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N°. 1.] SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859. [PRICE 2*d*.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I. THE PERIOD.

IT was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But, that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the

mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II. THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbad a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom!"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is?" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"*Is* that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers, eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace; d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for Ma'amselle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness, that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself

up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coin*ci*dence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a Blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III. THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbour is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration, being of a surface black, with no depth in the colour or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger, harping on one theme as he rode. "It wouldn't do for you, Jerry. Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit *your* line of business! Recalled——! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times, to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down-hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple-bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message, and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of *her* private topics of uneasiness. They seemed to be numerous, for she shied at every shadow on the road.

What time, the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow inscrutables inside. To whom, likewise, the shadows of the night revealed themselves, in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. As the bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leathern strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach-windows, and the coach-lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were

honoured in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connexion, ever paid in thrice the time. Then, the strong-rooms underground, at Tellson's, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger (and it was not a little that he knew about them), opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly-burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

But, though the bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way, like the presence of pain under an opiate), was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous colour, emaciated hands and figures. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

"Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?"

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, "Wait! It would kill me if I saw her too soon." Sometimes, it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, "Take me to her." Sometimes, it was staring and bewildered, and then it was, "I don't know her. I don't understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now, with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadows within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them, the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his arm securely through the leathern strap, and speculate upon the two slumbering forms, until his mind lost its hold of them, and they again slid away into the bank and the grave.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. There was a ridge of ploughed land, with a plough upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked; beyond, a quiet coppice-wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

SURE TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing myself as the happiest man alive. My character is, I have reason to believe, new to the world. Novelists, Dramatists, and Entertainers of an easily-amused public have never yet, to my knowledge, laid hands on me. Society is obscurely aware of my existence; is frequently disposed to ask questions about me; is always wanting to get face to face with me, and see what I am like; and has never been fortunate enough yet to make the desired discovery. I come forward of my own accord, actuated by motives of the most purely amiable sort, to dispel the mists in which I have hitherto been hidden, and to gratify the public by disclosing myself. Behold me, then, self-confessed and self-announced—the long-sought type; the representative Individual; the interesting Man who believes in Advertisements.

In using the word Advertisements, I mean to imply all those public announcements (made chiefly through the medium of the newspapers)

which address personal interests, and which require an exercise of personal faith in the individual who reads them. Advertisements which divert an unthinking public, which excite contemptuous astonishment in superficial minds, which set flippant people asking each other, "Who believes in this? Where are the people who can possibly be taken in by it?" and so on, are precisely the Advertisements to which I now allude. To my wise belief in these beneficent public offers of assistance to humanity, I am indebted for the unruffled mental tranquillity in which my life—a model life, as I venture to think it—is now passed. I see my fellow-creatures around me the dupes of their own fatal incredulity; worn by cares, which never trouble me; beset by doubts, from which I have escaped for ever—I see this spectacle of general anxiety and general wretchedness; and I find it invariably associated with a sarcastic suspicion, an irreverent disregard of those advertised roads to happiness and prosperity along which I have travelled, in my own personal case, with such undeniable and such astonishing results. My nature has been soft from infancy. My bosom is animated by a perpetual glow of philanthropy. I behold my species suffering, in all directions, through its own disastrous sharpness—and I compassionately come forward, in consequence, to persuade humanity that its business in this world is, not to make itself miserable by fighting with troubles, but to keep itself healthy, wealthy, and wise, by answering Advertisements.

I ask, believe me, very little. Faith and a few postage stamps—I want nothing more to regenerate the civilised world. With these treasures in ourselves; and with (to quote a few widely-known advertisements) "Graphiology," "Ten Pounds weekly realised by either Sex," "Matrimony Made Easy," and "The Future Foretold," all gently illuminating our path through life, we may amble forward along our flowery ways, and never be jolted, never be driven back, never be puzzled about our right road, from the beginning of the journey to the end. Take my own case, as an instance; and hear me while I record the results of personal experience.

I shall abstain, at the outset, from quoting any examples to establish the connexion between advertisements and health; because I may fairly assume, from the notoriously large sale of advertised medicines, that the sick public is well aware of the inestimable benefit to be derived from an implicit confidence in quacks. The means, however, of becoming, not healthy only, but wise and wealthy as well, by dint of believing in advertisements, are far less generally known. To this branch of the subject I may, therefore, address myself, with the encouraging conviction that I am occupying comparatively new ground.

Allow me, to begin by laying down two first principles. No man can feel comfortably wise, until he is on good terms with himself; and no man can, rationally speaking, be on good terms with himself until he knows himself. And how is he to know himself? I may be asked. Quite easily, I answer, by accepting the means of information offered in the following terms, and in all the newspapers, by a benefactress of mankind:

"Know Thyself! The Original Graphiologist, Miss Blank, continues her interesting and useful delineations of character, from examination of the handwriting, in a style peculiarly her own, and which can be but badly imitated by the ignorant pretenders and self-styled professors who have lately laid claim to a knowledge of this beautiful science. Persons desirous of knowing their own character, or that of any friend, must send a specimen of writing, stating sex and age, or supposed age, with fourteen uncut penny postage stamps, to Miss Blank, for which will be returned a detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c., of the writer, with other things previously unsuspected, calculated to guide in the everyday affairs of life," &c. &c.

This advertisement is no invention of my own. Excepting the lady's name, it is a true copy of an original, which does really appear in all the newspapers.

Off went my handwriting, and my fourteen uncut stamps, by the next post. Back, in a day or two (for Graphiology takes its time), came that inestimable revelation of my character which will keep me to the last day of my life on the best and highest terms with myself. I incorporate my own notes with the letter, as an unquestionable guarantee of the truth of its assertions, and a pleasing evidence, likewise, of its effect upon my mind on a first reading:

"The handwriting of our correspondent is wanting in firmness and precision." (Solely in consequence of my having a bad pen.) "There is apparent insincerity towards those who do not know you, but it is only putting a covering on your really warm heart." (How true!) "Large-minded, and inclined to be very forgiving. Generous, but not very open." (Well, if I must be one or the other, and not both together, I would rather be generous than open—for who can blame the closed heart when accompanied by the open hand?) "Of sterling integrity and inflexible perseverance." (Just so!) "You are clever in whatever you undertake—kindly—original—vivacious—full of glee and spirit." (Myself!—I blush to own it, but this is myself, drawn to the life!) "You conceal your real nature not so much from hypocrisy as prudence—yet there is nothing sordid or mean about you." (I should think not, indeed!) "You show least when you appear most open, and yet you are candid and artless." (Too true—alas, too true!) "You are good-humoured, but it partakes more of volatile liveliness than wit." (I do not envy the nature of the man who thinks this a defect.) "There is a melancholy tenderness pervades your manner"—(there is, indeed!)—"when succouring any one requiring your aid, which is at variance with your general tone. In disposition you are refined and sensitive."

With this brief, gratifying, and neatly-expressed sentence, the estimate of my character ended. It has been as genuinely copied from a genuine original as the specimen which precedes it; and it was accompanied by a pamphlet pre-

sented gratis, on the "Management of the Human Hair." Apparently, there had been peculiarities in my handwriting which had betrayed to the unerring eye of the Graphiologist, that my hair was not totally free from defects; and the pamphlet was a delicate way of hinting at the circumstance, and at the remedial agents to which I might look for relief. But this is a minor matter, and has nothing to do with the great triumph of Graphiology, which consists in introducing us to ourselves, on terms that make us inestimably precious to ourselves, for the trifling consideration of fourteenpenn'orth of postage stamps. To a perfectly unprejudiced —that is to say, to a wisely credulous mind—such a science as this carries its own recommendation along with it. Comment is superfluous—except in the form of stamps transmitted to the Graphiologist. I may continue the record of my personal experiences.

Having started, as it were, afresh in life, with a new and improved opinion of myself—having discovered that I am clever in whatever I undertake, kindly, original, vivacious, full of glee and spirit, and that my few faults are so essentially modest and becoming as to be more of the nature of second-rate merits than of positive defects—I am naturally in that bland and wisely contented frame of mind which peculiarly fits a man to undertake the choice of his vocation in life, with the certainty of doing the fullest justice to himself. At this new point in my career, I look around me once again among my sceptical and unhappy fellow-mortals. What turbulence, what rivalry, what heart-breaking delays, disappointments, and discomfitures do I not behold among the disbelievers in advertisements —the dupes of incredulity, who are waiting for prizes in the lottery of professional existence! Here is a man vegetating despondingly in a wretched curacy; here is another, pining briefless at the unproductive Bar; here is a third, slaving away his youth at a desk, on the chance of getting a partnership, if he lives to be a middle-aged man. Inconceivable infatuation! Every one of these victims of prejudice and routine sees the advertisements—as I see them. Every one might answer the following announcement, issued by a disinterested lover of his species—as I answer it:

"Ten Pounds Weekly.—May be permanently realised by either sex, with each pound expended. Particulars clearly shown that these incomes are so well secured to those investing that to fail in realising them is impossible. Parties may commence with small investments, and by increasing them out of their profits, can, with unerring certainty, realise an enormous income. No partnership, risk, liability, or embarking in business. Incontestable authorities given in proof of these statements. Enclose a directed stamped envelope to," &c. &c.

All this information for a penny stamp! It is offered—really offered in the terms quoted above—in the advertising columns of half the newspapers in England; especially in the cheap newspapers, which have plenty of poor readers, hungry for any little addition to their scanty incomes. Would anybody believe that we persist in recognising the clerical profession, the medical profession, the legal profession, and that the Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession is, as yet, unacknowledged among us!

Well, I despatch my directed envelope. The reply is returned to me in the form of two documents, one lithographed and one printed, and both so long that they generously give me, at the outset, a good shilling's worth of reading for my expenditure of a penny stamp. The commercial pivot on which the structure of my enormous future income revolves, I find, on perusal of the documents—the real documents, mind, not my imaginary substitutes for them —to be a "Fabric"—described as somewhat similar in appearance to "printed velvet." How simple and surprising! how comprehensive and satisfactory—especially to a poor man, longing for that little addition to his meagre income! The Fabric is certain to make everybody's fortune. And why? Because it is a patent Fabric, and because it can imitate everything, at an expense of half nothing. The Fabric can copy flowers, figures, landscapes, and historical pictures; paper-hangings, dress-pieces, shawls, scarfs, vests, trimmings, book-covers, and "other manufactures too numerous to detail." The Fabric can turn out "hundreds of thousands of articles at one operation." By skilful manœuvring of the Fabric "ninety per cent. of material is saved." In the multitudinous manipulations of the Fabric—and this is a most cheering circumstance—"sixty veneers have been cut to the inch." In the public disposal of the Fabric—and here is the most surprising discovery of all—the generous patentee (who answers my application) will distribute its advantages over the four quarters of the globe, in shares — five-shilling shares—each one of which is "probably worth several hundred pounds." But why talk of hundreds? Let clergymen, doctors, and barristers talk of hundreds. The Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession takes its stand on the Fabric, and counts by millions. We can prove this (I speak as a Fabricator) by explicit and incontrovertible reference to facts and figures.

How much (the following illustrations and arguments are not my own: they are derived entirely from the answer I receive to my application)—how much does it cost at present to dress a lady, shawl a lady, and bonnet a lady; to parasol and slipper a lady, and to make a lady quite happy after that, with a porte-monnaie, an album, and a book-cover? Eight pounds—and dirt cheap, too. The Fabric will do the whole thing—now that "sixty veneers have been cut to the inch," mind, but not before—for Two pounds. How much does it cost to carpet, rug, curtain, chair-cover, decorate, table-cover, and paper-hang a small house? Assume ruin to the manufacturer, and say, as a joke, Ten pounds The Fabric, neatly cutting its sixty veneers to the inch, will furnish the house, as it furnishes the lady, for Two pounds. What follows?

Houses of small size and ladies of all sizes employ the Fabric. What returns pour in? Look at the population of houses and ladies, and say Seventy Millions Sterling per annum. Add foreign houses and foreign ladies, under the head of Exports, and say Thirty Millions per annum more. Is this too much for the ordinary mind to embrace? It is very good. The patentee is perfectly willing to descend the scale at a jump; to address the narrowest comprehension; and to knock off nine-tenths. Remainder, Ten Millions. Say that "the royalty" will be thirty per cent., and "such profit would give three millions of pounds sterling to be divided among the shareholders." Simple, as the simplest sum in the Multiplication Table: simple as two and two make four.

I am aware that the obstinate incredulity of the age will inquire why the fortunate Patentee does not keep these prodigious returns to himself. How base is Suspicion! How easily, in this instance, is it answered and rebuked! The Patentee refrains from keeping the returns to himself, because he doesn't want money. His lithographed circular informs me—really and truly does inform me, and will inform you if you have to do with him—that he has had "a good fortune" left him, and that he is "heir to several thousand pounds a year." With these means at his disposal, he might of course work his inestimable patent with his own resources. But no!—he *will* let the public in. What a man! How noble his handwriting must be, in a graphiological point of view! What phrases are grateful enough to acknowledge his personal kindness in issuing shares to me at "the totally-inadequate sum"—to use his own modest words—of five shillings each? Happy, happy day, when I and the Fabric and the Patentee were all three introduced to one another!

When a man is so fortunate as to know himself, from the height of his "volatile liveliness" to the depth of his "melancholy tenderness"—as I know myself—when, elevated on a multiform Fabric, he looks down from the regions of perpetual wealth on the narrow necessities of the work-a-day world beneath him—but one other action is left for that man to perform, if he wishes to make the sum of his earthly felicity complete. The ladies will already have anticipated that the action which I now refer to as final may be comprehended in one word—Marriage.

The course of all disbelievers in advertisements, where they are brought face to face with this grand emergency, is more or less tortuous, troubled, lengthy, and uncertain. No man of this unhappy stamp can fall in love, bill and coo, and finally get himself married, without a considerable amount of doubt, vexation, and disappointment occurring at one period or other in the general transaction of his amatory affairs. Through want of faith and postage stamps, mankind have agreed to recognise these very disagreeable drawbacks as so many inevitable misfortunes: dozens of popular proverbs assert their necessary existence, and nine-tenths of our successful novels are filled with the sympathetic recital of them in successions of hysterical chapters. And yet, singular as it may appear, the most cursory reference to the advertising columns of the newspapers is sufficient to show the fallacy of this view, if readers would only exercise (as I do) their faculties of implicit belief. As there are infallible secrets for discovering character by handwriting, and making fortunes by Fabrics, so there are other infallible secrets for falling in love with the right woman, fascinating her in the right way, and proposing to her at the right time, which render doubt, disappointment, or hesitation, at any period of the business, so many absolute impossibilities. Once again, let me confute incredulous humanity, by quoting my own happy experience.

Now, mark. I think it desirable to settle in life. Good. Do I range over my whole acquaintance; do I frequent balls, concerts, and public promenades; do I spend long days in wearisome country-houses, and sun myself persistently at the watering-places of England—all for the purpose of finding a woman to marry? I am too wise to give myself any such absurd amount of trouble. I simply start my preliminary operations by answering the following advertisement:

"To the Unmarried.—If you wish to Marry, send a stamped-addressed envelope to the Advertiser, who will put you in possession of a *Secret* by means of which you can win the affections of as many of the opposite sex as your heart may desire. This is suitable for either sex; for the old or young, rich or poor, whether of prepossessing appearance or otherwise.—Address, Mr. Flam, London."

When the answer reaches me, I find Mr. Flam—although undoubtedly a benefactor to mankind—to be scarcely so ready of access and so expansive in his nature as the Proprietor of the Fabric. Instead of sending me the Secret, he transmits a printed paper, informing me that he wants two shillings worth of postage stamps first. To my mind, it seems strange that he should have omitted to mention this in the Advertisement. But I send the stamps, nevertheless; and get the Secret back from Mr. Flam, in the form of a printed paper. Half of this paper is addressed to the fair sex, and is therefore, I fear, of no use to me. The other half, however, addresses the lords of the creation; and I find the Secret summed up at the end, for their benefit, in these few but most remarkable words:

"To the Male Sex.—*If a woman is clean and neat in her dress, respects the Sabbath, and is dutiful towards her parents, happy will be the man who makes her his wife.*"

Most astonishing! All great discoveries are simple. Is it not amazing that nobody should have had the smallest suspicion of the sublime truth expressed above, until Mr. Flam suddenly hit on it? How cheap, too—how scandalously cheap at two shillings! And this is the man

whose generosity I doubted—the man who not only bursts on me with a new revelation, but adds to it a column of advice, every sentence of which is more than worth its tributary postage stamp. Assuming that I have fixed on my young woman, Mr. Flam teaches me how to "circumvent" her, in the following artful and irresistible manner:

I must see her as often as possible. I must have something fresh to relate to her at every interview; and I must get that "something fresh" out of the newspapers. I must tell her where I have been, and where I am going to, and what I have seen, and what I expect to see; and if she wants to go with me, I must take her, and, what is more, I must be lively, and "come out with a few witty remarks, and be as amusing as possible"—for (and here is another Secret, another great discovery thrown in for nothing) I must recollect that "the funny man is always a favourite with the ladies." Amazing insight! How does Mr. Flam get down into these deep, these previously-unsuspected well-springs of female human nature? One would like a brief memoir of this remarkable person, accompanied by his portrait from a photograph, and enriched by a fac-simile (for graphiological purposes) of his handwriting.

To return once more, and for the last time, to myself. It may be objected that, although Mr. Flam has illuminated me with an inestimable secret, has fortified me with invaluable advice for making myself agreeable, and has assured me that if I attend to it, I may, "after a few weeks, boldly declare my love, and make certain of receiving a favourable answer," he has, apparently, omitted, judging by my abstract of his reply, to inform me of the terms in which I am to make my offer, when I and my young woman are mutually ready for it. This is true. I am told to declare my love boldly; but I am not told how to do it, because Mr. Flam, of London, is honourably unwilling to interfere with the province of a brother-benefactor, Mr. Hum, of Hull, who for twenty-six postage stamps (see Advertisement) will continue the process of my enlightenment, from the point at which it left off, in "the most wonderful, astonishing, and curious work ever published in the English language, entitled MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER." It is unnecessary to say that I send for this work, and two new discoveries flash upon me at the first perusal of it.

My first discovery is, that identically the same ideas on the subject of matrimony, and identically the same phrases in expressing them, appear to have occurred to Mr. Flam, of London, and to Mr. Hum, of Hull. The whole first part of Mr. Hum's pamphlet is, sentence for sentence, and word for word, an exact repetition of the printed paper previously forwarded to me by Mr. Flam. To superficial minds this very remarkable coincidence might suggest that Mr. Flam and Mr. Hum, in spite of the difference in their respective names and addresses, were one and the same individual. To those who, like myself, look deeper, any such injurious theory as this is inadmissible, because it implies that a benefactor to mankind is capable of dividing himself in two for the sake of fraudulently procuring from the public a double allowance of postage stamps. This is, under the circumstances, manifestly impossible. Mr. Flam, therefore, in my mind, remains a distinct and perfect Flam, and Mr. Hum, a distinct and perfect Hum; and the similarity of their ideas and expressions is simply another confirmation of the well-known adage which refers to the simultaneous jumping of two great wits to one conclusion. So much for my first discovery.

The second revelation bursts out on me from the second part of Mr. Hum's pamphlet, which I may remark, in parenthesis, is purely and entirely his own. I have been previously in the habit of believing that offers of marriage might extend themselves in the matter of verbal expression, to an almost infinite variety of forms. Mr. Hum, however, taking me up at the point where Mr. Flam has set me down, amazes and delights me by showing that the matrimonial advances of the whole population of bachelors may be confidently made to the whole population of spinsters, in one short and definitely-stated form of words. Mr. Flam has told me when to declare my love; and Mr. Hum, in the following paragraph, goes a step further, and tells me how to do it:

"When the gentleman has somewhat familiarised himself with the lady, and perceived that he is not, at all events, an object of aversion or ridicule, he should seek a favourable opportunity, and speak to this effect:—'I have come (miss, or madam, as the case may be) to take a probably final leave of you.' The lady will naturally ask the reason; when the lover can add (and if he is a fellow of any feeling, the occasion may give a depth of tone and an effect to his eloquence, that may turn the beam in his favour, if it was an even balance before):—'Because, madam, I find your society has become so dear to me, that I fear I must fly to save myself, as I may not dare to hope that the suit of a stranger might be crowned with success.'"

No more—we single men may think it short—but there is actually not a word more. Maid or widow, whichever she may be, "crowned with success," is the last she will get out of us men. If she means to blush, hesitate, tremble, and sink on our bosoms, she had better be quick about it, on the utterance of the word "success." Our carpet-bag is in the hall, and we shall take that "final leave" of ours, to a dead certainty, unless she looks sharp. Mr. Hum adds, that she probably *will* look sharp. Not a doubt of it. Thank you, Mr. Hum; you have more than earned your postage stamps; we need trouble you no further.

I am now thoroughly prepared for my future transactions with the fair sex—but where, it may be objected, is the woman on whom I am to exercise my little arts? It is all very well for me to boast that I am above the necessity of toiling after her, here, there, and everywhere—toil for her, I must: nobody will spare me

that trouble, at any rate. I beg pardon—Destiny (for a consideration of postage stamps) will willingly spare me the trouble. Destiny, if I will patiently bide my time (which I am only too willing to do), will hunt out a woman of the right complexion for me, and will bring her within easy hearing-distance of the great Hum formula, at the proper moment. How can I possibly know this? Just as I know everything else, by putting my trust in advertisements, and not being stingy with my postage stamps. Here is the modest offer of service which Destiny, speaking through the newspapers, makes to mankind:

"THE FUTURE FORETOLD.—Any persons wishing to have their future lives revealed to them correctly, should send their age, sex, and eighteen stamps, to Mr. Nimbus (whose prophecies never fail)."

I send my age, my sex, and my eighteen stamps; and Mr. Nimbus, as the mouthpiece of Destiny, speaks thus encouragingly in return:

"PRIVATE.—I have carefully studied your destiny, and I find that you were born under the planet Mars. You have experienced in life some changes, and all has not been found to answer your expectations. There are brighter days and happier hours before you, and the present year will bring to you greater advantages than the past. You will marry a Female of Fair Complexion, most desirous of gaining your hand." (That's the woman! I am perfectly satisfied. Destiny will bring us together; the system of Mr. Flam will endear us to each other; and the formula of Mr. Hum will clench the tender business. All right, Mr. Nimbus—what next?) "You will make a most fortunate speculation with a Male of whom you have some knowledge"—(evidently the proprietor of the Fabric)—"and, although there will be some difficulties arise for a time, they will again disappear, and your Star rises in the ascendant. You will be successful in your undertakings and pursuits, and you will attain to a position in life desirable to your future welfare."

I have done. All the advertisements presented here, I must again repeat, are real advertisements. Nothing is changed in any of them but the names of the advertisers. The answers copied are genuine answers obtained, only a short time since, in the customary way, by formal applications. I need say no more. The lesson of wise credulity which I undertook to teach, from the record of my own experience, is now before the world, and I may withdraw again into the healthy, wealthy, and wise retirement from which I have emerged solely for the good of others.

Take a last fond look at me before I go. Behold me immovably fixed in my good opinion of myself, by the discriminating powers of Graphiology; prospectively enriched by the vast future proceeds of my Fabric; thoroughly well grounded in the infallible rules for Courtship and Matrimony, and confidently awaiting the Female of Fair Complexion, on whom I shall practise them. Favoured by these circumstances, lavishly provided for in every possible respect, free from everything in the shape of cares, doubts, and anxieties, who can say that I have not accurately described myself as "the happiest man alive;" and who can venture to dispute that this position of perfect bliss is the obvious and necessary consequence of a wise belief in Advertisements?

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED.

VERY PARTICULARLY; the chief engineer of the steam-ship Bagota, who ordered a man to be roasted to death at a furnace. Which order was obeyed, under circumstances of brutality, both active and passive, so abominable, that the earth can hardly be expected to produce grains and fruits after their several kinds while the said engineer remains unhanged upon it.

If this should meet the eye of the magistrate who permitted that murderer to go at large on bail, he is informed that he is not likely to hear of anything to his advantage.

THE REASON WHY London aldermanic justice, in the current month of April, sentenced a ruffian, for a series of perfectly unprovoked assaults of a most violent description, beginning with a respectable young woman and ending with the police in general, to one month's imprisonment only. The attention of Mr. Alderman Mechi is invited.

THE PHILANTHROPISTS who are so benevolent as to open the public-houses, free of expense, at election time. Also, the good Samaritans who pay arrears of rent for people, at about the same period.

IN ACTION, an original English play of any description within the limits of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

A FEW IDEAS for the walls of the Royal Academy. One hundred cart-loads of fancy dresses, dolls, and old furniture, may be taken in exchange.

SOME NEWER TUB for the whale-taking trade, than a cry of Revolution to catch a pension. Address, Buckinghamshire.

A NATIONAL RECORD of the death of a true hero—DORMAN by name—who, on the inundation of a colliery in South Wales, during the present month, rejected the means of immediate escape which were offered to him, and perished, a sacrifice to his own noble efforts to save the workmen committed to his charge.

"WANTED, a Baby to Nurse, by a Fond Mother, who has lost Five Infants of her own." An advertisement having appeared in the Times the other day with this beginning, Dr. HEROD undertakes to teach, to those persons who prefer the management of their own children, a Fond Mother's System in THREE

ORATIONS. The first Oration will be upon Daffy, or Infant Medication. This will be succeeded by an Oration on Spoonmeat, demonstrating the objectionable fluidity of milk, and the necessity of nourishing a child on grits. The third Oration will be on Bare Legs, with a most earnest exhortation to fond parents to try the effect of discarding leg-coverings themselves for at least one autumn and winter. An infant band of Bronchitic Minstrels will attend to perform popular variations on the British Cough.

FOUND.

ALWAYS. An immense flock of gulls to believe in preposterous advertisements.

A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY belonging to nobody, on its way to boroughs and counties to do nothing.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE, set by the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who has mercifully employed himself in turning the gravelled airing ground, which forms the hospital quadrangle, into a garden for the benefit of convalescent patients.

A LITTLE ESTIMATE of expenses for improving London, issued by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and amounting to the sum of (say) Twenty Millions sterling. The attention of all housekeepers, who may find their present taxes too light for them, is particularly directed to this gratifying document.

A CONSIDERABLE QUANTITY of ready-made political sympathy for the working-classes, scattered principally about the large electoral districts. To be sold, in the course of the next six weeks, for the benefit of the original manufacturers. Apply at the hustings.

IN A FEW SHEETS of town and country newspapers, supposed to have been dropped by a gang of coiners, a mass of BASE TATTLE, ticketed "Literary Intelligence," and several FLASH NOTES, endorsed "From our London Correspondent." These have been forwarded to the nearest Dust-Contractor, but dealers in small talk are cautioned against unwary acceptance of any more of this base coin that may still be current. It is chiefly to the effect that the eminent John Jones's private income is nine, four, two, six and twopence-halfpenny. Also that Smith has asked Thompson to tell Watson that Johnson thinks Wilkinson has promised to give Wilson a thousand pounds a minute for five years.

MISSING.

ON ALL OCCASIONS, the man who is responsible for anything done ill in the public service. He will particularly oblige by coming forward.

A DECENT PRETEXT for plunging the nations of Europe into the losses, crimes, miseries, and horrors of war. Apply at the chief office, Paris; or, at the branch establishment, Turin.

THE SLIGHTEST SYMPATHY, in any part of the civilised world, for the sufferings of the King of Naples.

A NOTICE TO ECCLESIASTICAL MARINERS, pointing out the safe middle course to steer, between the Low Church Rocks, and the High Church Quicksands. Also, a manual of instructions for the accurate trimming of sails, when the storms of clerical remonstrance blow together from two different points of the compass. Address (post-paid), The Commanding Officer of her Majesty's Ship, Diocese of Oxford.

THE CITY OF EARTHLY EDEN.

SHEDDÁD the Mighty, the great of limb,
Had the kings of the whole earth under him:
They held their thrones at his pleasure, and all
Came and went at his beck and call.
His heart swell'd within him, and, mad with power,
To his vassals he said, in an evil hour:
"I have read in the ancient histories
Of the gardens and cities of Paradise,
Whereto the spirit of man is bidden
When, passing the Gate of Death, now hidden,
It walks in the countries far away.—
Let those who please await that day:
The will of the crowd availeth not
To expedite their promis'd lot;
But mine is strong and stern as Fate;
And I on the earth will emulate
The pomp of that celestial state;
Till, like a planet vast and bright,
That dazzles the day and kills the night,
And waneth never, nor taketh flight,
In the heavens shall hang the golden light
Of the City of Earthly Eden.

"Depart, then, to the mines that lie
In the caves of the mountains far and nigh,
And out of the heat and the swarthy glooms
Of Nature's subterranean rooms
Bring heavy lumps of burning gold,
And bars of silver, white and cold,
And the chrysolite, glancing yellow and green,
And the emerald, arrowy, quick, and keen,
And the ruby's throbbing heart of splendour,
Where the prison'd light beats soft and tender,
And trembles, 'twixt love and sorrow and bliss,
For the outer light which it can but kiss,
But never shall join through the endless ages:
And let the lords and the greybeard sages
Search out, with diligent toil and pain,
A spot on some delightful plain,
Where rivers four from a mountain single
Their waves with a murmuring measure mingle;
And there, to a sound of choral song,
Build the bases steady and strong,
And lift the terraces light and long,
In the City of Earthly Eden."

The vassals heard, and bow'd, and went
Their several ways, and the wonderment
Was blown abroad to the uttermost bound
Of the great earth's all-containing round;
And the tribes and nations hurried forth
From beyond the mountains of the North,

And from out of the windy Scythian waste,
And the Indian jungles interlaced,
And the valleys cradled in the stone
Of Kaf, the world's gigantic zone,*
And wide Armenia's pastoral lands,
And awful Egypt, and the sands
At the solemn heart of Africa.
Obedient to their mighty Shah,
They swarm'd like flies; and, after these,
From the distant islands of the seas
Came more and more; and all address'd
Their minds towards that strange behest,
That they might see, with living eyes,
Like a slowly-kindling dawn, uprise
The glow of this new Paradise,
The City of Earthly Eden.

For twenty years, with labour stark,
They mined and dug by light and dark,
And the naked divers dived for pearls
In the Indian ocean's perilous swirls,
And the slaves collected, piece by piece,
Saffron and myrrh and ambergris.
Then they search'd the deserts far away,
And the grassy steppes; till, on a day,
They found a plain of vast extent,
Through which four flashing rivers bent
Their interwoven course from where,
In the hot horizon's quivering air,
The soft blue mountains lay like smoke,
Or mists of morning; and they broke
The soil, and, under the hollow sphere
Of the heavens, eternal and austere,
They mark'd the circuit of the walls,
And the flanking towers at intervals,
And cried, with a roaring, Bacchanal sound,
"Behold, behold, the chosen ground
That shall, in the lapse of time, be crown'd
By the City of Earthly Eden!"

Then day by day, and year by year,
The severing deserts, sandy and sere,
Were cross'd by the long processional lines
Of the camels moving from the mines,—
Moving slowly under the sun,
Endlessly moving, one by one,
Each over his gliding shadow steering
His ship-like way, as the shadow, veering,
And dwindling now, and now dilating,
On the sun's great course kept humbly waiting.
From the tracts and countries across the sea
Came the wingèd vessels boundingly,
With jasper, of many a freakish stain,
And the spiky coral with blushing grain,
All virgin-fresh from the cloister'd caves
And the lonely dimness under the waves,
And agate, and red cornelian,
And perfumed woods from which there ran—
With a motion that linger'd reluctantly there—
Gums worthy to weep in the glamour and glare,
And to breathe their odours into the air,
Of the City of Earthly Eden.

Up in its loveliness rose the gleam
Of the palaces wrought in that city of dream;
Up rose each lofty pavilion,
Tier by tier, till it lighten'd and shone
Far over the plain with a restless rain
Of splendour, dazzling eye and brain.
In channels of gold, through the streets below,
The wandering rivers were made to flow,
Feeding with freshness, up from their roots
(Till the sap laugh'd out into flowers and fruits),
The trees that were planted reposingly
Wherever the water glimmer'd by:
And high in the heavens, like ice and fire
Commingled, one central diamond spire
Froze in its burning across the domes,
And the towers and temples and Sybarite homes,
And the columns and ramparts and pyramids,—
Alluring and distant, like something that bids
All men turn aside from the deserts, and rest
From the fever and fume and the wearisome quest
Of life, and repose, as a bird in its nest,
In the City of Earthly Eden.

Proud and exulting, the Ruler of men
Saw his vision of glory completed; and then
He marshall'd his warriors, host on host,
Many and bright as the waves on the coast,
And trooping like waves in a measured accord,
And the women who own'd him as husband and lord
And the dancing maidens, dancing in time
To the rhythm of their anklets' chime,
And the slaves and the courtiers, and all who lay
In the light of his presence, like stars in the ray
Of the moon, when the moon is full-orb'd in the sky:
And he in the midst, with his sovereign eye,
That kindled superbly whenever the blast
Of the trumpets came whirling and eddying past,
Proclaim'd the new Paradise made by his will.
As he spoke, the air, hearkening, dropp'd awfully still;
And when he had finish'd, that princely rout,
In the freshness of early dawn, set out—
With much of hope, and something of doubt,
And a flutter of fear, that crept about—
For the City of Earthly Eden.

Into the deserts they rode. Each night
They dreamt some dream of the coming delight,
And all day long through the trampling throng
Flow'd the wave of a heart-uplifting song.
At length, o'er the solitude, lucid and vast,
And dilating and sun-like, the city grew fast;
When suddenly, out of the distance, came
A cry of such might that it burnt like flame
Through the hosts of the monarch, and parch'd into sand
Every creature that heard it. But still in that land
The city remains, and for aye shall remain,
Shut round by the hush of the desert plain,
Inaccessible, lonely, unpeopled, remote.*
But out of the noon of its splendours float
Strange beams, which are seen in the dark far away;
And the people, beholding that effluence, say:
"Sheddád the Mighty, thy doom was just!
Dust thou liest within the dust;

* The Orientals regarded Kaf (Caucasus) as a stony girdle round the earth.

* The story here related is an Arabian legend, which Mr. Lane has eloquently rendered in the Notes to his translation of The Thousand and One Nights. The site of the marvellous city is supposed to be in the deserts of Aden, at the extreme south of the Arabian peninsula. Occasionally, as tradition affirms, a wanderer in the desert comes accidentally upon the gorgeous mass of palaces and pavilions, and finds them vacant; but this is very seldom. The reader will observe that the story has a similarity to that of Zobeide in The Arabian Nights. The existence of the deserted, but magnificent, city of Petra, in the midst of a rocky wilderness, may have led to the invention of this fable.

And all around thee thy myriads sleep,
Heavily, darkly, dead, and deep,
And nothing beside the wind dare creep
Through the City of Earthly Eden."

THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER.

My friend Philosewers and I, contemplating a farm-labourer the other day, who was drinking his mug of beer on a settle at a road-side ale-house door, we fell to humming the fag-end of an old ditty, of which the poor man and his beer, and the sin of parting them, form the doleful burden. Philosewers then mentioned to me that a friend of his in an agricultural county—say a Hertfordshire friend—had, for two years last past, endeavoured to reconcile the poor man and his beer to public morality, by making it a point of honour between himself and the poor man that the latter should use his beer and not abuse it. Interested in an effort of so unobtrusive and unspeechifying a nature, "O Philosewers," said I, after the manner of the dreary sages in Eastern apologues, "Show me, I pray, the man who deems that temperance can be attained without a medal, an oration, a banner, and a denunciation of half the world, and who has at once the head and heart to set about it!"

Philosewers expressing, in reply, his willingness to gratify the dreary sage, an appointment was made for the purpose. And on the day fixed, I, the Dreary one, accompanied by Philosewers, went down Nor'-West per railway, in search of temperate temperance. It was a thunderous day; and the clouds were so immoderately watery, and so very much disposed to sour all the beer in Hertfordshire, that they seemed to have taken the pledge.

But, the sun burst forth gaily in the afternoon, and gilded the old gables, and old mullioned windows, and old weathercock and old clock-face, of the quaint old house which is the dwelling of the man we sought. How shall I describe him? As one of the most famous practical chemists of the age? That designation will do as well as another—better, perhaps, than most others. And his name? Friar Bacon.

"Though, take notice, Philosewers," said I, behind my hand, "that the first Friar Bacon had not that handsome lady-wife beside him. Wherein, O Philosewers, he was a chemist, wretched and forlorn, compared with his successor. Young Romeo bade the holy father Lawrence hang up philosophy, unless philosophy could make a Juliet. Chemistry would infallibly be hanged if its life were staked on making anything half so pleasant as this Juliet." The gentle Philosewers smiled assent.

The foregoing whisper from myself, the Dreary one, tickled the ear of Philosewers, as we walked on the trim garden terrace before dinner, among the early leaves and blossoms; two peacocks, apparently in very tight new boots, occasionally crossing the gravel at a distance. The sun, shining through the old house-windows, now and then flashed out some brilliant piece of colour from bright hangings within, or upon the old oak panelling; similarly, Friar Bacon, as we paced to and fro, revealed little glimpses of his good work.

"It is not much," said he. "It is no wonderful thing. There used to be a great deal of drunkenness here, and I wanted to make it better if I could. The people are very ignorant, and have been much neglected, and I wanted to make *that* better, if I could. My utmost object was, to help them to a little self-government and a little homely pleasure. I only show the way to better things, and advise them. I never act for them; I never interfere; above all, I never patronise."

I had said to Philosewers as we came along Nor'-West that patronage was one of the curses of England. I appeared to rise in the estimation of Philosewers when thus confirmed.

"And so," said Friar Bacon, "I established my Allotment-club, and my pig-clubs, and those little Concerts by the ladies of my own family, of which we have the last of the season this evening. They are a great success, for the people here are amazingly fond of music. But there is the early dinner-bell, and I have no need to talk of my endeavours when you will soon see them in their working dress."

Dinner done, behold the Friar, Philosewers, and myself the Dreary one, walking, at six o'clock, across the fields, to the "Club-house."

As we swung open the last field-gate and entered the Allotment-grounds, many members were already on their way to the Club, which stands in the midst of the allotments. Who could help thinking of the wonderful contrast between these club-men and the club-men of St. James's-street, or Pall-mall, in London! Look at yonder prematurely old man, doubled up with work, and leaning on a rude stick more crooked than himself, slowly trudging to the club-house, in a shapeless hat like an Italian harlequin's, or an old brown-paper bag, leathern leggings, and dull green smock-frock, looking as though duck-weed had accumulated on it—the result of its stagnant life—or as if it were a vegetable production, originally meant to blow into something better, but stopped somehow. Compare him with Old Cousin Feenix, ambling along St. James's-street, got up in the style of a couple of generations ago, and with a head of hair, a complexion, and a set of teeth, profoundly impossible to be believed in by the widest stretch of human credulity. Can they both be men and brothers? Verily they are. And although Cousin Feenix has lived so fast that he will die at Baden-Baden, and although this club-man in the frock has lived, ever since he came to man's estate, on nine shillings a week, and is sure to die in the Union if he die in bed, yet he brought as much into the world as Cousin Feenix, and will take as much out—more, for more of him is real.

A pretty, simple building, the club-house, with a rustic colonnade outside, under which the members can sit on wet evenings, looking at

the patches of ground they cultivate for themselves; within, a well-ventilated room, large and lofty, cheerful pavement of coloured tiles, a bar for serving out the beer, good supply of forms and chairs, and a brave big chimney-corner, where the fire burns cheerfully. Adjoining this room, another:

"Built for a reading-room," said Friar Bacon; "but not much used—yet."

The dreary sage, looking in through the window, perceiving a fixed reading-desk within, and inquiring its use:

"I have Service there," said Friar Bacon. "They never went anywhere to hear prayers, and of course it would be hopeless to help them to be happier and better, if they had no religious feeling at all."

"The whole place is very pretty." Thus the sage.

"I am glad you think so. I built it for the holders of the Allotment-grounds, and gave it them: only requiring them to manage it by a committee of their own appointing, and never to get drunk there. They never have got drunk there."

"Yet they have their beer freely."

"O yes. As much as they choose to buy. The club gets its beer direct from the brewer, by the barrel. So they get it good; at once much cheaper, and much better, than at the public-house. The members take it in turns to be steward, and serve out the beer: if a man should decline to serve when his turn came, he would pay a fine of twopence. The steward lasts, as long as the barrel lasts. When there is a new barrel, there is a new steward."

"What a noble fire is roaring up that chimney!"

"Yes, a capital fire. Every member pays a halfpenny a week."

"Every member must be the holder of an Allotment-garden?"

"Yes; for which he pays five shillings a year. The Allotments you see about us, occupy some sixteen or eighteen acres, and each garden is as large as experience shows one man to be able to manage. You see how admirably they are tilled, and how much they get off them. They are always working in them in their spare hours; and when a man wants a mug of beer, instead of going off to the village and the public-house, he puts down his spade or his hoe, comes to the club-house and gets it, and goes back to his work. When he has done work, he likes to have his beer at the club, still, and to sit and look at his little crops as they thrive."

"They seem to manage the club very well."

"Perfectly well. Here are their own rules. They made them. I never interfere with them, except to advise them when they ask me."

RULES AND REGULATIONS

MADE BY THE COMMITTEE,

From the 21st September, 1857.

One half-penny per week to be paid to the club by each member.

1.—Each member to draw the beer in order, according to the number of his allotment; on failing, a forfeit of twopence to be paid to the club.

2.—The member that draws the beer to pay for the same, and bring his ticket up receipted when the subscriptions are paid; on failing to do so, a penalty of sixpence to be forfeited and paid to the club.

3.—The subscriptions and forfeits to be paid at the club-room on the last Saturday night of each month.

4.—The subscriptions and forfeits to be cleared up every quarter; if not, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

5.—The member that draws the beer to be at the club-room by six o'clock every evening, and stay till ten; but in the event of no member being there, he may leave at nine; on failing so to attend, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

6.—Any member giving beer to a stranger in this club-room, excepting to his wife or family, shall be liable to the penalty of one shilling.

7.—Any member lifting his hand to strike another in this club-room shall be liable to the penalty of sixpence.

8.—Any member swearing in this club-room shall be liable to a penalty of twopence each time.

9.—Any member selling beer shall be expelled from the club.

10.—Any member wishing to give up his allotment, may apply to the committee, and they shall value the crop and the condition of the ground. The amount of the valuation shall be paid by the succeeding tenant, who shall be allowed to enter on any part of the allotment which is uncropped at the time of notice of the leaving tenant.

11.—Any member not keeping his allotment-garden clear from seed-weeds, or otherwise injuring his neighbours, may be turned out of his garden by the votes of two-thirds of the committee, one month's notice being given to him.

12.—Any member carelessly breaking a mug, is to pay the cost of replacing the same.

I was soliciting the attention of Philosewers to some old old bonnets hanging in the Allotment-gardens to frighten the birds, and the fashion of which I should think would terrify a French bird to death at any distance, when Philosewers solicited my attention to the scrapers at the club-house door. The amount of the soil of England which every member brought there on his feet, was indeed surprising; and even I, who am professedly a salad-eater, could have grown a salad for my dinner, in the earth on any member's frock or hat.

"Now," said Friar Bacon, looking at his watch, "for the Pig-clubs!"

The dreary Sage entreated explanation.

"Why, a pig is so very valuable to a poor labouring man, and it is so very difficult for him at this time of the year to get money enough to buy one, that I lend him a pound for the purpose. But, I do it in this way. I leave such of the club members as choose it and desire it, to form themselves into parties of five. To every man

in each company of five, I lend a pound, to buy a pig. But, each, man of the five becomes bound for every other man, as to the repayment of his money. Consequently, they look after one another, and pick out their partners with care; selecting men in whom they have confidence."

"They repay the money, I suppose, when the pig is fattened, killed, and sold?"

"Yes. Then they repay the money. And they do repay it. I had one man, last year, who was a little tardy (he was in the habit of going to the public-house); but even he did pay. It is an immense advantage to one of these poor fellows to have a pig. The pig consumes the refuse from the man's cottage and Allotment-garden, and the pig's refuse enriches the man's garden besides. The pig is the poor man's friend. Come into the club-house again."

The poor man's friend. Yes. I have often wondered who really was the poor man's friend among a great number of competitors, and I now clearly perceive him to be the pig. *He* never makes any flourishes about the poor man. *He* never gammons the poor man—except to his manifest advantage in the article of bacon. *He* never comes down to this house, or goes down to his constituents. He openly declares to the poor man, "I want my sty because I am a Pig; I desire to have as much to eat as you can by any means stuff me with, because I am a Pig." *He* never gives the poor man a sovereign for bringing up a family. *He* never grunts the poor man's name in vain. And when he dies in the odour of Porkity, he cuts up, a highly useful creature and a blessing to the poor man, from the ring in his snout to the curl in his tail. Which of the poor man's other friends can say as much? Where is the M.P. who means Mere Pork?

The dreary Sage had glided into these reflections, when he found himself sitting by the club-house fire, surrounded by green smock-frocks and shapeless hats: with Friar Bacon lively, busy, and expert, at a little table near him.

"Now, then, come. The first five!" said Friar Bacon. "Where are you?"

"Order!" cried a merry-faced little man, who had brought his young daughter with him to see life, and who always modestly hid his face in his beer-mug after he had thus assisted the business.

"John Nightingale, William Thrush, Joseph Blackbird, Cecil Robin, and Thomas Linnet!" cried Friar Bacon.

"Here, sir!" and "Here, sir!" And Linnet, Robin, Blackbird, Thrush, and Nightingale, stood confessed.

We, the undersigned, declare, in effect, by this written paper, that each of us is responsible for the repayment of this pig-money by each of the other. "Sure you understand, Nightingale?"

"Ees, sur."

"Can you write your name, Nightingale?"

"Na, sur."

Nightingale's eye upon his name, as Friar Bacon wrote it, was a sight to consider in after years. Rather incredulous was Nightingale, with a hand at the corner of his mouth, and his head on one side, as to those drawings really meaning him. Doubtful was Nightingale whether any virtue had gone out of him in that committal to paper. Meditative was Nightingale as to what would come of young Nightingale's growing up to the acquisition of that art. Suspended was the interest of Nightingale, when his name was done—as if he thought the letters were only sown, to come up presently in some other form. Prodigious, and wrong-handed was the cross made by Nightingale on much encouragement—the strokes directed from him instead of towards him; and most patient and sweet-humoured was the smile of Nightingale as he stepped back into a general laugh.

"Or—der!" cried the little man. Immediately disappearing into his mug.

"Ralph Mangel, Roger Wurzel, Edward Vetches, Matthew Carrot, and Charles Taters!" said Friar Bacon.

"All here, sir."

"You understand it, Mangel?"

"Iss, sir, I unnerstaans it."

"Can you write your name, Mangel?"

"Iss, sir."

Breathless interest. A dense background of smock-frocks accumulated behind Mangel, and many eyes in it looked doubtfully at Friar Bacon, as who should say, "Can he really though?" Mangel put down his hat, retired a little to get a good look at the paper, wetted his right hand thoroughly by drawing it slowly across his mouth, approached the paper with great determination, flattened it, sat down at it, and got well to his work. Circuitous and sea-serpent-like, were the movements of the tongue of Mangel while he formed the letters; elevated were the eyebrows of Mangel and sidelong the eyes, as, with his left whisker reposing on his left arm, they followed his performance; many were the misgivings of Mangel, and slow was his retrospective meditation touching the junction of the letter p with h; something too active was the big forefinger of Mangel in its propensity to rub out without proved cause. At last, long and deep was the breath drawn by Mangel when he laid down the pen; long and deep the wondering breath drawn by the back ground—as if they had watched his walking across the rapids of Niagara, on stilts, and now cried, "He has done it!"

But, Mangel was an honest man, if ever honest man lived. "T'owt to be a hell, sir," said he, contemplating his work, "and I ha' made a t on't."

The over-fraught bosoms of the background found relief in a roar of laughter.

"Or—der!" cried the little man. "Cheer!" And after that second word, came forth from his mug no more.

Several other clubs signed, and received their money. Very few could write their names; all who could not, pleaded that they could not, more or less sorrowfully, and always with a shake of the head, and in a lower voice than their natural speaking voice. Crosses could be made standing;

signatures must be sat down to. There was no exception to this rule. Meantime, the various club-members smoked, drank their beer, and talked together quite unrestrained. They all wore their hats, except when they went up to Friar Bacon's table. The merry-faced little man offered his beer, with a natural good-fellowship, both to the Dreary one and Philosewers. Both partook of it with thanks.

"Seven o'clock!" said Friar Bacon. "And now we had better get across to the concert, men, for the music will be beginning."

The concert was in Friar Bacon's laboratory; a large building near at hand, in an open field. The bettermost people of the village and neighbourhood were in a gallery on one side, and, in a gallery opposite the orchestra. The whole space below was filled with the labouring people and their families, to the number of five or six hundred. We had been obliged to turn away two hundred to-night, Friar Bacon said, for want of room—and that, not counting the boys, of whom we had taken in only a few picked ones, by reason of the boys, as a class, being given to too fervent a custom of applauding with their boot-heels.

The performers were the ladies of Friar Bacon's family, and two gentlemen; one of them, who presided, a Doctor of Music. A piano was the only instrument. Among the vocal pieces, we had a negro melody (rapturously encored), the Indian Drum, and the Village Blacksmith; neither did we want for fashionable Italian, having *Ah! non giunge*, and *Mi manca la voce*. Our success was splendid; our good-humoured, unaffected, and modest bearing, a pattern. As to the audience, they were far more polite and far more pleased than at the Opera; they were faultless. Thus for barely an hour the concert lasted, with thousands of great bottles looking on from the walls, containing the results of Friar Bacon's Million and one experiments in agricultural chemistry; and containing too, no doubt, a variety of materials with which the Friar could have blown us all through the roof at five minutes' notice.

God save the Queen being done, the good Friar stepped forward and said a few words, more particularly concerning two points; firstly, that Saturday half-holiday, which it would be kind in farmers to grant; secondly, the additional Allotment-grounds we were going to establish, in consequence of the happy success of the system, but which we could not guarantee should entitle the holders to be members of the club, because the present members must consider and settle that question for themselves: a bargain between man and man being always a bargain, and we having made over the club to them as the original Allotment-men. This was loudly applauded, and so, with contented and affectionate cheering, it was all over.

As Philosewers, and I the Dreary, posted back to London, looking up at the moon and discussing it as a world preparing for the habitation of responsible creatures, we expatiated on the honour due to men in this world of ours who try to prepare it for a higher course, and to leave the race who live and die upon it better than they found them.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

It is a glowing, glaring morning at Hong Kong. I awake inside my net-muslin safe, wherein my boy, A-Pow—an urchin in baggy blue breeches and soft thick shoes, which allow him to glide about like a ghost—has consigned me for security from the flies, like a jam tart under gauze in a pastrycook's window, during the dog-days.

A-Pow is about nine, of grave demeanour, and wearing a little pigtail. The rest of his head is shaven down to a leaden blue tint, with the exception of a "cheveux de frise" following the course of the coronal suture, over the head from ear to ear, in the dotted line on the profile of the popular advocate for self-measurement as regards wigs. This fringe, about an inch long, sticks bolt upright, looking rather like a glory: more like, perhaps, one section of a bottle-brush. I had seen him so often on fans, with a veneered ivory face, that when I first engaged him, I felt we were old friends.

"Gud morng," he says.

"Chin-chin, A-Pow," I reply.

He thinks he is speaking English, and I imagine I am talking Chinese. We are both equally wrong.

"Ey Yaw!" he cries, with an expression of delight, as he sees the inevitable mosquito that has annoyed me all night, in a state of bloated gluttony in a fold of the curtains. "No hab catchee he."

And with beaming triumph he squeezes him between his fingers and thumb, leaving a red splash, about the size of a florin, on the muslin.

"Maskee (never mind)," I say. "Wilow down sye talkee that comprador catchee my one piecey glass beer all a proper cold. Chop! chop!"

Which interpreted means, "There—never mind that: cut away down stairs and tell the steward to let me have a glass of cold beer. Quick!"

It is a dreadful thing I know to confess to drinking beer in bed before breakfast, but there is no help for it here. I am perfectly assured I shall not have strength enough to dress, unless I get it.

For I feel completely washed out, and not dried. My thermometer, which I have plunged into my cold bath, stands at 88°—only four degrees lower than the average heat of a warm bath in England! The air is blowing through the open blinds as if it came from a hot blast furnace. There has also been a heavy rain at daybreak, and a hot mist is rising from the steaming rank vegetation of Hong Kong, wrapping everything in its muggy embraces. The gum-water I made last night in a little saucer is all dried up; my bottle of hair-grease seems filled with thick yellow oil; and a colony of very small red ants

so love the orange-scented traces of it on my hair-brush, that I knock out myriads as I rap the brush in horror on the table. The shock starts a cockroach from under the looking-glass; and causes him rashly to commit suicide in the basin.

My bath and my beer are disposed of; and now, in a few minutes, I pay for the indulgence. A copper-coloured rash begins to cover my neck, chest, and arms. I next see it about my ankles, and I know it is on my back. This is the terrible 'prickly heat' of the tropics—a combination of pins and needles and stinging-nettles. It is bad enough in itself; but, when you are congratulated upon having it, it is maddening. "All right, old fellow," they say; "the best thing that can happen to you. You're safe not to have anything else, while that's well out."

I play with my breakfast, dwelling on the charms of a cold raw November day in our own climate, and then crawl up-stairs again to pack up my portmanteau. My impedimenta are very well condensed, and the portmanteau is under overland size: but the labour is so excessive I am glad, once or twice, to sit down on my bamboo chair, panting with exertion. A-Pow cannot help me. I point to my things and the compartmented trunk; but he says, "No can savey that pigeon so fashion," with a hopeless expression of obtuseness.

A little steamer, built at Whampoa, by Mr. Cooper, and called the Fei-maa, or Flying Horse, runs between Hong Kong and Canton about twice a week, stopping for the night at Macao. It is to start at twelve this day, according to announcement-bills in English and Chinese, on the walls: and it is for Canton I am bound.

Leaving the club, I find the heat of my room is nothing to that of Queen's-road—the main artery of Hong Kong circulation. The Europeans, in their white jackets and trousers and round pith hats, are driven under the shade of the shop colonnades and thick-leaved trees, to talk. The Sou'-west monsoon is blowing freely out at sea; but, as Hong Kong—or rather Victoria—was built, with a noble disregard of position, on the north-eastern side of Victoria Peak (which is not a peak at all, but a rounded hill), not one breath of summer or autumnal air ever reaches it, except that which "cannons" off the hills, at an angle against you. But this moist, stifling heat, so terrible to us, is evidently healthy and bracing to the Chinese. They revel in it, and stretch themselves out to enjoy its fiercest rays like cats in a window; or toil with heavy stones slung on a bamboo, or chairs containing fourteen-stone Britons, up the steep paths to the bungalows, with their closely shaven heads unsheltered by anything except their pigtails twisted round them, until their brains must dry up and rattle in their skulls, like a preserved lychee.

Queen's-road is all alive, and the natives are running up and down like ants. Nobody remains where he is but the barbers, who place their little stools under the shade of a clump of trees near the club, and keep up a noise all day long, which almost out-clamours the crickets above them. Sometimes the travelling cook-shop keeper pauses here for a minute. His entire establishment is slung over his shoulder, and it consists of two bamboo frames, about three feet high by two square. When he stops, he connects them by a board forming a sort of counter, or table. One frame holds his kitchen, which is chiefly a copper heated by charcoal, and containing "stock." The other has his materials in drawers and on shelves; and, on the top, his spoons and little basins, with saucers full of picked shrimps, wheaten paste, small oysters, fowls' entrails, pork fat, fish, and long onions. From a string, he now and then hangs a rat or a large fat frog: and out of these specimens of food he compounds more dishes, by artful combinations, and provides a more varied carte, than any two-franc restaurateur, with "quatre plats au choix" in the Palais Royal. A potage he vends at "two cash a cup" is inscrutable: but as twenty-five cash go to a penny, it cannot be dear whatever it is.

Then people go by with large flat baskets containing what looks like squares of yellow soap, marked with a red Chinese character. This is their substitute for cheese. Nothing will induce them to touch milk in any shape; and this article, called "taou," is made from beans—a species of curd precipitated by an acid. I do not care much about the fruits which they wish me to buy. The Chinese gooseberry is over three inches long, and, when cut through, its section forms a perfect star. The persiman is like a large egg-plum, but containing half a dozen stones; the pear is as hard as a potato, quite round, and tastes of nothing; bananas I abominate, reminding me of cotton wool and bear's grease mixed together; and I cannot agree with Mr. Wingrove Cooke, that the Amoy pomelo is the finest fruit in the world. Be assured, all over the globe, there is no garden like the centre avenue of Covent-garden; no fruit so fine as our strawberry, peach, and hot-house grape. People say to me, "Ah! but you should be here in (some other month) and taste our (some other fruit)." I always want to hit these folks. They are of those who, when you say you have been to Chamounix, always reply, "Ah! but you should have gone to Zermatt."

Amidst the restless, hurrying crowd of the Hong Kong main street—coolies, naked to the waist, carrying enormous weights; merchants, in bamboo chairs, braving coup de soleil, fever, and dysentery, everything, for the almighty dollar; clerks and tea-tasters, busying, like ants, in and out of their "go-downs," or warehouses; sleek, sly-eyed Parsees, able to cope even with the Yankees; oily compradors bearing bags of Mexican dollars to the banks; boat-girls in their coquettish handkerchief head-dresses; toddling women with little feet; babies in pigtails gravely basking in sunny gutters—through all this mingled action and still life, we come down to Pedder's Wharf, and embark in a little boat, covered with arched matting, and pull off to the Fei-maa.

There were seventy or eighty Chinese already

on board, partitioned off, on the main deck, by themselves, with all sorts of dirty packages wondrous to behold: pillows made of bamboo, matting, raw pork, seedy clothes, pine-apples, old shoes and dried fish packed inside lanterns, umbrellas, giblets carried by a string, and collections of such miscellaneous household things generally, as you see in the last lots of a sale catalogue.

The English passengers occupied the deck under the awning, and the saloon. We started punctually, and glided out of the harbour between many green islands, with small villages in their nooks and bays, wherein very suspicious pirate craft were lying ready to dart out of their holes, like spiders, upon any hapless little junk that got caught in the meshes of the shallows.

We went pleasantly on, for two hours or so, without the scenery changing, until we emerged, by the Lantao passage, as it is called, into open water, and then we prepared for "tiffin." I say "prepared," for the passengers all looked to their revolvers, and placed them within reach on the table; whilst the English and Portuguese crew stood at the different entrances on the main deck with loaded muskets and drawn swords.

"What does all this mean?" I asked.

"We have too many Chinese on board," replied Captain Castella. They are nearly six to every one of us; so we do not wish to be served as the Queen was served a year and a half ago."

"And how was that?"

"The steamer was captured, and the crew and passengers murdered. Mr. Osmond Cleverley was the only one who escaped, and you will meet him at Macao to-night. He will tell you his own story much better than I can."

The excitement gave us all an appetite, and the pale ale (I suspect) gave us valour. The eatables were good and well cooked, and the tiffin was a success, and passed off in safety. When it was over we all went upon deck. The crew and passengers discharged their fire-arms at birds and other objects, to show that they had been really loaded, and then we sat and chatted in the laziness of repletion, until we arrived about four in the afternoon at Macao.

Macao looks as Weymouth would do after a very long residence in Portugal. Its shore is crescent-shaped; but edged with purely continental buildings and convents. There is a Praja, or promenade, along its border, whereon appear Portuguese troops, and now and then a band. You hear convent bells ringing the Angelus in the still eventide; priests, apparently without insides, slink about and look at you sideways; there is a Teatro San Somebody, and you wonder what on earth has become of China. You could not feel more bewildered if, one day turning out of Belgrave-square, you entered the Pontine Marshes; although even that might not be so great an antithesis.

It happens to us all to witness a great many rows in the course of our lives, of various phases —physical, as on the old Jenny Lind nights, amongst the superior classes (whose manners and customs I am sometimes permitted the delight of studying); moral, as when Reverend Boanerges Gong meets Reverend S. Bookay on the platform; domestic, as in a strictly family party after the reading of a will; general, as at the annual meeting of any company you please, started by an inventive genius to make himself secretary thereof; Irish, as when Paddy O'Raggedy—that broth of a boy—cries "Hurroo!" and allows his native ready humour to run to fracturing his friend's skull, or biting his nose off; and patriotic, as when a lot of nature's nobility, possessing nothing in the world, go in for a division of property and universal suffrage. But we have never had a clear notion of a downright row, until we have dropped anchor off Macao amongst the tanka girls.

The tanka is, as its name implies in Chinese, an egg-shaped boat, little at the prow end, big at the stern, and hooped over with arches of bamboo and matting. It forms the home of more than one hundred thousand of the amphibious Cantonese; and these residences of the wind stretch out on the Pearl River to Whampoa and Macao, as our rows of clerks' houselets do to Woolwich and Gravesend on the living stream of the railway. This, however, is scarcely a comparison. The tanka population is considered so low as to be almost unworthy of a place in the census. They live and marry amongst themselves; and are as distinct from the Cantonese proper, as the fishing inhabitants of Portel are from the people of Boulogne.

As soon as the steamer nears Macao, the tankas shoot out from the shore towards the spot where they know she will anchor; and their oars are plied so well, that their approach assumes the air of a cutting-out expedition. Throw a bun into the water of St. James's Park, and the ducks will give you the best notion of the manner of attack. One woman skulls behind, and the other takes her place on the forecastle, with a rope and a boat-hook, prepared for the worst; and, as the entire fleet makes for the sponsons of the steamer, when they meet the row begins. A-moon, the belle of the tankas, arrives first; and showing her beautiful white teeth as she "chin-chins" the captain, makes fast to our paddle-box, and then nods her pretty head, over which she has lightly tied a red handkerchief in that coquettish style which young ladies who know they are nice-looking adopt in the hall of the Opera when waiting for their carriages to come up. But A-tye, who is a sort of rival in good looks, skulls strenuously up, and then with a good way on her boat, ships her stern oar, runs forward, banging between the tankas of A-moon and A-miu (who is a terrible vixen, and, they say, can fight like a cat, whence her name, which appropriately signifies Mrs. Puss in Chinese), runs in well and gains her place. A-miu immediately springs on her, all claws set, and knocks her over into the other boat. A-moon resents the intrusion with a boat-hook, upon which A-tye seizes a chopper, not her own, and cuts A-miu's tanka adrift, which is immediately shoved out to sea by A-yung, A-chung, A-lin, A-ming, and as many more as you please.

A herd of female jackos after one nut, in their native jungle, could not have made such a screeching clatter, and their Chinese swearing must have been something awful. The first bold man who disembarked had a terrible time of it. He carried letters and despatches. Now I have always considered the conveyance of the mails in Russia on an insecure and unsatisfactory footing, as illustrated by the Courier of St. Petersburg on his four horses at Astley's; but I saw this man, with my own eyes, in four boats at once. I never heard whether he reached the shore, or was pulled to pieces. A-miu now returned and knocked A-tye over into the water with her oar; but the girl swam like a fish, and climbed up the boat in an instant—her clothes, only a silk blouse and trousers, soon drying in the Macao sun. And at last, amongst screaming, fighting, and struggling—crying, laughing, and swearing—I got to shore, but how, I have no more notion than how I once fell with a burst balloon, from the height of a mile, surrounded by fireworks, into a street in the Vauxhall-road, which, for the life of me, I never could find out afterwards.

A very agreeable dinner, with plenty of cool beer, and "cups" of various descriptions, and a ride round the city, with a visit to the Cave of Camoëns, caused the evening to pass pleasantly enough. The kindness and hospitality of the great English houses in China is unbounded. Travellers bring in their luggage, and become "squatters" in the establishment for as long as it suits them, coming and going as they please. It is no intrusion on privacy to mention the names of the Dents and Jardines in connexion with these real accommodations in a country where hotels are not. Their courtesy to travellers is world-famous.

It was my good fortune that evening to meet Mr. Osmond Cleverley, as Captain Castella had presaged. He alone escaped from the terrible massacre on board the Queen, the year before last; and as we sat on the balcony overlooking the bay, whilst our younger friends shot clay pellets at the dogs and tanka girls along shore, he gave me the following particulars:

He left Hong Kong one fine morning in February, 1857, in the Queen—as I had left in the Fei-maa—with a mixed crew and passengers, English, Portuguese, and Chinese—the latter predominating.

The European passengers had, as usual, sat down to dinner in the saloon, off Lantao, when the Chinese left on deck and about the boat, by a preconcerted movement, suddenly knocked the mate and the man at the wheel on the head, threw them overboard, seized the arm-chest, which was on the bridge, with its cutlasses and ready-loaded muskets, and began firing down on the passengers. The captain (Wynn) and Mr. Cleverley seized their revolvers, and rushed up the ladder. The former was cut down as he reached the deck, and, falling on the latter, they were both thrown back into the cabin, and the hatches were immediately closed by those above, one of whom fell dead into the cabin by a shot from Mr. Cleverley's revolver.

Thus closed in a trap, they had nothing to look forward to but to be killed like beasts. The captain was almost senseless from a sword-cut on his skull; the engineer was undressing rapidly to leap overboard; and the passengers and crew were too panic-stricken to do anything. Knowing that when the guns of the Chinese were fired they had no means of loading them again, Mr. Cleverley went alone up the ladder with a fresh revolver, and, forcing the cabin-door open, met his assailants. He was received with their fire, but shot three of them dead. They fell back, and, emboldened by this, he was advancing, when a musket-ball passed through his thigh, smashing the bone. He again fell down back into the cabin, and the captain, seeing this, said, "Then all is over, sir. Here, take my revolver, and God bless you! we shall never meet again." He then stumbled to the stern-port, and threw himself into the sea, followed by the engineer. The Chinese fired after them, and they were never seen again.

Mr. Cleverley now bound up his broken leg, and was limping to the aft cabin, when another volley from deck was sent after him, followed by a Chinese yell of victory, as they rushed towards the saloon. Certain there was no chance left, he seized one of the rattan chairs common in China, and dragging it and himself towards the port sponsons, threw it into the water, and dropped in after it. Fortunately he was not perceived; the steamer, with nobody at her engines, kept on her way, and he was soon astern, floating, but alone in the sea!

In great agony, as the swell moved his broken bone, he floated for nearly an hour, with the assistance of his chair. Once it escaped from his hand, and in turning to recover it, as he rose on a wave higher than ordinary, he discovered a lorcha working to windward: and, from his nautical knowledge, he knew that, not being weatherly, his true course would bring her within hail. And he was right: she came nearer and nearer, until she got within hail, and just within an hour from his leaving the steamer he was taken on board as the hapless Queen was seen slowly standing to the northward, and was now half-funnel down.

The lorcha took him on to Macao, not, however, before the crew had asked him how much money he would give them to do so; and even then they would not land him amongst the Chinese boats. But he wrote on a card in pencil, "Mr. William Dent, or any other European;" and in half an hour Mr. Dent arrived, and took him to his house, placing him on a bed, which he did not leave for many months. He is now a cripple, and, although formerly distinguished for athletic exercises, limps about in great suffering.

All the Europeans on board the Queen were murdered, and the ship was burnt. The whole plan was conceived and carried out by that fiendish miscreant Yeh—another link in the chain of his hideous cruelties. Mr. Cleverley

declared that if a couple of men had stood by him he could have recaptured the boat.

As this narrative was finished, the sun went down. A band was playing on the Praya; the inhabitants were turning out in their best costumes for a walk in the cool evening, that is, cool by comparison, for the thermometer was still at 90°; and A-moon, A-tye, A-miu, and the tanka sisterhood, were burning coloured paper and beating gongs along the shore to propitiate Joss, all their quarrels ceasing until the next steamer came.

"You will go bathing with us to-morrow, about five?" asked my host.

"Certainly; anything you please."

"Boy!" he cried, "go catchee three piecey boat, washee-pigeon morrow." Then he added to me: "A-tye will row you out, because she can speak pigeon English!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Nonsense! I can't go bathing with that young person."

"It's all right, my dear fellow; it's thought nothing of here: it's the custom. She don't care, if you don't. You're over particular, and should go to Japan for a little while, or, better still, to Ramsgate. I can assure you it's all proper."

"Bless me!" I replied, "how very odd!"

And then we all went to bed, and I was again sweltering inside the mosquito curtains.

TRADE SONGS. THE WORKHOUSE NURSE.

Take the child upon your knee!
Desert infant, let it rest
All night upon your breast:
Sing a softening lullaby:
Shield it from the tempest wild:
Be a mother to the child.

It is not a noble's son,
Not a noble,—born above
All the charities of love:
Out of misery was it won:
Cradled in the stony street,
Found (a blessing) at your feet.

Black its eyes, dark its skin;
Feeble creature,—once a pack
Haply at a gipsy's back;
But it has *a soul* within:
And sometimes (say the stories wild)
You find an Angel in a child.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot,
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more;
And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what A MAN can do.

HAUNTED LONDON.

ST. MARTIN'S-LANE.

There is no post-office directory in which one can find out the addresses of London ghosts. This is an oversight.

I never go out in London, but I meet my ghosts; and yet, before I can lay my hand on their bony shoulders, they whip into a cab, or up an alley, or round a turning, and are off before I can ask them for a card. Charles the First, for instance, whom only last Tuesday I met at the door of the Admiralty, carrying his head, with its peaked beard—for coolness, I suppose—under his arm; then there is old Johnson, with the scorched wig, I saw to-day, going to look for his old corner where he planned his Hebrides expedition with Boswell, at the Mitre, in Fleet-street; then Izaak Walton, with his fishing-rod, in Chancery-lane; and so on.

Well, I am out now to take a note of the whereabouts of the St. Martin's-lane ghosts, and shall take the notes on my thumb-nail.

Thumb-nail? Not much room even for shorthand notes on that—not much on the duodecimo little finger, and not much more on the quarto thumb. But Hogarth found it room enough. That little sturdy observer of men, in his sky-blue coat, and his triangular cocked-hat tipped up over his broad, full, round forehead, to show the scar he was proud of on his right temple, used to ramble about London, sketching droll faces on his left thumb-nail.

I often wonder if there will ever be a London Claude Lorraine. If there ever be, he will, for the first thing, paint London sunshine, out of whose radiance I have just come from St. Martin's-lane into my dark chambers, as a man comes from a morning bath in the molten gold of the sea with the sun on it, to re-dress himself before breakfast in the soft darkness of a Marine Parade room with the blinds down. Sunshine through spring woods is a delicious thing, so is sunshine through three feet of June grass, fit for mowing, when the thick flowers close like waves over your face as you lie on your back and listen to the lark that the angels are calling to from that hollow snowball of a cloud. But as we have none of these delights, and are all built in for various terms of imprisonment in long defiles of houses, walled all with black and brown brick, caged under miles of red tile roofs, in streets where the chimneys keep telegraphing to each other by smoke signals, at windows where consumptive geraniums sicken for fresher air, and no thin weed dares to take root between the joints of the bricks, from Pharaoh's hard brick-yard, where flowers are curiosities, and the hot dark breath of Care's kilns and furnaces thickens the smiling air, which struggles to be bright and free, let us

make the best of it. Talk of your mountain distance, your air perspectives! I never saw anything in the blue gaps of the Apennines more fairy beautiful than the blue grey fog that turns the end of a London street as you look down in it into mystery and beauty, that gives the present a tinge of the uncertainty of the future and the past, and throws a halo of poetry over Gower-street or Soho. And look now how the London sunshine falls in a white luminous veil, such as hid the face of Moses before that vulgar block of houses in Blue Ruin-street: two pawnbrokers, a publican's, and an undertaker's. That white fog of glory slants across the end of the street, where the cab No. 3174 is breaking through it, like a new Jacob's ladder, the cords, golden threads of sunbeams, let down in gracious mercy once more to allow some poor suffering life-burdened wretch to crawl up it to the Bright City. Why, it is a complete angelic exhibition, and should be charged for. It is worth a guinea a seat, yet no one looks up; no one but that poor little skeleton girl with a frozen bunch of yesterday's water-cresses in her lean hand, who huddles in the doorway of Lattat, the sharp attorney, who (brute) is, actually as I speak, tapping at the glass to bid her go away. See, too, you purblind artist with the microscope eyes, who can find nothing to paint in this our dear London—the darker bar that strikes like a giant's sword-blade through the great woof of cobweb sunshine we speak of—can't imagine where it comes from? Oh, Macguelp, thou mole-eyed misuser of unpaid-for pigments, dost thou not see that it is the shadow of the chimney above us, which, standing in the way of the royal blessed purifying sunshine that brings hope and gladness into the very eyes of the dying, enfeebles and dims that path of darkness. Talk of Samarcand and your Chinese splendour! Is it not gorgeous to see how the sunshine glistens on those great gold letters, "Barclay, Perkins, & Co.," that are heraldically displayed on the great board above the publican's (Drugger's) garret window at "The Fivealls," and makes them shine like letters hewn out of solid bullion?

Well, that white sunshine and that blue fog at the end of London streets are the first things I should paint if Providence had made me a London Claude, as Turner, the barber's son in Maiden-lane, might have been. The next thing I should paint would be the magic and enchantment of a London night, if paint there could be ground from metals or jewels to do it. Would not I "go in," as my old friend Macguelp calls it, for those ladders of lamps, those shot lines of stars, those bridges of light, which turn London at night into a perpetual Pekin at lantern carnival time? What is Rome and the "Moccoli" to it? Go and walk to-night up Piccadilly, and see the lamps before you trying to tell your fortune by shaping themselves into perspective letters and words, all beginning with A. Look at them across the Park, like so many spark-stars breaking out in paper just consumed. See the gilded trinkets of the illuminated jewellers' shops, the colours, the rarities, the wonders, the steam mouse-traps, the air-pumps for opening oysters. Observe the dark pool of shadow, where the lamplight does not reach the tree shadows of the lamp-post; the gutters, running with blood, where the chemist's crimson beacon light sheds baleful influence; see all this, and go and paint what you see, wiping out all smirking, trim peasants and perennial flower-girls; eternise, Macguelp, the cyclopic grandeur (however ugly or misshaped it be) of London!

I was determined to ransack and re-rummage the poetry and associations of that old street of the benevolent French saint, from the great porticoed church with the giant sooty pillars, that somebody seems to have begun painting with Indian-ink and left unfinished; from the broad square with the Spanish name of glorious memory, where the poodle lion stretches out his wiry tail, guarding Northumberland House; and from the silver-plumed fountains, waving, banner-like, in the wind, that seems to try contemptuously to blow them away altogether; up northwards, to Long-acre; up beyond the turn leading to that old church in Covent-garden, where Charles the Second's favourite author, Butler, who wrote Hudibras, sleeps, undisturbed by the jar of the early morning carts from the market gardens. It is a little too late in the year to see the chesnuts roasting over the night-shade tins, pierced with fiery holes, that the rushlights of our youth used to burn dimly and penitentially in; but there is one of those Amazonian old Irishwomen, in a bygone coachman's many-caped coat, sitting patient and stubborn as a look-out man in the "crow's-nest" of a whaler: her red and green apples, greasy with rubbing, arranged in decent pyramids; the cocoa-nut well watered; the oranges judiciously thrown out by a background of traditionary blue paper.

I did not choose the night for my note-taking stroll: but I set out for St. Martin's-lane—the Grub-street of our early painters—a pleasant April morning, in the boyhood of one of those days when we count the hours by the number of the rainbows.

A slight, quick, fervid shower—tears more of happiness brimming over than anger breaking its bounds—had just fallen, and pricked the dry grey pavement into a dark lace pattern of spots, out of which you could select the newest by their being sharper in outline and darker than the rest. The aristocracy of five minutes ago, and the parvenus of the last moment alike, as the soft warm rain fell now quicker and more petulantly passionate, melting one into the other, losing shape, plan, and purpose, as the stone washed luminous brown, and transparent as slabs of Cairngorm agate.

I am glad it was not one of those gusty days of early March, when the brown dust, dry and pungent as pepper, runs before you in a long trailing thread, as if it were leading one by a fairy clue to some fairy labyrinth, or blows in strange semicircles, that try to diagram themselves and form ground plans on the dry, clean, cold pavement. There were no stray MS. bits of paper blowing about like sybilline leaves, or

fragments of a stationer's shop, torn to pieces by a hurricane; no tormenting wind to ruffle the leaves of the cabmen's capes, to fan the chesnut fire to a magnificent crimson bloom, to wrench feloniously at the cold bright weather-cock coronet of St. Martin's Church that you pitied and shuddered to see so high up aloft in its fickle, solitary, and chilly splendour—admirable type of royal happiness. No angry wind was running about, as if to warm itself, or screaming round corners in a helpless, imbecile, and mendicant way. No wind was there to sway the golden perches, caught but never landed, that dangle and flicker over the doors of "fishing-tackle" shops; or to blow almost off its hook the crown of black rag strips, or the suicidal negro baby at the marine store shop entrances.

No, quite the reverse. The street-sweeper's legs are not black purple, nor is the crouching Lascar in bed-linen at all frozen, nor are the objectionable songs sold to him in the *Row* as Christian tracts, blown about like scattered doves. No, the day is one when the great grey endless terraces ring sharp and hopefully under the lounging foot, and sordid wretches in tindery rags pass with baskets full of fragrant blood-brown wallflowers on their arms, and children run after people with quilled-up bunches of violets that they long to keep; and if you were now to wander out to the great flat nursery gardens round Fulham, you would find slow melting snows of blossoms on every tree. As for Covent-garden now, it is a halo of delight, like a fairy tableau, and you expect to see the ballet come dancing up between the banks of Barcelona nuts, whose shingle is oranges and winter apples, and whose boulders are Valencia melons.

I am out taking notes on my shining thumb-nail, because (as I have said) it seems to me, and has long seemed to me, that there is no Blue or Red Book, no Post-office Directory, where you can hope to find the proper addresses and directions of the London ghosts. Though every square stone in the London pavement is really a tomb-stone, containing pressed down beneath it some old association, legend, or memory, some dry flower of poetry long ago, trodden under foot; when, long since, the fresh turf was first turned into a continuation of the great stone case of this Babylon cemetery of ours, and its life was swallowed up by the spreading death that is still gnawing away at the suburbs, fretting further and further, like a spreading iron-mould, or a widening blot. London history loses interest from its diffusion. Once seize strongly the real prominent associations of a district or a street, and for ever after when you pass the houses seem tapestried with names and legends. London has always been the stage of England, and every street of it is a volume of its history.

It is a curious fact in street science, not, I think, before recorded, that every state of wind and weather drives its peculiar flock of people into the street, who are seen at that time, at no other time, and at that time only. This is a fact beyond all contradiction; why it is, I know not, but I believe it may be traced to deep physiological causes, and is connected with very subtle laws of attraction, cohesion, and sympathy. The causes have alliances, Dr. Regenbogen thinks, with electricity and magnetism, and are most highly curious proofs of the preponderance in the present age of the nervous above the muscular, and all the coarser organisations. There are your north-east people, your sou'-west people, your nor'-west people, and your——But why need I box the whole compass when the fact is so palpable to a keen observer. It is useless to tell me that this is an imagination, and is really caused by the moods of my own weatherbeaten mind being influenced by the weather. This is absurd; the wind being sour and north-east does not make *me* north-east, nor all the people I meet north-east; no, the simple fact, scientifically proved (only science is jealous and will not record it), is, that the north-east wind brings out north-east people. It appears at first a wild assertion, but it is true that, during the sour, bitter, blighting, ill-tempered prevalence of the east wind, you meet no good-looking person, no virtue, no beauty, no honesty, no worth. Every third person is a money-lender or a fraudulent bankrupt; the costermongers are pickpockets, crack-skulls, and cut-throats to a man. Poverty prevails—lean, greasy, buttoned-up poverty—not struggling and hopeful worth, but bilking, lying, skulking, and hopeless. You meet no decent comely old age crowned with the white coronet of time, wisdom's mark of brevet rank and coming promotion. No, not one, but rather sour nut-cracker-men, with no kind, full lips like the rims of decanters, but screw-snippers, Harpagons born of Sycoraxes, skinflints who have come out for a breathing after having cut off their eldest son with a shilling, turned their favourite daughter out of doors because she burnt the breakfast muffin, written six dunning letters, and kicked their pet dog violently down stairs. All the officers you meet then are bullies, all the doctors quacks, all the lawyers rogues, all the clergymen sceptics, all the women are ugly, and all the men cheats. North-east people's faces are blue and yellow, the nose is frosty red, and the lips are white; they are slovenly in dress, and insolent in manner; they always drive the wrong side of the road, and tread on your corns—in fact, they are NORTH-EAST people, and one cannot go further than that. Ill-conditioned, suicidal, felonious people, &c., they are generally middle-aged, and often old and spiteful.

It was only yesterday, however, under this very same pompous church, reared by Gibbs, of Aberdeen, that I met nothing but mild, pleasant, sweet-eyed south-west people, and it put me in a good mood for kindly note-taking.

What dust-powdered antiquarian can tell us what Norman king, in intervals of malvoisie-drinking and boar-hunting, gave the name of an Hungarian saint to this parish outside the walls? What had the anchorite Bishop of Tours (only fancy an anchorite bishop), who with eighty monks beat their backs nightly to a cruel red in their mo-

nastery of Marmoutier, near the episcopal city, sometime early in the fourth century — what has that saint and confessor, who was the first deified demigod of the Romish Church, to do with the modern haunt of tailors, jewellers, biscuit-bakers, who know nothing about him, never think of him, and do not know even that their own schoolboy exclamation of "Betty Martin" is only a corruption of one of the old prayers addressed to the benevolent saint who divided his cloak in two with his sword and gave half to a beggar (a sure proof the cloak was no mackintosh, because half of that is no use)? It must have been a rude, wild age that thought much of the deed of the French bishop. If old Johnson had lived in those times, and been seen carrying the poor dying street-walker up the greasy staircase leading to his chambers, he would have been sainted at once, and literary men would now have a St. Johnson to pray to for second editions. But let us quietly drop down the well-shaft of a dozen centuries or so, to the quiet time when the place was mere extramural turf, pasturing quiet, unambitious generations of flowers, long families of white-starred daisies with the clearest possible descent from the seeds that Adam brought from Paradise. Every now and then to be spurned out, perhaps, by the broad hoofs of tournament horses, or the hobnailed shoon of turbulent countrymen, brought up by Cade and other violent reformers.

What old St. Martin's church was like, we may not know; it has passed into "air, thin air," or rather into the thick air of London, the murky, coppery, witch smoke that wraps our Babel. Its altars, tombs, and shrines are gone, its kaleidoscope windows, its starry chapels, the music chamber of its bell-tower—gone, with the king who built it, and with his three great victims—Surrey the poet, Fisher the aged saint, and More philosopher and statesman.

And now we have in its stead the pompous fabric of pedant Gibbs, of Aberdeen; a man learned, but without genius, who, in five years, and at a cost of 32,000*l.*, built this lifeless church with the besmoked pillars and the high steps, grateful to beggar-boys. This is the dull, hard-faced pedant, with the cataract of wig we know by Hysing's portrait; Gibbs, the little, pert, and squab-faced kindly man whom Hogarth drew, and who designed the poet Prior's monument in the Abbey; Gibbs, the hide-bound Aberdeen man, who went to Italy to learn how to copy and to jabber about Palladio and Vitruvius; Gibbs, who built St. Mary's in the Strand, one of the fifty new churches of his age, and who put together the Ratcliffe Library and the Senate House. Gibbs, though a non-juror and a Scotchman—both suspicious circumstances in a rebellious age, when many faces were straining their eyes over the water—was a kindly man, and was aided by Wren when that great little man had been disgraced at Court, and was living in stoic retirement at Hampton Court; he got churches to build when Vanbrugh, that Swift and Pope laughed at a little unjustly, could not get one to do, because his comedies had disgusted the clergy. Dull and ponderous as the eternal black-and-white monument of that Aberdeen merchant's son, whom the Earl of Mar first patronised, may seem to us, it is a curious record of Hogarth's age, of its architectural religion, and its imitative sham architecture. Yet it was praised by Sir William Chambers, the friend of Goldsmith and Johnson, the Chinese decorator of Kew Gardens, and the builder of Somerset House. I do not know what Chambers did not say of St. Martin's Church; he compared its portico to that of the Pantheon at Rome, which certainly has the same number of Corinthian columns. Savage, in his mad poem The Wanderer, burst out in boisterous bathos:

> O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise
> Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise—

verses no more absurd than those of Wordsworth's sonnet—

> Dear Jones, when you or I—

but requiring some brave contempt for humorous association before they can be comfortably swallowed, besides the confusion of the meaning as to whether the church is where man praises, or is a building that he praises, not to mention their want of connexion with anything in the rambling poem. We admit the compact beauty and unity of the portico, as well as the simplicity and neatness of the interior, but the steeple is a heap of stone crushing in the porch, and there is no contrasting day and night of light and shade in the crude dull building, with its upper and lower deck windows, its sham rustic work, and its rows of tea-urn ornaments. It looks dead and soulless, and with the handle of a steeple snapped off would be the very thing for an assembly-room, which at present, with the staring royal arms cut in stone over the entrance, it not a little resembles.

Death is something like misfortune—it makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. There, in snug vaulting, under those six ponderous black-and-white pillars, and that tower with the bodkin holes through it to let out the bell music, lie as strange an assembly of incongruous people as Death ever invited to his silent soirée. Here are met proud statesmen and rich painters, play-writers and actors, the rouge all off, the frown smoothed away, the sneer gone, all wrapped in the grave-dress, that changes with no fashion, that is cool enough for summer, and hot enough for winter. Here is lively Farquhar, the quondam officer; Roubilliac, the great sculptor and the friend of Garrick; John Hunter (just removed); witty Bannister, the actor; the learned Boyle, the contemporary of Newton; poor, kind-hearted Nell Gwynne; Dobson, the painter, whom Vandyck dug out of his garret; Secretary Coventry, and Mayerne, the learned French physician of James I., who was the first to write on the chemistry of colours, and gathered some of his receipts from the lips of Vandyck himself.

If you wander up St. Martin's-lane now, not altogether careful whether you walk on the

mosaicked pavement or the striped pitchen, and careless of the charge of those fiery Ruperts and Cavalier drivers of London, the Hansom cabmen, you will see here and there, amid lines of buff-coloured, mud-splashed, square-topped houses, a residence that shows some signs of ancient grandeur—heavy brick cornices and long fluted pilasters of a dull red—which enables you to fairly realise that in this lane, which then had hedges flanking it, and a turnpike leading to Covent-garden, opposite Salisbury House, where tradition says the seven bishops lodged before they went, a nosegay of martyrs, to the Tower, dwelt all sorts of plumed and starred great people of the time of Charles I., Charles II., and the early Georges. Raleigh's son, for instance; the poet Suckling, who sang so bewitchingly of the country wedding in the Haymarket; Kenelm Digby, the eccentric chemist and Platonist, of whose beautiful wife Ben Jonson writes; the great demagogue Chancellor, Shaftesbury, who so nearly upset old Rowley, his master; Archbishop Tenison; Mayerne, James the First's quack physician; Ambrose Phillips, that Pope laughed at for his pastoral, that Gray parodied; Mytens and Vandernost the painters, and a host of others. Fuseli, too, the wild Swiss, who painted ghosts and monsters, Reynolds before he went to Great Newport-street, and that dull Dorsetshire gentleman who painted the dome of St. Paul's, and whose daughter Hogarth married, Sir James Thornhill, lived here and died.

The room where a Quaker's meeting-house now stands, is where the flighty French sculptor Roubilliac had his studio, it is in Peter's-court, where, too, the first English academy had its meetings and classes, that Hogarth denounced as likely to fill the profession with every boy that could not afford to go to school.

And here especially—for our room runs short before we have scarcely more than sketched the present aspect of "the lane of St. Martin—" was Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, the resort of all the engravers and painters of Hogarth's cocked-hat time. Here, on his thumb-nail, he took down some of the humours of club life, such as he has shown us in his "Midnight Conversation," where the two sandbank parsons are the only persons sober at four o'clock in the morning. The chief visitors at Old Slaughter's, where, years after, late, at the dusk, Wilkie, pale and worn from his easel, used to steal in, are worth mentioning, as showing the society whom Hogarth loved to snap his sharp sayings at, and to drink and laugh with. There was Isaac Ware, the old architect, whom, when a chimney-sweep, a gentleman had seen sketching the portico of St. Martin's Church with chalk on a wall, and upon that picked him up to study in Italy. There he is with the inerasable stain of soot still on his old yellow skin. He lives in Bloomsbury-square, in the house where old D'Israeli afterwards lived. Next him is Gravelot, who keeps a drawing-school in the Strand, and did the designs for Hanmer's small Shakspeare. Perhaps his fellow-worker, Grignon, the engraver, is with him. Then there is Gwynn, the architect, who competed for Blackfriars-bridge, and built the bridge at Salisbury; he is a friend of old Dr. Johnson, who writes his prefaces for him, and comes to see him in Leicester-fields, where Hogarth lives, with the gilt cork head over his door. Then there is fat old Hudson, the fashionable portrait painter, who is such a poor stick that he has men to paint his drapery for him. He is Hogarth's butt, the little satirist calls him "a fat-headed man," and loves to trick him with sham Rembrandts, of which he has a rare collection. The "fat-head" lives in Great Queen-street. Next him is M'Ardell, the engraver, who lives at the Gold Ball, in Henrietta-street; he engraves for Reynolds, who lauds him to the skies. He engraved for Hogarth brave old Captain Coram, who reared the Foundling, and died poor, but happy. Then there is that mad, drunken, clever Luke Sullivan, who etched the March to Finchley, who little thinks now that he will die in a garret half starved. But why is not Gardelle, the portrait painter of Leicester-fields, here? Because he is in the condemned cell at Newgate for murdering his landlady, and Hogarth goes to-morrow to sketch him in the fatal white cap. That quiet old fellow in the corner is old Moser, who manages the new academy in the lane, in Roubilliac's rooms; and those men just come in are fresh from the "Dons at the Barn" Club, opposite St. Martin's Church, just by the watch-house. They are Smith, a pupil of Roubilliac's; blind Parry, the Welsh harper, a great draughts player; Red-nosed Wilson, a clever young landscape painter; and Hayman, the painter whom Hogarth went to Calais with.

Look now at the mountain heap of wicker flasks on the floor; see the squat Schiedam bottles with the badges on them thrown by in a corner; observe the cloaks, and swords, and wigs, and cocked-hats, hung on the well-known pegs. One fellow, though fallen on the floor, still sings "Sally in our Alley." One is asleep; another sets his ruffle on fire trying to light his pipe. Two are moping back to back; and yet lo! the door opens, and in comes another smoking china caldron of punch.

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CHAPTER IV. THE PREPARATION.

WHEN the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head-drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon.

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for, the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square cuffs and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant, that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast-table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still, that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face, habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off asleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir."

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. We have oftentimes the honour to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards betwixt London and

Paris, sir. A vast deal of travelling, sir, in Tellson and Company's House."

"Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one."

"Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

"Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we—since I—came last from France."

"Indeed, sir? That was before my time here, sir. Before our people's time here, sir. The George was in other hands at that time, sir."

"I believe so."

"But I would hold a pretty wager, sir, that a House like Tellson and Company was flourishing, a matter of fifty, not to speak of fifteen years ago?"

"You might treble that, and say a hundred and fifty, yet not be far from the truth."

"Indeed, sir!"

Rounding his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table, the waiter shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages.

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk-cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down, madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavour that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night, and looking seaward: particularly at those times when the tide made, and was near flood. Small tradesmen, who did no business whatever, sometimes unaccountably realised large fortunes, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood could endure a lamplighter.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm, otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work. Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in, to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled, until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were gloomily reflected on every leaf; as if *they* were buried, in deep graves of black mahogany, and no light to speak of could be expected from them until they were dug out.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, say, like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier-glass behind her, on the frame of which, a hospital procession of negro cupids, several headless and all cripples, were offering black baskets of Dead-Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender—and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice: a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—or discovery——"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead——"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look towards the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if *they* had any help for anybody in their absurd baskets!

"—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She curtseyed to him (young ladies made curtseys in those days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favour of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I——"

After a pause, he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears:

"It is very difficult to begin."

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression—but it was pretty and characteristic, besides being singular—and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at, or stayed, some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with an argumentative smile.

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused, and, the moment she raised her eyes again, went on:

"In your adopted country, I presume, I cannot do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed wilfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry, "Yes, customers; in the banking business we usually call our connexion our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French House, and, had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask, at what time, sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way, I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go on——"

"But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and, holding the chair-back with his left hand, and using his right by turns to rub his chin, pull his wig at the ears, or point what he said, stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's House since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle."

After this odd description of his daily routine of employment, Mr. Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands (which was

most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before), and resumed his former attitude.

"So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did——Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble: "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying——"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew:

"As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain;—then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good!" (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) "A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born——"

"The little child was a daughter, sir."

"A daughter. A—a—matter of business—don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead——No, don't kneel! In Heaven's name why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"A—a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times ninepence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words, he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with grey.

"You know that your parents had no great possession, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property; but——"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there: I, to identify him, if I can: you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream,

"I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side."

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper, "I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me!"

"Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention: "he has been found under another name; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better

not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me, not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line, 'Recalled to Life;' which may mean anything. But what is the matter! She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom, even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure too, or a great Stilton cheese, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.)

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smellin-g salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness: calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call *that* being a Banker?"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much feebler sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, having banished the inn servants under the mysterious penalty of "letting them know" something not mentioned if they stayed there, staring, recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too!" replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

THE GOOD OLD And Whereas.

I AM not an unreasonable man, but I have my prejudices. Good, wholesome, sterling, British prejudices, which I hold in common with all right-minded inhabitants of this tight little island, and won't abate for anybody. Let the gentlemen who write in the newspapers take this fact to heart, and save themselves a world of trouble. What do I want with dinners à la Russe, for example, with all their culinary fripperies? If I dine at home I delight to look at my wife over the top of a hot joint (the bigger the better), while she, dear soul, smiles pleasantly on me through the steam from the pudding. If I honour the theatre with my presence in pursuit of the British Drama (which I can never discover), I don't go there in expectation of being comfortable, but of being melodramatically excited. And, as this has a tendency to create thirst, I like to have my ginger-beer and oranges brought to me in the pit. If anybody's knees are damaged in the process, I can't help that.

When I go to law, or rather when I used to go to law (for the County Courts have robbed the process of one-half its pleasurable excitement), I knew what that meant. Now, I don't. I solemnly declare that I am so perplexed by the innovating tendencies of this degenerate age, that I don't know what the law is coming to.

Take that most magnificent and perfect product of the human intellect, built up by the accumulated wisdom of ages—the law of real property. What is it coming to? The old-established, well appointed legal conveyance is to be taken off the road. Feoffment, grant, release, confirmation, surrender, assignment, defeasance, feoffments to uses, covenants to stand seised to uses, bargain and sale, lease and release, are to haunt the legal mind as relics of a bygone age.

But this is not the end of it. The titles tinkered up into a respectable state of soundness, by the gentlemen of ten years' experience in the trade, are to be registered (as vulgar stoves and coffee-pots are registered, I suppose); the certificate of registration is to officiate as a patent litigation annihilator, guaranteed to effectually quench the professional prying of the most sceptical lawyer for ever.

Nor, indeed, is this the culminating point of the wretched heresy: for landed properties, we are further informed, are to be bought and sold as stocks, and ships, and railway shares are bought and sold. With no more serious invocation of the majesty of the law than is to be discovered in the filling up of printed forms, and with no greater experience of its proverbial and proper delay than the half-hour expended in that miserable process. Have I not reason to say, that I don't know what the law is coming to?

Without further comment, however, let me tell, in my own way, through what careful, well-conceived processes of law Robinson passed, no longer ago than last summer, before he became the happy possessor of his little place in the country:

It was very hot in town, and the soul of citizen Robinson yearned for the country. He was a warm man, his neighbours said; but the City was infinitely warmer, and so his heart went out to where the foliage was reputed to be green, and the sparrows, he had been told, appeared of a natural brown.

What wonder, then, that Robinson, as he perspired in his dingy counting-house, allowed his eye to rest with a cool pleasure upon the announcements which his newspaper conveyed to him, of delightful villas to be sold immediately; of smooth lawns sloping down to flowing rivers and shady avenues of stately trees impervious to the sun, crying aloud for purchasers; of one especially, a desirable freehold residence of indescribable capabilities and unheard-of advantages, of which immediate possession might be had? What wonder that, when Mrs. R., the partner of his bosom, declared that it was "the very thing she had always longed for," and above all the very thing for the dear children, that Robinson should say to himself, "I will be the immediate possessor of this desirable freehold residence and the cool shrubberies, if it can be done?" Messrs. Verbon, Wordy, and Folio were the gentlemen to put him right in that respect; and, to that eminent conveyancing firm he applied forthwith. Of course it could be done.

"And, after the requisite legal formalities have been complied with," said Mr. Wordy, who was the speaking partner, "you can have possession, Mr. Robinson, at once."

It was a long time before these gentlemen met again, and the thermometer hadn't fallen one degree in the interim; but the legal formalities had been in full play.

"I have signed the conditions of sale on your behalf, Mr. Robinson," said Mr. Wordy, when they did meet; "and, in the course of ten days or a fortnight, I expect we shall receive the abstract of title."

"The what?" said Robinson.

"The abstract of title."

"What *is* an abstract of title?"

"Well," said Mr. Wordy, settling himself down to a tough piece of legal exposition, "an abstract is a history—a concise history, I may say—of the title. It generally commences some sixty or seventy years back, and brings the matter by gradations up to the present time. Carefully, Mr. Robinson, carefully, and with no undue precipitation. It is very apt, we find, to get hold of a gentleman who flourished at a remote period, and to exhaust him and everybody connected with him, to say nothing of the leading legal incidents of his life, by a strong dose of 'And Whereases,' as, for instance, 'And Whereas he intermarried with somebody'—giving the particulars of that event and a slight sketch of the settlements; 'And Whereas he had issue'—describing them; 'And Whereas he became in some way or another connected with the property under consideration'—very full description of this; and 'And Whereas he died;' and 'And Whereas they (the issue) died, and whereas she (the wife) died.' Then, having effected this satisfactorily, it naturally proceeds to perform the same kind office for somebody else. Sometimes," proceeds Mr. Wordy, "it becomes involved in a Chancery suit, and then it furnishes a short narrative of the facts—as 'And Whereas a bill was filed,' followed by a pretty full summary of the bill. 'And Whereas somebody died, and a supplemental bill was filed'—summary as before; 'And Whereas an order was made'—order given generously; 'And Whereas somebody else was found to be a necessary party to the suit'—explanation of the circumstances; 'And Whereas another order was made'—substance stated; 'And Whereas a baby was born, and immediately appeared by its next friend'—full description of baby; 'And Whereas it was discovered that everybody wasn't before the court'—lavish explanation of this discovery; 'And Whereas a receiver was appointed'—and 'And Whereas a decree was made'—decree stated in extenso. Occasionally," continued Mr. Wordy, "the legal estate becomes detached from the equitable, and this, I confess, creates a difficulty. I have myself, at present, a case of this description in hand, where the legal estate is prospecting either in California or British Columbia; but, as we don't exactly know which, we shall be compelled to obtain the assistance of the court before dealing with the property.

"To return to the abstract. It is one of the most notable characteristics of this instrument, Mr. Robinson, that it never allows you to forget what has gone before, no matter what its length may be. Everything that is stated in the first deed, is carefully recapitulated in the second. Everything that is stated in the first and second deeds, is carefully recapitulated in the third, and so on: each recapitulation artfully concluding with the introduction of a few new characters and incidents, until—as in the immortal history of the messuage or mansion-house erected by one Jack—we arrive at the priest all shaven and shorn, when, as a matter of course, we have the dog, and the cat, and the rat, and the cow, and every circumstance in due order up to the matrimonial dénouement of that narrative. Then the abstract is complete."

"Exactly," said Robinson, with extraordinary alacrity, "I perceive. Complete."

"It may be, however," proceeded Mr. Wordy, who had strong affection for the subject, "that a pedigree is necessary, to show the connexion existing between the different characters introduced. If so, this must be verified by certificates and registers. The law, Mr. Robinson, very properly, will not allow anybody to have been born, or anybody to have been married, or anybody to have died, without legal proof."

If Mr. Robinson did not glean a sufficiently clear idea of an abstract from his solicitor's explanation, he obtained a very vivid impression of its bulk, as it lay upon that gentleman's office table on his next visit there. The Encyclopædia Britannica as it might appear in manuscript, was the nearest comparison he could discover for it.

Still he did not come into possession of the desirable freehold residence and its cool shrubberies. On the contrary, the requisite legal formalities expanded into a dreary Sahara, which seemed lengthening as he went. It would be necessary, his legal adviser informed him, to submit the abstract to counsel, who would draw up the necessary requisitions of title. These being transmitted to the solicitors of the vendors, would be answered by them. Probably the replies might prove satisfactory: possibly not. In the latter case, a few statutory declarations would remedy any defects, and, as the oldest inhabitant was always ready to swear anything for a consideration, there need be no great difficulty in the matter. "Finally," said Mr. Wordy, "we shall examine the abstract carefully with the deeds, and then, if we find all correct, we shall get things in train for proceeding with the conveyance; after the execution of which there will be no impediment, Mr. Robinson, to your taking possession of your charming residence at once."

"And that will be," said Robinson, with a miserable consciousness of having spoken to Mrs. R. about getting into possession next week—"that will be?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Wordy, "this is—let me see—June, then I should say about the latter end of October, Mr. Robinson, we may hope to be in a position to complete."

LIFE IN ROUND NUMBERS.

As a science, human longevity, till quite of late, has been the degraded bondslave of quacks and empirics. Modern philosophy, represented by M. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary to the Institut of France, takes a much more elevated as well as comprehensive view of the question. A theory of life was wanted; for, though preceding ages have studied life, our own age was the first to consider it under its grand and general aspects. The questions of The Quantity of Life on the Globe, always diversely represented, and yet equally maintained; of The First Appearance of Life on the Globe; of the Fixity or the Variability of Species; of Destroyed and Lost Species; are questions completely new to the scientific world. In the remarkable book* which M. Flourens has published, he claims to have regenerated the subject of Human Longevity, by giving a sure sign of the limit of increase or growth, and, consequently, an exact measure of the duration of life. For the study of the Formation or Origin of Life, he has substituted the study of the Continuity of Life. He holds that life does not commence with every new individual, but that it has commenced with each new species, and once only. Reckoning from the first created pair of each, life does not recommence; it is simply continued. The mystery of the origin of life is thus thrown as far back as possible; at the same time, its place is marked out.

In confirmation of this latter idea, our reader may perhaps have remarked in himself that one of the hardest things to realise mentally is the notion that there once was a time when he, the individual now existing, was not in existence; the nearest we can come to it is, a sort of sleep out of which we have awakened. With animals and utterly ignorant and unreflecting persons, such a thought never seems to have entered their head. They graze, or toil, or ruminate, or doze, in regular alternation; and that suffices. They inquire no further. It is doubtful whether animals have any conception of old age or death. When in health, they enjoy a placid consciousness of existence, which might be eternal, as far as their knowledge is concerned; for they foresee no end and remember no beginning. Educated persons, although their reason tells them that they were born into the world at a certain date, can hardly conceive and acknowledge themselves to have been absolute nullities previously. Without raising the question of the pre-existence of the soul, they have heard and read so much about events that occurred prior to their birth, that they come almost to regard them as a portion of their own personal history. What is our life, in fact, but the sequel of the life of our grandfather and our great-grandfather? Certainly, we may not have been present, as actual eye-witnesses, at the first French revolution, at the flight and abdication of James the Second, at the execution of Charles the First, at the burnings of heretics by bloody Queen Mary, or at the landing of William the Conqueror; but our minds are really affected by those historical facts in the same way as by events occurring at some distant place a little while ago, of which we hear as a matter of course, and which are brought to our knowledge by the post and the newspapers. As far as our own individual memory is concerned, there is so little difference between the

* De la Longévité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe. Troisième édition, revue et augmentée. Paris.

impression made by the things which took place six months before and six months after our birth, that we forget the grand chronological distinction between the two. Thus we trace and follow back ancient history in our thoughts, almost as if it formed a portion of our own memoirs. We rarely call to mind that we were absolute nonentities, perfect instances of annihilation—if that can be annihilated which has never existed—that we were buried in the depths of nothingness, at the time when Julius Cæsar fought the naked Picts, when the founders of Rome seized their Sabine brides, when Noah descended from the ark, when Adam was driven from his beloved Paradise. Nay, further; when we rise from the perusal of astronomical or geological works, imagination easily carries us back to a still higher antiquity. Because we are living now and dwelling on the earth, we have an instinctive feeling that our own personal history is not utterly disconnected with, that there is no wide impassable abyss separating our biography from, the pre-Adamite days when monstrous reptiles floundered in seas of mud, from the ages when our planet emerged out of chaotic confusion into orderly regularity, or even from that primeval morn when stars and suns obeyed the fiat, "Let there be light!" Short-lived as man may be in bodily organisation, his intellectual range may be made to comprise the whole duration of past time.

And yet man's earthly life might be considerably less brief than it is, if he would only consent to the self-denial needful to make it longer, by joining M. Flourens's proselytes, who, it is said, have got up a Société de Longue Vie, or Long-lived Club, on somewhat more rational principles than those of Cardan. His theory (Cardan's) was, that trees live longer than animals for no other reason than that they take no exercise. Exercise increases perspiration, and perspiration shortens life; it follows that, to live long, you must never budge an inch. It is a justification of the economical traveller, who, when urged to walk a little faster, pleaded that he could not afford to sweat. We ought not to visit Cardan's fancy with extreme severity; but it is not so easy to excuse Lord Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy, for advocating the same idea, and prescribing oily unguents for the purpose of hindering perspiration. Maupertuis wanted other people—not himself—to cover their bodies with a coat of pitch, mummyfying themselves during their lifetime. Voltaire had the audacity to turn Maupertuis into ridicule.

The truth is, that unless the wear and tear of life is extraordinarily severe and unremitting, men rust up faster than they wear up. In this consists the horrible punishment of solitary confinement, with nothing to do. The mind, searching in vain for something to act upon, corrodes itself. It is the practical application of the metaphor of eating one's own heart. Still, there are animal men, of a sleepy, inert disposition, who are content just to open their eyelids, the window-shutters of their soul, and to allow the image of the opposite side of the street, and of any passing stranger, to stream in, as if their eyes and their brain were gifted with no more animation than the lens and the paper of a camera obscura. Nevertheless, in the long run, they are often made to pay dearly for their unhuman sloth and unimpressionability. As they imitate the life, so they follow the fate, and they share the destiny, of the stalled ox and the fatted pig. Their animal organism does its duty; but their intellectual organism not doing *its*, the involuntary system of the mammal creature, Homo sapiens, gets the mastery of the voluntary; blood and fat triumph over nerve and brain, and the domestic biped is felled by apoplexy, inflammation, or dropsy, as surely as if he had been led to the butchery; with the difference that a domestic quadruped is useful after its death, whereas he, the do-nothing and think-nothing, is, when slaughtered, only an encumbrance and a nuisance, causing considerable trouble and expense to get rid of.

M. Flourens's model of longevity, his show old man, is Luigi Cornaro, a famous centenarian who died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and whose book, composed of four successive discourses, is a continued eulogy of sobriety. Born with a feeble constitution, and living in the most gluttonous times of Italy (excepting always the Roman emperors), his health broke down under the fashionable excesses of the day. When he had reached the age of thirty-five, his medical men told him he had only a couple more years to live. This serious warning was seriously attended to. Cornaro discarded his evil habits; regularity took the place of dissipation, and frugality of intemperance. His abstinence, which has become celebrated, was almost carried to excess. Twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of (not port) wine, was all his daily sustenance for more than half a century. This regimen answered so well that, during the whole of that time, he was never ill but once, and that was when his friends persuaded him to increase his allowancce to fourteen ounces of food and sixteen ounces of wine. A week's indulgence in the more liberal diet brought on, first, ill-humour, melancholy, and angry tempers, ending on the twelfth day in a furious colic, which lasted four-and-twenty hours and nearly cost him his life.

Conaro's book offers an example of the way in which the duration of life may be influenced by sensible management. He was a confirmation of the proverb that, at forty (or before), every man is either a fool or a physician. He imposed on himself this rigid temperance only because he found that it suited his constitution. He did not insist upon other people's following exactly the same rule; he had too much good sense for that. "I eat very little," he says, "because my stomach is delicate; and I abstain from certain dishes, because they do not agree with me. Individuals with whom they do agree are not obliged to deprive themselves of them; to partake of such is quite allowable. But they *should* abstain from eating too much even of what does agree with their stomachs."

Ramazzini, the most competent of Cornaro's commentators, very judiciously observes, "It would be a needless severity to prescribe similar rules to persons in the enjoyment of perfect health; indeed, such a regimen would be anything but generally beneficial. It may be all very well to impose an excessively spare diet upon elderly men, after they have spent the best part of their lives in the service of the republic; but it is not wise to include young people in these observations. How could they serve their prince and their country, either in the army or in embassies, where they would have to bear the fatigue of travel? How could a doctor visit his patients every day? How could an advocate do his duty to his clients? If any one," continues Ramazzini, "were to ask me what aliments he ought to take, in what quantity, and at what times, in order to keep himself in health, I should refer him to his own stomach, which is doubtless the most likely counsellor to give him good advice upon such a subject."

Although Cornaro placed temperance before every other sanitary precaution, he did not neglect any one of the rest. "I contrive," he says, "to preserve myself from great cold and from great heats; I never take violent exercise; I abstain from sitting up late and from night-watches; I have never dwelt in places where the air is unwholesome; and I have always been equally careful to avoid exposure to high winds and to burning sunshine."

Moral health is a great promoter of physical welfare. Cornaro selected, to keep his spiritual faculties in tune, the two most delightful exercises of the mind and the heart; namely, the culture of letters, and beneficence. "I have the happiness," he says, "of frequently conversing with learned persons, from whom I obtain fresh information; I gratify my curiosity with new publications, and I take pleasure in reperusing those which I have already dipped into. If I may be allowed to mention trifles, I will state that, at the age of eighty-three, the sober life I lead has maintained my good spirits and clear-headedness sufficiently to enable me to compose a comedy which, without the slightest offence to good morals, is at the same time very diverting."

Such were his intellectual pleasures; his heart enjoyed others of a still more refined nature. He had about him eleven grandchildren, in whose sports he took an interest; and he lived in constant intercourse with his tenants, whom he had provided with a livelihood by giving them waste lands and marshes to drain and bring into cultivation. He had also borne his part in the embellishment and fortification of Venice. "This pleasure," he says, "innocently flatters my vanity when I call to mind that I have furnished my countrymen with the means of fortifying their port; that these works will endure for a great number of centuries; that they will contribute to render Venice a famous republic, a rich and incomparable city, and will serve to perpetuate her noble title of Queen of the Sea."

Finally, in addition to these aids to longevity, namely, temperance, precautions against heat and cold, mental occupation, and gratified affections, there was another which acted unknown to Cornaro, and which was not on that account the less efficacious. This stimulus was the secret pleasure of wrestling with nature, and gaining the victory—of living on, in spite of a weakly constitution and the doctors' discouraging predictions—of owing continued life to himself alone, to his own will and his own prudence—and of reckoning every additional day of existence as an additional triumph for his own proper self-complacency.

Consequently, he is never tired of boasting of "his beautiful life," and "the victory he has gained;" he regards with delighted admiration the circumstance of his own advanced and still advancing age. He exclaims, "What I am about to state will appear impossible, or at least difficult, to believe; nevertheless, nothing is more true; it is a fact well known to many people, and worthy of the admiration of posterity. I have attained my ninety-fifth year, and I find myself in good health and spirits, and as merry as if I were only five-and-twenty. Nothing," he remarks, "is more advantageous for a man than to live a long while," a maxim which few will dispute, although his reasons are curious: "If you are a cardinal, you will have a better chance of becoming pope; if you have consideration in the State, you may possibly become its chief; if you are learned or excel in any art, you will advance to still higher excellence." But he also cites motives of a more disinterested character: "What gives me the greatest pleasure is to observe that age and experience are able to make a man more learned than the schools can do. It is impossible to fix the value of ten years of a healthy life at an age when a man is enjoying the plenitude of his reasoning faculties at the same time that he profits by his past experience. To speak only of the sciences, it is certain that the best books we have were composed during those ten years which are at once the terror and the scorn of debauchees; it is certain that the mind is perfected as the body ages. The arts and sciences would have suffered greatly if the lives of all the able men who have cultivated them had been abridged by those ten years."

It is not easy to deny Cornaro's proposition, that the mental faculties are perfected as the body advances in age. Every age has its own peculiar intellectual strength. There are certain discoveries which may be made by a young man; there are others which can be made only by men who are ripe in years. Galileo discovered at eighteen or twenty the equal duration of the oscillations of the pendulum. Happening to be one day in the cathedral of Pisa, he remarked the regulated and periodical motion of a lamp suspended from the roof of the nave. He noticed the equal duration of its oscillations, and confirmed the fact by repeated experiments. He at once comprehended that this phenomenon might be employed to serve as an exact measure of time. The idea never escaped his memory, and he made use of it, fifty years afterwards, for

the construction of a clock intended for astronomical observations. Pecquet, while he was still a student, discovered the reservoir which bears his name, the reservoir of the Chyle. Harvey was fifty when he published the most remarkable work on modern physiology, his book on the Circulation of the Blood. Buffon was seventy-one when he wrote the most perfect of his works, the Epochs of Nature. It is easy to conceive that a young man may discover an unforeseen and brilliant fact; all that is required for such spontaneous efforts is a prompt penetration, a sudden inspiration, which are the natural property of youth. But to discover, for instance, the circulation of the blood, which is the complicated result of a multitude of diverse facts, there must be a capacity of thought and attention, a power of combination, which belong only to mature age.

Of Cornaro's Discorsi della Vita Sobria, the first was written at eighty-three, the second at eighty-six, the third at ninety-one, the fourth at ninety-five. The whole four are little more than the repetition of one another; but this repetition is not wearisome, for, as the object is to prove that the duration of life depends on sobriety, the longer the book goes on repeating itself the more it proves. The author himself gracefully says, "It is true that I have nothing new to tell you on this subject, but I have never told it you at ninety-one." In fact, to be able to say, at ninety-one years of age, "I will inform you, then, that a few days ago several doctors of your university (Padua), both of medicine and philosophy, came to learn from my own mouth the system of diet which I have adopted, and that they were very much astonished to see me still full of vigour and health; that all my senses are perfect; that my memory, my heart, my judgment, the sound of my voice, and my teeth, have not altered since my youth; that I write with my own hand seven or eight hours a day; and that I spend the rest of my time in taking walks, and in enjoying all the pleasures which are permitted to a respectable man, even including music, in which I take my part very creditably. Ah, how you would admire my voice, if you were to hear me sing the praises of God to the accompaniment of my lyre!"

> Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

To be able to say this at ninety-one proves more than saying it at eighty-six, or at eighty-three; and repeating it at ninety-five proves still more. But Cornaro might have made the same boast at a hundred. One of his grand-nieces, a nun at Padua, tells us, in a Notice which she dedicated to her uncle's memory, that he remained healthy and even vigorous up to a hundred. His mind was not enfeebled; he never had occasion for spectacles, and he did not become deaf. And, what is not less true than it is hard to believe, his voice remained so strong and melodious that, towards the close of his days, he sang quite as agreeably as he had done at twenty.

The important question which his book raises is that of the duration of human life. Are there any means of prolonging that duration? If, by prolonging it, is meant the making it extend as far as is compatible with man's constitution, we may reply affirmatively, that there are means, very certain in their effect, and which are no other than those which Cornaro practised—sobriety, life in accordance with reason, good conduct. But as to prolonging it so as to make it extend beyond the limit marked by the constitution of man, we may believe that we should be seeking an impossibility. For every species of animal there is a fixed and determinate length of life. This length of life may, in some degree, be measured by that of the time of growth. An animal which requires but little time to attain its full stature dies at a much earlier age than another which requires a longer period to grow in. According to Buffon, man, when he is not killed by disease or accident, lives eighty or a hundred years. Cornaro held the same opinion respecting the length of human life, although for less learned reasons. "When a man," he says, "has come to forty or fifty years, he ought to know that he has lived the half of his life. I feel the certitude of living more than a hundred years." He believed that people born with "a good complexion" ought to go as far as six times twenty years; and it is only because he was not so well constituted as others that he consented to reduce his hopes of life to "scarcely more than a century."

According to M. Flourens, the life of man is divided into two nearly equal portions—the period of increase and the period of decrease. Each portion is again subdivided into two others, which give us, thus, four ages: infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. Lastly, each of these is also divided into two ages. There is a first and second infancy, a first and second youth, a first and second manhood, a first and last old age. There are, therefore, altogether, eight, instead of seven, ages, or acts, of man, during which, in his time, he plays many parts.

The first age, from birth till ten years old, before which time the second dentition is not complete, is the infancy proper; the second infancy, from ten to twenty, when the development of the bones and the consequent increase of the body in length is completed, is the adolescence. The first youth lasts from twenty to thirty; the second, from thirty to forty, because the increase of the body in size and stoutness continues till about that age. The first manhood, or epoch of strength, or virile period in the life of man, is comprised between forty and fifty-five; the second, from fifty-five to seventy. After the growth, or, more accurately, the development in length, after the development in thickness, M. Flourens points

out a third, which, although not noticed by physiologists, is not the less real. This development consists of the deep and internal change which is worked in the very innermost tissue of our organs, and which, by rendering all these parts more finished and firm, also renders their functions more certain and the entire organism more complete. This last process of nature, which he calls the work of invigoration, goes on, more or less, as far as sixty-five or seventy. At seventy begins the first old age, which reaches up to eighty-five. In youth the individual is possessed of a reserve fund of strength; it is the gradual diminution of this disposable fund which constitutes the physiological character of old age. So long as an old man only employs his ordinary strength for ordinary purposes, he is not aware that he has lost anything; but the instant that he oversteps the boundary of his usual acting forces, he feels fatigued, exhausted; he finds that he has no longer the hidden resources, the reserved and superabundant energies of youth.

At eighty-five begins the second and last old age, with something like two centuries for its extreme limit. The majority of mankind die of disease or accident; very few die of old age properly so called. Man has adopted an artificial kind of life, in which his mind is more frequently indisposed than his body, and in which his corporeal frame is more frequently out of sorts than it would be were it regulated by habits more calm, more constantly and more judiciously laborious. Haller believes that man ought to be classed amongst the longest-lived animals, and that our complaints about the shortness of life are very unjust, when it may attain to nearly two hundred years. He collected a great many examples of long life, and records six instances of people's dying at a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty years of age. His extreme examples are one of a hundred and fifty-two, and another of a hundred and sixty-nine. The first of these cannot be called in doubt, being supported by the testimony of the illustrious Harvey. Thomas Parr, of the county of Shropshire, on the borders of Wales, having become famous on account of his great age, Charles the First desired to see him. He was brought to court with kind intentions, but with an unkind result; they gave the old man too much to eat. He died of indigestion. Harvey dissected him. All his viscera were in perfect health; the cartilages of his ribs were not ossified. He might have lived for several years longer. He met with an accidental death.

The difficulty of marking the transition from one of these ages to the next, consists in there being no resting point or halting place between one age and another. Life is an insensible but continual progress. You watch a plant and cannot see it grow; but if you leave it till next day, you will see that it has grown. Life is a river which always streams in one direction without the slightest reflux. Our years flow on, as wave follows wave. You cannot cast anchor in the river of life. To float on its surface as long as possible but few and simple rules need be observed. First, you must make up your mind to old age, and take it as it comes, sensibly, patiently, and gracefully. Secondly, you must thoroughly know yourself; you ought to have nothing to learn respecting your own bodily and mental peculiarities. Both these precepts are philosophical quite as much as medical, and are not the less valuable on that account. Thirdly, take care to acquire a prudent set of daily habits. Health, in fact, is nothing else than a combination of good physical habits, just as happiness is a combination of good moral habits. Old men who do the same things every day, with the same moderation, and the same zest, appetite, and pleasure, live for ever. "The grand miracle, to me," said Voltaire, "is that I exist." And if foolish vanity, which never grows old, had not driven him to Paris at eighty-four, his "miracle," might have lasted a century, as Fontenelle's had done. Fourthly, attack every complaint the moment that it declares itself. In youth, life is, as it were, lined and strengthened with a double coat of vitality; in old age the web is single, threadbare in places, and liable to be rent by the first rough contact. Therefore must we watch to ward off the threatened blow. With these four theoretical rules, and the practical counsel to be deduced from them touching diet, exercise, temperature, and the rest of it, how long may a man expect to live? He will not live for more than his life, but he will live for the whole of his life; that is to say, he will enjoy the whole of the term allowed by his own particular constitution as an individual, in combination with the general laws of the constitution of the species.

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED

A MEANS of gently withdrawing Lord Lyndhurst's attention from the merits of a Grand Jury in theory, to the defects of a Grand Jury in practice. Also, an expression of thanks to Lord Overstone for having strikingly exemplified the uselessness of the system which Grand Jurors are now compelled to administer, by quoting his own former experience of it—when he and his fellow-jurors were obliged, at a single session, to pledge their oaths to the truth of more than four hundred indictments, without having had an opportunity of previously examining them.

BY THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN who took upon himself to write to The Times, proclaiming (quite erroneously) a certain living person to be the author of a certain anonymous work of genius, Any Excuse, be it ever so small, for that impertinence.

A SMART DRAMATIC AUTHOR, to whom constant employment is offered. His duty will be to watch the publication of serial stories, and, when they have reached the

third number to convert them into comedies, melodramas, or farces, finishing the plots according to his own (want of) taste and fancy.

A NEW, STRONG, and RIGOROUS ACT OF PARLIAMENT to prevent the dangerous overloading of railway carriers' vans, and the reckless pace and insolence of their drivers.

A LOUDLY EXPRESSED public opinion, to clear away the Metropolitan Board of Works with its whole crew of jobbers and idlers. If the above opinion is not produced, the London ratepayers will be sold, and will have to pay heavy charges.

FOUND

SOMETHING MUCH TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—a new Opera by Rossini.

THE DIGNITY of the Lord Mayor of London. This jewel, after being mislaid for many years and supposed lost, has been discovered, in the brightest condition, in a setting of Golden Wire. The article may be seen, any morning, at the Mansion House. It is not permitted to be handled, but must be contemplated through the microscope.

IN THE PUBLISHING and Book Trade, lately, several Tracts and Pamphlets, in the titles of which, the most sacred names and subjects are treated with a horrible familiarity, and are indecently set forth as if in play-bills. It is earnestly hoped that they will NOT BE SOLD to pay the expenses.

MISSING

SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH of National Ground. Supposed to have been taken from the public proprietor, by a private Royal Academy.

THE SLIGHTEST APPROACH to sufficient accommodation for the houseless and starving poor in the parish of Bermondsey, London; which, possessing a population of fifty-one thousand, now offers nightly refuge to exactly two dozen casual paupers.

THE NATIONAL WELCOME due to Sir John Lawrence, on his arrival in this country. Also, such a national reward to this first and foremost of public servants as may imply, at the least, some becoming sense of obligation on the part of England towards the man who saved India.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, from the Bible of a Right Reverend Prelate. The loss was discovered on or about the 30th of March and 4th of April, when reference to the Divine Homily was much needed, in a correspondence with a dissenting father, relative to the burial of his little child in his own family grave. As the possession of these leaves of the New Testament, by their bereaved owner, is of importance to society, restoration is earnestly solicited. Please to communicate with Samuel, at the Soap Warehouse, St. James's Court.

TRADE SONGS. STREET SWEEPER.

AT a crossing of the Strand,
With a besom in my hand,
I beg.
In winter and in summer,
Whosoever is the comer,
I beg.

If a lady full of grace,
Why I bless her pretty face,
And beg.
If I spy an ancient buffer,
Then my words are rather rougher,
Yet I beg.

If a man is grim, I sigh
And cast a rueful eye,
And beg;
And I mutter of a "payment,"
And talk of "food" and "raiment,"
As I beg.

I've a cut across my brow,
And a blow (which I show)
On my leg.
My coat is all in tatters,
And my hat—is at the hatter's,
On a peg.

You grieve that I must sweep,
Yet I only whine and weep
While I beg.
I creep about the women,
And they see my eyes are brimming,
As I beg.

My wife she is a smasher,
And she groweth rash and rasher,
Does Meg;
So, in order to conceal it
(And her folly, for I feel it),
I beg.

But the town is growing weary
Of me and of my deary;
Yet I beg.
Should it fail us in its bounty,
We must throw us on the county,
I and Meg.

POLICEMAN.

How goes the night?
The stars are sleeping in their misty bed:
The moon is young and will not show her head.
I hear a hurried step, in chase or flight.
Who goes?—All's right!

How goes the night?
The rains are falling fast in drowning showers:
The clocks are sounding slow the crawling hours:
Beneath the arch a lantern glimmers bright.
Who goes?—All's right!

How goes the night?
The burglar skulks within his cellar deep,
The weary footpads hide their heads in sleep.
Who drags this staggering drunkard into sight?
Who goes?—All's right!

Swift runs the night!
The morning breaks along the eastern sky:
I hear the heavy tread of comrades nigh,
A file of hearty fellows, punctual quite.
Who goes?—All's right!
Good night!

ANOTHER PIECE OF CHINA.

THERE is no "cool of the evening" in the Chinese summer. Every rock, and roof, and pavement continues to give out its absorbed caloric long after sundown; and when, restless with the heat and mosquitoes, I turned out in the middle of the night to gasp upon the balcony which overlooked Macao harbour, the tiles struck so hot to my naked feet that I was glad to return to my room and its muslin oven. I do not think that the tanka girls, either, had any very defined notion of going to bed. I saw glimmering lights moving about their boats all night, and occasionally they sang hymns, in a monotonous, moaning scream, to the joss, accompanying themselves on a gong struck with a split cane. When day broke, they hauled their boats up high and dry, taking everything out to be washed; and from the different lockers they produced clothes, cooking utensils, scraps of food, babies, and joss pigeon generally, to an extent which made me look upon all conjurors who bring feather-beds, cups, flags, and bouquets from their hats, as mean and contemptible pretenders. And when everything, including the babies, had been well scrubbed, and cleaned, and dried, with Holland-like industry, each article was packed back again into its respective place. The conjuror could not have done that.

They were all ready for us—A-tye, A-moon, A-miu, and the rest—by half-past five, and we each set off in our boat, in procession, to a pretty little bay at the western horn of the harbour. My innate delicacy was put to a painful trial, and I had some thoughts of tumbling overboard in my light attire, dressed as I was. But one of our party had already taken his header, and upon A-tye asking me, with a laugh that set all her teeth flashing, "No wanchy washee so fashion?" I nervously commenced that operation which Box, or Cox—I forget which—announced to Mrs. Bouncer his intention of going through, to get her out of the room; and ended my cowering terrors in a plunge amongst the wooing waves that shook the laughing spray from their heads as they coquetted about the boat to receive me.

Down—twelve or fifteen feet deep—into the bright cold water, till the roaring subsided in my ears and the indistinct white gleams assumed regular forms of shells and pebbles as my eyes came down upon them. By Jove! it was a grand bath that morning! The delicious temperature threw new life into me at once, as I felt every muscle bind and rope itself with the shock. Up to the surface, rising and falling with the waves, rolling like a grampus over their crests, and flinging my limbs into all those free movements, so wildly independent of every law of gravity and support, only to be achieved on or in the water. I shouted for very delight, and certainly, for the time, enjoyed the greatest bodily pleasure I ever experienced, until the sun rose over the convent on the eastern spit of land, like a burning Mentor come to disprove the possible duration of any earthly violent pleasure or delight. Guido would have drawn his Aurora, here, with headache, thirst, mosquitoes, lassitude, long gasps, and prickly heat accompanying her progress.

A-tye sat, like another Thetis, in her tanka, as various bearded river gods floated about her; and one might have heard worse things than the ringing laughter of all our pretty crews at our terrible attempts, when the bathe was over, to climb back into the boat. As we were getting in, one of our younger companions pinched A-moon's cheek, accompanying the action with some joke in Chinese. The girl gave him a box on the ears which all but knocked him back into the sea, and then, retiring to the stern of the boat, sulkily took up her oar, and never spoke another word all the rest of the way back. A-tye said, "No good he;" and it was evident that they all felt insulted.

The Fei-maa was off again at nine, with our passengers of yesterday, and an addition in the shape of a Chinese conjuror—a ragged fellow, with the worst set of "properties" I ever saw in my life; bits of stick, old tea-cups, egg-shells, and broken dolls, battered and worn like undressed Punches. He evidently talked the old dialect (translated) of the Gyngell and Katterfelto school of wizards; and he did one good thing. He put an egg in his mouth, and after many distortions pretended to gulp it down: he then opened his mouth, for the spectators to look into, and no trace of the egg was seen. Anon, with more grimaces, expressive of violent and superhuman agony, he shot it out of his mouth three or four yards off. I conjure a little myself, and watched him closely, but I could not make out how this was done.

All the armed precautions of yesterday were taken in the same manner at tiffin, and about three o'clock the river narrowed, and we were amongst the Bogue Forts. They are now all laid in ruins, but when perfect must certainly have been built up by somebody half pastrycook half engineer. They run down to the river like enormous castellated stone handcuffs, the straight part breasting the water; and in the hands of any other nation would have made a position as formidable as Ehrenbreitstein.

Hurrah! there's a pagoda on the hill to the left—a real Chinese pagoda, as tall as those which form the frontispiece of the Hundred Wonders of the World, and looking immensely like Kew Gardens put down on the Essex marshes. It is neglected and tumble-down, like everything else in China; and birds have dropped seeds on the different stories, from which large trees and creepers have grown all the way up to the top, giving it a very leafy and wreathed appearance. Soon we arrive at Whampoa, with its fine safe harbour,

almost filled with English, French, and American ships—one beautiful American vessel, the Sea Serpent, commanding universal admiration—and a shoal of tankas and san-pans are covering the water, plying small floating trades. "San-pan" means three planks, of which they make a boat something like a long coffin. One merchant paddles about in this, and sells soup, or macaroni, or needles and thread; and announces his approach by rattling a small drum filled with peas, as good a thing to frighten a horse with as can be conceived, but finding no such use hereabouts. I have a short time to pay a visit to Captain Heath, who is lying here in the Assistance screw steam store-ship of four hundred horse power, and who, with no chance of being in action up here, and with nothing particularly amusing in the neighbourhood, must have felt as dull as the people in Cheltenham on a wet Good Friday. Then, for a few minutes, to see Mr. Cooper, who made the docks at Whampoa, built the Fei-maa in them, and is Captain Castella's brother-in-law. He lives in a "chop"—a floating house like a two-storied City barge, but larger—with his family. His poor father was murdered by the Chinese the year before last. They came alongside, in a many-oared boat, and said they had a letter for him. He went down the ladder to receive it, when they pulled him into the boat, rowed off with him, under the guns of the English ships, and, it is supposed, beheaded him up one of the piratical creeks of the river, and got their blood money from Yeh. Yeh, again, the illustrious exile who is now enjoying his luxurious opium cum dignitate at Calcutta, and will, no doubt, be a lion next season in Belgravia, as other odoriferous Eastern ruffians and murderers, and swindling scamps generally, have been before him. Are not these names chronicled "among the distinguished individuals present we observed" in the interesting lists of the fêtes in fashionable papers, from Jumjawbudda Jaggerbedamjee, whose presence so enlivened the déjeûner of Mrs. Brown, of Pantile, down to Sir Underdown Whiffle, Bart., whose name, as noticed at the Opera last night, must have so influential an effect upon the future let for the season?

As we passed Whampoa, the boats on the river gradually thickened, and there were evidences on all sides of approaching a great city. The banks were more carefully cultivated; villages came closer together; one pagoda appeared after another in the distance, and the traffic increased. The river here is about the breadth of the Thames at Blackwall, with a country as flat as the Essex marshes on each side, mostly parcelled out in paddy fields. And now we see the White Cloud Mountains on our far right, and an amphibious population begins to inhabit structures between large birds'-nests and dog-kennels, built on piles along the mud of the low water. Some of these are old boats, also raised above high level upon long bamboo poles, which swing and bend about in a curiously fragile-looking manner, but are as trustworthy as iron columns. Next come entire floating villages of tankas, all moored in rows, like the ships in the Pool, with their directing A-tyes, and A-moons, and A-mius, all looking as if they had moved on from Macao. Then, larger "chops" of the merchants and agents, looking like Noah's arks; neglected, but still gaudy flower-boats—floating improprieties of unquestionable reputation, which had found the Canton reach too hot to hold them since our arrival in its waters; dozens of enormous war-junks, rotting and water-logged, and in most instances as complete wrecks as you see at the ship-breakers' below Vauxhall-bridge. Captain Castella tells me that the mandarin admirals receive pay for these old hulks as if they were all equipped, and stored, and manned, and ready for action! And now under French men-of-war, and British gunboats—sanpans, lorchas, dragon-boats, and mandarin barges, so thickly swarming that some careful steerage on our part is required—we are before Canton.

There is not much to see yet, though. The first impression is that they are going to make a new street everywhere, for the eye falls on nothing but mounds of brickbats and solitary walls of houses, displaying those parti-coloured boundaries of rooms, closets, and staircases, which come out so oddly during our own "metropolitan improvements," when we learn for the first time that the maids had a blue distempered bedroom under the roof, and that the first floor was papered with grapes. Not so high though—the Canton houses have rarely two stories, with the exception of the joss-houses and yamuns, or palaces—so that viewed from the heights the city looks about as level-topped as a Swiss village.

We pass the Dutch Folly—a fort on an island in the middle of the river, about the size of another fort traditionally devoted to the consumption of eelpies on our own Thames—now in ruins. One of the 13-inch mortars, placed here at the siege of Canton, sent a shell clean over the city and set fire to Gough Fort, in the country beyond.

Honan is to Canton what the Borough is to London, and here the Fei-maa stops—opposite the site of the old Factories, as they were called. We have the mails on board, and the tea-tasters and clerks of the different English and American houses pull off for letters and news; the Straits Times being, of course, the great desirable object. With the sole exception of Galignani's Messenger, that paper must work cheaper and pay better than any journal in the world. Most of our passengers disembarked here, with a row similar to that at Macao, but less violent. Captain Castella is going to the Canton Allied landing-place in his own boat, so he is kind enough to take me and my interpreter, Mr. Rozario, with him, and we land in about twenty minutes down stream.

Can it be Poor Dog Tray that I hear? Most certainly, and played on a cornet-à-pistons, merging into the real Robsonian Willikins. And here am I listening to it, in Canton, with six Chinese pirates, fresh caught, squatting on the

ground of the wharf, all tied together by their pigtails, listening to it also with an expression of heavy, hopeless, uncertain incomprehensibility. Whereupon Jack, who is guarding them, observes, "Well, of all the stupid beggars I ever did see"—and then cuffs two of their heads together, as he adds, "no more feeling than nothing, they haven't got!"

Past military "Mossoos" concocting a bouillon out of scraps and crusts, and something very like hay, under the flickering shade of tricolor flags and union jacks; between groups of magnificent Sepoys, whose haughty salute looks very much like hatred quenched in fear, and then up into a little wigwam pagoda at the south-eastern angle of the walls, wherein, Captain Castella informs me in confidence, we shall find drinks. We climb up this edifice, which is very like a birdcage built after the fashion of a Chinese lighthouse, if there is such a thing, and enter a small room, pasted all over with cuts from English illustrated papers and periodicals. There is good cheer here to-day; evidences of a successful "loot" in the neighbourhood. There is a roast sucking-pig at top—fancy tasting crackling in the country where Elia's Bo-Bo first discovered it—and a roast goose at the bottom; with quarts of pale ale, and pints of champagne in a tub of saltpetre and water to cool them, obtained from Mr. Telesio, who has a store-chop down on the landing. A comforting man is Telesio. He looted an old flower-boat, from which the mandarins and improprieties had run away, all in a minute, when the Cruiser first opened fire on the doomed city in the memorable Christmastide of 1857-8. Then he fitted up this chop with goodly stores; barrels of beer, dozens of wines and brandies, and endless comestibles warranted to keep any length of time in any climate—a floating Fortnum, with an associate Mason upon Magazine Hill. He has marmalade, sardines, and Irish stew and haricot in red tins impossible to open if you do not carry a pickaxe in your pocket. There is Mann's fine butter—I do not know Mann—and Yankee peaches, and oysters, and bitters, also Dutch stomachic ditto. The familiar names of Huntley and Palmer, Lee and Perrin, Crosse and Blackwell, and Lazenby, call out England from their nooks and corners; and there are, in addition, cases and bottles labelled with those other names, entirely unknown to us in London, which appear to, and do, command such a wonderful export trade of medicines and condiments, to all corners of the world—if a globe can have corners.

All hospitality is accorded here. The latest London news is reported—the last jokes are repeated, and club squabbles discussed—and then, with a warm good-by to Captain Castella, I sally forth, with two coolies carrying my box, and the faithful Rosario at my side, to head-quarters, about two miles off.

It is a blazing, scathing, dazzling afternoon, and the western sun is scorching on the walls, coming first through our umbrellas, and then through our pith hats, and after that through our skulls, until our brains must be simmering; and the tree-crickets, as one of the siege train observes, "want oiling uncommon." But we plod on, along the walls, which have a broad walk behind the embrasures on our right, and a sloping bank on our left, going down at once to the city. I am reminded occasionally of the walls of Chester. Below, on the right, seen through the loopholes, is the suburb of demolished houses, and the open country. On the left is Canton, or rather its former site, for nothing but acres and acres of brick-bats are now to be seen. As we pass the different pagodas over the city gates, we find them filled with troops; and, now and then, the surprised exclamation of "Why, what the (never mind) brings you out here, old fellow?" prefaces another visit and more beer.

The head-quarters at Canton are placed on a finely wooded hill, covered with as many joss-houses as the Monte Sacro at Varallo. In the finest of these, built and endowed by Yeh, and barely finished, General Von Straubenzee has taken up his residence. Its position is excellently shown in Mr. Burford's very faithful panorama now exhibiting: and the different associated temples—this one is dedicated to the Genii of Eternal Spring—rise steeply above one another, for all the world like the perpendicular landscape on a carved ivory card-case. You enter through one of the usual circular openings peculiar to China, and ascend a broad, tall flight of stairs—no joke in this climate—until you arrive on a fine terrace, with the open halls of the joss forming the background. Here I met the General, and a frank, unaffected welcome makes me quite at home at once, as the coolies bring my box into a room which I am to call my own. It is an elaborately decorated Chinese apartment, with oyster-shells scraped as thin as paper let into the casements, octagonal in shape, like honeycombs. The furniture is all of hard ebony, marvellously carved, and at the end of the room is an open-work screen of fruits and flowers, which Quintin Matsys might have taken as a pattern for his wrought iron work; and under this there is the usual opium-smoking platform, with its hard square wooden pillows. The doors open on a terrace shaded with matting, and on a balcony of those beautiful green Chinese tiles, worked au jour, upon which are placed huge comical vases, holding growing flowers of rare beauty. From the ceilings hang flower-baskets of fresh petals strung on wires; and some restless little birds jerk about and polish their beaks in delicate bamboo cages, not much caring whether Buddhists or Christians worship in the temple, so long as they get their food.

It wants an hour to dinner, so I stroll up the wood behind the temple, and pass through some other temples, and under some square triumphal elevations, and up more stairs to the northern walls. Here and there I get a fine view of the suburban country; level, populous, and highly cultivated, stretching away towards the White Cloud Mountains. Pleasant-looking little villages are dotted here and there; stone causeways run

from one to the other, and on to the city, along which people are passing and repassing like ants, but I nowhere see a horse, or anything on wheels. They carry everything themselves, upon a bamboo pole. Regular tea-chest-looking labourers are bobbing for frogs in the holes of the paddy fields; and a little boy and a tall man are going off towards the mountains. Just so might Aladdin have started with his assumed uncle to find the wonderful lamp of that most charming of all our boyhood's tales.

We dined that day in the great Buddhist hall of the joss-house, enormous idols looking on with gilt stupidity at our proceedings. It is not a "Chinese dinner" by any means. We have excellent Shanghae mutton, although rather tough, for, in this climate everything must be eaten a few hours after it is killed; we have also vermicelli soup—down in the city, perhaps, it would be made with real worms—and we have some little fowls, small and thin enough for Vauxhall, but here they are fourpence each instead of four shillings, as whilom at that mouldy old temple of unamusing extortion. So, with claret, maderia, and pale ale, we do not altogether starve.

Mr. Commissioner Parkes promises that to-morrow he will take me "all over Canton." But his head is worth a thousand dollars, even now, up at Pekin; so I am to come with my revolver, and the officers at the Engineers' quarters will lend me anything else. And I am first to breakfast with them, for they want me to see their treasures. They have a fighting goose there, that can thrash two turkeys, and, as they will all three be eaten in as many days, I must not lose the chance. They have also loot, and curios; and a fresh tub of beer, with a pewter mug to drink it out of—fancy that! so that we are not so badly off, after all, as we might be in some awfully respectable London houses, where malt is taboo'd—at least before company. Once, dining with some people who lived by this rule, and in frightful awe of what the world thought of them, I asked for beer. The calm, cold falsehood which informed me that "there was none in the house" was a thing to recollect. Which I did, for, being at an evening party shortly afterwards, in the same establishment, I got the link-man to bring me a pint of half-and-half from the neighbouring public-house, and I left the pewter measure at the foot of a Hebe on the staircase, just before the first and important detachment of guests came rustling down to supper.

I went to bed betimes in the joss-house that night, for I had gone through a tiring day. I slept on a cane sofa in the balcony, with a light muslin mosquito tent over me. One by one the lights in the great city at my feet were extinguished—the challenges of the sentinels died away, and a silence so deep that it amounted almost to oppression, reigned over Canton. Then the moon rose behind Honan, throwing the pagodas and yamuns into bold relief; but I could still make out the little specks of light and hear the bells marking the time on the ships in the river. I did not sleep well—heat, excitement, and novelty all combined to keep me awake by fits and starts till the silence was broken by the English drums and fifes playing the réveil, and the sunlight flashed over the panorama with tropical rapidity, lighting up at once the entire view.

A SUM IN FAIR DIVISION.

Once upon a time I was one of the pale faces who studied physic at St. Poultice's, and had registered my name in a certain book at the hospital as candidate for the privilege of helping infant paupers over their first trouble in the world. A scrap of paper ordered me to Saffron-hill upon a summer's night, when there was a bright moon on the still sea far away, on the green corn, and on the river flowing down from among quiet meadows to the city asleep in its dirt. Silver came down from heaven even among the hawkers who were still at work in Leather-lane, but they were none the richer for it. There was an outcry of traders and quarrellers, a hubbub, and a throng of eager, hungry, filthy life. The gin-shops glared their welcome on each side. About the door of one there was a crowd intent upon a quarrel between angry women; ballad-singers wailed their comic songs, in rivalry with bands and solitary fiddles, dip candles in paper lanterns flickered over unwholesome shell-fish, fruit, sweetmeats, miserable trinkets; vegetable trucks strewed the road and the foul pavement with their refuse. I elbowed my way through the crowd, escaped down a by-street into the mere stoniness of Hatton-garden, a desert of private houses, then decaying into offices and shops. A wretched thoroughfare at the end, now runs over the side of the old garden wall; yet once turf yellow with crocuses flourished just outside it, upon Saffron-hill.

I was but a boy, and might be pardoned for a shudder at my work. The place was and is wretched. There was green dirt overrunning from the kennel, black dirt about all the doorways, grey dirt on the windows or the bits of paper or the bundles of old rag thrust into window-frames, yellow dirt on every haggard face. Bony young children, late as it was, were in the road. Gaunt women were scolding, as I suppose there always are, who scold all night and all day, in their doorways. Drunken men were swearing home to bed, and one of them was lying at length in the gutter. There were not many lights in the windows, except those of a few ghastly and cavernous little shops; but one light at an upper window helped me to assurance of the house I was to enter.

Up a sooty staircase, by a room into which there struggled just enough of moonlight to show eight or ten men, women, and children huddled on the floor, and all, except one drunken girl, asleep, I found the way to my patient. Let me call her Mrs. Part. She was a large, red woman—I, a white little chit of a student. The public should remember that an hospital

student does not practise at the expense of the poor, as by experiment upon the vile. He may be weak in himself, but he is strong in having at his back the best help in the world, ready at a word to come with succour to the side of the most miserable pallet. I required no help. Mrs. Part was a mother for the fourteenth time; but more than half of her children were already lying in the rank little square known as the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Two old women in beards, from a room below, helped me to welcome the poor little baby to its heritage of want. It consoled me in my inexperience to hear these women in the next room favourably reviewing my first effort, and crediting me with an experience that I did not possess. To me the scene was new, and so were the emotions it occasioned. Mrs. Part had informed me abundantly about her household life, about the births and lives and deaths of children, and her husband's industry. He was out then, when it was nearly midnight, and had been labouring all day with his barrow-load of penny trinkets and small toys. The most wretched, while there is hope in them, cannot endure bare life without making some faint effort to beautify it. But it is hard for the seller of those luxuries of painted parrots, and gay bits of picture, and bead bracelets, whenever a frost comes or a new pressure of pestilence or famine.

This poor woman and her husband, prospering through sobriety, were reckoned rich in Saffron-hill. They managed to rent two rooms for themselves and their six living children. The back room contained but a few old beds laid on the floor, a deal chair, a fragment of looking-glass, and an earthen basin. I was in the front room, where there were some coloured pictures on the wall, a very little crockery in a cupboard, a saucepan and a frying-pan, the woman's own bed on the floor, some old rush-bottomed chairs, and a deal table. The infant lay wrapped in an apron on its mother's arm. What others know as possibilities of life were to it impossibilities; the dread of others was its certainty, if it should live. Not the less happy was the mother's face. Had she been a great lady, with a husband anxious for an heir to his estates, there would have been no truer joy at her heart than there seemed to be in it as she greeted weary Mr. Part, when he at last entered, with the cry, "It's a boy, John." A boy can earn. Misery cannot hunt a boy so easily as it can hunt a girl into the toils, and bring him down to shame.

"Very well, Sue. Your servant, sir. I ask your pardon. Here's his hansel."

"You've had a long day, poor fellow."

"And a good one, girl. What'll I get you? See here." It was a great spectacle of coppers, worth four shillings-and-twopence. Fourteen hours' work cheerfully done for a return of four and twopence, out of which it is to be hoped that three shillings were profit.

Wealth indeed! Some years ago it was calculated that the poor throughout the country keep themselves and do not fall upon the rates, if they can earn four pounds a year per back and mouth, we must not say per head, since the head goes for nothing.

"And what did little Bill get for his winkles?"

"Eightpence; but he came home with a black eye. He couldn't help it; it wasn't fighting; somebody that came out of a public house hit him in Leather-lane."

"Ah, well," said the father, "be it as it may. Poor boy! He'll have enough thumping about. Is a fellow to look at the baby?"

Certainly he was, but I was sorry to disturb his happiness, for there was something to be written or signed, and he was then at his wit's end for writing material. I had to make out with a pointed stick dipped into ink, of which the material was scraped out of the chimney.

All this happened some time ago. The baby lived and grew, by help of his father's energetic labour, and in due time, by help of his own toil, to be a stout young man. Several odd chances combined to bring the Parts, at sundry times, across my path in life. This baby went by my recommendation, as a tall and rather handsome young fellow, named Thomas, into the service of one of my oldest and kindest friends, a wealthy bachelor at Kensington. The family was dispersed. The father was dead, the mother was in the workhouse. One girl had tried farm service in Leicestershire, and there got married. One boy was a hawker, as his father had been. One had, to the never ending grief of his mother, taken to bad courses, and been sentenced to transportation. The two girls were honest girls; one, as I have just said, married, and the other served as scullery-maid in a West-end hotel.

The prosperous man of the family is Tom, the footman, who is scraping together savings from his wages, with the design of setting up as soon as he can a little shop, and fetching home his mother from the workhouse. I have seen this mother and son together when the mother nursed, with all her love, the helpless son. I am to see, also, the son nursing his mother. My friend Tom, coming to me lately with a message from his master, answered with a troubled face my question as to the well-being of his family:

"Peggy, poor girl, in Leicestershire, is nursing a sick husband and two little babies. There's nothing coming in except from the club. I've helped her to keep off the parish, for she has a high heart, and they've worked hard and thriven, though her Dick is but a farm labourer. They'll do when he comes round again, I have no fear. But my heart aches for little Susie—that's my sister you know, sir, at the great hotel. There wasn't a brighter little darling upon earth than she was when she went there as scullery-maid six years ago. And how she has kept her place, and bore everything, and stripped herself to help raise money to defend our Will when he got into trouble!" (Our Will is the unhappy youth who has disgraced the family, but instead of shutting him out of their hearts this brother of his and his sisters speak of him with a peculiar tenderness.) "We all petted Susie, and there was

nobody she wouldn't pet. She kept Will straight for a whole year when she was but a child of twelve. Well, sir, she is an old woman of two-and-twenty now. She has overworked herself, and got some poison from the kitchen drains. So she wasn't fit for her work, and lost her place, and was destitute like. I had some of my savings left, and would have helped her, but she's a proud girl in her way. 'It's mother's bread you want to give me, Tom,' says she. 'It's not right to keep me, that's her child, out of the workhouse by forcing her to die in it. I'm young, and I shall do. I haven't grudged work to the parish, and I'm not ashamed to take help till I'm strong enough—as I soon shall be—to buckle to again.' She's a brave little Susie, sir. She wasn't spoilt by petting, and she wasn't spoilt by slaving, though she did let herself be driven like a slave."

"You have right to be proud of her."

"Proud of her, sir. Proud of what else? Why didn't she go and sin, as, thank God, never sister of mine did? Why didn't she let herself be led away, as our Will was, and get tired of toiling all the year round for a few dry crumbs when she could get a year's earnings in a week or a day by thieving! There's One that knows who's tempted and who isn't, and what they deserve who fight in awful struggle with the Tempter all their lives and win. My poor weak brother wasn't equal to the wrestle. But, brave little Susie! Well, sir, Will, before he is taken abroad, where he may mend and thrive, is in a model prison now, well lodged and comfortably fed. That's what he gets for doing wrong. It made me cry to see our Susie in one of the hungriest of London workhouses. Little enough she gets for doing right."

"But her work," I said, "was at an hotel in St. George's, Hanover-square, where there are few poor, and out of very light rates guardians afford liberal maintenance."

"I had that in my head, sir, when I agreed to what the darling said so truly about mother. But it turned out to have been settled long ago that, as the rich people hadn't many poor except their servants in their parishes, they shouldn't be asked to pay rates for support of such as them when they fell destitute. Domestic servants, it was settled, commonly come out of impoverished places, and they was to be sent back to those impoverished places to be fed when they had worked themselves out in the service of their betters. Domestic service for any length of years doesn't give anybody now a settlement. So Susie was sucked dry down Hanover-square way and then was chucked back for the remains of her life to rot in Saffron-hill."

"Tom, you are angry!"

"I think not, sir. I don't know who with. But there's something that's not fair to little Susie, sir—something that isn't just. I'm told the rich people in these grand parts of town have saved themselves two shillings in the pound, and shifted over the burden of four parts out of five of their poor's rate upon the overweighted little shopkeepers in such places as Saffron-hill and Leather-lane by hitching off the charge of their disabled servants. Is that fair? Little as they pay there is enough to afford six or seven shillings a week to the keep of a poor person in their workhouses. How can a parish manage that when it is crammed with poor creatures who have to be supported chiefly by folks hardly fit to keep themselves out of starvation? How can such parishes afford an allowance such as that? The rates have to be kept down by might and main. It's cruel—it looks fearfully hard-hearted in the working—but it's a necessity. My Susie must be made to cost less than three shillings a week, and every penny of that's grudged her, because by right, if not by law, she belongs to St. George's. It isn't only the little that's in the helping hand my darling gets held out to her, but it's the way it's held. And yet people are kind enough. My master, now——"

"Your master, Tom, pays, I think, not very much more poor's rate than your sister's master did. His great house at Kensington is one of a pile built where a nest of starvelings was pulled down. No new nest was given to the starvelings, and they went to Fulham, which is a nice place, where almond and appleblossom comes out a week earlier than on our side of London, but where the parish is charged heavily with poor. The poor turned out of Kensington have settled there. Fulham shopkeepers and gardeners pay three-and-sixpence in the pound for support of the poor, your master pays only a shilling. Yet I know very well that the low rate pleases him. And, you know, he is a member of Parliament."

"My master," said Tom, "wouldn't leave a fly to struggle in a milkpot. He'd not only fetch him out, but also wipe him. There'd be no sort of laws wanted if all men were like unto him."

"Have you spoken of Susie to your master? He might help you."

"He *would*, sir. But I am thankful to say he knows nothing of my affairs. What right have I, knowing his good nature, to take advantage of it? Because he does more than his duty by me, feeds me well, pays me well, even nurses me when I am ill—for *he* never turns us out into the street—was I to press upon him also with our trouble about finding law for our Will? is he to support also my mother and my sister? What justice would there be in that? But, sir," —the poor fellow's voice quivered with sudden reverence—"I have another Master upon whom I may throw my burdens, however many they may be. I have spoken to Him of Susie, and the rest of us. He will help me, I am not afraid."

One hears daily of troubles, and bears easily those which do not lie on one's own shoulder. I felt sympathy and respect for Thomas Part, but gave, I am ashamed to say, no active thought to his affairs, and often saw his master in the way of friendly intercourse without alluding to the sorrows of the footman.

One morning I was with my friend in his study labouring to impress upon him what I

took to be the right view of a proposed measure for medical reform.

"Now," he said, "if you've emptied out your bag of wind will you tell why you doctors, living in the heart of things, full of deep moment, able, if you have eyes, to see the marrow of a hundred social truths, worry about these trifles—councils, quacks, registers, licensing bodies—— You want just free trade."

"But, my good sir——"

"Free trade, I say. Now let me ask whether you have ever given any attention to the subject of county rating."

"I know nothing about it."

"Then you are an ass, my dear friend—an ass. It lay under your nose. I had lately convinced myself that one of the most important wants of the day is an equalised poor-rate."

"Oh, I see. Thomas from down-stairs has been speaking to you."

"Thomas!" my friend cried with a face of blank amazement. "What should he know about politics?"

So here I thought myself not quite the only gentleman who did not see into what lay close to his nose.

"No; I have had my attention called to the subject by a very intelligent member of the House. I have gone through the facts, and they are very striking. Why didn't you doctors tell us long ago what you must have seen of the working of all this among the poor? But you have your brains spread upon plaisters; there's nothing but mixture in your heads. Don't look as if you had a pill in your throat; listen to me. Look here: you pale up the poor in parishes, and say each pays its own. Here's a purgatory of a parish, never mind its name, there are hundreds of them in England, and I won't bless them with the name of a saint. Here's the old parish of Bread the Less, with poor inhabitants as plentiful as mites in cheese, tightly paled in. Cosy gentlemen from the adjoining paradise of Cake the Greater look over the pales and cry, 'Rally about your beadle, gentlemen; support your own poor!' Some poor worm wriggles up the paling and falls over into the blessed land. He is taken up between finger and thumb and thrown back into Purgatory, with a '*Will* you support your own poor, gentlemen? That fellow has no settlement here, you know.' 'But,' cries a soul in pain, 'we must pay four shillings in the pound to get our many poor only starvation commons. The few you have you can feed handsomely, though you pay only fourpence in the pound'—truly, no more is paid, my dear doctor, by the rich people in Paddington—'and, after all, you could more easily pay forty pounds than we can pay four shillings. Are we to be the dogs who lick the wounds of Lazarus while he is fed only by the crumbs under your table, Dives?' That's the way they ought to talk, only they never do. They see their necessity, and talk of putting on the screw. They make what we in the West call hard-hearted guardians and overseers. Pooh, pooh, sir! Have I a hoof growing? Have I claws? Do you see my tail anywhere? If anybody is the monster, it is I. Those people are blind in their way, I have been as blind in mine. Why, sir, the Bank of England itself, and that's Dives, I think, occupies the best part or the whole of the parish of St. Christopher-le-Stock, and though its premises are worth fifty thousand pounds a year, it only pays a farthing a pound to the London poor. That is its crumb to Lazarus. The actual total is not more than is paid by a single house in other parts of London; it is not half as much as is paid by the Times printing-office; not a third as much as is paid by the Apothecaries' Company. The Bank of England pays Lazarus a farthing in the pound. The poor parish of St. Nicolas Olave pays eight shillings in the pound. The richer a parish grows the less it has to pay. The poorer a parish grows the more it has to pay. Very reasonable, eh? When Regent-street was built, an immense number of poor dwellings were destroyed, no substitutes for them were erected, and the poor were tossed into surrounding parishes, to fall on their legs if they could. When the improvements were made in the Strand and Trafalgar-square, the same happened. When New Farringdon-street was formed, the same was done. A horde of poor was hunted over the borders of one parish to settle down in another as it could. A waste was made in the centre of London, and it has contributed nothing to relieve the distress it magnified up to the present day. When New Oxford-street was made, and the homes of thousands in St. Giles's were destroyed but not built up again elsewhere, the poor again were crowded down upon each other, rammed together, and taxed trebly to pay for one another's miseries. When Victoria-street, Westminster, was made, a member of the chapter observed, 'I am happy to say we improve rapidly. We have got rid of many hundreds of the worst of the poorer class.' He was asked whither they were gone, and answered, 'Really, that is not a subject for our consideration, the parishes where they are now living must look to that!' Now, doctor, a state of things like this breeds facts by tens of thousands. Pamphlets and Blue-books are full of them, but the lanes, and wretched rooms, and workhouses, and workhouse-gates at night, with the poor wretches shivering outside, they also are full of them."

"Yes, truly."

"I do not for an instant think that the Legislature knew how cruel a thing it was when, in 1832, they declared that domestic service was not to establish for the poor a settlement among the rich. But I don't speak only of London, surely not. Look all over the country. See the farmers denying cottages to labourers in rural parishes, though the denial forces them to come and go three or four miles to and from work, and all in order that they may not acquire a settlement and fall upon their parish rate. Into a big country town the labourers are forced from miles of the surrounding country, and the county townsman pays perhaps, as in Norwich, three or

four shillings of poor's rate against as many pence contributed by those who drive their labourers into the Norwich lanes, and throw the burdens of their occasional distress and sickness on the Norwich rates. Yet they take from the town all that can be taken. They thrive mainly by reason of the town, which opens to their corn and beef and milk an ample market. I say, sir," my friend continued, perhaps fancying himself in the House of Commons, "that the root of a thousand griefs that may be readily destroyed is to be found in this question of the inequality of rating for the relief of the poor. I do not wish to see any great national system under central government. But I am sure that men of the same county could maintain for this purpose of rating some machinery within their own control for the establishing of uniform assessment. The general issue of that would be, that, instead of a rate of fourpence, sixpence, or a shilling charged upon the rich, and of three, four, or eight shillings charged upon the poor, there would be an equal rate of eighteenpence, or two shillings."

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you come and speak to Thomas, sir? He's had a letter." So said a bright little parlour-maid, suddenly opening the study door.

"A letter! Well, what then?"

"He's crying, sir; I wasn't to come and tell you; but I ought." The little maid was energetic about that. It afterwards appeared that she was in the confidence of Thomas, and having views of her own in addition to her sympathies, seized this occasion of betraying him, not to his enemy, but to his strongest friend.

The letter was from his sister in Leicestershire, whose husband had not mended as she hoped, but had sunk slowly and died. She had buried him herself with Tom's help. Then she had, after the long strain on her mind was suddenly withdrawn, fallen sick, so that she and her children needed tending until she was strong enough to earn her living, as she knew she should, for she had made many good friends in that part of the country. At last, therefore, she went to the parish for a few weeks' sustenance, and by the parish had been packed off with her children into Warwick, where her husband had a settlement. She was in Warwick workhouse, where her heart would break, for how could she go out of it into a strange place without a living soul who knew her story and was ready to help and cheer her in endeavouring to be a free, true mother to her children.

The little parlour-maid was privileged to read this letter, and knew all Tom's grief. Then she committed the great crime of fetching master. She made a clean breast of it while she was about it, and I may as well own that I helped to be Tom's deputy confessor.

Thomas Part is not of an unforgiving temper: he has been discharged his master's service and put into a little shop. His sister and her two children have been fetched from Warwickshire, to the half-satisfaction of the traitress, and the sister is housekeeper for him and his mother. He has been suddenly forced into the full bloom of all his hopes. Susie is being petted by my friends' domestics, and is commonly supposed to be in training for the place of parlour-maid, which is expected in a few months to become vacant.

It is in the power of a good man to make this or that household happy. It is the higher privilege of a good law to increase happiness throughout a nation. Many a labourer who now comes from afar, already weary, to his work, many a Lazarus, half-fed by the pauperised community which yet yields up no small share of its bread to his support, will find rest, comfort, and hope in an act of justice that has yet to be accomplished. Call it an act for the more even distribution of the burden of the poor-rate and the consequent suppression of the cruelties arising from the law of Settlement and Poor Removal.

THE CRUSOE OF THE SNOWY DESERT.

Late in the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr. Baldwin Möllhausen, a Prussian traveller, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule, for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travellers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they set it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice, and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kearney to the Flat River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travellers, the Post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position, until the Post could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travellers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Möllhausen.

The Post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveller squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Möllhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight, till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste—the Crusoe of the snowy desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death. Death by cold; death by the murderous treachery of savages; death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all round his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before his door. His fire-place was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After a time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travellers' last horse had fallen dead, some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties, while he was still at this melancholy work. He slept, till hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary; and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry, he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow-leaves, the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown a little maize. He was still thus occupied, when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer, he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gun-shot they stopped; and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter the tent; and, sitting there by his side, they entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

"The wolves," said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—"the wolves will give you no rest, day or night; and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered, and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses would not live to get to you; and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."

But Mr. Möllhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honourably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of travelling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, "No."

The Indian rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a Red Skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself!"

With these words he shook Mr. Möllhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveller or his tent; but kept on their way rapidly towards the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow-storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger (the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the leg of an antelope), his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam; his memory failed him; and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the close of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he

saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours; and they left him no chance of sleep till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way; and he despaired, for the first time, of rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him, which he had already used, containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution, without well knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught: he remembered taking it, and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and, in a lesser degree, hunger, were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half-melted snow, and the second with raw buffalo-meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) was relighted, he roasted the meat; and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better (partly through the rest which the laudanum had given to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded to his body) that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of some interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation, to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry, sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcase abandoned over night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus, the woful time—the dreary, lonely, hopeless hours—wore on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warning of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion-caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the minds of strangers that a living man was inside it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night. This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards so as to make his footmarks in the snow appear to be leading *to* the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly-frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow-drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough, besides, for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his levelled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched, for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last, the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighbouring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day in this world had dawned for him or for them—the men were Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill, the savages threw back their buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted traveller had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps: the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and

communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bowstrings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited; for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience, on his not miscalculating, by an instant, the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtained opening; while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string ready to shoot. In this position, the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight; and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was, he saw that it had caught their quick ears—for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late—he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr. Möllhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buckshot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other man who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self-defence, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that if either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day—the brave traveller's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after-necessity of hiding what had been done. With a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically reloaded his rifle, and approached the place. The groans of the Indian who had been shot in the breast moved his pity so strongly that they seemed to recal him to himself. First turning the dead Indian face downwards, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy, and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his goodwill by preserving his life.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long black hair that almost covered his face. But, after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even of joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer, and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion, Mr. Möllhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment, the wretch's right hand flashed out from beneath him, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Möllhausen parried the blows with his right arm, drew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in the last convulsion. The lost traveller was alone again; alone in the frozen wilderness, with the bodies of the two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate, before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo-meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet, the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make, next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians—the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever—and of all that had happened, on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveller's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date, without an event to break the woeful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas-day. A stolid apathy towards the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and

the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas-trees and the children's festivals, at that blessed season, in his native Germany—but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas-day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipeful of the dry willow leaves; and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended, and the new year came. His hold on life was slackening—and the end was not far off. It was daylight, early in the month of January. He was resting under his blankets—not asleep, and not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself, and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time. "You are badly off here, friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white men of the Post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent-covering was raised, an Indian entered, and pushed his five-foot rifle in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveller advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily, he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable heathens, whom the pitiless Christians at the Mission were established to convert—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected: they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English was a half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilisation. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoe Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition; and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveller's fire two miles off. "You are hungry," they said to him, producing their own food—"eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you." These were the words of the Red Skins; and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the forsaken white man, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods, for the preservation of which he had risked his life, were packed up; the waggon, abandoned by his fellow-traveller and himself, at the beginning of their disasters, when their last horse died, was cleared of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was not left behind. It was too firmly frozen to the ground to be pulled up; so it was cut off just above the snow, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the waggon, their wives and their boys harnessed themselves to it, and dragged it away cheerfully to the camp. Mr. Möllhäusen, and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveller stopped, before he left the place for ever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and all his perils. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last-left, touching trace of himself and his hardships—then wandered away to the little hill from which he used to look out on his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he had left his home in the desert for ever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his waggon-load of goods were safe, thanks to the Ottoe Indians, at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whisky-punch in the society of white men.

The particulars of this fearful narrative of suffering and peril have been abridged from an episode in Mr. Möllhausen's own record of his travelling adventures in North America during a second visit to that part of the world, when he was in the employment of the United States Government. The book (published in London by Messrs. Longman and Co.) is written with great modesty and good sense; and contains some of the most curious revelations of manners and customs among the North American Indians which have yet been offered to the public. The author's experiences among the friendly Ottoes who rescued him may be singled out as especially interesting, or, more properly (from the singular nature of his position, at that period of his travels) as something quite unique.

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BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER V. THE WINE-SHOP.

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud-embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others, devoted, themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine-game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the

grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chesnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding-place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow winding street, full of offence and stench, with other narrow winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and nightcaps, and all smelling of rags and nightcaps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman painted up, only the leanest scrags of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but, the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gun-maker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all: which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For, the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamplighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long, as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But, the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way:

"Say then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not), upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then re-crossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Ma-

dame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do *you* do in that galley there!" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But, he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! So much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good day. The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favour of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and, at

my peril, be discreet—as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted, seemed to escape, and all spoilt and sickly vapours seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighbourhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended, before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge?"

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible?" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But, by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them, in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"*I* think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something.

Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through the se means, that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one, the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet, work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

ROME AND TURNIPS.

A THOUSAND years ago, and again almost another thousand years ago, strong Rome, possessing Britain as a province, ground our corn and ate our oysters with a hearty appetite. The clans of the long-haired, mustachioed and chin-shaven, tattoo-skinned, breeches-wearing original Britons wore the yoke restlessly; but it was firm upon their shoulders. They yielded up their warriors as Roman legionaries. A body of "Invincible younger Britons" was sent off to serve Rome in Spain. A like body of "Elder Britons" was sent to Illyria. There was a "twenty-sixth cohort of Britons" in Armenia. There was a troop of Britons forwarded even to Egypt. That was the shrewd policy of Rome. The warriors of each country were drained from it to maintain Roman dominion over any other than the fatherland. Into this land there came then, to replace the natural defenders of the soil, legions of Dacians, Thracians, Sarmatians, even Romanised Indians and Moors. There has been picked up, in a field, trace also of an Egyptian among the men of Rome in Britain. For more than four centuries England was Roman. Rome herself may, during the first half of that time, have supplied many chief magistrates and military captains; furthermore, by the complex network of society, stray men, women, and children may have been drawn out of their home in Italy even as far as Britain. Let us believe also that enthusiastic epicures from Rome sometimes came over to Richborough (Rutupiæ) for the oyster season. But they were the nations at large who were sent to possess us. Countries absorbed into the Roman empire supplied their own able-bodied natives bearing Roman arms, adopting Roman habits, and discarding even the dear mother tongue for that of Rome. They spoke Latin, indeed, and spelt it without absolute devotion to its grammar; they built also Roman villas without absolute adherence to the regulations laid down by Vitruvius. What they learnt best was to enrich themselves in the true oppressive Roman way upon the province within which they ruled, while they remained true to discipline, and executed well the roads and military works on which they were employed. Soldiers begot not only more soldiers but also priests, traders, and tillers of the soil. There was no neglect of the commissariat; no lack of smelters and workers in metal or glass, coiners, potters, masons, carpenters, physicians. Races, no doubt, were mixed by intermarriage, but the Roman towns in England, which grew ample and rich, as their inhabitants fattened upon the available wealth of the land, were first colonised or occupied by legionaries differing in race, and certainly they had more points of contrast among themselves than one meets with to-day anywhere but on what are now called, as the coasts of Britain were then called, the confines of civilisation. The contrast must have been visible enough through the Roman varnish with which everything was coated. At Ellenborough there were Spaniards and Dalmatians, at Brougham Germans. Manchester was occupied by Frisians, Cirencester by Thracians and Indians, Wroxeter by Thracians. Now we are at Wroxeter, and have arrived there by a train of thought instead of the express train which conveyed us thither on a pleasant day some weeks ago.

Excavations at Wroxeter, the buried city of Uriconium. There was attraction in the news of these fresh diggings. Off we set, therefore. Let it be said, rather, off I set; for there was a time when I, too, was included in the toast of "All Friends Round the Wrekin." I have stood upon that large dropping from the spade of the arch enemy. He would block up the Severn with it, would he? I have stood on it in rainy and fair weather, at midnight and midnoon. I have threaded its needle's eye, dipped in its mystic eagle's bowl, seen from its top the spread-

ing of the dawn on summer mornings; and on many a winter's night, when riding at its foot, laughed at the dismal failure of its very best efforts to look inhospitable. If there is a lump of earth in the inanimate world that I can call my friend, it is old Wrekin. Now antiquaries may read through their spectacles of ancient Uriconium. "What is that?" I said to myself, "but old Wrekin over again." The Romans had no W or K, they were obliged to write down Wrekin Urecin; ium is only the addendum, which says there's the name of a place. Vowels are pronounced and altered in all sorts of ways: so ancient Uriconium is old Wrekinium. Alas! a nursling of my poor friend's lying dead and buried at his feet.

When I heard about the disinterment, I remembered the grave well. There was a sort of colossal ruined headstone over it, called the Old Wall, and that was all that marked the resting-place of my friend's first and only child. Wroxeter is but a puny little changeling. Merit it has; it neither sits upon nor comes too near the grave of the dead city.

The Romans had a sensible way of accepting all the names of places that they found in conquered countries, altering them as little as might be for the necessary adaptation to their Latin throats and tongues. Some of the legionaries in Britain, who had new cities to name, seem to have taken words that pleasantly reminded them of their own country; but the common rule was followed when a town at the base of an important hill, which was a landmark throughout the surrounding region, took the name of the hill, and became Uricon-ium or Wrekin town. More great hills than this one were called Wrekin by the British. Urachean means heaps of earth; and that was the first form of the word Wrekin. The Romans did not pronounce badly when they spelt it—for they had two forms—Virocon or Uricon. And it happens that, when they called their place Uricon-ium, the British name and Roman ending, meant the town under a heap of earth. Prophecy was in the word. There is no doubt now about the heap of earth over the town—shovels are in it; and there is no doubt about the Roman ending.

That heap of earth on the old Roman town concealing all its skeletons, except, as it may be, a bony index finger represented by the stones of the Old Wall, is resolute to speak. In spite of all the efforts made to stop its mouth with turnip-crops and corn—for it is arable land upon the surface—it cries out, "Look into me. Pay the men for their turnips, and away with them. Dig me, I say, for the knowledge I contain."

Nobody who has left Shrewsbury by the road, against which is built Lord Hill's column, forgets the scenery at Atcham. It is four or five miles out of town, impressive for no grandeur at all, but for a tranquil beauty pleasant to look back upon from any day in life. As you cross there the neat little stone bridge over the Severn, the river below winds among, and sometimes overflows, the greenest meadows, here and there stealing an island out of them. There are water-birds; there is a country church on a smooth bank of turf; and there is a great old inn, once brisk with coaching business, but now fast asleep. On the other side the road is skirted by the pleasant curve of a park-paling; the ground undulates beyond. The Wrekin looks important, close before us to the right; and if we glance behind us to the left, there is a bright landscape bounded by sharp outlines of hills, the most conspicuous of all being Caer Caradoc, on which legend declares (and I religiously believe) Caractacus stood for the last time at bay among his Roman hunters. There he fought, with his wife and daughter watching from the mountain-top. His Britons were defeated, and the women of his household, captured by the Roman legionaries, were then marched hitherward. To this city of Uriconium they must have been brought. Here, doubtless, they slept, or sought in vain to sleep, upon the first or second night after their seizure.

For here we are at Uriconium. Under the quiet Atcham church lie a few dead roots of the city wall. Great fragments of columns from the temple of one of the gods or goddesses, worshipped in Uriconium, lie at this moment in the churchyard on each side of the path, by which the villagers go up to worship Him who gave life to us all. A very little way below the bridge there is the ford by which, at Uriconium, the Roman legions crossed the Severn. There is a tongue of land there, and on a platform of slightly eminent ground, naturally smooth, by which the ford is commanded, there are grassy tumours, longing to be opened. By what sort of works the ford was protected we have only to open those tumours and see. From this point we walk over the foundations of the ancient town wall, running upland from the river, and then rounding off to form an oval ring. There is nearly everywhere a slight elevation of the ground to mark it, and where that is lost we may yet trace something of the hollow of the trench outside. The walls form an irregular oval parallel to the river, and their circuit is of not less than three miles. In tracing them, we pass over ploughed fields and pasture fields; once we pass through the garden of a cottage where the capital of the column of a Roman temple serves for a pumpstone. Within the circuit there is hardly a shed built. The massive fragment of old wall, the one morsel of ruin that crops out from underground, is the chief, and almost the only building visible.

The undulation of the ground enables us to stand upon some little eminence, from which we see nearly the whole grave at a glance. At a glance we may then also see that the entire skeleton of a large Roman town must truly lie there underneath the clods. The soil consists of ruin, modified on the surface by the action of the air, the plough, the harrow, and manure cart—these for centuries upon centuries. Still the soil is discoloured by its contents. We happen to see it as ploughed ground, and the rich red of the surrounding fields contrasts obviously with

the duller hue of land that lies over the city. We tread upon that land. From a sunk lane between hedges, fresh with newly opened leaves, we turn to a gate opening on a ploughed field, called by countrymen, because of the strange stones and wrought ware that have been always found in it, the Old Works. As we stride over the clods, we need not stoop an inch to perceive that at every step we set our feet on bits of Roman building materials that have been inextricably blended with the soil. The dullest ploughboy working here has on his lips a form of the old Roman word for money. He picks up denarii, and calls them dinders. Let him work in what field he may within the walls of Uriconium, it is but a common thing for the ploughman to find six or seven dinders in a morning before dinner. All the people hereabouts have dinders in their cottages—may have them by the pint—and there was a time, I believe, when the antiquary could, without any difficulty, purchase a handful for a shilling. It was here that one of our best Roman antiquaries got that unique coin with a full-faced portrait of Carausius, now in the British Museum. I can believe it to be true that, after it was given him, he turned aside into a hedge to reassure himself that it was really so choice a treasure, and brushed tears of emotion from his eyes to look at it.

There the town lies in the clods, a treasury of knowledge. Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Normans, Englishmen of every age have passed over it with plough and harrow; that is all. Strange curiosities have come to the surface. Some time ago the hypocaust of one of its houses happens to have been opened, and was described to the Society of Antiquaries; the description will be found in the ninth volume of the Archæologia. "There's a field there," said a labourer to me, "where we once struck the plough on a great stone. We dug it about, and put the plough horses to it, and fetched more, and couldn't stir it. So we let it be. But we *do* think there's something precious underneath that stone."

The whole town lies in its ruins; sheep have fed and corn has grown over them, but the ploughshare penetrates not far. From the day of its devastation until now the entire ground plan of one of the great midland towns of Roman Britain has lain unobserved. Of its streets and houses, its public buildings, its defences, there is little doubt that we may trace the outline by uncovering foundation walls, within which there lie heaped in ruin tens of thousands of memorials of British Rome.

Last year Mr. Thomas Wright, the best popular authority upon the subject, suggested that it would be well to begin digging at Wroxeter. A subscription was raised, and digging was begun at once, because it was then winter. In winter the surface ground lies fallow, in summer it bears crops; and the farmer by whom the commencing field is rented vows that he would not take all Rome for his turnips.

Excavation was commenced at the most obvious place, beside the one up-standing piece of ruin, which is about twenty feet high and fifty or sixty feet in length. Nobody knew to what it had belonged; that was a problem worth solution. It was required, however, by the tenant of the field, as has been required elsewhere under like circumstances, that as fast as the ground was opened and probed it should be closed again; all was to be without prejudice to the turnips. By this laborious process of opening and closing, the foundations of the Old Well were traced on, and it was found to have belonged to a great structure unlike anything yet found in England. Within massive walls there is enclosed a space two hundred and twenty-six feet long and thirty wide; it is paved with small bricks set in an ordinary Roman pattern, known as herring-bone among antiquaries. Along its whole length it is bordered on each side by a passage included between the outer and an inner wall. Fourteen feet is the breadth of one of these long passages, sixteen feet of the other. One passage ends in a room having a handsome tessellated pavement. Outside this great building, and close to it, was the pavement of a street. This was formed of small round stones, after the fashion of which examples still are to be seen even in Shrewsbury itself. There was trace also of a cross street running in the line of Watling-street, the famous Roman road upon which Uriconium was an important halting-place. Into one of the passages by which this great building was bounded there were found two doorways; of which one had been more used than the other, for the massive square stone forming the threshold of each was, in one case, much worn by the feet of those who had passed over it to worship the god, to admire the gladiator, or to seek the presence of the judge.

To the wall of the great court-house or basilica, temple or place of combat, important houses were attached. On the side of the erect fragment that does not face the present road there are distinctly to be seen the lines of fracture from which vaulted roofs, once joined to them, have fallen down over the houses they once sheltered. I do not say that it was much to find here the outlines of a handsome mansion, chambers with tessellated floors, a famous drain, the principal room, with that circular ending in a sort of alcove so characteristic of a Roman house—a notion is, that the alcove contained a household altar, parted by a curtain from the room itself—and under the great room a hypocaust, or heating-room. The chief rooms of Roman houses were almost invariably warmed by a furnace which communicated with a hot-air chamber under the floor. Dozens of hypocausts have been uncovered, all containing the rows of little columns made of piles of tile, with an occasional mass of stone that supported the floor over it. Such a floor was formed of a thick layer of cement coated upon the surface with patterns and pictures formed of little cubes of divers colours. The hypocaust just opened under the old wall at Uriconium is of the common sort. There is the furnace chamber and there are the worn steps down which domestics came to tend the fire.

There are the ashes of fires that were quenched some fifteen hundred years ago; there is the soot they left; but, after all, more interesting hypocausts have been discovered. One found at Cirencester contained upright flue tiles and openings in its wall that evidently were part of an apparatus for conveying hot air through the walls to upper rooms. A hypocaust in the great villa uncovered long since at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, is even more elaborate in its details. Of the hundreds of such chambers now hidden among the clods at Wroxeter, the one that had been uncovered when I paid my visit to the excavation was in itself, therefore, no specially important specimen.

But let us jump down into it. The few pounds at the disposal of the Excavation Committee are being wisely spent under the active superintendence of its honorary secretary, Doctor Henry Johnson, of Shrewsbury, my friendly guide over the ground. They could set only three or four spades at work, and the earth thrown up from one trench has to be thrown back before the next two feet of soil can be dug into. It is essential that the turnips should be borne in mind. The tenant of the field must not be trifled with. He has been offered ample compensation for his crop if he will grant the use of his ground; but he is a thriving man and a stubborn. He will have no compensation—he will have his turnips. We have jumped down, then, into the little group of trenches, following the lines of a few Roman house walls.

There is a bright spring sun over head, the old wall standing close by looks blank at us; here and there a stray antiquary clambers among the rubbish, careless of dirt stains; an attentive gentleman on the crest of a dirt heap explains Roman antiquities to some young ladies in pink and blue, who have made Wroxeter the business of a morning drive. An intelligent labourer, who seems to be a sort of foreman of the works, waits to disclose to the honorary secretary the contents of a box in which it is his business to deposit each day's findings of small odds and ends.

What has he got in it? Bones of dead Romans with bones of the mutton the Romans ate. Fragments of the red Samian pottery, on which the Romans served their banquets, and from which they pledged each other, and drank to the eternity of Rome: a rusty key without a lock: the ever-pointed pen, the style, with which a hand once living has, in this long-buried home, written dead mandates, messages, and words of friendship on the wooden tablets spread with wax, which he has then closed, tied up, and sent by his messenger, presently to receive back with his words erased, and the reply to them standing in their place. Was there a daughter of the house who used this rusty pen when it was bright, and wrote, and erased and wrote again, while her hand shook with her heart's beating. There lies the rusty style among the bones, the broken wine-cups, and the mouldered keys. Near it, is one of the bone hair-pins that are always found among ruins like these. How long is it since out of a young heart's joyousness a girl sang, while she smoothed the hair it fastened, and a flattering slave held the small metal looking-glass before the merry eyes that were intent upon the sticking of that pin through precisely the right part of the glossy knot? What is this rusty bit of metal? It once bound the framework of a lyre. Here, too, is a ridiculous little figure of a cock modelled in lead, and what is that? It is a child's toy. Such grotesque little images of animals in lead or bronze are common among Roman ruins. Tiny Thracians nursed that ugly little cock, and did the crowing for it. It is a rude figure, and of lead instead of bronze. A slave's child may have had it for a plaything. A slave may in some half-hour of rest from toil have made it for his little playfellow. But, see! Here is the little playfellow himself. Pickaxes are working with the tenderest care upon the earth in one corner of a room by the hypocaust. Among strange treasures of the past, bones of a child are appearing.

Three skeletons of adults have already been found there. One lay crouched in a corner. Near it there was found upon a stone (among the ashes of the bag that had contained it) a heap of copper money, one hundred and eighteen coins. Now I stand by and see the bones and broken head of a young child drawn from the ruins. The invaders who laid waste the town either pursued and massacred these fugitives; or here they crouched, while the flames of the burning city roared and crackled over head: so here they perished, and were crushed under the falling walls.

If we look to the side of a trench at any part of the excavation, we observe that the foundations of the town lie hidden simply below the heap of its own ruin. There, are the roofing slates still with the nails in many of their holes. Practical men judge from its appearance that this slate must have been brought from Bettwys Coed by the Romans. In that place are dug up the millstones used for grinding down the household corn, and, in a basement cellar lately opened, there is the charred mass of the household store of corn still to be most distinctly recognised. One of the millstones is a foreign stone, imported, perhaps, from Andernach, for use in the kitchens of the Roman gentlemen of England. We find also the smaller kitchen mortars made of pottery roughened inside with flint, used for the pounding of meat, and preparation of made dishes. Here is a bottle declared to have been made at Broseley with the Broseley clay, now famous in tobacco-pipes. Here is the huge earthern handle of a jar for household stores. The Romans made great use of pottery. They used upon their dinner-tables fine decorated Samian-ware imported from abroad and made coarser pottery of sundry qualities for many uses, not only for uses to which now we apply bottles and boxes, but even for money-chests, and, as it would seem, cards or admission tickets. They had extensive

potteries upon the Medway, and glass works near Brighton. Wherever the Romans have been living their broken pots are strewn about. So is their money. So much strewing of money is, to a people that takes good care of its pence, unaccountable. When the Roman amphitheatre was opened at St. Albans, coins were found scattered over its whole area, and this is but a fair example of a general fact which has led some antiquaries to declare that it was a piece of Roman pride to sow small coinage in the ground that Romans occupied, in order that the names of Roman emperors and the reminders of their glory might be dug out of the earth for our instruction.

The diggings behind the old wall at Wroxeter, in which we stand, uncover only a part of the basement of a single house. Whether the upper part of Roman houses in this country was built of timber is a question not yet solved, and there is nothing found here yet that serves for its solution. This house had certainly an excellent slate roof, and plenty of glazed windows; not only the quantity, but also the quality of the glass being remarkable. One piece of it evidently shows that it was cast like plate glass in a mould. Fragments of delicate glass vessels, beads, brooches, and armlets of women, the peculiar neck-chains of men known as the torques, but as yet found here only in bronze, rings, a signet seal, two little household gods about four inches high, a Venus and a Diana, bolts, nails, knives, and stone knife-handles, even a clasp-knife (for the Romans did carry such knives), a whetstone, an axe, the print of a sandal on a pavement, made by some thoughtless man who stepped on it when it was newly made, are found under these ruins. I need not multiply the list. As in all Roman diggings, so also here there is abundant testimony to the Roman love of oysters. There are the bones also of all sorts of eatable animals, and there are so many spurred bones of the cock's leg, that we may suppose that the Thracian once tenanting the premises kept fighting-cocks.

But we go back to the child's broken skull. There are two layers of ashes visible in a section of the soil, which possibly may inform us that the town twice suffered capture and destruction. The Romans themselves tell us no more of Uriconium than that it was one of their large towns in Britain. Near the fastnesses of warlike clans in Welsh hills, it may have fronted many an assault of the more independent Britons, while it held in subjection the weak tribes herding in forest camps or miserable villages, of which a few rows of pits are the extant remains. Often incensed against the oppressions that accompanied the Roman domination, there may have been a time when British warriors, mustering in their strength, plunged through the ford, and overmatching the armed Thracians who thronged to the fort, had rushed, mingling wild cries with wilder cries of despairing women and children, through the narrow alleys that were streets in Uriconium. There were forefathers of those Thracians who had followed Alexander of Macedon to India. Thrace once had been in Greece, but not of it. Its people refused the Greek tongue. Its affinities and those of all the tribes whose land Roman possession caused to be named Roumelia, were for Roman ways of thought and speech. Desperate must have been the fight of Thracian and Briton met in the tortuous and narrow streets, usual in any Roman town, where there was little more than room for one man in the front to shake his spear or swing his sword. Crowds from behind pressed on the combatants. Escape from the press into new fields of action, into rich harvests of death and plunder, was through the house-doors. Then women and old men caught children up, and fled into the cellars or the hypocausts. The sword or the fire followed them. The wine-jar was drained and broken. Gold, silver, and all portable treasure, was snatched from the wreck by the plunderer. Blood and wine ran in the streets; there were songs of revelry, yells of combatants, curses of prisoners, and shrieks of women, until evening, when the victors retired, kindling fire in the houses as they went. Then the British women, watching on the far heights of Caer Caradoc, exulted as they saw the city of the haughty legionaries shine through the dark night like a beacon fire.

That may have been one day of ruin. But what the last day of ruin was, we do not know. Possibly, we have but to dig and learn.

Before I left the field, in one corner of which the small beginning of an excavation has been made, the tenant farmer happened to make his appearance. The ground belongs to the Duke of Cleveland. The excavators had their leave to dig from the duke, the steward, and the tenant himself. It had first been understood that digging should cease, and all holes be filled up, by the end of March. Extension of time to the end of April had been afterwards conceded. It was then but the first week in April, and the farmer's impatience led him to pelt the ears of the gentleman who has most generously taken upon himself the laborious duties of an honorary overseer and secretary with oaths enough to sow the entire field with curses if they could be scattered bodily about. He swore that he should come no more to the field, that he would allow no more visitors from Shrewsbury to put up horses in his stables, that he would lock his gate on the next morning, and so forth, and so forth. It appears that he has kept his word. Those diggings have been pursued, therefore, no further.

Holders of other ground within the walls of the old town are interested in the diggings. They live close to a great mining district in which coal and iron, means of present and of future power, are the objects sought. This digging back into the power of the past is a new sort of mining to excite their interest. They offer no unreasonable obstacle to search. Already, therefore, the ground has been tapped in a fresh place with immediate results. The first thing that came to the surface was a stone head of the god Pan, with a look of wonder on its countenance. There has been found a mould

also for the coinage, which it thus appears that Uriconium had right to utter.

If we can grant public money for the uncovering of history at Nineveh, is it quite fair that we should leave to a few private subscribers of guineas such a work as the digging up of monuments that will throw light into one of the obscurest and most interesting periods of our own British history? Why should we not have at Wroxeter what we may have, the complete unearthing of an important Roman town? There is nothing to remove but a few feet of soil encumbered with nothing but a grudging farmer, whose passion is turnips.

Over the greater number of the Roman towns modern towns stand. The skeleton of an old Roman town lies under the city of London, but we cannot pull down St. Paul's and the Exchange, Cheapside and Cannon-street, to get at it. Though somewhat encumbered there is certainly good digging at St. Albans, where the fashionable Roman town of Verulamium lies in the clods; there is good digging too at Kenchester and at Aldborough in Yorkshire. There villagers dig up Rome in their gardens, and as you walk up the village street, you see over cottage doors such inscriptions as "Tessellated pavements, coins, &c. Admission, sixpence each." "Basilica with Greek inscriptions." "Hypocaust, Sudatory, Mosaic Pavements. Admission, each sixpence." Or

"This is the Ancient Manor House,
And in it you may see
The Romans works,
A great Curiosety."

The great Roman villas at Woodchester and Bignor, raised by Romans who had grown rich with the wealth of a subject province, are also worth national care. I do not wish to confine attention to one place alone. But of the few places in which extensive excavation is possible, there is none, I believe, in which the uncovering of a town thoroughly worth complete examination may be made, at comparatively slight expense, so truly complete as at Wroxeter.

PIANOFORTE LESSONS.

Of all the false household gods, that are not gods, but demons—of all the hideous skeletons that mope and mow in corners of peaceful dwellings, there is nothing more detestable than a thoroughly bad and new piano. An instrument whose keys are heavy and clogged, and refuse to move under any but the most muscular grasp; whose wires are dumb for any harmonious utterances, and find speech only for a loose, short tinkling sound, that is thoughtful enough to die away as soon as produced; but whose outer shell, if not in accordance with the severest decorative taste, is highly polished and showy to the eye, is nothing but a musical, melancholy, delusive apple of the Dead Sea. The mechanism of such an instrument is worn and faded with age, while its case is so new that the damp of nature has hardly left the wood. Many thousands of such pianos are annually made in this country, and disposed of through an elaborate organisation with tolerable success. They are always well advertised as bargains sold under peculiar circumstances, and purchasers are always ready to be caught by such a taking device. I have not always been so worldly-wise myself. It was only the other day that I bought an instrument in this way, which has since, I am happy to state, been turned into profitable use as a mustard-and-cress bed. The record of my experience may be a warning to those who have the same money and the same desire to buy a piano, and who are, at present, as innocent as I once was, but never hope to be again.

The first piano that I visited was described in the advertising columns of the leading daily journal as "a sweet and elegant instrument, chaste in design, pliable in touch, with all the latest improvements; the property of a lady who was going to Sierra Leone." The address was a lodging-house in a genteel decayed neighbourhood; and I was struck by the contrast between the brilliant face of the instrument, and the faded appearance of the well-worn furniture in the room.

"You haven't had it long, ma'am?" I said, addressing the lady who was about to proceed to Sierra Leone.

"No, sir," she replied, "and there's the annoyance. If I'd known my medical man was going to order me to Sirry Leony for the benefit of my health, I shouldn't have bought it, as I did, only two months ago."

"That's rather a curious place to be ordered to for your health, ma'am," I said; "the most fatal spot for Europeans on the globe."

"I leave it to my doctor," she replied, promptly, "who knows my constitution best. Shall I have the pleasure of sending the piano home at fifty pounds?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I have got my daughter to consult, but I will lose no time in letting you know."

"There are two other persons after it," she returned, as she showed me to the door; "and if you could oblige me during the day?"

"Oh, certainly," I said, "you may consider it done."

I did not decide to purchase this "chaste and pliable instrument;" and I believe its nominal owner did not go to Sierra Leone, as I saw the same advertisement repeated, at intervals, for several months after this interview.

The next piano that I visited was one described in very similar terms, except that it was the property of a bereaved parent. Children will die, and pianos must be sold, and as public inspection was invited, I got over any natural delicacy that I might have felt in trespassing, as a stranger, upon the sacred domains of private grief.

The address was again a lodging-house in the same neighbourhood, with very similar furniture, and a very similar instrument—so similar, in fact, that it might have been the identical one I had gazed upon a few weeks before. A female servant attended me during the inspection.

"Missus," said the girl, handing me a written paper, "'as put down the lowest she'll take, an' if you don't like that amount, p'raps, she ses, you'll make a offer."

"Isn't your mistress at home, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the girl; "but she never comes into this room, and never will until that pianny's moved out of it."

"Indeed!" I observed.

"No, sir," continued the girl, "becos you see it belonged to Miss Mariar, who was the fav'rite child."

"It looks very new," I answered, "as if the child hadn't used it much."

"Lor' bless you, sir!" returned the girl, "Miss Mariar thought nothink of 'aving a new pianny ev'ry week, an' the men was always a-muckin' the stairs in bringing 'em in, or takin' 'em out."

"Is Miss Maria, as you call her, the child that's dead?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "I think she is."

I at once took my leave, without any further remarks, and, as the door closed behind me, I fancied I heard a somewhat angry conversation between the girl and some other female voice (perhaps the invisible mistress's) in the passage.

Unfavourable as were my impressions of the two last visits, I resolved to persevere in my search; and the next advertisement that attracted me was one in which an aged man, whose sands of life had nearly run out, announced his wish to provide a new home for his piano before his death.

"You've kept it in excellent condition," I remarked to the venerable-looking owner, for it seemed to me as new and as showy as the other two I had taken the trouble to examine.

"I have," he replied, "and I shouldn't like to part with it to any man who wouldn't treat it as well. It's been a companion to me for many years, and I respect it."

"A very proper feeling," I remarked, "and I hesitate in offering to deprive you of such a companion."

"Not at all, sir," he answered quickly—"not at all. With one foot in the grave, it's not proper that I should stand with the other foot in a piano. I've no friends or relations—none whatever—the instrument's yours for fifty pounds."

"I think," I said, "I must take time to consider before I decide."

"Why?" he asked, sharply. "You're a man of business: so am I."

"True," I answered, "but this is a transaction, like marriage, which a man seldom enters into more than once during a life."

"Pay me five-and-forty pounds," he said, "and the loss of the difference will fall upon the charity to which I shall give the money."

"I think I must decline the purchase altogether," I replied.

"You've either been playing upon my feelings, sir," he said, with much energy, "or wasting my time."

"Neither," I replied.

"Perhaps you are looking for a hurdy-gurdy?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Wrong again," I returned; "the fact is, I have seen this instrument before, at the house of a lady who ought, by this time, to be at Sierra Leone."

A minute but peculiar mark on one of the keys had enabled me to satisfy myself about this discovery, which turned out to be right. As I took my leave of the pianoforte proprietor, whose sands of life—according to the advertisement—had nearly run out, I noticed a slight change in the position of his wig, to say nothing of his altered tone and manner, which made him more youthful by thirty years.

My experience by this time ought to have satisfied me that little pecuniary benefit was to be derived from hunting for bargains out of the regular order of trade. Curiosity, however, led me on; and the little knowledge I had already gained produced a feeling of confidence—perhaps over-confidence—in my wisdom and keenness that gave an additional zest to the pursuit.

The next piano that I visited was the property of a widow lady in reduced circumstances, who was compelled to part with some of the luxuries that had adorned her once happy home. The address was still the same kind of front parlour in a house let out for lodgings, and the piano was still the same kind of gay, showy, got-up-looking instrument, refusing in its shiny coat of sticky, treacly varnish, to harmonise with the other threadbare and dusty trappings of the room. After a few minutes' delay, the lady made her appearance, dressed in an ordinary vulgar dress, and with nothing of the widow about her except a particularly large and frightful cap, which she had evidently put on in a hurry, to attend me in what she considered becoming costume.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she said, with emotion, "if I seem to hurry you, but you know how painful it must be to me to sell anything that belonged to him, when he's only been dead a month—a month come next Wednesday."

"Indeed!" I said, with a voice of sympathy. "Is it a six three-quarter octave?"

"No, sir," she returned, with a deep sigh, "he couldn't a-bear anything larger than a six-and-a-half. He never had strength to play upon it, though he gave eighty-five guineas for it a month before he died; and I suppose I mustn't ask any one more than sixty?"

"I thought it seemed very new," I replied; "unseasoned, if I may use the term."

"No, sir," she said, "not unseasoned. New, if you like, but not unseasoned; he was too good a judge for that; and his last words almost were, 'Mary Anne, if you let that instrument go for less than I gave for it, you'll do yourself an injury.'"

I went direct from the widow's house, of course without having made a purchase, to look at the piano of a widower in reduced circumstances, which, my advertisement list told me, was for sale in the next street. The instrument might have been the twin-brother of the widow's piano, and the widower might have

been the husband of the widow. The house was again a lodging-house; the apartment was again a faded front parlour; and the bereaved owner of the property was a middle-aged man, who had huddled on a shabby black coat over a blue shirt and a highly-fanciful waistcoat, which gave him the appearance of a professional cricketer, made hurriedly decent to attend a funeral.

"You'll pardon me, sir," he said, in tones of deep feeling, "if I appear to hasten your departure, but you know how trying it is to dispose of anything that belonged to her, when she's only been dead a fortnight—a fortnight next Saturday."

"Indeed!" I replied, in the same tone I had used to the widow, for the speech was, in substance, the same. "Is it a full seven octave!"

"No, sir," he replied, with a heavy sigh, "her fancy always ran upon six and three-quarters. It seems only yesterday that I gave eighty guineas for it, before she was taken from us, and now I suppose I mustn't expect to get more than sixty pounds in cash?"

"I'm afraid," I answered, "that it's too new—too unseasoned for me to venture on its purchase."

"Too new, sir? too unseasoned?" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't say that, because I know she was too good a judge to be imposed on. It was only a few days before she was taken from us that she said to me, 'Robert, it was very kind of you to spend your poor mother's legacy in buying me a piano; but it'll be no loss to you. You'll get back all you gave for it, if you put it up to auction.'"

Having had enough of this mixture of the grave and the huckster's shop, I passed, still piano-less, to a more cheerful atmosphere. A young man, in chambers, had advertised an instrument for sale, which he had unexpectedly won at a raffle; and though his direction was not very promising, I resolved to pay him a visit. The instrument, as I expected, presented the same old familiar face that I had gazed upon so often for the last few weeks, and I seemed to welcome it as a tried and valued friend.

The young man, who looked like one of those commercial travellers who leave Josephus in penny numbers at street-doors upon commission, affected an extremely off-hand, living-in-chambers manner in displaying his property.

"There you are," he said, throwing up the lid; "a piano's all very well, but it don't suit my book."

"You don't play, then?" I asked.

"No time," he replied, "for all that sort o' thing when you're going in for the law."

"No," I said, "I suppose not. The instrument seems remarkably new."

"Does it?" he returned. "I'm no judge. They tell me it's worth eighty sovs., and I want fifty for it. That won't break anybody's back."

"No," I said; "but I don't think it's quite the thing to suit me."

"Say five-and-forty, then. It cost me nothing, and I want to buy a dog-cart."

"I think I must decline," I replied.

"You don't seem to know your own mind," he said.

"I know the piano, though," I returned. "It belonged to one whose sands of life ought by this time to be thoroughly run out."

The young man in chambers said no more, for he saw that I was an exceedingly well-informed man. The instrument was the same one, with the small mark on one of the keys, that I had examined at the house of the venerable-looking secret agent.

I did not give up the investigation even at this point, but passing from these channels of private enterprise to a more public field, I visited a piano that was on view at a hat-shop in a leading thoroughfare. It was still one of the same large family of instruments that was presented to my view, though the man who exhibited it was not made up to perform any particular character, except that of an affable tradesman.

"Music's a nice accomplishment, sir?" he said, as I tried the keys with a very lame performance of the "Merry Swiss Boy," and variations.

"Ye—s," I said, endeavouring to speak without interrupting the flow of harmony.

"Wish I had your touch, sir," he continued. "You must have learnt very young."

"No," I said, affecting not to hear his last remarks, "this instrument's not the one for my money."

"Of course not, sir; certainly not, sir," he returned quickly; "I thought so the moment I heard you run your fingers over the keys. There's no deceiving you, you're too good a judge of the article."

"Good morning," I said, preparing to go, though not displeased by his observations.

"If you'll step up-stairs, sir," he replied, confidentially, "I think I can suit you to a hair, though we don't want it generally known that we sell pianos at a hat-shop."

I went up-stairs, under the guidance of a boy, who took me as far as the second landing, where I was introduced to a long room crammed full of every variety of instruments. The master followed in a few minutes, and seemed astonished that I was standing in the middle of his secret stock, instead of in another department, where he meant me to be ushered to inspect another solitary specimen.

"Well, sir," he said, with some little embarrassment, "since you've been shown in here by that stupid boy, I can say no more. You're a man of the world, and must know that a hat-warehouse is not half full of pianos without a reason. They may be smuggled, or they may be——However, we'll say no more about it, here they are. I hope, sir, you'll take no notice of the singular circumstance."

"Oh, certainly," I replied, "it's nothing to me."

"Thank you, sir," he returned, quickly, "much obliged, I'm sure; and since you are here, if there's any instrument you'd like to select, you may place your hand on any one of them for fifty pounds."

I own that I was weak enough to be deceived by the elaborate train of deception, and that I suffered accordingly. I selected an instrument for a fifty-pound note, which faded away in harmony and appearance before it had been in my possession six months, notwithstanding that it was treated in the most kind and considerate manner. I called in the services of a professional man to effect a cure, and he candidly told me that the operation was impossible. The piano had only one fault, but that was of the most unreformable kind—it was a bargain bought, in a moment of weakness, at a hat-shop.

TRADE SONGS. THE LAW WRITER.

Thro' the morn, and thro' the noon,
And thro' the night,
And thro' the dull year's hazy light,
To a single dreary tune,
I write—and write.

Sometimes dreams of childhood.
Pierce the dusky room;
Sometimes a bird, upsoaring,
Lifts me above the gloom—
Above the smoke, and the din
That deafens me all day long,
And touches my heart within
Like an old sweet country song.

I dream of the pleasant gardens
That lay by the river side,
Of the banks with a thousand odours,
Of the elms in their plumy pride:
I see in the summer waters
The trout dart to and fro,
And I think of the friends departed
Till I scarce know where I go.

Far away is the grassy meadow,
Where I played when I was young,
And the hedge, of maple and hawthorn,
Where the finch and the linnet sung:
Ah! I never shall see the heavens
Where the lark once soared so high,
Never see the soft eyes of my mother,
Until I go home—to die.

For here thro' morn, and thro' the noon,
And thro' the night,
Thro' all the dull year's hazy light,
To a single dreary tune,
I must write—and write.

THE SEXTON.

Sexton am I of Armouth town:
I dig the graves when the sun is down:
I ring the bell on the Sabbath morn:
I ring the bell when a child is born:
I ring when the poor or the wealthy die:
The herald of good and ill am I.

Yestermorn, when the storm was loud,
I wrapped a miser within his shroud:
Yestereve, in the dusky light,
A spendthrift muttered his last good night.
One lost to the other his useless gold:
I shall bury them both in the parish mould.

A mother is watching, with stony eyes,
In a hut hard by, as her infant dies.
The storm is over; yet out at sea
Three bodies are tossing, awaiting me.
When the tide drives in on the shining sand,
I shall bury them all with a willing hand.

Last week, on a broad red velvet bed,
The Lord of the Parish lay stiff and dead:
Last week, in a box of boards, there slept
A beggar whom wife nor children wept.
One's in the chancel: and one below
In the deep damp hole where the nettles grow.

And so I live on, from day to day,
With the dead—for the starving parish pay.
Wherever they go (below or aloft)
It troubles me not, so the ground be soft.
Yet I know there's a fellow with puckered face,
Who a promise has got of the sexton's place.
"Some night" (he mutters me hoarse and low)
"I shall put *thee* to bed where the nettles blow."

A LEBANON SHEIK.

Bent upon visiting a wise Sheik on Mount Lebanon, we quitted Beyrout by the road through the pine-forest to the south of the town. Throughout this pine-forest outside Beyrout, the ground in the spring of the year cannot be seen for the flowers, which, although of nearly every known colour and hue, are almost all of the same height, and thus form a variegated, perfumed carpet, spread as far as eye can see. The traveller from Europe notices how many of these flowers are of a sort that in his own country live only in cultivated gardens. Myrtle, lupins, anemones, sweet peas, hyacinths, and jonquils, are common in Syria as daisies in an English meadow. The spring air smells like that of a well-stocked English greenhouse.

Emerging from the pine-forest, our road led us through mulberry gardens, of which the trees were just commencing to throw out their leaves; and, after winding among shady lanes for three-quarters of an hour, we reached the village of Baabda, which adjoins that of Hadet, both belonging to the emirs of the Shehaab family, the leading Christian nobility of Lebanon. A little further on we passed through a corner of the great olive grove, covering nearly twenty square miles, and soon afterwards began, by the usual bad road, the ascent of the mountain.

We halted at the silk factory of an hospitable Englishman, by whom we were entertained in the best English fashion. From the drawing-room of this gentleman's house, is one of the best views to be met with, even in Lebanon. To the north, the coast can be clearly traced as far as Tripoli, with the whole range of Keswan lying parallel to the sea. Nearer at hand is the promontory up which the town of Beyrout is built, together with the city itself, the numerous mulberry-gardens, pine-forest, and a great portion of the immense olive grove, all spread at one's feet like a raised map some ten square miles in size. Between the spectator and the blue Mediterranean are several ranges of mountain, all more or less wooded, all having villages in every available spot, and all varying in the details of their landscape. To the south, the coast can be followed with the eye, until the prospect is lost in the headlands above Tyre, whilst Sidon can be distinguished nearer at hand, and with a good glass the far-off outline of Mount Carmel

is perceived. I had long been of opinion that no person who has not visited Lebanon—I care not in what other part of the world he may have wandered—can know what beauties are to be met with in a landscape of which the eye can at one and the same time take in all the details; but I am equally sure that no one who has not seen the view from the drawing-room window of Mr. S.'s house in Shemlin can fully appreciate the wonderful beauty of the views in Mount Lebanon.

After a very pleasant sojourn of nearly twenty-four hours in the American Protestant seminary at Abeigh, we started for another American missionary station, that of Deir-el-Kamar. Deir-el-Kamar is generally styled the capital of Lebanon, although some natives of the country contend that the title should be given to Zahlie. The population of Deir-el-Kamar amounts to about five thousand souls, and is composed of Druses, Jews, and Christians, the latter being subdivided into Maronites, Greek Catholics, and—recently—Protestants. Ten years ago, an American missionary, named Dr. Eli Smith, was stoned and driven away from this town by an especial order of the Maronite bishop. The alarm caused by the violence of the priests had an effect upon Mrs. Smith that caused her death. Matters are, however, very much changed for the better now. The clergy still continue to hurl their anathemas against all who have anything to do with the heretics' school, teaching, or books, and even forbid their flocks to visit, or sell bread to, the missionary house. But in Lebanon, as elsewhere, the days of bigotry are fast passing away, and during our sojourn of two days with the present missionary more than twenty or thirty of the leading men in the place came to visit him, whilst each evening he had a regular levee of men—his wife having one of women, apart—who came to ask him questions, and receive such instruction as can be conveyed by conversation, upon religion, science, politics, history, and such other subjects as came uppermost in their heads.

My companion, who spoke Arabic perfectly, undertook to examine both schools, without giving any notice to the masters; and, by selecting himself the books on which to question them. The questions I dictated in English, and the answers were translated to me, and I have no hesitation in saying that, in biblical knowledge, geography, arithmetic, geometry, and history, the replies given would have done honour to any lads of their age in England.

From Deir-el-Kamar we proceeded to the palace of Btedin, on the opposite side of the valley, and on our road to Muctava. Btedin was the residence and seat of government of the late Emir-Bechir-Shehab, who ruled over the whole of Lebanon for nearly half a century, until deprived of his power by the English in 1840, when we took Syria from the Egyptians, and restored the country to the Turks. At present the immense range of buildings—considerably larger than the palace of St. James's—is, and has been for some years, rented by the Turkish authorities, who use it as a barrack for the only soldiers—about two hundred in number—who are stationed in Lebanon. For upwards of forty years the late Emir spared neither trouble nor expense in making his palace one of the most magnificent residences in the East—perhaps in the whole world. The marble courts and marble pillars were erected under the eyes of the best sculptors Italy could produce; there were numerous large Turkish baths—finer than any I have seen in Constantinople—beautiful fountains, and a magnificent Maronite chapel. The mosaic work alone, covering the entire roof and walls of several of the courts, must have cost many thousand pounds. In the days of the Emir, two thousand five hundred persons—including servants, horsemen, followers, priests, strangers, guests, and others—slept every night within the walls of Btedin. At present, although the garrison of Turkish soldiers is only three hundred strong, one third of the number have to be lodged at Deir-el-Kamar, as there are not, in the whole immense palace, a sufficient number of rooms in habitable repair for the accommodation of more men. When we visited the palace we found the three Turkish officers who command the troops crowded into one small room, of about fourteen feet by ten. They told us that during rainy weather there was not another dry place in the entire palace. The stables, in the days of the Emir, held one thousand horses, besides five hundred camels and other baggage animals; at present it was with great difficulty that shelter could be found for two out of the five horses which belonged to our party and the servants. And yet the Turkish authorities have only had the castle ten years in their hands, it having been made over to them in excellent repair. The Turks never attend to repairs, and at Btedin they have allowed their soldiers to break and carry off whatever they pleased of the magnificent ornaments in marble and mosaic which adorned the place. I particularly noticed a magnificent solid bronze gate, which must have cost several thousand pounds when new. The metal upon it had been cut and hacked away with axes, until barely a vestige of the original form was left. So it is, also, with the fountains, which not many years ago were the wonder of Syria, and to supply which water had been brought, at an immense expense, from a very long way off in the hills. At present there is not one of them which is not choked and broken, the water being allowed to run to waste all over the immense court and—once—beautiful gardens of the palace. The gardens, too, are completely overrun with weeds; the trees and shrubs, which had been collected from the four quarters of the world, are withering or dead.

Leaving Btedin about twelve o'clock, we crossed another ridge of the mountain, and were now fairly in the country of the Druses. The Druses of Lebanon are a much finer and more independent race of men than the Christian inhabitants of the mountain. Their feudal aristocracy consists of two families of emirs, or princes, and five of sheiks, or chiefs. The whole Druse population in Lebanon contains from

twelve to fifteen thousand fighting men Both men and women are divided into Akkals, or those who are initiated into the mysteries of their creed, and Djahils, or uninitiated. They consider themselves a people set apart and chosen by God. In muscular vigour, good looks, and endurance of fatigue, they surpass every other Asiatic race. When in the towns of Syria, they often conform outwardly to Mahometanism, and in their own mountains, if asked by a stranger to show their religious books, always produce a copy of the Koran. It is, however, well known that they have religious works peculiar to their own sect, which they guard with peculiar jealousy in their haloué, or temples. They have no regular priesthood, the Akkals, or initiated, being the only persons who at all differ from their brethren in religious matters. The distinction between Akkal and Djahil, or initiated and uninitiated, has nothing whatever to do with the rank or wealth of the individual, nor is the rank hereditary. The son of an Akkal is a Djahil, unless he may wish to become an Akkal, and can give proof that he merits the distinction. The Djahils eat, drink, and wear what they like; the Akkals must not smoke, nor use coffee, wine, or spirits. The latter are always known by a peculiar round white turban, and by an abay (cloak) of black and white stripes. Strange to say, the Druses of Lebanon believe that there are many of their sect in China, and also in the mountains of Scotland. They have amongst them signs by which they can recognise each other, and they hold secrecy in all that concerns their sect to be the greatest virtue possible. They have a great respect for the English nation, but a dislike to the Turks. In the Sultan's army they will not serve on any account, but I have often been asked during the Indian mutiny whether the Queen of England would raise a regiment of Druses to fight in the far-off East. I am confident that English officers, who could speak Arabic, would be able to raise three thousand Druse soldiers in Lebanon within the space of a month.

Shortly after leaving Btedin, we arrived at the tableland, of Sumkaneea. Here there is a large spring of excellent water, and ample space on which many thousand men could assemble. It is there that the Druse chiefs of the mountain meet when they have anything of great importance to discuss. At this fountain we sat down to discuss a luncheon we had brought with us, and were at the stage of pipes and coffee, when a cavalcade of about forty Druse horsemen made its appearance. At its head were the nephew and son-in-law of Syud Bey Jumblat, the Chief of Moktura, who, having heard the day before that two Englishmen intended paying him a visit, had sent out his relatives to bid us welcome. After the usual compliments, we mounted and accompanied our hosts. So long as we remained on the tableland, the followers continued chasing each other on horseback, firing blank cartridge from their pistols and carbines, and otherwise creating both a dust and a disturbance. When the path became so narrow that all were obliged to follow in Indian file, we saw Moktura on the opposite side of the valley. The house is like a great baronial castle, surrounded by remarkably large olive-trees, planted some distance apart. These seen together with the undulations of the land and the extent of green sward, give the whole property the appearance of an English park placed in a Highland glen. The River Barook flows at the bottom of the valley, turning water-mills, of which some press oil out of the olives, others grind the wheat. The property is very large indeed, extending several miles into the interior on one hand, and down to Sidon on the coast. It contains twenty-eight large, and several small, villages. Syud Bey is considered to be the richest landholder in Syria, having a set rental of nearly four thousand pounds per annum free from debt. He is, moreover, the last of the Lebanon chiefs who has kept up anything like the feudal state of olden times.

On our arrival near the house of Moktura, another nephew of the chief came out to welcome us, attended by two dozen armed retainers. The young man apologised for his uncle's absence from the gate, he being in bad health, and forbidden by his doctor to go out into the open air. We were then ushered up-stairs, and through a hall crowded with visitors, on occasion, business, or ceremony, to a landholder, who was also governor and judge over a vast district of the mountain, holding in his hands full executive power, short of life and death, over all the inhabitants of the territory within his jurisdiction. At the end of the hall was a curtain, screening off the room in which the sheik was holding his court. This curtain was drawn aside, and our host himself came forth to give his welcome. He led us up to the divan, where we were hardly seated when pipes were brought in, but only to the chief, to us his guests, and to his own relatives there present. Then followed the usual fire of Arabic compliments—question, answer, and retort, with a salaam by each party between each sentence; thus:

"Are the gentlemen in good health, has their journey been prosperous?"

"Praise be to Allah, by your favour we are in good health, which is improved by the sight of your lordship, of whom we have heard so much."

"I rejoice to hear what you say; may I not be made desolate by your absence."

"May Allah not make us desolate by your absence, O Sheik."

Here, according to Oriental etiquette, there was a short pause, and then we inquire:

"Is your lordship's health good? We were most grievously afflicted by hearing that you had been suffering."

"God is great, gentlemen. I have been very unwell, but the sight of you has done me so much good that I now feel well."

"We congratulate your Lordship; may you never know what bad health is again."

"Thank you, gentlemen; may you never be afflicted with bad health."

"Praise be to God!"

Another pause, according to etiquette. Then says the Sheik:

"My house, gentlemen, and all that it contains, are at your service."

"Your favour is great, O Sheik!"

"The favour you have done me in visiting my poor habitation is greater."

And so on, through a string of compliments, not one of which was, according to Eastern good breeding, more unnecessary than the prefixing of "yours faithfully" to a signature would be in England.

On the divan sat the chief, a fine-looking man of about five-and-thirty, evidently suffering from bad health, wrapped from head to foot in a sort of long pelisse, or dressing-gown, lined with the finest fur. By his side sat myself and my companion, both long-bearded, travel-stained, wearing long riding-boots and tweed shooting-jackets, holding also wide-awake hats in hand. Near the divan, but sitting on the floor, were some five or six secretaries, each having before him a number of those wonderfully-shaped pieces of bad Italian writing-paper, upon which all Arab documents seem bound to be written. Next to them were two Maronite monks, in their dark coarse frocks, who had come to see the sheik on some business or other. On our immediate left—close to the divan, but not on it—were the three young relatives of the chief, who had come out to meet and welcome us. Further off was a prisoner, with his hands confined by a log of wood, and guarded by four armed men. This man was accused of murder as well as robbery, and the sheik had been judging his case when we arrived, but he was not removed from the divan during the ceremony of our reception, which he seemed to enjoy as much as anybody present. Beyond the accused stood cultivators, armed retainers, and others, of whom those who could not gain admittance were content to look in at the door. The windows of the room were large, and looked out on as beautiful a mixture of cultivated and wild mountain scenery as the world can produce, whilst in the court-yard below armed horsemen were continually coming or going between the house and various villages with messages or letters. At the castle gate four or five men were exercising some fine-looking greyhounds of the Persian breed, and close to them two lads were feeding the chief's hawks and falcons with raw meat.

Although possessed of no education beyond reading and writing his own language, Sheik Syud Jumblat is a man of good sound common sense, and possesses—with perfect truth, I believe—a great admiration for the English nation, and particularly for Mr. Wood, late English consul at Damascus, and now consul-general at Tunis. The sheik himself, as well as his father, was for many years a prisoner in Egypt, during the time that Syria was governed by the viceroy of that country, and their property was confiscated for a period of twenty years, on account of some pretended disrespect to the then Governor of Lebanon. The restoration of the family from exile was brought about by English influence, but they returned to find their house in ruins, and their estate, through long neglect, greatly depreciated in value. The present owner has, within the last ten years, done wonders towards restoring both his house and lands to their old value, and already ranks as by far the wealthiest man in the mountain. The family of Jumblat is ranked as the oldest of the Druse houses in Syria, and is said to be of Kurdish origin.

Next morning we were up early, in order to be present at a hawking party ordered in our honour. The Sheik sent us word that, although not well enough to join the hawking party, he would, if we had no objection, come down and take coffee with us before we started; and he soon made his appearance, clad in the same fur-lined gown that he wore the previous day. The conversation turned upon health, when finding that, although no doctor, I knew something of physic, our host asked me my opinion regarding his own case. I soon discovered that the poor man was suffering from a very greatly disordered stomach, with slight jaundice, to cure which his Arab doctor (who resided in the house as part of his establishment) had bled him about twice a week for the last three months, until the patient had become so weak, and had such a disgust for food, that he could hardly sit up for a couple of hours together. The remedy in Syria for every known complaint is bleeding, and confining the sick to a room from which fresh air is carefully shut out for days together. I asked the chief's doctor where he had studied medicine? He replied that his father had studied the science for one year at Cairo, but that, dying suddenly, he had left no one to take his place in the district. Upon which, he (the son), having found several medical works among his father's property, had set up for himself in the same business. I found out afterwards that his whole medical library consisted of four volumes, Arabic translations of Italian medical works printed at Venice during the latter part of the last century. On questioning him as to his success in the art, his reply was that God was great, and that we were all in the hands of Providence.

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED

A FEW MORE DISSOLUTIONS.—We have all been informed, on the highest Authority in this country, that the late Parliament has been dissolved, with the view of obtaining an expression of public opinion on the important question of Electoral Reform. Without stopping to ask too curiously whether the present system on which the franchise is exercised in England is likely to lead in a satisfactory manner to the anticipated result, let us accept the announcement in the Queen's speech as asserting a constitutional theory which we are loyally bound to believe will succeed in practice; and let us inquire whether there are not a few other Institutions in this world, besides the Parliamentary Institution, which might follow the Parliamentary example, and be usefully enlightened

by taking the public opinion on the present state of affairs.

For instance, there are the crowned heads of Europe, now paralysing the nations by their murderous resolution to go to war with each other. What a blessing it would be, what an excellent way out of existing difficulties it would furnish, if the august Imperial Institution could only get free access to the public opinion at the present crisis! The meanest capacities could accommodate the crowned heads, in this respect; for the meanest capacities can understand, by this time, that all the glory of war (if there be any) would remain with their masters, and that all the horrors and sufferings and diabolical crimes of war would descend on themselves. Only let the right honourable members for Foreign Thrones dissolve on the English system, and, when the House of All The Royalties assembled once more they would soon know which way to vote, when the question of Peace or War came before them again.

Perhaps, such a proposal as this occupies rather too wide a space, and involves rather too extensive a project of innovation. It may be more to the purpose if we confine ourselves to our own country, and if we inquire whether there may not be found a few Institutions within the compass of these Islands which might follow the Parliamentary example of dissolution greatly to the public advantage.

There is the Royal Academy, to begin with, ripe for dissolution. This incomprehensible Institution urgently wants an expression of public opinion, to decide one of two alternatives in connexion with its future existence. First, whether it is to be a public or private Academy; and secondly, if this point cannot possibly be settled, whether it is justified in its present hybrid character, in accepting a very valuable present of land from a very heavily taxed people, without undertaking the smallest responsibility towards the nation, in return. Let the secret Parliament of Art by all means follow the example of the open Parliament of Politics, and appeal to the country.

The Lord Mayor, again, might surely dissolve, to his own great advantage, in an intellectual point of view. An expression of public opinion might induce him to reconsider his late declaration of his own official infallibility, and might open his eyes a little to the estimation in which his countrymen hold the absurd Institution which he now represents. Will the Lord Mayor kindly consider this, and open the proceedings at the next sitting of the Civic Parliament by dissolving himself and his colleagues, to the manifest advantage of all parties?

The British Drama, too, which has taken so many leaves from so many books not belonging to it, might now take a leaf from Lord Derby's book, and dissolve as soon as possible. An expression of public opinion is greatly wanted by this tottering Institution. Public opinion might awaken it to the necessity of acknowledging on its play-bills the names of the foreign gentlemen who supply plots and characters, as well as the names of the native gentlemen who use them Public opinion might impress on it the importance of furnishing itself, one of these days, with a literature of its own, instead of discreditably borrowing from a foreign nation. Public opinion might suggest to it the necessity of preserving its own languishing existence by abstaining from the fatal fault of degrading its audiences, even if it cannot rise to the positive merit of elevating them. All these useful hints, and many more, the British Drama might obtain if it was only regulated like the British Parliament, and if it could only enjoy the enlightening privilege of an occasional dissolution.

The time seems likewise to have arrived when Crystal Palaces might dissolve, and appeal to the country to know whether it had really had enough of them by this time or not. The expression of public opinion would probably be decisive in this instance, and would occupy a remarkably short period in the delivery.

Even a dissolution of Railway Companies would be not an undesirable occurrence at the present time; seeing that the consequent expression of public opinion could hardly fail to open the eyes of Directors, on one or two reform questions of considerable importance. The ruinous competitions between rival lines; the insufficient protection afforded to passengers through the absence of a means of communication between the carriages and the guard; the generally wretched quality of the food and drink at refreshment-rooms, and the almost invariable incivility of the persons appointed to serve in those departments, are all subjects on which the public opinion might be trusted to express itself at the shortest notice, if the Railway Companies would only take the initiative and patriotically consent to dissolve.

Finally, the time seems to be unfortunately only too ripe for an act of self-dissolution on the part of the exponents of public opinion themselves, or, in other words, on the part of the tax-paying public all over Great Britain. Before long, it may become necessary for the nation to take its own expression of opinion on the propriety of consenting to the doubling and trebling of the state burdens already laid on it, by allowing England to share in the inevitable pecuniary disasters of a European War.

BY TRADING POLITICIANS, a little popular interest in a few sham Reform Bills.

FOUND

AN IMMENSE QUANTITY of Public Credulity, in the possession of a select party of professional Spirit-Rappers.

THE MOST DISGRACEFUL STATE-PAPER of modern times, lately issued by three ministers of the Austrian Empire. This shameless document, not only provides for the government flogging of women in Lombardy, but settles that the outrage shall be inflicted on victims who are merely prosecuted as well as on victims who are actually condemned; and

further ordains that the wives of gaolers and their female servants shall be remunerated for performing the flogging, at the rate of fivepence, English, per woman. The ministers who have produced this state-paper are earnestly requested to come to England, and to apply at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's Brewery, where they will hear of something greatly to their advantage.

A NEW VENUS DE' MEDICI, dug up at Rome. Under present circumstances, the next treasure of sculpture to be disinterred in those regions will probably be a statue of Liberty.

MISSING

A GOVERNMENT MEASURE for the cheap defence of England, by teaching Englishmen the use of arms.

FARMING BY STEAM.

THE poets of modern agriculture, the happy souls who farm a little, write a little, and talk a great deal at semi-agricultural, semi-scientific, and wholly social gatherings, are crying out in joyful tones with more fervour than ever —for it is not the first time—that the doom of the plough has been sealed, and that in five or six years those Clydesdale and Suffolk two-year old colts that now sell readily for 50*l.* will be sold for 20*l.*, and, as for the old hairy legged breeds, they will be to be had for asking! The more sober, like most of those who live to learn and live by learning, can't go quite so far or so fast. We remember that after more than twenty years' experience the broadcast sheet and the flail still even in England find usage and defenders within sight of the drill and the threshing machine, and that in Scotland crack farmers insist on doubling the work of their men and putting ten per cent. of it on their horses because they won't condescend to examine the value of the Southron-invented Bedford plough. But, although believing that as railroads have not in thirty years closed highways or filled up canals, it is not likely that steam power will ever entirely banish horse power, or even horse-drawn implements from our fields, we must with pleasure admit that 1859 has seen a scratch made on mother earth by the steam cultivation that will in future years be turned to as the mark of a practical advance in a theory that had very long been under the harrows of projectors and inventors.

A thick volume might be filled with the guesses that, in the shape of projects or patents, have preceded almost every really useful invention. The reaping machine may be traced back to the time of the Gauls, wheeled ploughs are to be found depicted in Saxon manuscripts, and something like Crosskill's clod crusher is described as a home-made instrument one hundred years before the Royal Agricultural Society gave the Yorkshireman the clod-crushing gold medal. The French amuse themselves with setting against the triumph of Watt's steam-engine the ingenious hints of Salomon de Caux, and have written a play, in which the Marquis of Worcester, who was not then born, is made to converse with and rob of his invention the maniac philosopher. Even of the electric telegraph faint traces are to be found in some ancient philosophical manual.

Steam cultivation is one of those long-sought, although only recently caught, arrangements. For two hundred years projectors and inventors in two hundred patents have been guessing without success at the agricultural steam truth; but it does not seem that any attempt was made to cultivate land by steam power on a scale of importance, or in a continuous manner, until 1832, when Mr. Heathcote, of Tiverton, with Mr. Josiah Parkes for his engineer, commenced reclaiming Chatmoss by draining and steam ploughing. The reclaiming did not pay, and the steam ploughing, although continued for two or three years with great labour and ingenuity, did not answer, but the work indirectly led to the construction of the Parkesian theory of deep drainage, by which agricultural England has been revolutionised, and at least doubled in productive powers. The system adopted by Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Parkes, of dragging implements by ropes attached to and revolved by a stationary steam-engine, is the only system which, up to the present time, has been found to answer, although the arrangement of the details and the materials of the ropes have been modified and improved.

In the following twenty-five years sixteen patents were taken out for cultivation by steam power, none of which were carried into execution, and in the last ten years nearly one hundred patents have been provisionally registered, and more than half that number specified. But out of this long array, in March, 1859, not more than six were before the agricultural public as at work, and not more than three prepared to make and sell their patented machinery. But, intermediately, two noblemen, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, in Warwickshire, and the Marquis of Tweedale, in Scotland, had expended large sums unprofitably in endeavouring to cultivate by steam traction.

In 1848, the celebrated Talpa, in his Chronicles of a Clay Farm, one of the most charming books ever devoted to agricultural disquisitions, suggested that the problem of steam cultivation should be sought, not in the traction or propulsion of the established implements of the farm, but in a rotatory machine, which should dig as it travelled round, and propel, or, as it were, hoe itself forward "with a sort of lobster's tail." On this ingenious idea a great number of inventors have been at work ever since, some at vast expense, but up to the present time not one successfully in an agricultural point of view. On one, the best of the attempts to realise Talpa's poetical notion of perfect steam cultivation, and which often worked admirably for an hour or two, more than ten thousand pounds were expended; but it could never be made to work without the hourly and costly attention of an

army of mechanics, and, in spite of their aid, it continually broke down. If it were strong, it was too heavy; if it were light, it was too weak; and there the rotatory locomotive theory of steam cultivation rests at present.

By a curious coincidence with the story of the origin of modern agricultural draining, told in the Quarterly Review of April, 1858, the most profitable system of steam cultivation was suggested by an attempt to substitute machinery for manual labour in laying draining tiles. The inventor, Mr. John Fowler, produced before the Royal Agricultural Society, at Gloucester, in 1858, a contrivance for forcing a mole plough, drawn by a team of horses, through the ground at four feet depth, followed by a rope on which a line of drain tiles were strung. Step by step, he substituted a wire rope (a modern invention) for hemp, and a portable steam-engine for horses, but when in 1855, at Carlisle, he had succeeded in laying pipe tiles with great accuracy in soils tolerably level and free from stones, he began, we imagine, to suspect that the great elements of success in machinery—that is, to supersede manual labour, speed, and economy—were wanting. Hence he was induced to moderate his ambition, and be content to plough a few inches instead of burrowing three or four feet; and there, after four years of enormously costly experiments, he has achieved the measure of success we shall presently relate. But he had a successful precursor in a self-taught mechanic—as far as he is a mechanic—and a real farmer, in the person of a gentleman bearing the not remarkable name of Smith, and, therefore, now distinguished by the title of his farm, as Smith of Wolston: a name which, in three years, has become deservedly famous throughout the English-speaking agricultural world.

The general effort of the agricultural improvements of the last twenty years has been to increase the *pace* at which agricultural operations are executed. The first change was to substitute fallow crops, such as roots, for instance, for the absolute barrenness by which land was formerly rested after an exhausting crop—a plan which is still all but universal among the peasant proprietors and métayers of France and South Germany. The second change consisted in making strenuous efforts to execute in autumn a greater part of the cultivation, which until recently it was the custom with the great majority of farmers to execute in spring. It was observed that weeds brought to the surface in the autumn naturally died more easily than in the spring, while the subsoil brought to the surface, and tough clay under any circumstances, was mellowed and ripened by winter frosts and winds.

Mr. Smith of Wolston, was one of the many converts to the system of autumnal cultivation, and in studying the best means of carrying it out he came to the conclusion that the plough which buried the weeds, and left a large percentage to grow again in the spring, was a mistake, and that an instrument which would more nearly approach the action of the spade was the right implement. With this view he invented his subsoil plough, which stirs without turning over the soil, and his cultivator with curved tines, which breaks up the topsoil without reversing it.

But every farmer who has turned his attention to breaking up strong soils for autumnal cultivation has found himself beaten by the want of power to move the most useful kind of implements, and by want of pace to execute his work during and immediately after harvest before the autumn rains set in. A farmer holding twelve hundred acres of land in two farms of which four hundred acres are arable land, in a stiff clay district, writes us on this subject: "To get these worked up, I should require the power of seventy horses from the middle of August to the middle of September, but fifteen would do all my work for the rest of the year!"

The Farmer of Wolston tells us, in his letter to B. Disraeli, M.P., "that a report of the Royal Agricultural Society on implements called his attention to the resources of steam power." At the Carlisle Show of 1855 he was awakened to the power of steam—ordered a steam engine from Messrs. Ransome and an iron rope and tackle from Mr. Fowler, whose reputation had been established by his tile-laying machinery. Soon afterwards, arose fierce disputes as to priority of invention or adaptation between these two gentlemen; but to the public there is no interest in disputes, the merits of which, as far as the mechanical part of the question goes, few if any can understand or care to understand. As in the old gold and silver shield story, the Farmer and the Fowler are both right, and have separate and not opposing merits.

One certain fact is, that the Man of Wolston first saw and acted on his sound conclusion, that it would be much more easy, simple, and economical, to apply steam power to "cultivators and grubbers," which, to use his own expressive phrase, "smashed up the soil" and brought the weeds to the surface, than the old system of ploughs, which turn over the soil and bury the weeds; and in 1855-6 he successfully applied this system to the cultivation of about one hundred acres of his own farm.

At the Chelmsford Show, in 1856, Mr. Fowler produced his steam plough, which was strictly a plough, being a frame on which six or eight shares were arranged, of which half were at work while the others were alternately carried in front in the air. This he worked with such a measure of success on Mr. Fisher Hobb's farm, that Mr. Hudson, the celebrated agriculturist of Castlacre, Norfolk, and a cautious man, there and then declared himself a convert to steam cultivation, and offered to contract for having a good many acres ploughed if a machine were sent.

But, although ever since that day Mr. Fowler's steam plough has been constantly before the public, it was not until the beginning of this year, and until he had become the possessor of some score of patents, and until more than twenty thousand pounds had been expended, that he was able to make a decided stand, and announce

that he was ready to take any number of orders at a price that farmers could afford to pay.

At Salisbury, in 1857, when the Royal Agricultural Society repeated their offer of a prize of 500*l.* for a steam-plough, Mr. Smith of Wolston, was excluded from the competition by a mistake in the conditions (whether intentional or not we are not able to say), which made it essential that the implement should *turn the soil over*, while, as already observed, it is an essential feature of the Wolston system that the soil should be thoroughly "*stirred and smashed up*" —not turned over.

The ground for the Salisbury trial was not favourable to steam cultivation. Fowler's plough alone, of three competitors, did creditable work: so creditable that the judges and stewards concurred in recommending that a part of the prize-money should be awarded to it. But this recommendation was rejected by a majority of the council. And certainly, up to that date, Mr. Fowler had not produced a commercially useful machine—that is to say, a machine that could be trusted to work on without breaking down, that could be easily moved and set to work, and that could be sold at a price within the means of first-class rent-paying tenant farmers.

In February, 1858, a paper was read before the Society of Arts by a gentleman of well-deserved reputation as a contributor of Prize Essays to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, which will become a curious bit of history in a few years; for, the author, wild and wide of the reality of the subject, notices in succession, not only the successful Wolston and since successful Fowler, systems, but half a dozen others, and praises and encourages almost all: even such mechanical absurdities as the Elephantine Traction Machine, which wears itself out hourly as it travels: and a scheme for bottling up compressed air and letting out from mains and elastic tubes to be laid down under and over a farm! and he concludes by recommending an entirely new implement, with a new "cutting and inverting movement," something like a barrel armed with sharp discs driven endways. In fact, the idea of an uninvented machine—a sort of mechanical nightmare to be propelled by an impossible motion!

At the Chester Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society in July of the same year Messrs. Howard exhibited Mr. Smith's machinery manufactured by them, and Mr. Fowler his latest modification of his steam-plough. After a serious trial the prize of 500*l.* was awarded to the latter, and the large gold medal to the former. It was considered by the engineers that Fowler had a better mechanical arrangement, and by the agricultural judges that he did at one operation what Smith did at two.

Smith's system, as exhibited by Messrs. Howard at Chester, consisted of two operations. The first with a strong speed-tined cultivator of a sort of anchor shape, which penetrates the ground 6 or 7 inches, tears it up, stirring much deeper than it tears. Secondly, with a larger instrument of the same kind, which, travelling in a transverse direction at the same depth, clears away any portions surrounded by the first, and reverses the whole topsoil, exposing a rough unequal surface to the action of the atmosphere; the two operations being completed at the rate of 3½ acres per day.

The comparative position of these rival cultivators at the close of 1858 was this: Mr. Fowler, with a costly and ponderous arrangement of machinery, doing very good and rapid work, had won prizes from the Highland, the West of England, the Irish, the Yorkshire, and the English Agricultural Societies in the order named.

Mr. Smith, with an ordinary portable steam-engine, a wire rope, and machinery that cost some 200*l.*, had cultivated his own farm, and reduced it to a tilth and degree of fertility that excited universal admiration, and had sold some twenty or thirty sets of his tackle to purchasers who also worked it successfully: especially in Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Beds, and Bucks.

Thus, while by a series of changes and improvements Mr. Fowler contrived to obtain a greater amount of power and work out of a steam-engine and rope drawing a set of ploughs, better arranged than any of the previous experimenters in the same direction, the Wolston Farmer had better appreciated the capabilities of steam cultivation, and, with the assistance of the most eminent ploughmaker of the day, had produced a set of steam cultivating implements admirably calculated to carry out a system which, for distinction, we should like to name Wolstonising.

"On the Wolston Farm one hundred and ten acres of stiff clay arable land, by drainage and Mr. Smith's peculiar yet simple mode of cultivation, has become as fine and deep in tilth as a market garden, and requires just as little trouble to keep it in a clean and healthy condition." A writer in Bell's Messenger describes a field of ten acres at Wolston from which a tenth crop was about to be taken, in 1858-9, *without fallow*. "For five years this field had never been turned over on the old principle of ploughing."

Agricultural public opinion having been thus ripened, a great step in advance was made the other day by Mr. Fowler, which reduced the weight of his apparatus, exclusive of the steam-engine, from three tons and a half to about twelve hundredweight, and the price from about 450*l.* to less than 250*l.* for a set of tackle and implements capable of performing every process of cultivation on arable soil, still retaining everything that was valuable in his successive improvements. If this be so—and we believe it is—then we may expect to see steam cultivation, within a very few years, introduced on every farm of deep retentive soil which now possesses a portable steam-engine, and on hundreds of farms to which it will make its way, bringing with it the steam-engine and divers other contingent improvements.

The following is an attempt to describe the working of the two systems—a very difficult task without the illustration of diagrams.

Mr. Smith uses an ordinary agricultural portable steam-engine of from eight to ten-horse power, which he fixes at one corner of a field, for choice of from ten to twelve acres. In front of the engine is a windlass, or capstan, with two drums, of a peculiar shape, with a coil of wire rope around it; and this rope is led over four anchored pulleys one at each corner and along each side of the field. The windlass attached to the fly-wheel of the steam-engine by a driving band can be instantaneously driven in either direction. Four different ploughs, or cultivators, are used, as occasion requires. To the bow of the one in use, two ends of the rope are attached. An engine-driver, a man at the windlass, a ploughman, an assistant to shift the pulleys, and a boy, are the staff required. The plough cultivator begins by travelling along the more distant side of the field, between the two anchored pulleys; at the end of the first journey the pulley in front is shifted, the engine is reversed, and in thirty seconds the plough is travelling back; and thus, by alternately shifting, bringing up each of the two most distant anchors, strip by strip the whole field is "smashed up" in parallel lines to the spot where the engine stands.

His plough No. 4 consists of a very strong frame, in which are fixed three subsoil ploughs, with a pair of wheels in front to guide it, and above the centre another pair to regulate the depth. The shares for breaking up clay soil in autumn are set to work six or eight inches deep (a depth impossible with horse power). The "points of the shares become imbedded in the subsoil, and the whole mass, nearly a yard wide and six or eight inches deep, is torn from its position, and more or less mingled together, leaving for the most part the weeds or grass which it is desirable to destroy near the surface." An implement of greater breadth and more tines on light and moderately tenacious soils has been made to move more than ten to twelve acres in a day. But for a description of the four Wolston cultivators those further interested must refer to the inventor's own pamphlets and pictures. The obvious drawback of the system consists in the loss of power by the friction of the rope along four sides and consequent indirect traction. Common farm labourers have been repeatedly and easily taught the duties of Smith's system of steam cultivation. According to universal testimony, nothing can exceed the quality of the work and the satisfactory result in crops of all kinds.

Mr. Fowler employs a portable steam-engine with a series of drums whose axle is fixed vertically beneath it; a wire rope, passed round the drum of a movable anchor, is stretched across the field to be ploughed, and the two ends are made fast to the plough, thus forming an endless rope. In working, the engine and the anchor move along the two headlands in parallel lines, and the plough before described, or any other implement —Mr. Fowler has been converted to the cultivator —moves forwards and backwards between the engine and the anchor by the reversing gear of the engine. It is evident that under this arrangement the action is more direct, less rope is required, and less power lost by friction than in the Wolston system. It is to be regretted that an arrangement has not been made by which Smith's admirable cultivators could be attached to Fowler's steam power; for Smith wisely repudiates ploughing, and "takes his stand on cultivation;" and it seems likely that on farms with fields of moderate size, and soil of not the most tenacious character, the Wolstonising plan will continue to be preferred. The results of Fowler's cultivation before he had succeeded in reducing the cost and weight of his apparatus to a portable and saleable standard, is well described in Morton's Farmer's Almanac, in a report of the Highland Society's trial at Stirling, in November, 1857: "The trenching plough (Cotgreave's) excited the greatest enthusiasm. Everybody knows the difficulty and expense of ploughing two furrows deep, and the time and labour necessary to reduce enormous furrow slices into a comminuted state. But this implement drawn at a speed of three miles an hour, turned down not a tough whole slice, but one of loose mould into the trench left by the preceding bout, and lifted up from an average depth of 12½ inches, and spread upon the top, not heavy, unwieldy masses, but divided and pulverised, a stratum of subsoil, equal to good digging by hand, at one-third or one-fourth the price." Now, in a paper read at the Central Farmers' Club in June, 1857, by Mr. Bond, which had the effect of giving an extraordinary impetus to the practice of autumnal cultivation of clay soils, and indirectly to steam cultivation, he described himself as using a common plough with two horses, followed immediately by a scarifier with six or eight horses, working at harvest time, as soon as the sheaves were shocked in rows, and these two implements went over the land twice: that is to say, they required labour equal to from sixteen to twenty horses to do less than two acres a day; and he added, thus confirming the theory and practice of the Farmer of Wolston: —"The common plough is not suitable for autumnal cultivation; it buries the weeds instead of bringing them to the surface."

With these extracts we pause, and sum up with the following elementary information for the benefit of our bread and beef eating non-agricultural readers:

Stiff clay soils were the favourite farms of our forefathers in the days of the rudest agriculture, because they gave good crops in dry favourable seasons, with very little or no manure, and received on the rest of a fallow more quickly than light, or sandy, or chalky soils, for reasons which the chemists of this last quarter of the nineteenth century have discovered. But sheep-treading, root cultivation, or, as it is commonly called, the Norfolk system, brought light and chalk soils into favour, as arable farms and clays were neglected and left to poor farmers. When the Parkesian system of systematic, deep, thorough drainage was completed and established by an almost solitary successful instance of Government interference in a

daily bread business (we mean Peel's Drainage Loan), retentive soils regained a certain degree of favour. With the help of pipe tiles corn could be secured even in wet seasons, and sheep fed where sheep were unknown in the days of shallow bush drains. But retentive clay soils, in spite of systematic drainage, had, and have, a disadvantage which was little felt a hundred years ago, when a farmer could afford to go to sleep for half the year, before "rapid concentrative," or what the French happily call intensive culture, was known. It requires extra horse power to work it; it can scarcely be worked at all when it is damp; and in damp weather the treading of horses' feet on clay does incalculable damage. Modern requirements insist on every acre being continually under crop, or seed, or labour. Clay districts, from their peculiarity, have fewer working days than less retentive soils. Clays, modern experience tells, as shown above, should be cultivated deeply, and in the autumn, as they are neither mellow nor clean in the spring, and the clay farmer who misses his autumn is running after his work all the following year, and never overtakes it.

It is not then necessary to enter into the question affirmed by the Royal Agricultural Society's Judges at Chester, and disputed by some sceptics, that steam cultivation is cheaper than horse labour—although we believe it; but we may rest the success, the triumph, the progress of steam cultivation on the fact that it can do an essential work of deep autumnal cultivation, which no number of horses practically yokable could do at all, with the rapidity peculiar to steam power, and without the enormous disadvantage of the consolidation of trampling horses' feet. Thus the drill saves the dry days of the sowing season, the reaping machine saves the harvest season, the threshing machine saves and supplies the market, and the steam cultivating engine saves the cultivating season and multiplies by six or eight fold the value of every day, dry enough to stir the soil on the old plan at the rate of an acre a day: thus increasing the crops to a degree that it is scarcely safe to state. With that unanswerable conclusion we will conclude content—although inclined to agree with the Farmer of Wolston that on most farms of three hundred acres and upwards, of tolerably level land, a well-applied steam-engine will save one-third of the horse power, and do the work twice as well as horses can do it, even on light land.

A friend inquires, "What about Halkett's Guide system of steam agriculture—the railway-farm system?" Why, this only—that it is perfectly practicable, but would cost to apply about one-third more than the fee simple of most farms.

A THOUGHT FROM PHANTASTES.

I HAVE a bitter thought: a snake
That used to sting my life to pain;
I tried to cast it far away,
But every night, and every day,
It crawl'd back to my heart again.

It was in vain to strive or try
To live, or sleep, to work, or pray;
At last I bade this thing accursed
Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst:
And so I let it have its way.

"Thus," said I, "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake, with sudden start,
To feel it biting at my heart,
Since now the pain will never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's envenomed charm
Must always, always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-day;
It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stings.
Hush! let us talk of other things,
Lest it should hear me and awake.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION.

"WELL, yes, jolly Yorkshire coachman with the apple-face, to the Valley of Desolation!"

We are tired of Ben Rhydding and wet sheets; we know all the illustrated whimsicalities of the water-cure by heart; the gossip and scandal of peaceful Ilkley falls dead, now, upon our ears. We have eaten trout enough; we have climbed Rumbles Moor amid the black-faced sheep, through the slate-coloured quagmire, over the brown gorse, to the disturbance of grouse; we have halted half-way up the mountain to drink from the peerless pool; we have lit a pipe, sitting upon the wreck of the old beacon, and we have stood upon the crowning height of the Cow and Calf, whence we have seen stretching, to the west far off, Arthur's seat, that slopes from the ruins of Bolton Abbey; to the east, the winding Wharfe, rushing to the Humber. Yes, we have seen the stone bridge under which the boiling stream roars. Thank you, we are not interested in Sir Timothy's seat, although Sir Timothy is a Bart. No; to the Valley of Desolation be it.

Ay, wondrously varied is this craven valley. Be careful down this slope, where the Wharfe rolls past, some hundreds of feet below, into the boiling waters of which a slip of the horse would cast us, note-book and all. It is a gusty day. At the top of the hill we shall catch the squalls. Ay, coachman, that was a stout blow. You are right, there must have been a fresh hand at the bellows then. Rattle through the white toll-bars (I wonder when they will disappear from the face of merry England); swing round over Bolton-bridge, past the emerald meadows where the black sheep are gravely nibbling, with milk-white lambs at their side. To the little thatched inn, decidedly; not to the fashionable little hotel for visitors.

Welcome? Thank you, we see we're welcome, Mrs. Winterburn, and we pass nimbly over your chalked steps, under the creaking, weather-beaten Red Lion. Into your kitchen, roofed with hams (they never keep them four years now, to mel-

low, as in the old time, alas!) and curled oat-meal-cakes. We can see our blousy faces in your polished pewter dishes. And we promise ourselves some of the pendent oatmeal, with your freshest butter, and clearest ale, before we trust ourselves in the Valley of Desolation.

Ah! that is "jolly good ale, and old!" and now for the Desolate Valley. We'll scud across the meadows towards the grey ruins of Bolton Abbey, under the shadow of the bare brown mountain on our right, dotted with deep grey, tumbled stones. Let us turn our back upon his grace's shooting-box, built from the abbey ruins, a thing to turn one's back upon, and dip our fingers in the holy water cup that clings still to the crumbling walls. Dead leaves lie in the rain-water, and tint it with a deep yellow. Ay, in this cup the shrivelled and plump fingers of hooded monks have been dipped, as the reverend gentlemen passed solemnly on their way to pray for the dead boy of Egremond. Tumbled columns all around, grass upon the altar steps. The battle between ivy and lichen silently going on. A most irregular burial-ground in the shadow of the ruins; there the moss has grown into the names of long-dead villagers and squires. With the Wharfe, eddying and rushing and foaming past, as it foamed when it held in its liquid coils the corpse of the boy of Egremond, when the wail of the childless Lady Adeliza just floated upon the air, when the masons first turned the earth, and lay the foundations of the abbey, that pious men might chant near the river which had drowned the boy! The very murmur that now floats upon my ears under my wide-awake, beat against the tympanum of disconsolate Lady Adeliza, and will hold on, when over me lies heavily a stone notched and green as this at my feet, with moss in my name, and when the worms have done their worst with the body of which I am so careful, and to strengthen which I am here at this moment.

How here and there the dead would speak to us from the earth under our feet, printing their words deep in the stones upon their bosoms! George Demayne, who was laid here in 1797, is still saying,

> Remember, you that do come nigh,
> As you are now, so once was I;
> As I am now, so may you be—
> Prepare yourselves to follow me.

But Time is almost even with him. Into the "remember" he has poked enough moss, almost, to obliterate it. A grey mould lies in patches athwart George Demayne's name, which Time, with his blurring finger, has smeared there, and which is to eat into the syllables. The old man has notched the stone also with his scythe, and in other ways intends to show that he will have the upper hand in this world always.

But we are yet more than a stone's throw from the Valley of Desolation, as our red Yorkshire coachman, who is waving his whip to us from the road, high up the hill, would have us bear in mind. Let us follow the boiling, eddying, frolicsome Wharfe, where the willows dip into its little waves; where sturdy rocks peep above its tide, and defy the force of its current; where overhanging banks of green deepen the tints of its bosom, and cast dead leaves upon it. Ay, through this dense wood, between the hills, to the fatal Strid, or Stride. Along paths winding round rocks covered with a thousand mosses and cushioned upon a thousand feathery ferns; where the branches of overhanging trees must be pushed aside—where to the right and left there are impenetrable depths of green shade; treading upon damp, dead leaves, that yield an indescribable—a chilling fragrance. And all the leafy wilderness alive with the songs of birds, the twittering of insects in the underwood, the burr of the bees seeking anemones. The splendid natural tracery of embracing branches overhead, the ivy climbing about the elms, and the moss gathering upon the ivy, and the tiny beetles in the moss-cups! Let us stare through spectacles, or peer through the microscope, and still be glad in the vast and varied harmonies of this abounding nature. The roar of the foaming Strid breaks through the dense and almost pathless wilderness upon our ears. Begone, ruddy coachman! and wait for us at the opening to the road.

Through the tangled branches we may notice a white mist in the distance. This mist is from the splashing Strid. It was there when the drowning cry of the boy echoed through this ancient forest. It was there when a poor gentle girl stood upon the slippery rock, and the boiling waters fascinated her giddy head, and she cast herself into the torrent. We see the Strid, with its vast coils of waters, gliding, like great merciless serpents, round the tumbled rocks to the narrow precipice. Very daintily tread we the splendid confusion of rocks—here smooth with the polish of the passing current, there deeply bored by the sharp eddies, and there again smeared with an olive slime—to the very edge of the precipice, where stood the boy with his hound, and thought the Stride narrow enough for a safe jump—where stood the gentle, giddy girl. At our feet a chaos of jarring, foaming waters, roaring with the anger that has lasted a thousand years. In these immortal rocks, some "G. H. Leeds" has cut the initials by which his vulgar soul is known—in these immortal rocks, with the roaring Strid to contemplate, and the echo of the boy's wail to be heard in the distant woods!

True, this is a pie-nic place, where woollen workers disport themselves, perched high above us; where the trees shoot horizontally from the hill is the moss-house—roof, walls, table, seats, all green, soft moss. From this romantic height spreads the broad valley to Bolton, with the bold, bare, brown Arthur's Seat, dotted with sheep, and ragged with grey rock that crops out from its stony heart, shutting in the prospect. Water is gurgling down the mountain sides in all directions—now a silver thread, and now a ferruginous, golden coil. An old postage stamp lying upon the moss-table deadens to us the echoes of the boy's voice; champagne corks,

lying here and there, destroy the sweet savour of the solitude. For, we are told, the men who come to eat and drink hereabouts, see in the vast forest bowl, which the valley lays far below us, only so much space into which they may cast empty champagne bottles. Scraps of letters lie about amid the ferns, and moss, and leaves. Very black-faced sheep are at hand, with dead leaves clinging to their ragged wool; and they stare at us, asking us what our business can be in this ample solitude—we, who neither nibble grass, nor gather pollen from the flowers, nor munch sweet roots. Well, we shall not long disturb our inquiring, meek-eyed friends, but leave them with their white lambs, to their fate, and caper-sauce. We go skipping—like mountain goats with the rheumatism—from stone to stone; creeping through leafy caverns and over bulging roots, down and still down to the Wharfe; some way off, an it please you, from the Strid. Just, indeed, to that point, where the waters are spread and shallowed, over a broad and an even bed, and where the Strid's scattered foam floats in flakes, like water-lilies. We ford the stream here. It is giddy work, but we are eager to be in the Valley of Desolation. It is stiff work up the steep hill, still through the forest, to the grey, weather-beaten old farm on the crown of the slope. But see, an old oak—it is said some thousand years old—at the farm-house gate! It has fallen in two, and half the trunk rests now upon its topmost branches, which are buried in the earth. The centre of the trunk is so much dust; yet does the old giant bear a few acorns every year. The farmer—glad to speak with passing travellers in his solitude—shuffles out to meet us, and is garrulous. Ay, the old tree bore five acorns last year, and he keeps them in a bottle.

"Plant them," we said. "Make no break in Nature's circle. Consider that, it may be, from the sap of this oak grew the planks that bore Blake and Nelson to victory. It may be that many of our ships of war, which 'guard our native seas,' are but the babies of this expiring giant." But the old man shook his head. Nelson only recalled to him the days when "Boney" was expected in England; when fires had been prepared upon the lofty summit of Arthur's Seat, to be lit when the invader had landed; and when meat was as dear as it is now. The old man, being a keeper of sheep upon the hills, would not have proved inconsolable, it would appear, had the match been put to the beacon fire. Courteously the ancient tiller of the soil, and shearer of great flocks of sheep, directed us on our way, through his own orchard, past his spacious kitchen (we confess we could have tarried in that cosy chimney-corner for a few minutes, if only to count the hams and sides of bacon above us), and pointed across a field, where his team was dragging a steady plough, into a deep, mysterious valley.

The Valley of Desolation—and wherefore? It is difficult to describe a wilderness of rock, and root, and branch, with wild streams tumbling amid the ruins, in all directions; a wilderness where everything is dead, or dying. Where there are trees, by dozens, riven in twain by the destroying lightning. Where charred branches dangle from trunks in which some weak sap still sluggishly moves. Where even the bridge, constructed of boughs, to enable the wayfarer to cross the stream near the waterfall, has fallen in, and lies in mad confusion amid the rocks and rushing waters. Where a rough hut, with a roof like Robinson Crusoe's hat, is propped against a ledge of blue rock, and into which the trunk of a dead tree has been rolled, that the luxurious student of a natural wreck may eat his crust and sip his pitcher of water in comfort. At every yard sharp blue rock jets out of the brown earth, defying man to sow seed here. Not a green spot for the eye to rest upon. Not a tree straight and flourishing; but all in contortions, charred and broken. Here is one, indeed, that, in mortal agony, has endeavoured to turn a somersault, and throw its roots in the air, leaving its crown upon the earth. But it expired—its ambition only half satisfied—its crown just twisted back to the earth. Another ghost of the Valley of Desolation—an old oak, with almost human arms: dead—with two sockets burnt in the crown of its gnarled trunk. Here, in short, nothing prospers save death. The sheep are lean that try to nibble a stomachful from the dry, grey grass. Bees wander hence, angrily, to the flowers that bloom lustily upon the banks of the Wharfe. The wayfarer treads hastily through the voiceless solitude. It would seem that even cottagers decline to gather here the abundant dead wood.

"Take us back at a smart pace, Yorkshire coachman of the ruddy cheek, to Miss Winterburn's snug parlour. Let us speedily see the black beams of the old house above us; and, at the point of our fork, some of that homely food that makes stout-hearted men, for which you are celebrated hereabouts. She will have found some trout, too, for us, I know."

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BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER VI. THE SHOEMAKER.

"GOOD DAY!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time, a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour, faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood, was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him; then, upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman, with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but, they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But, the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead-colour), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe, with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavouring, in the hopeof some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to——"

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. His eyes came slowly back, at last, to the face from which they had wandered; when they rested on it, he started, and resumed, in the manner of a sleeper that moment awake, reverting to a subject of last night.

"I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face:

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette;" Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm; "do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but, they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extending towards him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

"Have you recognised him, monsieur?" asked Defarge, in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew well. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labour.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By

degrees, in the pauses of his quick and laboured breathing, he was heard to say:

"What is this!"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the gaoler's daughter?"

She signed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up, and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But, not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this?—*Was it you?*"

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But, she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but, he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"O, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!"

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recals a beloved head that lay in your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honoured father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. O, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms—emblem to humanity, of the rest and silence into which the storm called

Life must hush at last—they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away——"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favour of one of them remaining. But, as there were not only carriage and horses to be seen to, but travelling papers; and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father's side, and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides travelling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind, in the scared blank wonder of his face. Whether he knew what had happened, whether he recollected what they had said to him, whether he knew that he was free, were questions which no sagacity could have solved. They tried speaking to him; but, he was so confused, and so very slow to answer, that they took fright at his bewilderment, and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before; yet, he had some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invariably turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took—and kept—her hand in both of his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But, before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had repeated it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house, was apparent to them. They heard him mutter, "One hundred and five, North Tower;" and when he looked about him, it evidently was for the strong fortress-walls which had long encompassed him. On their reaching the court-yard, he instinctively altered his tread, as being in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again.

No crowd was about the door; no people were discernible at any of the many windows; not even a chance passer-by was in the street. An unnatural silence and desertion reigned there. Only one soul was to be seen, and that was Madame Defarge—who leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

The prisoner had got into the coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamplight, through the court-yard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in;—and immediately afterwards leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier!" The postilion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps.

Under the over-swinging lamps—swinging ever brighter in the better streets, and ever dimmer in the worse—and by lighted shops, gay crowds, illuminated coffee-houses, and theatre doors, to one of the city gates. Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard-house there. "Your papers, travellers!" "See here then, Monsieur the

Officer," said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head. They were consigned to me, with him, at the——" He dropped his voice, there was a flutter among the military lanterns, and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform, the eyes connected with the arm looked, not an every day or an every night look, at monsieur with the white head. "It is well. Forward!" from the uniform. "Adieu!" from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler overswinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights: some, so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it, as a point in space where anything is suffered or done: the shadows of the night were broad and black. All through the cold and restless interval until dawn, they once more whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry—sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out, and wondering what subtle powers were for ever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration—the old inquiry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer:

"I can't say."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BUNGAREE, KING OF THE BLACKS.

I.

THERE are few old Australian colonists to whom the name of Bungaree is not familiar; but I conceive it right that the whole world should know something of this departed monarch, and of his habits and peculiarities. Honoured, as I was, by his favour, politely greeted, as I always was whenever I met his Majesty in the streets of Sydney, flattered, as I was, when he invited me occasionally to accompany him in his boat to "go kedge fiss," I consider myself as well qualified to become his biographer as was Mr. Boswell to write the life of Doctor Johnson, or Lord John Russell that of Thomas Moore.

King Bungaree and myself were contemporaries; but there was a vast difference between our ages. When I first knew him, he was an old man, over sixty, and I a boy of twelve. It would be false to say that I cannot account for the great liking the king always had for me: for, the truth is, I was in the habit of lending him small sums of money, bread and meat, and not unfrequently a glass of rum. Many a time have I, slyly, visited the larder, and the decanters on the sideboard, to minister to the wants of the monarch. I used the word "lend" because the king never said "give." It was invariably "len' it half a dump" (7½d.), "len' it glass o' grog," "len' it loaf o' bread," "len' it ole shirt." It is needless, perhaps, to state that, although in some respects the memory of King Bungaree was as extraordinary as that of the late King George the Third, he was utterly oblivious to the extent of his obligations, so far as repayment was concerned.

In person, King Bungaree was about five feet eight inches high, not very stout and not very thin, except as to his legs, which were mere spindles. His countenance was benignant to the last degree, and there was a kind and humorous sparkle in his eye (especially when it was lighted up by liquor), which was, to say the least of it, very cheerful to behold.

King Bungaree's dress consisted of the cocked hat and full dress-coat of a general officer or colonel, an old shirt, and—that was all. I never saw him in pantaloons, or shoes, or stockings. Once, I remember he wore a worsted sock on his left foot; but that was in consequence of having wounded himself by treading on a broken bottle.

As the king was a person of irregular habits, he generally slept as well as fished in his clothes, and his tailor's bill would have been enormous, even if he had had a tailor; but, as he "borrowed" his uniform, as well as his money, bread, and rum, his finances were in no way embarrassed. Every new governor, from Governor Macquarie down to Governor Gipps (during whose administration Bungaree died), supplied him with an old cocked-hat and full dress-coat; and almost every colonel commanding a regiment instantly complied when his Majesty pronounced these words: "Len' it cock-'at—len' it coat—len' it ole shirt." Around his neck was suspended, by a brass chain, a brass plate. On this plate, which was shaped like a half moon, were engraven, in large letters, the words:

"BUNGAREE, KING OF THE BLACKS."

On the plate there was also engraven the arms of the colony of New South Wales—an emu and a kangaroo.

In point of intelligence and natural ability, King Bungaree was far from deficient. He was, in truth, a clever man; and not only did he understand all that was said to him in English, but he spoke the language so as to be completely understood, except when his articulation was impaired by the too copious use of ardent spirits, or other fermented liquors.

His Majesty changed his manners every five years; or rather, they were changed with every administration. Bungaree, like many of the aborigines of New South Wales, was an amazing mimic. The action, the voice, the bearing, the attitudes, the walk, of *any* man, he could personate with astonishing minuteness. It mattered not whether it was the attorney-general stating a case to a jury, the chief justice sentencing a culprit to be hanged, a colonel drilling a regiment in the barrack-square, a Jew bargaining for old clothes, a drunken sailor resisting the efforts of the police to quiet him—King Bungaree could, in mere dumb show, act the scene in such a way as to give you a perfect idea of it.

Now, as the governor, for the time being, was the first and most important person in the colony, it was from that functionary that King Bungaree took his cue. And, after having seen the governor several times, and talked to him, Bungaree would adopt his excellency's manner of speech and bearing to the full extent of his wonderful power. When I first knew Bungaree, General Darling was Governor of New South Wales. Bungaree then walked the streets with his arms folded across his breast, his body erect, his pace slow and measured, with something of a military swagger in it, and the only salute he vouchsafed was a dignified, but very slight, inclination of his head. Even when his Majesty was so intoxicated that he could not walk straight, it was impossible not to recognise the faithfulness of the copy to the original. His mode of speech, too, was curt and somewhat abrupt. Even the words, "Len' it glass o' grog," came forth, rather in the tone of a command than of a request. But when General Darling left, and General Bourke became his successor, how very different was the demeanour and the deportment of King Bungaree! He walked briskly up George-street, with his left hand on his hip and his right arm moving to and fro, took off his cocked-hat periodically in recognition of salutes (most of them imaginary), and, when he neared the guard-house at the bottom of Church-hill, he would raise his right hand in the air and shake it, as a signal to the sentry *not* to turn out the guard to present arms to him.

The reader will have gleaned that King Bungaree was not temperate in his habits. Candour compels me to say that he was by no means particular as to the nature of his beverage. The only liquid to which he had, seemingly, any aversion, was pure water. Rum, gin, brandy, wine, beer, Chili vinegar, mushroom catsup, or "bull,"* he would take in any quantity, from any person who could be prevailed upon to "lend" it to him; and, unfortunately, in order to get rid of his Majesty, the supply, in many instances, immediately followed the demand, and the king was too often to be seen, stretched, at full length, on a dust-heap near the wharfs, fast asleep, and covered by myriads of flies, his cocked-hat doing the duty of a pillow: except when some little boy tore out the crown, and then pulled it over the king's ankles: putting him, in fact, in felt stocks. So strong was this monarch's passion for drink, that I am perfectly satisfied that he would, at any moment, have abdicated his sovereignty for an old sugar mat, wherewith to make "bull," although he would never have renounced his right to the title of "King of the Blacks," or that brass plate, which he regarded as his "patent."

With the cares of state Bungaree never troubled himself. His sovereignty, to all intents and purposes, was a matter of sound and of mere form. His subjects never treated him with respect or obedience. His tyranny, in the strictly classical acceptation of the term, was confined simply to his Queens, five in number. These ladies were all much younger than the king, and were named respectively "Onion," "Boatman," "Broomstick," "Askabout," and "Pincher." These names, of course, were not given to them in their baptism (whatever may have been the aboriginal character of that rite), but were dictated, most probably, by the caprice of some of King Bungaree's European advisers, on the various occasions of his consulting them on the point, and "borrowing" something of which he fancied he stood in need. Whether the Queens were much attached to the monarch, or the monarch to them, I cannot venture to say, nor can I form an opinion whether they bore the king company in his inebriation, out of courtesy, or from a natural desire to drink; but this I can state, with the positiveness of a biographer who derives his sources of information from personal knowledge, that I never saw their majesties (the Queens) sober when his majesty King Bungaree was drunk. The dress of these royal ladies was exceedingly grotesque. With the exception of a faded satin slip, an old bedgown, or a flannel petticoat, whatever beauty King Bungaree's Queens possessed, was, in every sense of the word, in its unadornment "adorned the most." The only "foreign aid of ornament" that even Onion, the most fastidious of them as regarded personal appearance, ever resorted to, was a short clay pipe, intertwined with her hair: which, in point of colour and fineness, bore a strong resemblance to the tail or mane of an unbroken, unhandled, bay colt.

I have mentioned that I sometimes, when a boy, accepted the invitations of King Bungaree to go out with him in his boat to "kedge fiss." His was a very old boat, a "loan" from Governor Macquarie, who cultivated Bungaree's acquaintance, if not Bungaree himself; and, upon all these occasions the Queens used to pull the rickety craft, while the king sat in the stern-sheets, and steered. The Queens, by turns, not only pulled the oars (only two) of the boat; but, when the anchor — a large piece of stone tied to an old rope — was let go they baited the hooks, threw over the lines, and caught the bream and yellow-tails, with which the harbour abounded in those days. Bungaree, meanwhile, sat still, smoked his pipe, and occasionally gave an approving nod or a kind word to the wife who hooked the fish fastest. When out in his boat—during Sir Richard Bourke's administration—King Bungaree bore a stronger resemblance to Charles the Second than to any other monarch of whom I have read in history. He was cheerful, merry, facetious, gallant (except as to pulling and fishing), and amorous, without anything like coarseness in his outbreaks of affection. Fish constituted King Bungaree's coin. The harbour of Port Jackson was his treasure-chest. When a sufficient quantity had been caught to pur-

* Coarse brown sugar, dissolved in water. It intoxicates the aborigines as effectually as alcohol.

chase a loaf or two, and enough brown sugar to make a bucketful of "bull," the anchor was weighed, and the boat rowed to the shore. Fresh fish for tea were always marketable, and the Queens had never any difficulty in disposing of them at the public or private houses: receiving in return whatever articles they required to supply their own and the king's immediate wants.

I must here record a little anecdote of King Bungaree. When his Majesty's ships the Warspite, the Success frigate, and some smaller craft anchored in Sydney, Bungaree went on board all these vessels to welcome to his dominions the various commanders. The commodore, Sir James Brisbane, having heard of King Bungaree, and being informed of his approach, gave the order that he should be received with all the honours and formality accorded to persons of royal blood, save the firing of a salute and manning the yards. The officers, who entered into the joke, were all assembled on the quarter-deck: the first lieutenant stood at the gangway, the commodore in his full-dress coat and cocked-hat took his place at the capstan, the boatswain piped the side in the shrillest ear-piercing tones, and the drums and fifes made music to the air of "GOD SAVE THE KING!" The moment King Bungaree placed his foot on the Warspite's well-holystoned planks, the commodore uncovered his venerable head, and, placing his cocked-hat beneath his left arm, with admirably-acted humility, advanced, and offered King Bungaree his right hand. The king, who was then wearing his coat buttoned up to the neck, à la Sir Ralph Darling, received the homage which was paid him by the commodore, with just the amount of formal empressement that the governor himself would have exhibited under the circumstance of being similarly greeted. Having bowed, rather stiffly, to each of the officers on the quarter-deck, and having cast an approving, though cold glance at the guns, the hammock nettings, and the rigging, King Bungaree condescended to inquire the commodore's name. "My name is Brisbane," said the commodore, meekly. Bungaree, for at least two minutes, surveyed the commodore from head to foot, with a contemptuous expression of countenance. He had known one Brisbane (Sir Thomas) who had only lately left the colony, which he had governed for five years. That there could be two Brisbanes—that the world was big enough to hold two—King Bungaree could not believe. At length, his Majesty spoke as follows: "What you mean, sa? You Brisbane, sa? What for you, capping of big ship like this, sa, tell King Bungaree one big lie, sa? I know Brisbane, sa. He great frien'-o'-mine, sa. He len' me this cock-hat, sa — this coat, sa— this shirt, sa. No, sa; not this shirt, sa. King Bungaree never tell a lie, sa. Capping Crotty, of 3rd Buffs, sa, len' me this shirt, sa." Captain Crotty was not a very tall man, and the garment to which Bungaree last alluded scarcely reached the monarch's knees. "No, sa; you are not Governor Brisbane, sa. I show these gennelmen Governor Brisbane, sa." Divesting himself, for the nonce, of the airs and manners of Sir Ralph Darling, Bungaree put on those of Sir Thomas Brisbane, walked the deck, spoke to several of the officers, and, taking a telescope from the hand of the signal-midshipman of the day, looked through it into the heavens, and exclaimed, "Ah!" Sir Thomas Brisbane was a great astronomer, and while in New South Wales had been constantly star-gazing. The commodore was so struck with King Bungaree's imitation of his own first cousin, that he stood aghast; while the officers, unable any longer to preserve their gravity, indulged in a hearty peal of laughter.

"No, sa," resumed Bungaree, addressing the commodore, and again acting General Darling, "you *not* Brisbane. But you very good man, I dessay. Never mind. I forgive you. I now feel very thirsty. Len' it glass o' grog." Several glasses of the ship's rum, well diluted with water, were "lent" to his Majesty, and several pipes of tobacco. After remaining about an hour on board the Warspite, Bungaree was piped over the side, taking with him "loans" to the extent of five old shirts, a handkerchief full of biscuit, and a cold leg of mutton. A marine officer offered to "lend" him an old coat; but, after examining the loan, and discovering that it did not belong to an officer entitled to two epaulettes, Bungaree shook his head, and remarked that it "would not do." But, going to the gangway, he threw the garment down into his boat, in which his Queens were sitting. Onion picked up the old red coat, and, as the day was rather cold, put it on, and wore it in the streets of Sydney habitually.

II.

HAVING had the misfortune (if misfortune it were), when I was in my sixteenth year, to be transported from my native land, Botany Bay, to the penal settlement of Great Britain, I lost sight of King Bungaree for a long time. I was tried in my mother's drawing-room, on a charge of having a great aptitude for learning, but a want of perseverance in my studies. The sentence passed upon me, was, "Seven years to England;" the first four to be kept at hard labour with a private tutor, and the remaining three to be spent in one of the penitentiaries of Oxford or Cambridge. I was informed that every indulgence (compatible with reason, and with reference to my position as one of "the lords of Botany Bay") would be allowed me; but upon no account would I be permitted to return, until the full period of seven years had "expired."

As I am an Australian, writing a biographical memoir of my aboriginal sovereign, I may be permitted to say a few words concerning myself, and my feelings during the term of my banishment. At first, I felt supremely miserable, and I believe I drooped, like any other exotic when removed from its own congenial clime to a colder one. There were two

other youths, the sons of a colonial magnate, transported in my company. They were sharers of my unhappiness. On the first day that we put foot on the land of our exile, we were terrified almost out of our wits. We were coming up from Weymouth to London, on the top of a mail coach, and were overtaken, near Salisbury, by a heavy snow-storm. Snow we had heard of, and read of; but we had never before seen and felt it. The other passengers laughed, and were very merry; but this did not prevent me putting (with livid lips, I fancy) this serious question, "Is there any chance of it burying us? It will do so, if it continue for some hours like this." Then, on the day which followed our arrival in town, I experienced another awful fright. We, all three, left our hotel in Covent-garden, and had the temerity to penetrate into the Strand. Here, while gazing, with open mouth, at the shop windows and the dense crowd of people, hurrying to and fro, I was separated from my companions; and, as I had forgotten the (then to me) outlandish name of the hotel—the Tavistock—I knew not how I should get back to it. Fortunately, after taxing my memory to the utmost, I *did* remember Covent-garden; and, thus, by many inquiries, I at last found the hotel and my friends, who, like myself, had lost themselves for a while. They were much concerned for my safety, until they saw me; and one of them rather rationally inquired, "Why the deuce didn't you cooey, when you missed us?" Had I thought of it, I should have done so, though the act would certainly have astonished the weak minds of the English natives, and have had the effect of bringing a mob around me. I know that the cooey that I gave one night from the top of Queen Anne's tower in Trinity, Cambridge, created such a sensation, that not only the whole of the college, but half the entire university, turned out to ascertain "What is it? what can it mean?" That cooey was heard in Downing, in St. Peter's, at Barnewell, and at Chesterton. One of my co-exiles, who happened to be returning from the last-named village, heard it, and answered it. I remember that one of the public tutors of the college, Dr. Whistle, was very angry with me, and said that I ought to have left that savage yell (it was thus he spoke of that wonderful and valuable call of my native land) behind me when I came to a civilised quarter of the world. Soon afterwards I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had done so; for the call had become catching, and nightly from every college came forth cooeys, some of them very fair, but, generally speaking, very feeble imitations of that "voice-throwing" so peculiar to the natives of New Holland and those Australians who have used it from boyhood. I beg to state that I was not mischievously inclined when I cooeyed, like a "black fellow," from Queen Anne's tower. I was merely giving a party of friends, whom I had been entertaining at supper, some idea of what we Australians did when we lost our way in the bush, little dreaming that—just as when one jackal in India strikes up a howl, all the pack *must* join in it—the sound would become infectious, and eventually a tremendous nuisance.

The sports of England had not the slightest charm for me. They were not sufficiently exciting. What was fox-hunting to *us?* To see an animal, rather like a dingo, or native dog, pursued and run down by an enormous pack of hounds, the field mounted on swift blood horses, and the ground a cultivated country, intersected by miserable hedges and ditches, with here and there a five-barred gate or a brook! We had been accustomed to hunt the kangaroo, with only five or six dogs, upon stock horses, over a perfectly wild country, intersected by gullies or deep ravines and patches of dense brushwood; or to ride down the emu at full gallop (without the assistance of dogs), and kill him by flogging his neck with the thong of a cattle whip. Then, the fishing of England. What was that to us? Flipping at a stream like the Thames at Richmond, with a rod and line, the hook baited with a fly, a worm, and, after a day's work, returning with a little basket half full of tiny creatures, scarcely worth the trouble of catching! We had been accustomed to hire a whaleboat, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, sail down to Watson's Bay, near the Sydney Heads, drop anchor, and fish with large hooks and strong lines for Schnapper-fish weighing from seven to twenty-five pounds; and frequently would we hook an enormous black shark ten feet long, play him, get him alongside, and there destroy him with the boat-hook. In a couple of hours, we could take as many large fish as would fill a cart—fish quite equal in every respect to the turbot, so highly prized in England. That had been *our* fishing. As for pheasant and partridge shooting, we agreed that it was like the destruction, in cold blood (and with the assistance of dogs), of a parcel of barn-door fowls. "Sporting!" we would sometimes say to our friends who breathed that word, "what do you know about sporting in this old, worn-out country? Sporting! You have never seen sporting, and you have no idea what it is."

It was the same with the aspect of England itself. We wanted to see deep and dark-blue salt water, laving the milk-white sands of semi-circular bays of a mile or two in extent, grotesquely formed rocks, and the land wooded to high-water mark with evergreen trees of luxuriant foliage, and heaths of every hue and dye. Nor did the watering-places in England satisfy us. We once went down to Brighton. It was rather boisterous weather, and a boatman remarked to us that it was "seldom they saw a surf like that," pointing to the billows. "Surf!" we ejaculated. "Surf! Do you call that surf? Bah! Make a fourth with us, and we will pull out against it in a cockle-shell. Surf! If you want to see surf, go to Bandye Bay, about five or six miles from Sydney. That's the place to see surf. Every crested wave—giant waves, not pigmies like these—weighs millions of tons of water, and when it breaks upon the beach,

in stormy weather, the sound may be heard twelve or thirteen miles off—nay, more than that, it has often been heard at Parramatta, which is eighteen miles distant, as the crow flies."

It was the same with the forests in England: Windsor Forest, for instance. If any one said to us, "There is a noble tree—what do you think of that?" "Tree!" we would reply—"tree! Do you call *that* a tree? Why it is not taller than a blue gum sapling. In *our* country you may ride through a forest and see trees which would, at the butt, measure, on the average, ten feet in diameter; and we have seen *some* trees twenty yards in circumference. Those are trees if you like; always in leaf, and with the outer bark the colour of cream, and the inner bark the colour of a rose—not like these old grey dwarfs, which have the appearance of being dead for six months in the year."

However, before the expiration of our sentence of seven years, we all became not only reconciled to Old England, its sports, its institutions, and sensible of its manifold advantages over those of any other portion of the earth, but when we had taken our degrees, and had been (in consideration, seemingly, of abjuring the Pope) invested with black gowns, and white horse-hair wigs, we left her shores and our friends with something like regret. After a passage of one hundred and nine days I again placed my foot on the land of my birth. But, oh! what a change was everywhere observable! A change, according to my idea, very much for the worse. The ships in the harbour, instead of numbering only ten or eleven, numbered upwards of forty or fifty. The streets were crowded with emigrants of both sexes, and of the lowest order of the people, who, under "the bounty system," had been swept out of the streets of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and minor cities or towns. Old buildings, many of them weather-boarded houses, which had been familiar to my sight from childhood, had been pulled down, and on their sites were erected rows of shops or merchants' warehouses. So vast had been the tide of emigration towards Australia, so busy had been the population during the term of my exile, that I scarcely recognised my native land.

I had not been in Sydney more than three days, when, to my great joy, I espied at a distance the cocked-hat and old red coat of poor old King Bungaree. He was coming up George-street. His gait was very shaky, but it was still Bungaree's gait. When I met him, I took off my hat and saluted him. He peered into my face for a few seconds, and, then, recollecting me, offered me his hand, shook mine rather coldly, and said rapidly, "Oh! well, what can I do for you? I very busy now; no time to spare; talk to you some other day; yes, yes, good morning." This change in Bungaree, which I could not at the moment account for, pained me. I thought that amidst all the changes, observable in every direction, Bungaree at least would have remained himself. However, notwithstanding his Majesty's remark that he wished to get rid of me, he entered into conversation, and presently, in his old confidential way, said, "Len' it a sisspence." I complied, and requesting him to call upon me soon, at my mother's house, bade him "good-day." He was then alone. None of his Queens were with him; but I had no time to ask him many questions, for I was on my way to Government House, to pay my respects to Sir George Gipps, and deliver a packet which had been entrusted to my care. Whether his excellency had not looked at my card, or whether he had mistaken me for some one else, I don't know; but I had scarcely made my bow, when I was greeted with, "Oh! well? what can I do for you? I am very busy just now, have not a single moment to spare; talk to you some other day. Yes, yes, I am now off to the council. Good morning."

I had never seen Sir George before, but I instantly recognised my altered King Bungaree. This anecdote, a few weeks afterwards, reached Sir George's ears through a lady, and he was not a little amused by it.

On the following day, at ten A.M., his Majesty King Bungaree was announced. I received him in the back yard; for my mother would never allow him to come into the house. He was, on this occasion, accompanied by two of his Queens, "Broomstick," and "Pincher." Having "lent" the king and each of the Queens a "glass o' rum," I proceeded to interrogate him.

"Well, King Bungaree," I said, "where's 'Onion,' and the other Queens, 'Boatman,' and 'Askabout?'"

"Onion's dead," he replied. "Two emigrant mans get drunk and kill her with brickbat on top o' rocks. Boatman's got leg broke and can't walk, and Askabout stop along with her on North Shore, to len' it bread and drink o' water."

"Who lent you that coat?"

"One Colonel up in Barrack-square."

"Has not the Governor lent you a coat?"

"Not yet; but he len' it by-and-by. At present he only len' it 'Very busy now; yes, yes; good morning.'"

"What do you think of Sir George Gipps?"

"When that my frien' Doctor Lang write a book about all the gubbernors, he one day met it in Domain, and len' it half a dump. He then laugh and say, 'King Bungaree, what you think of Gubbernor Bourke?' and I say to him, 'Stop a bit. He no yet leave the colney. When he go, *then* I tell you, master.' Gubbernor Gipps only just come. Stop till he go; then I speak."

Doctor Lang, in his admirable work, the History of New South Wales, relates this in his preface or concluding chapter, observing that he took King Bungaree's hint, and reserved Sir Richard Bourke's administration for some future edition.

When I was a boy, Bungaree had been a matter of mere amusement to me. Now I

was a man, he was an object of interest: able, as he was, to remember the first big ships that entered Sydney harbour, when the penal settlement was founded; the sensations of the tribe to which he, then a boy, belonged, when they beheld them; and the terror which prevailed when the savage, for the first time, saw the face and the clothed form of the white man. He had often talked to me of these and other such matters; but I was then too young to take any interest in his discourse further than what related to the best bays to fish in, or the localities in which "five corners," "ground berries," and "gollions" (native fruits), were most plentiful. As for fish, even if I had had, now, any desire to catch them, I could not have done it in any of the bays of Sydney harbour. Like the kangaroo and the emu, they had retreated beyond the bounds of civilised and busy life. They were now only to be caught in the bays *outside* "the head." As to the native fruits I have mentioned, I doubt whether I could have obtained a quart within ten miles of Sydney, had I offered five guineas for it.

King Bungaree (after swallowing another "loan"), in reply to my questions, said that when the tribe to which he belonged first beheld the big ships, some thought they were sea-monsters; others that they were gigantic birds, and the sails were their wings; while many declared that they were a mixture of gigantic fish and gigantic bird, and that the boats which were towed astern, were their young ones. He heightened his description, by *acting* the consternation of the tribe on that occasion. He told me they were too much terrified to offer any hostile demonstrations, and that when they first heard the report of a musket, and of a ship's gun, they fancied those weapons were living agents of the white man; that, where the town of Sydney was situated, kangaroos formerly abounded, and that these animals were seldom speared or interfered with; that, fish and oysters, and the native fruits, were their chief articles of food, and that animals—the kangaroo and opossum—were killed only to supply the little amount of clothing then required amongst them; that the use of the hook and line was unknown until the establishment of the colony; and that a spear constructed for the especial purpose was the only means they had of taking fish in the shallow waters of the bays. The deep sea fish—the "schnapper," the "king fish," the "grounder," and the rock cod — were beyond their reach. Mullet, whiting, and mackerel, which came in large shoals within range of the spear, were the only species they had tasted. Sometimes a shark, which had followed the smaller fish into the shallow water, and swam with his fins above the surface, would fall a victim to the spear.

Each tribe rarely numbered more than fifty or sixty, and the chief was, by right, the oldest man in it. When they increased and multiplied beyond that number, fifty or sixty, there was a new tribe formed, and they occupied a distinct tract of land, to which they were required to confine themselves. This tract of land rarely exceeded an area of forty miles in extent. Strange to say, the tribes beyond Parramatta did not understand the language of the Sydney (Wooloomooloo) tribe. The tribes on the north shore had no communication with the tribes on the south shore, except when they invaded each other—which was seldom—and did battle. On these occasions they swam the harbour, carrying their spears, waddies (clubs), boomerangs, and shields, on their heads. The object of these invasions was to plunder each other of women. King Bungaree denied that they were cannibals; but admitted that they roasted and *tasted* the enemies whom they slew in battle. The waddies and spears of the different tribes were not exactly alike in make, but the boomerang was of uniform construction; and I know, of my own personal experience subsequently acquired, that amongst all the savage tribes of New Holland the use of the boomerang is universal. Sir Thomas Mitchell, late Surveyor-General of Australia, and a very able mathematician, when he first saw the flight of a boomerang, and examined the weapon, exclaimed: "The savage who invented this, in whatever time, was gifted by the Creator with a knowledge which He has withheld from civilised man." And, writing of the boomerang propeller, Sir Thomas says: "That, rotary motion can be communicated to an instrument, acting as a screw, so as to be sustained in air, without causing that fluid to recede, is suggested by the flight of the boomerang, a missile which few in this country can have seen used, or seen at all. This is a thin flat weapon, shaped somewhat like a new moon, but not so pointed at the cusps, and more resembling in the middle an elbow than an arc, being about two feet long, two inches broad, seldom so much as a quarter of an inch thick, and made of hard, heavy wood. The natives of Australia throw this to great distances, and to great heights in the air, imparting to it two sorts of motion, one of which is direct, the other rotary, by which last the missile revolves round its own centre of gravity, having a twist into the plane of a very fine screw. The effect of this almost imperceptible screw on air all who have been witnesses to a boomerang's flight will remember. To those who have not we can only say that the rotary motion survives the direct impetus with which the weapon is made to ascend, so as to make it screw its way back to the very spot from whence it was thrown, thus enabling mere gravitation so undo all the effect of the thrower's arm in tending it upwards."

The children, male and female, of the aborigines were taught, or rather made, to swim, by being put into deep water soon after they were born. As swimmers and divers, I do not think the blacks of New South Wales were superior to the Arabs at Aden, or the Cingalese at Ceylon, but they were certainly

equal to them. A captain of a ship, in the harbour of Port Jackson, once lost a case of claret overboard: a six-dozen case. The ship was anchored in eight fathoms of water. Four blacks dived down and brought it up, each man holding a corner of the chest on the palm of his left hand. Incredible as it may seem, they were under the surface of the stream for more than three minutes. I can remember, one day, when out with King Bungaree in his boat, losing a penknife, with which I was cutting bait on the gunwale. Queen Onion cried out, "I get it!" and, dropping from the boat's bows in her bedgown, she lifted her hands and went down like a stone or a shot. After being lost to sight for at least a minute and a half, up she came, like a bundle of old clothes, with the penknife in her mouth. We were then fishing off Garden Island, where the water is very deep. I doubt if there were less than fifteen fathoms under our keel.

The power of "tracking" was still left to old King Bungaree and his tribe, but they rarely or never exercised it. Their savage and simple natures had been contaminated and corrupted by their more civilised fellow-creatures, and their whole thoughts seemed to be centred in how they could most speedily become intoxicated and sleep off its effects. Bread and rum, Bungaree said, were at first distasteful to his palate; but, after a while, he "liked 'em berry much, and did not care for nothing else." King Bungaree was the only *old* aboriginal I ever saw in the vicinity of Sydney. Drink, and its effects, destroyed the majority of both sexes long before they attained the prime of life. How the race continued to be propagated within fifty miles of Sydney, even when I last left the colony, in 1843, was more than I can understand. It was otherwise, however, in the far distant interior. Some of the wild tribes in the squatting districts (where rum and tobacco were too precious to be given to the blacks, either out of freak or a misplaced generosity), were as fine specimens of the human shape as any sculptor could desire as models. In addition to the elegance of their forms, their eyes were brilliant and piercing, their teeth white as snow, their agility superhuman, and their love of innocent mirth perfectly childlike.

Of King Bungaree's principles and opinions I scarcely know what to say: nor even, as his biographer, am I particularly anxious to dilate on the subject. But, I may mention that he one day confessed to me that of all the governors who ever swayed the destinies of New South Wales, General Macquarie was the greatest man. On probing him for his reasons, I discovered that the kind-hearted old officer, whom he held in such respect and veneration, was his greatest creditor. The general, according to his Majesty's account (and I believe him implicitly), had "lent" him more cocked-hats, more coats, more shirts, more loaves of bread, and more glasses of grog, than any other ruler in Australia; and, further, he told me it was General Macquarie who "lent" him that brass plate which he wore for so many, many years, and which was, no doubt, found on his Majesty's breast when he breathed his last.

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED

A LOUD GROAN for the Prime Minister who brings the Peerage into additional disrepute among the people, by closing the doors of the House of Lords on Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, whose merit is that he saved India; and opening them to three country gentlemen, whose merit is that they have plenty of money.

ROOM ENOUGH TO GET ALONG IN, by all the vehicles in all the principal streets of the city of London.

IN THE NAME OF COMMON DECENCY, a Domestic-Lodging-Houses Act. At Whitechapel, at Bethnal-green, and in other poor districts of this metropolis, single rooms are occupied by fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and strangers of both sexes and of all ages, huddled together in a state of unutterable filth and degradation, ruinous to themselves, disgraceful to the Legislature, and perilous to the country. The shocking exposure of facts to which attention is now directed, is set down, in black and white, in the reliable pages of a late official Report.

MISSING

ALL THE MOVABLE AND PORTABLE ARTICLES belonging to The Great Eastern, stripped away and stolen by a number of shamelessly mean and mischievous people, who were allowed to see the ship, and who disgraced themselves and their countrymen by picking and stealing like common thieves.

FOUND

TWO HONEST PERSONS in the ranks of Trade. One, the late Thomas Fleming, shawl manufacturer of Edinburgh, who, finding his affairs involved, in the panic of 1825, abstained from taking the bankrupt's refuge; and worked unremittingly for the rest of his life, until he had paid the greater part of his creditors in full, at the time of his death. The other, Thomas Fleming's widow, who has honestly followed her honest husband's last directions, and has paid the remaining creditors, out of the proceeds of her husband's estate and her own.

TO COME.

WHAT is to come when we have lived to-morrow?
What fortunes crowd within the coming day?
Shall grief's sharp fingers score another furrow?
Or triumph bathe us in its glorious ray?
What is to come?

Fond dreams untold, and sweeter joys untasted!
Are ye to welcome in the unborn time?
Or failure prove the fruit of hours wasted,
And lead to age the too believing time?
What is to come?

Not all the memories the past can hallow,
Not all the restless present may despise—
The present hour may go, the past lie fallow—
Can match the future, dazzling to our eyes.
What is to come?

Is it to come, that slavish fetters broken,
Shall strew the land which vaunts of liberty?
Shall freedom's falchion be rebellion's token,
Or bondage tremble on the palsied knee?
What is to come?

Shall war o'er all the earth e'er bathe his fingers
In sorrow's tears, and kiss the cheek of peace,
As was foretold of old by sacred singers,
And earth o'erflush with bountiful increase?
Is this to come?

The vainly proud, the selfishly ambitious,
Shall they o'erride the fortunes of mankind?
Or shall their teachings false, and schemes pernicious,
By honest wrath be scattered to the wind?
Is this to come?

Thou patient, honest toil, take this assurance—
Although of thy bright visions some will fade,
One end alone has faithful stern endurance
That ever God and grateful nature made.
This IS to come!

Reward and true endeavour are near neighbours,
Whom pits and rugged obstacles divide;
And pleasant fancy's glow will cheer the labours
Which leads endeavour to her guerdon's side
In time to come.

BATTLE ARRAY.

PEACE being broken, there are many who now look to see

Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

For some time past, however, quiet people have consoled themselves with the belief that, because war has been made deadlier and costlier by the advance of science during years of peace, battles by sea and land, if they are to be fought at all, must henceforward be fought under new conditions. The issue of a trial of strength, we are taught to hope, will never again be left unsettled during many years. In the mean time, generals and admirals who may direct any part of such a struggle, need their wits. Much of the newest military science is about to become obsolete. The area of battle-fields, extended by the use of gunpowder, has been again vastly extended by inventions which assure a marvellous increase of its effective power. On solid ground, new forms of battle array will soon be demanded. At sea, there is an end of the old line of engagement. The admiral who has steam-frigates to command and to attack, should he attempt to repeat Nelson's feat at Trafalgar in Nelson's way, would bring about the absolute destruction of his own fleet and the easy triumph of the enemy.

The issue of a war of principles does not depend wholly upon generalship. Very much, of course, is determined by the temper of the masses of the combatants. But strategy in planning a campaign, and tactics in the conduct of a battle, certainly have rescued or ruined many a state. It is clear, too, that every addition of a scientific element into the art of war increases the demand made on the powers of the general. Against British troops, good generalship has, no doubt, often been wasted, because, as Napoleon said, they do not know when they are beaten. The shock of battle has not seldom been hurled against a line of them, two deep, so that they ought to have broken before it; but they would do nothing of the kind. They destroy the fairest calculations, by their stupid obstinacy in remaining on a field until they have conquered it. They never will have science enough to perceive when the best military doctrine teaches them to run, or to retire. The Duke of Wellington relied much, on this happy sort of dulness in his countrymen. He made constant use of deployed lines two deep. "Ah," somebody said to him, "but you formed part of your infantry in column at Waterloo." "That," said the duke, "was, because there were soldiers of whom I was not so sure as I am of British troops." "Then," it was urged, "the column must be best, for you felt safe in its solidity." "Certainly," he replied, "columns are good also; but that depends upon the ground, and on the spirit of the troops."

A certain distinctness in our notion of the history of war, as an art, will help us to understand some of the forthcoming changes in its aspect. Only, when we talk of generalship, let us not forget that, in our own country and our own time, such things are possible as soldiers' victories, in which the fortitude of the mass, though badly generaled, can foil in battle the best tactics of the adversary. There is something in brave men, with a good cause, that is always greater, and not seldom stronger, than the subtlest military skill.

In the very old time, when our tale begins (and we are chiefly helped in telling it by Colonel Graham's recent book upon the Art of War), in the very old time, there was no skill supreme even over a mere bodily strength:

Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails,
And stones and fragments from the branching woods.

The hardest hitter with a fist, or club, or stone, was the best man in battle, and, by right of his fist, commonly the chief. When tribes of men fought for supremacy, they butted at, and wrestled with, each other. They threw stones and darts, and they soon found that a stone flies best from a sling, and a dart when it is twanged from a stiff bow. Ishmael, we learn from the oldest of books, "grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer." The sling is said to have been invented of old by the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles (meaning the "skilful in throwing" isles), who were trained to bring down with stones from the roof-beams of their houses, all the bread and meat they got during their childhood. Seneca says (but nobody believes), that of old time balls of lead were sent from the sling so swiftly, that the rapid movement sometimes caused the lead to melt. Such was primitive artillery, and it remained for many centuries in use.

Half-savage men turn out in mass to fight their quarrels between tribe and tribe. From the days when the whole able-bodied male population rose in a crowd to represent its fighting power, we pass through the centuries to our own time. The complex system of civilised society compels nations to fight by trained armies, while the mass of their population labours on in trades, and arts, and sciences. It is now calculated that one man in a hundred may be spared to military service without hurt to other interests by the removal. In some of the small states of Greece twenty men in a hundred used to be employed as soldiers.

These also were the best men. The magistrates of Greece and Rome, in their ripe days, recruited the army with picked citizens. In the later and worse days of Rome, when large armies were earning little honour, slaves and criminals were added to the ranks; desertion was so frequent, that recruits were branded when enrolled; and the service was so hateful that men cut their thumbs off, to disqualify themselves. Thus it is that from the Latin for an amputated thumb we get the word poltroon.

Before the time of Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, the forces used throughout Greece were, in fact, militia. Philip, perceiving the use of a standing army, did not disband his troops if there occurred during his reign an interval of peace. His army was in this way made very competent to conquer the militias of the Greek republics and of Persia. The mass of a Greek army, in that day of its perfection, was divided into four parts, each forming what was called a phalanx. It presented the long spears—sixteen feet long—of the first six ranks of men against the shock of battle, so that every man in the front rank had six spear points to protect him from a charge. There was a rampart, too, of brazen scales formed by the shields of the phalanx, on which darts fell harmless. As a defensive position this was excellent; for attack, the phalanx was strong by its weight in a plain field, but not easily available for military tactics. The Greeks had little knowledge of the use of cavalry, although a small proportion of both heavy and irregular troops upon horseback formed part of their armies. Alexander, on landing in Asia, increased the proportion of cavalry in his army. Half-barbarous tribes, who know nothing of the order and discipline on which the strength of infantry depends, have preferred fighting on horseback. Scipio learnt from Hannibal the good use to which cavalry might be put in ancient war; and the invention of gunpowder, by enlarging the space of battle-grounds, created a new want of horses on the field.

It is said that Epaminondas at Leuctra was the first to depart from the primitive form of battle array, which struck one parallel line of fighting men against another, and so left the issue to be determined by a trial of strength extending down the whole length of the line. Epaminondas at Leuctra, being opposed to double numbers, would not risk a general attack in line, but multiplied the force of his extreme left, so that it formed, as it were, the head of a battering-ram, threw the rest into an oblique line, and so charging, broke through the Lacedemonian rank, which was defeated by assault in flank and rear. Various forms of such cunning belong to what is called the oblique order of battle, the object of which is to multiply the force of a blow against the most assailable part of the enemy's position, to effect a breach in his line, and overpower one part of his army before the other part can be brought to the rescue. How best to gain advantage over the state of equality implied by the parallel order of battle when numbers are equal, or the inferiority when he is outnumbered, is one problem to be solved by a good general. Alexander, with inferior numbers, won the battle of Issus by outflanking the left wing of the Persians. A Persian general with any head for strategy might easily have saved the kingdom of Darius. Alexander in Asia knew so little of the country that he marched into it as a bold leader—as Cortes marched into Mexico—not as a skilled master of the art of war. In India, he sometimes had gunpowder to contend against. Long before it was used in Europe, gunpowder was known in Asia. Probably Roger Bacon learnt the secret of it from the volumes of the Arabs. Yet the Asiatics, where we have not taught them better, are to this day using the old matchlock, while we talk of the Minié balls and Armstrong guns. Beside the Ganges, Alexander found the Onydracea, who "come not out to fight those who attack them, but those holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrow their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from their walls." They could repel attack "with storms of thunderbolts and lightning hurled from above."

The secret of this favour of the gods did not then find its way to Europe. There was no sixty-eight pound shot known to Vespasian, to do suddenly and easily the work of his great battering-ram, which could be drawn only by the labour of six hundred horses and mules and which required the utmost strength of fifteen hundred men to force it into use.

During the first five hundred years of Roman history, the constant wars were confined within the limits of Italy; there was much fighting, but no art in war.

The contest between Rome and Carthage first began to call forth military skill. The successes of the Carthaginians on the sea-coast compelled Rome to create a navy. The generalship of Hannibal, who was, as a strategist, far greater than Alexander, instructed Roman chiefs; and at last Hannibal was matched with a Scipio, who carried war into the enemy's quarters, fought and won scientific battles, parted his adversaries that he might beat them in detail, foiled their diplomacies, understood as well as Hannibal the power that lies in rapidity of movement, and got Roman soldiers to march, each man carrying fifty or sixty pounds' weight, eight leagues in five hours.

There was then, and had been, a general form of Roman battle array that has been preserved among armies of Europe to the present time. It was a drawing up of troops in three distinct lines: a front line, to commence the action; a second, not more than three hundred yards behind it, to support the first; a third beyond the range of battle, as the reserve, which the general held in hand to let loose at a decisive moment, and secure, if possible, the fortune of the day. Many battles have been decided by reserves, and victory is often with the general who is last to bring his reserve into action.

Marius abolished the three lines of the Roman army and divided it into cohorts, which gave to his force some of the mobility of modern troops.

The artillery of old consisted of arrows, of machines for firing great stones, or for forcing enormous weights in battery against town walls. Towns were defended by walls and towers with an outside ditch, wet if possible. Besiegers built movable towers to advance against them, overtopping them that they might pour their missiles down on the defenders, or level with them that they might grapple, throw across a wooden bridge, and pour their fighting men over the ramparts. They made, by trenching, their approaches to the besieged citadel, or they tried escalade by ladders with main force, or assaults and surprises upon weak points under cover of the night. Walls also were sapped. The place of the foundations removed, was supplied with wooden beams, until enough space had been undermined; fire was then put to the wood, and the walls fell. While this was being done, the defenders above, went fishing among their assailants with huge cranes for fishing-rods. After the wall had fallen, a defence of camp works might perhaps be found within the breach. Sieges were often long. As the Greeks were ten years before Troy, so were the Romans ten years before Veii.

Cæsar taught that a great general should seek to conquer rather by diplomacy than by the sword, and Roman precepts of war, added to a Treatise on the Military Art composed in the later days of the Roman Empire, contain such ideas as these: Try to reduce your enemy by want, by the terror of your arms, and by surprises, rather than by regular battles, for they are frequently decided by chance. The best projects are those which are kept hidden from the enemy. He who judges correctly of his own strength and of that of the enemy, is rarely beaten. Consult with several; decide with few men, or alone.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the foundations of the modern European states were laid in the midst of ignorance and tumult. War was not an art in the middle ages: or Charlemagne, with all his resources, would not have extended over thirty years his contest with the Saxons. Charlemagne maintained his conquests, defended his frontiers, and at the close of his reign saw chivalry established. Whatever may have been well represented by that institution, war as an art was entirely put out of account by it. Instead of combined movements skilfully arranged, a battle was, again, what it had been among the savages—a medley of duels; but it was of duels between men not free to move as the savage is, and as the good soldier ought to be, but shut up in metal fortresses, oppressed by their weight, and carried about heavily by horses further weighted with metal casings of their own. Knights in their armour had to be taken, as castles are taken, by assault and breach. If overthrown, however, they might lie helpless as turtles on their backs, for any villain to chop into with a hatchet. Froissart tells of a pope's nephew who was taken prisoner and killed for the sake of his shell of magnificent armour. The medley fight of horsemen, of all forms of battle, was the highest known to chivalry. The infantry was represented only by a confused rabble of unarmed serfs. Arrows and swords were weak weapons against impenetrable mail; the mace and hammer then became weapons of war; and it was sought to bend or break the casing, or to overthrow the knight by sapping his foundations, killing his horse under him. At Fuornova, the valets, seeing several Italian men-at-arms unhorsed and prostrate, used common hatchets to break upon the visors of their helmets. Comines adds, "They were very difficult to kill, so strong was their armour; and we should not have been able to kill any of them if there had not been several men to assist."

Chivalry was, at last, blown up by gunpowder. "It is a shame," said Bayard, of the arquebuse, "that a brave man should be exposed to be killed by a miserable fop." Montluc wished that the arquebuse had never been invented by the devil: "I should not bear the marks of it; and many brave and valiant men would not have been killed by poltroons, who shoot from a distance those they would not dare to face in fair combat."

It was among the Swiss, the people least affected by the love of chivalry, that the use of a regular infantry was restored in the fourteenth century. The Swiss infantry were pikemen whose efficiency soon became felt, and infantry columns became an important section of an army in the other lands of Europe: those in which chivalry had weakest hold being the earliest in their adoption. The English men-at-arms won Crecy on foot, with help from the cannon (there were four guns), then first brought into the field by the English. At Poictiers and Agincourt, again, our men-at-arms were made to fight on foot. The value of an organised infantry seemed instinctively to have been felt, and there was skill shown in the choice of fighting ground.

In thirteen hundred and twenty-seven, about twenty years before the battle of Crecy, the first use of guns is said to have been made in England, at the battle of Werewater. A hundred years later, portable fire-arms were invented by the Italians; but they were of course very cumbrous; while the great guns were so heavy and clumsy, that in Henry the Eighth's reign an English ship, under the weight of her ordnance,

went to the bottom, with her commander and six hundred men. The hand guns were used with a matchlock till the pyrites wheel lock was invented. Then came the firelock, a Dutch invention, which was not generally adopted in this country till Dutch William was on the throne, in about the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two.

That is enough to say in this place of the early history of guns. We go back to the art of war, which was revived especially by Prince Maurice of Nassau. When heading a people fighting for liberty, opposed to the best generals in Europe, he so disciplined and exercised his troops, that his camp was visited by men from all Protestant countries as the best known military school. Danes, Swedes, Protestant Frenchmen and Germans, Englishmen, and Scotchmen, were apprenticed to arms in the camp of Maurice; while the German Catholics, Italians, Sicilians, Poles, and Spaniards went to the Low Countries for the same purpose, and were taught in the camp of his adversary, the Marquis Spinola.

Then there was Gustavus Adolphus, who made for himself a scientific name in war. He perfected the spirit of subordination, increased the proportion of fire-arms, used lighter muskets, diminished the depth of the ranks, relieved the pikemen of their cuirass, and was the first man who put his soldiers in uniform.

Fire-arms now required supplies of ammunition. If a general could feed an army on the enemy, he could not raise powder and shot out of the soil. The necessity for preserving what is called a base of operations: that is to say, for keeping up a way of free access for supplies: now therefore becomes imperative, and adds to the demand for careful strategy. Gustavus was the first general who thoroughly appreciated this.

Battles, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, were usually fought as incidents in sieges, as accidents, as wilful challenges of strength; they were not critical and decisive parts of one great scheme of war. Turenne and Condé were the first to see that the taking and defending of fortresses may form but a secondary object in war, and that battles may be fought for greater ends. From their time, this knowledge advanced. Wellington and Blucher marched from Waterloo to Paris, indifferent to seventy-five fortresses that lay about their path, and unimpeded by them.

Again, cavalry had not been understood; they had been cumbered with fire-arms, and employed upon work proper for infantry. At Sintzheim we find Turenne using an oblique order of battle, placing platoons of musketeers between his squadrons, and ordering his cavalry to use only their swords.

The next pair of great scientific soldiers are Eugene and Marlborough, whom we find engaged in the war of the Spanish succession. In the battle of Blenheim, the capital errors of Marshal Tallard, the defeated general, against whom the best skill was brought, are said to have been no less than twelve; and Villeroi, at Ramilies, is said to have committed five blunders, any one of which was enough to secure his own defeat.

Then there is Eugene's famous flank march for the relief of Turin, when the French besieged it with a host of eighty thousand men.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden may have had more courage than skill. He is said to have neglected his base of operations. He was ruined, also, by a battle that he was not compelled to fight, and which it hardly would have been a gain to win.

At the beginning of the last century, musket and pike were blended in the bayonet: the effective force of infantry was thus greatly strengthened, while it was made much easier to handle.

Cavalry, in the first campaigns of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, approached the enemy, fired carbines, wheeled and returned to reload, or, if they charged sword in hand, it was at a trot with long intervals between the squadrons. Frederick the Great saw the strength of a shock of cavalry in close and heavy column hurled at full gallop against the hostile rank. The utmost use was made of the horse power, and then the horsemen in close conflict fought at an advantage with their swords. This implied, however, an exposure of the cavalry, which led Frederick to introduce the use of horse artillery. Of that arm, therefore, he is the founder. In his time, also, the invention of the iron ramrod by the Prince of Dessau, trifling matter as it seems, doubled the value of the fire of infantry.

In the days of Louis the Fourteenth, Vauban commenced his career as a lieutenant of infantry. He lived to be present at fifty-three sieges, and one hundred and forty well-contested actions. He remodelled more than three hundred ancient citadels, and built more than thirty fortresses. His is the first great name in the modern history of fortification, and his skill was especially remarkable in the employment of all natural aids towards the strength of the defences planned by him. At the siege of Namur, he was opposed by the Dutch Engineer Cohorn, whose name is borne by the mortars he invented.

Marshal Saxe entered the French service in seventeen twenty-two. He fought and won three battles, and he was the man who introduced the use of a regular cadence in marching.

To return to Frederick the Great. He won the battle of Leuthen by use of an oblique order of battle, artfully devised, and, indeed, practised a year before at Potsdam. The battle is said to begin a new epoch in military science, and has caused the theory of the oblique order to be ascribed to Frederick. Until that time it had been understood imperfectly; after that time it was for years the basis upon which every plan of a battle fought in Germany was formed.

We have to pause next at the name of Washington. One of the chief gains to the art of war, secured by the struggle in America, was a perception of the use of riflemen, who after-

wards were generally employed throughout Europe. There, in the mean time, the ways of Frederick the Great were being copied slavishly, down to the tight coats and pipeclay of the soldiers, until the time of Napoleon, who overset all dull tradition, and taught with a new vigour the value of swift secret movements working out large plans. After the affair of the bridge of Lodi, Napoleon, in going his rounds, asked an old Hungarian officer among the prisoners how matters went? Not very prosperously, it was owned; but, said the veteran, "it is impossible to comprehend anything now. We have to deal with a young general who is sometimes before us, sometimes behind, and then suddenly on our flanks. We do not know how to place ourselves. Such a manner of making war is intolerable, and violates all rule."

Suwarrow was a scientific soldier who was wise in strategy, but who said that his tactics were "Advance and strike." Of the campaigns of Wellington in India we need tell nothing. His antagonists thrive, only on their own system of war. When it was wished to draw Hyder Ali into a battle, he said, "Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost a thousand rupees a horse, against your cannon-balls which cost twopence? No! I will march your troops until your legs become the size of your bodies; you shall not have a drop of water or a blade of grass. I will give you battle, but it must be when I please, not when you please."

No matter when; the truest general leads the best men and must be victor. In illustration of the skill of Wellington, there is the well-known anecdote that at Salamanca, after thirty days' manœuvring of both the French and English armies, he one day suddenly turned to his generals and said, "Now I have them!" Whereupon, the field was won.

We have all seen by what wise strategy, revolt was quelled, even yesterday, in India by British hands, under the guidance of good British heads.

But, how is it to be henceforward with war? "In ancient times," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "a general at one hundred and sixty or two hundred yards from the enemy ran no danger, and could conveniently direct the movements of his army. In modern times, a general placed at eight hundred or a thousand yards [but in these times we are to say, placed three or four miles away] is in the midst of the enemy's batteries; and although so much exposed, he is still at such a distance that many movements of the enemy must escape his notice. It hardly ever happens that he is not obliged to approach within range of small-arms. Modern arms have more or less effect according as they are well placed; a battery which commands, or enfilades, may decide the fate of an action. The fields of battle are also now more extensive, which makes it necessary to study a greater extent of ground." The general of generals at this day, when the carrying power and precision of fire-arms has been multiplied so strangely, must indeed be as a Morphy among chess-players—able to work out half a dozen problems with his back turned to the players. Possibly, one issue of the changes may really be in the contrary direction, and it may happen that the fate of a field will now more frequently be decided by the ability of a great number of combatants. More may be left to captains acting with an independence not allowed to them while the general's eye could run at a glance over all parts of the field.

TRADE SONGS. THE FIDDLER.

My fiddle and I we are ancient friends;
We trudge thro' the hot and the frosty weather.
We have little of music, save odds and ends,
That we now and then struggle to patch together.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And through the busy towns we go,
Freighted with many a merry tale,
And many a song that sweetens woe.

My fiddle's my friend: In peace, in strife,
In poverty, still companion ever;
It cheers my trouble, has shared my life,
In hunger and want the unfailing giver.

It opens its heart to the rich and poor;
To sorrow it yieldeth its tenderest measure;
In the carpeted room, on the sanded floor,
From the labouring clown to the lord at leisure.

It mimics my lady who sings and smiles;
The plover's cry; and the witches' chorus;
The parrot; the cat on the midnight tiles;
And the croak of the raven that travelleth o'er us

My friend, I never will part with thee!
On the homeless road, or the mountain heather,
Whatever the fate shall fall on me,
Thou and I will be found together!

SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

In lonely room, half lit by the midnight oil,
Four sister spinners plied their nightly toil,
With haggard eyes, thin lips, and wrinkled skin,
They looked the Furies that they were within;
On the grim walls their spectre shadows hung,
While thus, with jeering voice, they hoarsely sung:

FIRST SPINNER.

Twine the flax, oh, pretty flax,
Thou shalt be hidden in wax;
Thou shalt rise a blazing torch,
Fit for lamp or palace porch;
Thou shalt look on mighty things,
Noble eyes,—perhaps a king's!
Draw the threads, twist the twine,
Whose bright labour equals mine?

SECOND SPINNER.

Weave the flax, oh, honest flax,
Thou shalt ride on peasants' backs.
Not a London blight shall smutch thee,
Not a footman slave shall clutch thee;
But, as sweet as hawthorn air,
Thou shalt be the peasants' wear.
Twine the thread, twist the twine,
Whose sweet labour equals mine?

THIRD SPINNER.

Weave the woof, ply the looms,
This shall lie in lordly rooms.

Dainty feet shall tread upon it,
Not a peasant e'er shall don it;
Not a beggar e'er shall bless it
For its warmth, or child caress it.
Twine the thread, twist the twine,
Whose proud labour equals mine?

FOURTH SPINNER.

Twist the hempen: thou shalt deck,
Pretty cord, a felon's neck;
Be thou hard, and rough, and long,
And (be sure of 't) *very* strong;
If thou show'st a failing thread,
Poor man, he may bruise his head.
Felon's twine's the honest twine,
What are all your deeds to mine?

OUT OF THE WORLD.

Is it an intention of excessive private joviality, of much quiet feasting and fun which will never be heard of up in town, that leads me on this Christmas-eve, of all days in the year, to absent myself from my domestic hearth, the roast chesnuts, steaming punch, blindman's-buff, lady's trencher, how when and where, general hilarity, unmitigated fatigue, and long night's rest? Is this visit which I am about to pay to a lone monastery, situated far away in a desolate part of the country, dictated by a natural curiosity, a proper and commendable thirst for information, or have I been beguiled by the entrancing lyric of the bacchanalian poet? Have I any unuttered hopes that the monks with whom I am about to spend my Christmas-eve will be legitimate successors of the monastics of old; will they laugh "Ha! ha!" shall I see them quaff "Ha! ha!" (whatever beverage that may be); and shall I partake of the merriest cheer? Will the meek abbot with his sleek form take his seat with a smiling face at the summons of the refection bell, will they indulge in perpetual bouts at quarter-staff like so many Friar Tucks, and will their larder be filled with such noble game as Sir Edwin Landseer has pictorially assured me was kept in stock at Bolton Abbey? Will my annual revel on this festive night be exchanged for one even more jovial, and more intensely exciting, because, hitherto, entirely unknown and unexpected? I cannot say, but another twenty-four hours will enable me satisfactorily to answer the question, so, speed thee, Hansom cabman, haste thee to posit me at Euston-square, the starting-point of my journey, my destination being Out of the World!

Not out of the world on the railway platform, where the din is louder, the confusion is greater, the porters are hotter, the guards more irritable, the luggage-barrows more heavily laden, the male passengers more ravenous for newspapers, the female passengers more helplessly imbecile, than on any of the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year; where rosy-cheeked, home-going schoolboys, with fingers already knuckle-deep in the trenches of pork pie, although only bound for Wolverton, persist in occupying carriages distinctly labelled for Leeds; and where the perspiring face of the luggage-inspector alone is seen above the gabions and counterscarps of oyster barrels with which he is surrounded. Not out of the world on the road down to Buffborough; not out of the world at Buffborough itself; at which station I alight, and where I am received by a young man dressed from head to foot in sombre black, of the ordinary cut, who suggests the advisability of my dining at the Bull's Head, before we start on our eight miles journey across country. Utterly ordinary and unexciting the dinner at the said inn, where convivial farmers are "keeping it up" in the room overhead, clinking glasses, roaring out their orders, and singing such long choruses as only are heard in similar places. All my adventures hitherto had been of the most common-place description; when should I achieve the object I had in view, when should I feel myself really Out of the World?

I have been speculating during dinner as to what sort of vehicle will be provided to carry me to the monastery. I expect something quaint, odd, curious; a tumbril, perhaps, driven by a novice, and drawn by a fat, lazy, do-nothing horse. I am disappointed when, my sombre-clad friend telling me that all is ready, and ushering me to the door, I find there a very neat phaeton, hired from the inn, and driven by the stereotyped flyman of my infancy, who talks of the horse's pedigree and performances, how he'd been out all night a'most, waiting for a party at a ball at the Grange, where they did keep it up, sure-ly; and how, when young Lord Stampfoot were in the county, he du allays dry-aive this grey in a team of fower, and how also *he* kep' it up, sure-ly.

I begin to grow a little more romantic when we turn out of the main road, and proceed along what is little better than a bridle-path, worn by the long-continued rain, and intersected with deep ruts; high on either side rise green banks topped with a few scattered shrubs, bending mournfully in the wind which now blows across the dreary landscape in fitful gusts. Twilight has deepened into dark, when, on gaining the brow of a hill, my conductor points out to me a building, known as St. Joseph's House, and used for the reception of guests—when, as is occasionally the case, the monastery is filled. I begin to feel that my journey has not been in vain, when we drive through a private gate along a path where the evergreens form a continuous arch above our heads—when I catch a glimpse of a huge mass of rock surmounted by a tall cross—when we finally draw up before a heavy Gothic building, in the large porch of which stands a monk, a bonâ fide monk, with close-cropped hair, long white flannel robe and cowl, dark scapulary, and all monastic appurtenances fitting. He welcomes me warmly, offers me refreshment, and then, ushering me to my bedroom, leaves me to get rid of the dust accumulated in the journey.

My monastic cell is a neat, compact little room, looking anything but cheerless in the ruddy glow of the wood fire which sparkles between the "dogs" of an old-fashioned open fireplace; the whitewashed walls are hung with a few pictures of saints and martyrs, each frame bearing its appropriate sprig of holly; there is a little bookcase, well stocked with religious works: a standing oak reading-desk, and a very clean-looking bed opening out of an oaken press. The dead silence is at first painfully oppressive to my worldly ear, but it must be favourable to meditation, I suppose; for, in a few minutes, I find myself seated on the bed and deep in reverie. Last night, I was at the theatre, joining in a laughing chorus some two thousand strong. Where am I now? In a cold, grey building, situated in the midst of the wildest forest scenery, and inhabited by a few men, who exist indeed, but can be scarcely said to live: men whose every thought tends but to one end, the oblivion of their present, the improvement of their future state; whose hearts thrill to no human passions; to whose ears, even the faintest rumours of wondrous events convulsing thrones and nations, never reach; whose life is one long scene of self-mortification and humiliation; whose death-bed is cheered by no loved presence. His vows once uttered, the cowl and scapulary once donned, nothing remains to him who, perhaps from disappointment, perhaps from some better motive, renounces that world, but the "set grey life and apathetic end," the constant silence broken but in prayer, the one daily meal sufficient but scarcely more than sufficient to keep up life, the long-continued vigil, the straw pallet, and the nameless grave.

A tap at the door rouses me from my reverie, and, opening it, I find my friend, the monk, outside. He is the guest-master: by name Father Lawrence: the only member of the community, besides the abbot and the prior, on whom the vow of perpetual silence is not binding.

I have never seen a sweeter expression of face; slightly worn, slightly ascetic, but, when he smiles, his grey eyes light up, his white teeth gleam, and he is the embodiment of good-humour. Again he proffers refreshment, and on my again declining it, proposes that we should set out to the reformatory, where service is about to be performed by the abbot. Of course I agree, and we start. I have on, a heavy night coat, which has seen much rough work; but my companion makes no addition to his dress beyond pulling his cowl over his head; he tells me that custom had rendered him indifferent to cold, and, lantern in hand, he tramps on manfully over the stiff furrows of a ploughed field, and through lakelets of standing water.

A quarter of an hour's walking, on the father's part, and a quarter of an hour's feeble struggling on mine, brings us to the reformatory, where are two hundred Roman Catholic boys, all of whom have been criminally convicted, and are here passing the term of their imprisonment in being educated and taught the means of earning a livelihood instead of, as in old times, consorting with Thomas Idle and his comrades, and envying the exploits of Captain Macheath. Games are going on as we enter, and the large court-yard is ringing with merriment; but, no sooner are we perceived than the game is broken up, and, with loud shouts, all the players rush towards my companion, pressing round him, calling out his name, seizing his hand, literally striving to "touch the hem of his garment;" never have I seen such enthusiasm and affection! They are only brought back to reason, by the sound of a bell, and the warning voices of the monitors calling upon them to "fall in!" in regular military order, and to march up to their chapel, some five minutes distant.

Father Lawrence and I bring up the rear of the long procession. As we walk, he tells me of the success of the institution; how they have never yet failed in any of the cases entrusted to them; how, when the boys are first brought over in charge of the policemen immediately after their sentence, they look upon the removal of the handcuffs as the primary recognition of their human condition; how, from that time forth, day by day they soften and humanise. This reformatory is the father's hobby, that is easily seen; as he talks of it his eyes glisten, and his gestures become more and more animated. Here, he tells me, he spends every spare moment of his life, and here, among these boys, for whose good he has laboured, he would wish to die. He is specially excited to-night, for, at his own cost—or, rather, at the cost of his friends, for these monks renounce all separate fortune, and have but one common purse—he has presented the boys' chapel with a new and splendid image of the Virgin Mary, which the abbot is to consecrate at the ensuing service, and he begs me press forward, that we may be in time for the ceremony.

When we arrive at the chapel—a large plain building, with a railed-off altar at the far end, and a vestuary immediately inside the entrance-door—we find every seat filled by the boys; but my conductor having been whispered to by a lay brother in attendance, tells me that the abbot wishes to speak to me, and leads me to the robing-room. I am somewhat taken aback on finding my hand cordially shaken by a middle-aged, stout, genial gentleman, who warmly welcomes me, deplores the bad weather, hopes I had a pleasant journey, and who, but for his dress, might be a country member of the Conservative Club, whom I have come to visit for a week's shooting.

The service is ended, the boys have returned in procession to their playground, and I am standing by Father Lawrence, inquiring into various details of the place, when he suddenly staggers and recovers himself by grasping my shoulder. A little boy to whom he has been speaking is advancing towards him, and I imagine that this sudden movement is mere playfulness on his part directed towards the child, when, on

glancing at him, I perceive that his face is deadly white. I ask him if he feels faint, and he replies, endeavouring to smile, "I have a curious sensation which I never had before. You must excuse me for——" That sentence is never finished; those words are the last that the thin lips ever frame! He reels as he speaks, and falls heavily into my arms. I catch him, and bear him to the nearest room—the kitchen—where I lay him on a long wooden dresser and summon help. A few persons come at my call; the prior, two or three lay brothers, and finally an old monk, who is supposed to have some knowledge of medicine. A death-like pallor has come over the face of the stricken man; his lips are blue, his mouth is set and rigid; the old monk loosens his gown, chafes his hands and temples, gives me one rapid and meaning look; a minute afterwards the prediction contained in that glance is fulfilled, and Father Lawrence is dead! An hour since, and he was expressing his hope that he should die amongst the boys: now, the hum and bustle of the playground swell upon us as, lying in the midst of us, he passes Out of the World.

So inexpressibly shocked and horrified am I at this event (it being my first experience of sudden death, and indeed almost of death in any shape), that I pass the remainder of the night in a kind of dream, in which but one recollection is boldly prominent, and that is my astonishment at the apathy of all the dead man's comrades. A young man, apparently in full health, is struck down, and with less than five minutes' warning is numbered with the dead, and scarcely the least sign of sorrow, or even of surprise, is exhibited by those among whom several years of his life have been passed. This is perhaps the result of that strict and desperate training, which is the groundwork of the Cistercian system, "Frère, il faut mourir!" "Hélas, mourir il faut!" The repetition of these and similar sentences, the constant expectation of the end which is looked forward to as the release and the crowning glory, the daily sermons on the uncertainty of life, the half-dug grave in the churchyard always yawning for the coming occupant,—all these things tend doubtless to familiarise the monks with the King of Terrors, as neither to be wondered nor grieved at. Certain it is that within a very short time after its occurrence this event is to all outward seeming dismissed from their minds, and the ordinary solemn, silent, prosaic routine is renewed. We, who were present at the decease, kneel round the dead body while the prior offers up a prayer for the repose of the departed soul; at its conclusion he and I start off to the monastery across the dull, dank, teeming fields through which I so lately passed with the dead man. My companion is silent, and I am too much occupied with my own thoughts to wish for conversation. Try all I will, I cannot blot out that calm, settled, rigid face, from my memory, or shut it from my sight. It rises before me, ever fresh and new, and its association with the monkish garb is so vivid, and my relations with it have been so recent and so brief, that I cannot dissuade myself that the events of the last hour have been visionary, and that the form now walking by my side is that which accompanied me to the reformatory.

On our arrival at the monastery I am shown to the guest chamber, and there left to my own reflections, the naturally sombre hue of which is increased by my solitude and by the dead silence reigning around. For more than an hour, I remain brooding over the embers of a wood fire, flickering away, until I am roused by the entrance of an old man in the lay brothers' habit, who tells me he has been sent by the abbot to conduct me through the building. Still in a dream, I follow him along cold, whitewashed, stone-paved corridors and up gloomy stairs; in a dream I pass into the refectory (refectory, Heaven save the mark! where one daily meal of bread-and-water is the sole allowance), and thence into the dormitories, where I find many useful inventions for the effectual prevention of sleep—such as straw pallets, very short bedsteads, and, above all, an overpowering closeness and odour. Thence into the chapel, where the monks are assembling to celebrate high mass, and where what little glimmering of reason I have retained, leaves me at once.

For, I am stationed in a gallery of which I am the sole occupant, whence I look upon a scene that assuredly does not appear to have the slightest connexion with the nineteenth century. Before me, is a large altar, decorated in the gayest manner, and illuminated by enormous candlesticks, bearing gigantic wax candles. Here stands the abbot in his fullest robes, while in seats on either side, similar to the prebendal stalls in our cathedrals, are the monks in their light-brown habits and their dark cowls and scapularies; immediately beneath me are the dark-robed lay brethren; throughout the building, I am the only person in anything approaching to ordinary modern dress. Now, worn out by the events of the day, and entirely overcome by the strangeness of the scene going on before my eyes, I completely renounce my identity, disclaim any connexion with my past or future, and become a mere passive but interested spectator of the proceedings; now, I gaze in dreamy wonder on bowings and genuflexions, on the swinging to and fro of incense-laden censers; now, I listen to monotonous chanting of the monks, through which I hear the iron tones of midnight clanging from a neighbouring clock. Midnight! In the world to-night, the signal for an outburst of extra geniality, for hand-grasping and "merry-Christmas" wishing!

And even here, Out of the World, the solemn hour has its distinctive character; for, as the last stroke vibrates through the building, the service is ended, and the abbot, turning to the prior who bends reverently before him, raises him up and salutes him on the cheek with what is called among them as the "kiss of peace." This ceremony is repeated by the prior to the oldest of the monks, by him to the next in

seniority, and so on one from the other, until not only the entire monkish community but the lay brethren, and a certain selection from the boys in the reformatory, have received and bestowed this Christian greeting. Then, the chapel is gradually emptied, the lights (with the exception of some three or four in the immediate vicinity of the altar), are extinguished, and, looking down into the gloom, I find that I in my gallery, and eight monks, four on either side the altar, are the only occupants of the building. The echoes of the last footsteps die away, the door immediately beneath me shuts with a heavy clang, and the four monks on the right hand burst into a monotonous chant—a rapid and slurred delivery of Latin words, with a very deep bass, and a very shrill treble for the penultimate and final notes—which I regard as the most dismal and appalling vocal exercise I have ever listened to; until the four monks on the left-hand side take up the burden, and prove themselves infinitely more discordant. I sit and listen to this chanting, until a disagreeable feeling arises in me that I have been forgotten, and may probably have to pass the remainder of the night in the gallery: a circumstance which would be the more uncomfortable, as the only chance of my spending my Christmas at home, lies in my catching the mail-train at Buffborough: for which poor Father Lawrence told me he had provided, but which may now be overlooked. At length, however, after groping about and making many vain attempts to discover any outlet, I am joined by one of the lay brethren, who conducts me to the guest-chamber, which I reach in safety, with no other incident on the way than that, as we pass through the corridor leading to the chapel, I hear a measured tramp of footsteps, and, looking up, see four men approaching, bearing between them on an open bier the body of their dead comrade.

In the light of a blazing fire, the snug, warm guest-chamber looks doubly inviting when contrasted with the cold and darkness from which I have emerged. I am here joined by the abbot, withwhom I have a long conversation, principally, of course, concerning the melancholy event of the night. I learn that Father Lawrence had always a predisposition to disease of the heart, and that, on the day of his death, he had undergone some extra excitement, in his anxiety that the consecration of the image of the Virgin should go off well. Further, I learn that he had often expressed the greatest horror of lingering illness, and the miseries too frequently attendant on physical decay; these have been mercifully spared him, and his two chief wishes, that his death should be sudden, and that it should take place among the boys, have been fulfilled.

The sound of wheels grating on the gravel warns me that the time for my departure has arrived, and I take leave of the abbot, who, in his farewell, expresses many kind wishes that I shall come at some more favourable season, and renew my intercourse with the order. Perhaps I may; for, though I was enabled to see but little of the ordinary lives and habits of those monks, never were the events of any twelve hours so firmly impressed on my mind as those which I spent Out of the World.

HAUNTED LONDON.

THE GHOST OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THERE is no ghost, among all the ghosts haunting London, that we oftener meet at night, just by the black mud-splashed arch of Temple Bar, than old Samuel Johnson's.

When the sooty orifice that cabs and omnibuses are all day threading, is visited at the small hours by lurid glimpses of the Fleet-street moon; when St. Clement's clock is striking, we will not say what, and white as snow shines the pointing hand of James the First from his niche above the ebon gateway; and when the prim, fish-headed statue of Queen Elizabeth on the Temple side, is dark in shadow as a female mute; then I meet my burly ghost with the little shrivelled scorched wig and the inked ruffles. Then, when the moon shows her silver disk, and the glass windows of the upper room where Messrs. Child keep their banking ledgers, look dim, semi-transparent, and solemn as the windows of some mortuary chapel, the sturdy ghost rolls through to revisit his old haunts.

I will follow the great lexicographer in the knee-breeches and deep flapper waistcoat, to all his old Strand lodgings and old club haunts, whether up silent courts, where your footfall sounds loud in the silence, or into sawdust-strewn taverns, where the portraits of extinct waiters are over the mantelpiece, and the cry is "Stale or household?" "Old or mild, sir?" "One chop and follow!" and other still more abbreviated inquiries and signals. Or, we shall trace him up the black common stair of chambers to the double door and the room strewn with books, paper, and crushed quills—rooms with smoked ceilings and wainscoted walls, long since passed into air? Nor must we forget to walk round St. James's-square, as he and that vagabond poet, Savage, once did all night for lack of a lodging.

It becomes me at this season, to think how that John Bushnell, the architect who carried out Wren's design and built this gateway, has been gone to dust exactly one hundred and fifty-eight years, and as I muse over the not uncommon lot of John Bushnell, who built a gateway, who died and was forgotten, I follow the burly ghost of the son of the poor Lichfield bookseller that just now rolled through, as he was wont years ago at such hours, returning from his club in some of the side streets of the Strand, to his lonely lodgings in the Temple or Bolt-court, thinking of Boswell, and of Reynolds the painter's ear-trumpet, of Burke the orator's spectacles, or Gibbon the historian's snuff-box, and of some of his own solemn sledge-hammer repartees, beginning, "Why, sir?" or "No, sir," or "What then, sir," with which he had felled his conversational antagonists. I am so near the ghost that I can see his dirty large hands, bitten nails, scrofula-

scarred face, brown coat, black worsted stockings, and breeches loose at the knees. Perhaps, with rolling eyes and convulsively twitching mouth, he is repeating to himself those solemn lines of his poem on London, which he had founded on such bitter experience:

> This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
> Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;

or he is, with sarcastic smile, chewing the cud of that cruel definition in his Dictionary, so inhuman when we consider his young Scotch friend Boswell's feelings:

> Oats, a grain that the English feed their horses with, and the Scotch their men.

Thanks, I say loudly, to that self-immolating biographer of the doctor's, Boswell, that "dunce, parasite, and coxcomb," as one of his commentators calls him; that standing Scotch bore who was laughed at in St. James's-street, sneered at in the Temple, and despised everywhere; who kept for years like a spaniel, or a toadying poor relation, at the elbow of the great doctor; who submitted patiently to hurricanes of laughter, hailstorms of sarcasm, and pelting rains of insolence, so that he could keep his note-book open and take down the aphorisms of the great club lawgiver he idolised, and whose fame he hoped to share, however humbly! Thanks, I say, to this industrious, intellectual serf, this unpaid helot, we know the minutest virtues and weaknesses of the ponderous doctor, who has left such clear footprints of his on these oblong London stones.

As we follow that ghost about his London haunts we feel, as we watch his broad back, that we know almost more about him than we do about our own father; we know that in Bolt-court, number eight, on the right hand, opposite the Bolt-in-Tun, is where he lived for seven years, where his ghost most delights to haunt. There he kept his cat Hodge, who put up his back and purred much like other cats, and whom he was anxious should not be shot. There, on the ground-floor, lived his pensioner, blind Mrs. Williams, who used to tell if the tea-cups were full enough by sounding them with her snuffy, shrivelled fingers: much to the horror of Miss Reynolds and Mrs. Piozzi, the shrewd brewer's widow, who shocked everybody by marrying an Italian master. Here was the little garden that the great author of Rasselas loved to watch and nurture; and here were two floors piled with his books, and only a way in one place for his study, where he could fret, and think, and brood, and storm as he liked. Here, within reach of the pleasant friendly roar of Fleet-street, that he loved, then waited on by his negro servant Frank Barber, and the old, decayed, taciturn surgeon Mr. Levett, used to sit the lawgiver of the club, hoarding up mysterious scraps of orange-peel, eating veal-pie and plums, till perspiration dropped from his forehead; sleeping late and then repenting it; praying, resolving, twitching, grunting, shaking his head, puffing, blinking, teazing Goldsmith and snubbing Boswell; in a word, turning out down the court, wig hind before and stockings down, amid the clamour of boys and wonder of chairmen, to hand Mrs. Montague or bewitching Miss Burney to her carriage. Here it was, too—in this quiet harbour of a court, where we put, as into a haven, from the cataract of coaches in Fleet-street, their thunder and tearing trample; in the back room of the first floor of the now vanished house—that the doctor surrendered his poor soul to Him who gave it. Here, to this quiet Bolt-court came the great Burke and Langton, and all the club, to bid farewell to the dying man, to shake his pale hand; and here Reynolds promised him that he would read the Bible, and never paint any more on Sundays. Here, in the vanished house, he said, in his grand, unchangeable manner, to the preternaturally solemn doctor, who felt his purse and shook his head, "No, sir, I am not better; you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death." Here, as he opened his last note, he said, "We shall receive no letters in the grave." Here, he was glad to know he would be buried in the Abbey; here, on Monday, the 13th of December, at seven o'clock in the evening, he passed away so softly, that the watchers in his room did not know he had left them for another world. Here, was with him no departing wrestle for life, no agonising struggle and clinging to the sharp edge of the grave. And let us, before we leave Bolt-court and push off for another haunt of the great Lichfield man's, execrate the memory of that ruthless printer who pulled down the house where Johnson died, erecting another, which, by a just retribution, was eaten up indignantly, by fire, one November night in 1807.

There is scarcely one of the streets leading from the Strand down to the river—which, with rusted railings at the ends of them, and ghostly glimpses, at dusk, of giant shot-towers and bridges of lamps—has not some memory of Johnson, or has not echoed with his heavy tread. In quiet John-street, Adelphi, in the Society of Arts, for instance, and the council-room hung round with the great allegorical pictures by that wonderful, mad, quarrelsome, Irish painter, Barry, painted by him for nothing, at a time he was all but starving—there, amongst naked Grecian striplings, nymphs, Dr. Burney in his wig, Captain Cook, and Raleigh, is the doctor's portrait. He sat for it; and here you may detect, among gods and goddesses, his purblind eyes, querulous mouth, elevated eyebrows, and square, lined forehead. Here he enunciated his tremendous abhorrence of Whig, Scotchman, and foreigner. Here, in the green-room, Goldsmith once got up to address the learned Society, and, after floundering, blundering, and stammering, sat down in vexed confusion; and here Johnson spoke once on some subject relative to mechanics, with all the clearness and vigour for which he was renowned.

Let us push on for Bedford-street. It was when living in this street, at a house opposite

Henrietta-street, that the great doctor used to visit the father of the great orator Sheridan, the Irish oratorical lecturer. It was at a drawing-room window of this house that Sheridan—the man whom Johnson despised and Foote ridiculed—and a friend, stood one afternoon, with an opera-glass, watching for the learned doctor, who was expected to dinner. Presently he loomed through the grey blue of the London distance, large, cumbrous, and Cyclopean, and they "made him out," as the sailors call it, working along with a solemn deportment, and an awkward, measured step. There was at that time no side pavement of level broad flags, but there were stone posts at intervals, to guard foot-passengers from carriages. Upon every post the two friends in the window—dull, fluent Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Whyte the short-sighted—saw the doctor lay his hand; and if he missed one, he would go on a trifle, then stop, and seem to recollect and be troubled, and go back, to complete the ceremony. This strange, morbid, hypochondriac ceremonial was one Mr. Sheridan said the doctor, in that street at least, always performed.

We will follow the great lexicographer's ghost to Bow-street, where the doctor once lived for a short time; where all the great actors and authors had lived when the place was fashionable, and before that terrible, black, hearse-like prisoners' van appeared there daily like a spectre's coach. This was in his rough days, when he was drudging for Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, tramping out perpetually to St. John's Gate, in Clerkenwell, to see him, and dine there behind a screen, that hid his shabbiness from Cave's tradesmen guests. Now, as we walk up Oxford-street, escaping with difficulty at Regent-circus being trampled to death by Lord Peabody's silver-plated greys, watching the Lady Smalltalk getting out at the fashionable bonnet-shop, where the windows are a perfect flower-bed of spring ribbons, it is hard to recal the simple days when Johnson brought here his wife Zetty, from Lichfield: the fat, red-cheeked, affected woman whom Garrick used to mimic.

No reasonable ghost doing it quietly could visit all Johnson's haunts in one night, between sunset and cock-crow. For instance, now breaking erratically down from Oxford Market, and omitting many Johnson-haunted spots, I must get again into Johnson's favourite river street, the Strand, and go to Exeter-street, where, in a lofty garret at the house of a certain Norris, and staymaker, he lodged when he first came to town. He had left the fair widow he had married in Lichfield—had given up his detested school where the merciless boys used to watch and laugh at him through key-holes, and had come up to London with his pupil Garrick, who loved, ridiculed, and feared him—to push his fortune as a writer. Here, then, in this Venetian street, looking out on the water, glittering under the sun and leaden under the shadow, lived the struggler; remarkable at the eightpenny ordinary at the Pine Apple in New-street where he dined, for his gaunt, lank form and scarred twitching face; but more for his learning and conversational powers, his sledge-hammer answers and pistol-shot repartees. For some time he lived on fourpence-halfpenny a day, and paid visits on clean-shirt days only. He abstained from wine, and waited bravely for sunshine; though a bookseller, looking at his broad shoulders, did tell him that he had better buy a porter's knot. He met "very good company" at the Pine Apple, in New-street, Covent Garden; for, though no one knew his neighbour's name, some had travelled. "It used to cost the rest," the doctor related, proudly, in after life at great tables, Boswell waiting at his elbow with his greedy note-book, and Reynolds ready with his receptive ear-trumpet and watchful glittering spectacles—"it used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served: nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." Part of that ponderous tragedy, Irene, which led him a year afterwards to frequent the green-room in a suit of scarlet and gold lace of extraordinary splendour, was written in this healthy garret, in the street where Exeter House once stood; where Earl Cecil, son of the celebrated Burleigh, who once nodded his head to some effect, lived; and when the street was ever rustling with satin, and there was perpetual grinding by of gilded coaches, and putting off of silk-canopied boats to Elizabeth's palaces, right or left, of Greenwich and Whitehall.

But, we must go nearer the black dome, to another river-side garret of the great man's, and see him with his scorched wig (for he was short-sighted, and was always singeing it by reading with a candle held too close), in Gough-square, Fleet-street. Here in the Dictionary time—in a sort of rude counting-house, with his five Scotch and one English secretaries and copyists—he boasted that he (one Englishman) was doing what it had taken forty French Academicians to do.

It was at this time that the great doctor organised a club in Ivy-lane, Newgate-street, every Tuesday evening, at the King's Head Beef-steak House: a club which he tried to re-organise the year before his death, till he found to his regret that the landlord was dead and the house shut up. The members were merchants, booksellers, physicians, and dissenting ministers. Here, while the steak bubbled, or the chop hissed, spat, and flared, Johnson beat down his adversaries with his conversational club, talking more for victory than truth: now, denying that a country's luxury increased with its riches: now, that card-playing was an increasing vice: now, asserting that good, and now that evil, predominated in the world.

He, of all great men, was a tavern haunter, as Dryden had been, and as Addison had been. He used to praise the civility of the waiters, the beaming welcome of the landlord, the promptness of the attendance, the readiness of the company to be pleased. "Here, sir," he said, "I dogmatise

and am contradicted, and I love this conflict of intellect and opinion."

It was in that airy haunt in Gough-street that Johnson, waited on by the poor Dominie Sampson of a doctor whom he pensioned, used to hold his morning levees of all sorts of incongruous people—kind gentle Mr. Langton, the young dissipated beau who decoyed the doctor into Covent-garden revels; Garrick, the actor; Dodsley, the printer, once a footman; Strahan, the printer; Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill; and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary of Cork-street, with whom he had planned an expedition to Ireland that never took place.

Here, to this famous and honoured garret came those friends of the club, till one settled here, and another there; till one died, and another went abroad, and Ivy-lane no longer echoed with the stentorian wisdom of that voice. It must have been affecting—that gathering of the survivors of the old club—years afterwards at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's-churchyard, one December afternoon at half-past three. The old doctor himself wrote about it to tripping Mrs. Thrale, and said pathetically enough, "We had not met together for thirty years, and one of us thought the others grown very old. Our meeting may be supposed to be somewhat tender." They had coffee after dinner, and broke up at ten. In another letter he says of the survivors of that dinner, "We were as cheerful as ever, but he could not make quite so much noise, for since the paralysis his voice had been sometimes weak." They must have been "clubbable" men, those survivors, to enjoy that thoughtful evening, the anniversary of thirty years' buried joys, affections, and hopes.

Another of the doctor's clubs was in one of his favourite river-side streets, Essex-street, at the Essex Head, now number forty, where, in 1783, the kind doctor established a club for the benefit of "Sam Greaves," an old servant of his friend Mr. Thrale. They met three times a week: "the terms low, the expenses light," said the doctor. He who misses forfeits twopence. Each man was president in turn, and the waiter's fee was a penny. Barry was a member, but Sir Joshua Reynolds was afraid of Barry, and would not join. Bozzy was there, note-taking as usual.

All these clubs, whether in Essex-street, Strand, or Old-street, St. Luke's; whether they were formed of mathematical tailors or young physicians; fade away before the club—Johnson's special haunt—THE CLUB held at the Turk's Head in Gerrard-street, Soho, and founded, in 1764, in the street where Dryden had once lived, and where James the First's unlucky son Prince Henry, built a house. It was started by the great painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, originally consisted of ten members, and met every Friday at seven for supper. Here, Sir John Hawkins, that wrong-headed member, quarrelled with Burke; here, Goldsmith tried to elbow in his jokes; and here Reynolds shifted his ear-trumpet and took snuff. Here, comes Johnson from his room in Johnson's-court, or from his bottle of port and talk about the Hebrides with Boswell at the Mitre, in Fleet-street. It was to this club that Boswell, who had been fidgeting all the evening while talking to Lady Di. Beauclerk for fear he should be rejected, was taken; and to the Turk's Head, where Johnson, leaning over a chair as if he was leaning from a pulpit, delivered him a mock charge as to his duties as a good fellow and a clubbable man. Here the doctor enunciated all his prejudices, his hatred of furious Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Whigs, Dissenters, Fielding's novels, and his love of city life, tavern, club, good haters. Here he preached and thundered, teased Garrick, and confuted Gibbon, lamented Goldsmith's death, and railed at Wilkes, the despot and autocrat on Friday nights.

But, one of the greatest haunts of Johnson was the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street. He seems, in 1763, when Boswell knew him, to have been perpetually there. "When I go up that quiet cloistered court, running up like a little secure haven from the stormy ocean of Fleet-street, and see the doctor's gnarled bust on the bracket above his old hat, I sometimes think the very waistcoat must still be impregnated by the fumes of his seething punch-bowls." At this time the doctor used to leave his chambers in Inner Temple-lane, lately pulled down, at four in the afternoon, and never go home again till two in the morning, afraid of solitude and the blue-devils that lurked in those old Temple rooms waiting his return. The first meeting of Boswell and Johnson in that low-roofed mouldy hostelrie was arranged by Bozzy, who had heard that the Mitre was a place of frequent resort with the doctor, who used to sit there late. Boswell, a young man about town, wishing to get into the Foot Guards, but determining, at his crabbed shrewd old father's wish, to go to Utrecht and study law, wanted Johnson's advice about a course of study, and, having been introduced to him at Davies the bookseller's, called upon the doctor at his request, and proposed his coming at this very Mitre, with its curtained partitions and incomplete daylight. A few days later, Bozzy meets the great doctor going home to Inner Temple-lane at one in the morning. Ever impudent and unabashed, he at once proposes the Mitre; but "No, sir," said Johnson, kindly enough, "it is too late. They won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart."

A week afterwards, Bozzy, somewhat oblivious of the doctor, meets him in an eating-house in the Strand, the right-hand side above Temple-bar, and hears an Irishman quarrel with him as to the cause of some men being black. He follows him out, and agrees to come for Johnson that evening at nine. At nine they meet, go to the Mitre and sup, the doctor emptying his bottle of port. That night was the gem of Boswell's life: for, that night, Johnson took his admirer's hand, and, pleased with his frankness and veneration, said, "Sir, give me your hand, I have taken a liking to

you." One cannot but smile now, in that doleful, silent tavern, where no pots rattle, or busy waiters scream down kitchen speaking-tubes, to think of the almost deifying reverence with which that clever simpleton Boswell speaks of it. He says: "The orthodox high church sound of the MITRE, the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced."

It was on another occasion, at this same low-browed tavern, that Johnson made that dreadful remark to a Scotchman, who spoke of the prospect round Edinburgh, that has ever since been cruelly used as a universally known great British joke: "I believe, sir," said the tremendous man, whose voice was like a cathedral bell—"I believe, sir" (repeated for dignity and not from hesitation), "you have a great many trees—so has Norway, so has England—but, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England."

And now we are inside the Mitre, it is not so long across the road, defying and dodging the cab, to that red, lighthouse sort of lamp that points us up Wine-office-court, where Goldsmith lived when he wrote children's books (as it is supposed), and certainly a grammar for Newberry the bookseller in St. Paul's-churchyard, and where Dr. Percy, who used to quarrel with Dr. Johnson about the old ballads he so usefully collected. Here, on the right hand, following a tract of sawdust that looks like powdered ginger, you will find the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, where in a certain window, snug on the right, they still point out (as they do at the Mitre) Johnson's seat, and, in this instance, Goldsmith's too.

Another of Johnson's clubs was at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's-churchyard, which the doctor had got a friend to form as a City Club, of quiet, well-behaved men: not *patriots*. He dined there, the very day his old friend Thrale, the brewer, died; for, from sorrow and self-torture, this hypochondriacal wise man always resorted to company, and not to solitude; which he dreaded as much as he did death.

Many as are the London doors we have knocked at following the ghost of Johnson, we still have not recorded all the places in which he twitched, and shouted, and extinguished, and felled conversational adversaries, from the time when he and Garrick set their faces towards London, until the day when their coffins were laid together in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, near Shakspeare's monument.

He had lived in Woodstock-street, Hanover-square, far away from printers and taverns; in the Strand, at the Black Boy, opposite the Adelphi; in Fetter-lane, that grimy defile; at the Golden Anchor, Holborn-bars; at Staple Inn; at Gray's Inn; and at number seven, Johnson's-court. In this last place, which did not derive its name from him, lived the doctor, with blind Miss Williams on the ground-floor, Mr. Levett, his pensioner, in the garret, and below him Johnson's study, and untidy, ill-bound, but well read, folios. Here, he read, and wrote, and planned with more light and air than previously in the Temple. Here, often paced up Boswell, his staring eyebrows arched, his mouth protruding, his double chin swaying. Here, when one dismal Friday in March, 1776, he hastened, the day after his arrival in London, to attend his monarch's levees, and found Johnson still in his favourite Fleet-street, but removed to Bolt-court, he wrote down that night solemnly in his journal: "I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and happier man than when I entered, and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety." Verily, there was some glimmer of true loyalty to this intellectual monarch, in this strange man.

Often, indeed, by day and night, I fancy I see in the distance that burly and sturdy ghost. In Covent-garden, where on one occasion he strolled with some rakes, who had knocked him up in the Temple for a morning frolic, and astonished the nurserymen by helping them to unpack their cabbages; in Leicester-square, where he used to visit Reynolds; in Clerkenwell, where he went to see the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, at St. John's Gateway; in Salisbury-square, where he used to visit Richardson the printer and novelist, and where Hogarth, hearing him denounce the cruelty with which the Jacobites were treated, and judging from his rolling eyes and frothing mouth, took him for a madman.

There is no name, indeed, more deeply associated with the streets of London than that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who has been wandering to-night, like a tax-collector's ghost going the rounds.

"What are those white streaks over the black chimney-pots of Chancery-lane?"

It is daybreak.

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In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I. FIVE YEARS LATER.

TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven!——

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect, the house was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass, that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet-street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight.

Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong-rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up-stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner, and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But, indeed, at that time, putting to Death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for all things, and why not Legislation's? Accordingly, the forger was put to Death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door, who made off with it, was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three-fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention—it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse—but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken so many lives, that, if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of, they would probably have excluded what little light the ground floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on

the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son: a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene, was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging-sword-alley, Whitefriars; the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. (Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes: apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.)

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But, they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay a-bed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark—"what are you up to, Aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers. You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy: going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at!"

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by *your* sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. Bu-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been choused this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For, I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin, in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as laudanum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em, which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now!"

Growling, in addition, such phrases as "Ah! yes! You're religious, too. You wouldn't put yourself in opposition to the interests of your

husband and child, would you? Not you!" and throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation, Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business. In the mean time, his son, whose head was garnished with tenderer spikes, and whose young eyes stood close by one another, as his father's did, kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother.—Halloa, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying Grace with particular animosity.

"Now, Aggerawayter! What are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!"

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could overlay his natural self with, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could scarcely be called a trade, in spite of his favourite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stool Young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house window that was nearest Temple Bar: where, with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job-man's feet, it formed the encampment for the day. On this post of his, Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet-street and the Temple, as the Bar itself—and was almost as ill-looking.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with Young Jerry standing by him, when not engaged in making forays through the Bar, to inflict bodily and mental injuries of an acute description on passing boys who were small enough for his amiable purpose. Father and son, extremely like each other, looking silently on at the morning traffic in Fleet-street, with their two heads as near to one another as the two eyes of each were, bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance, that the mature Jerry bit and spat out straw, while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as restlessly watchful of him as of everything else in Fleet-street.

The head of one of the regular in-door messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given:

"Porter wanted!"

"Hooray, father! Here's an early job to begin with!"

Having thus given his parent God speed, Young Jerry seated himself on the stool, entered on his reversionary interest in the straw his father had been chewing, and cogitated.

"Al-ways rusty! His fingers is al-ways rusty!" muttered young Jerry. "Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!"

CHAPTER II. A SIGHT.

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry."

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better," said Jerry, not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, "than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the doorkeeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court."

Mr. Cruncher's eyes seemed to get a little closer to one another, and to interchange the inquiry, "What do you think of this?"

"Am I to wait in the court, sir?" he asked, as the result of that conference.

"I am going to tell you. The doorkeeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do, is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

As the ancient clerk deliberately folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher, after surveying him in silence until he came to the blotting-paper stage, remarked;

"I suppose they'll be trying Forgeries this morning?"

"Treason!"

"That's quartering," said Jerry. "Barbarous!"

"It is the law," remarked the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him, "It is the law."

"It's hard in the law to spile a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's wery hard to spile him, sir."

"Not at all," returned the ancient clerk. "Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my good friend, and leave the law to take care of itself. I give you that advice."

"It's the damp, sir, what settles on my chest and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is."

"Well, well," said the old clerk; "we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood. Some of us have damp ways, and some of us have dry ways. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and, remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of, "You are a lean old one, too," made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destination, and went his way.

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But, the gaol was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villany were practised, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world: traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road, and shaming few good citizens, if any. So powerful is use, and so desirable to be good use in the beginning. It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also, for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanising and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is is right;" an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong.

Making his way through the tainted crowd, dispersed up and down this hideous scene of action, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. For, people then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey, just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam—only the former entertainment was much the dearer. Therefore, all the Old Bailey doors were well guarded—except, indeed, the social doors by which the criminals got there, and they were always left wide open.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The Treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his inside will be taken out and burnt while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found Guilty, you mean to say?" Jerry added, by way of proviso.

"Oh! they'll find him Guilty," said the other. "Don't you be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the doorkeeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

"What have *you* got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blest if I know that, either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling-down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two gaolers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place, rolled at him, like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners, to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court, laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at anybody's cost, to a view of him—stood a-tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing, to see every inch of him. Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood: aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and

gin, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that flowed at him, and already broke upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain.

The object of all this staring and blaring, was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck: more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

The sort of interest with which this man was stared and breathed at, was not a sort that elevated humanity. Had he stood in peril of a less horrible sentence—had there been a chance of any one of its savage details being spared—by just so much would he have lost in his fascination. The form that was to be doomed to be so shamefully mangled, was the sight; the immortal creature that was to be so butchered and torn asunder, yielded the sensation. Whatever gloss the various spectators put upon the interest, according to their several arts and powers of self-deceit, the interest was, at the root of it, Ogreish.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him (with infinite jingle and jangle) for that he was a false traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; that was to say, by coming and going between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much, Jerry, with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it, made out with huge satisfaction, and so arrived circuitously at the understanding that the aforesaid, and over and over again aforesaid, Charles Darnay, stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury were swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General was making ready to speak.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was) being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered, by everybody there, neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest; and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him, so composedly, that they had not displaced a leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn. The court was all bestrewn with herbs and sprinkled with vinegar, as a precaution against gaol air and gaol fever.

Over the prisoner's head, there was a mirror, to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had been reflected in it, and had passed from its surface and this earth's together. Haunted in a most ghastly manner that abominable place would have been, if the glass could ever have rendered back its reflexions, as the ocean is one day to give up its dead. Some passing thought of the infamy and disgrace for which it had been reserved, may have struck the prisoner's mind. Be that as it may, a change in his position making him conscious of a bar of light across his face, he looked up; and when he saw the glass his face flushed, and his right hand pushed the herbs away.

It happened, that the action turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in that corner of the Judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested; so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face: not of an active kind, but pondering and self-communing. When this expression was upon him, he looked as if he were old; but, when it was stirred and broken up—as it was now, in a moment, on his speaking to his daughter—he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had pressed and passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back; at last it got to Jerry:

"Witnesses."

"For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner's."

The Judge, whose eyes had gone in the general

direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

GOOD QUALITIES OF GOUT.

When I say gout, I don't mean rheumatism. A variety of endeavours have been made to define the difference between gout and rheumatism. Thus: Gout is rich man's rheumatism, and rheumatism is poor man's gout; which is good only as a figure of speech. Another: Put your toe in a vice; turn the screw till you can bear the pain no longer; that's rheumatism. Give the screw one turn more; that's gout. In every respect, gout takes precedence. Just as, grammatically speaking, the masculine gender is "more worthy" than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter (I should think so!) so is gout more worthy than rheumatism, and rheumatism more worthy than the low, vagabond pains and aches which John Kemble sought to dignify by calling them Hs.

Rheumatic gout may be assumed to be no real gout at all, but either pure rheumatism or rheumatic fever. There is no such thing as gouty rheumatism; which is simply a contradiction of terms. It is possible, however, for gout and rheumatism to be co-resident in the same patient, just as it is possible for a white man and a black man to be fellow-lodgers in the same boarding-house, on this side of the Atlantic. Gout is strictly confined to the joints; rheumatism has no objection to a sojourn amongst the muscles. For instance, it will play tricks with your intercostal (mid-rib) muscles, frightening you with false terrors of heart disease. Gout comes to a regular crisis: it has its rise, its culminating point, and its decline and fall: it is the barleycorn-note of the practised vocalist, swelling and then dying upon the sense. Rheumatism may oscillate up and down, backward or forward; may advance or retreat capriciously; but it has no critical point, no fortissimo, the arrival of which is a guarantee and preparation for a sure and certain diminuendo. Gout is a generous, warm-hearted fellow, who, if he quarrels now and then, has a good stand-up fight, and has done with it. Rheumatism does not fire up so easily; but, when once he has taken a grudge against you, he never forgets it; his malignant passions never cease to rankle; his memory is long, for evil. When you think you have shaken hands with him, he will undeceive you by some secret ill-natured pinch. He will stab you in the back at your own dinner-table.

Gout is a summer interspersed with thunderstorms, which nevertheless can boast its genial days and weeks. Rheumatism is the settled bad weather, all the year round, enjoyed by the natives of the Hebrides, whose meteorological variety consists in the different blackness or whiteness of their squalls, and the angle of inclination (lying somewhere between ten and ninety degrees) at which their rain-drops impinge on the ground. Rheumatism is the vile Old Man of the Sea, who insidiously instals himself upon your shoulder, and who never looses his hold entirely, although he may relax it from time to time. Gout is a mighty but irascible genius, who occasionally opens the flood-gates of his wrath; but who, as soon as the tempest is over, descends with dignity to his retreat at the bottom of the sea.

When Xerxes offered a reward for a new pleasure, it is a pity he did not first think of asking his physicians to give him a taste of the gout. He would have found its departure—duly preceded by its arrival and its stay—the most agreeable sensation he ever felt in his life. For gout is a gentlemanly and accommodating visitor, not dangerous upon the whole: you may enjoy the advantage of his company often and often, without apprehension of any untoward result. It cannot be denied that unlooked-for accidents will now and then occur; but they are the exceptions rather than the rule. They are treacherous and shabby tricks which Death maliciously plays off on Gout to put him out of favour with the sons of men. Many and many people are in the habit of receiving Gout in their houses, all their lives long, till he becomes quite an old and respected acquaintance (to despise him is impossible), and yet receive their death-stroke from some other enemy. They die, not of Gout's ill-treatment, but because Gout cannot come to their rescue and drive out the new intruder, who has broken into the premises with malice prepense. Count the total number of fits of the gout which come off in Europe in twenty-five years with the actual deaths with which Gout stands really and truly chargeable during the same period, and the proportion is reduced to an infinitesimal fraction: to all but snow-white innocence.

Gout introduces you to a variety of new sensations and new ideas which otherwise would be closed to you; and consequently enlarges your views of life. You have heard of the village stocks (once a national institution); but you have no notion what it is to be in the stocks. Gout will enlighten your ignorance; by laying you flat on your back so that you could not stir for your life if the house caught fire. He will then put your feet into his own private stocks (made of burning iron). As a further improvement, he will set on a few of his private pack of pitiless dogs with red-hot teeth, to gnaw at your toes till you exclaim, "Don't talk to me of the village stocks as a punishment! They were nothing to this."

You have heard of the torture-boots of the Inquisitors and others, but you have never seen nor felt one. Gout will bring his boot and draw it up tight as far as your knee; next, he will drive in some heated wedges, tapping them constantly with a nice little hammer, to prevent your forgetting they are there, till at last you lose your dignity, and shout aloud. When the performance is over, and Gout's boot is taken off, your late experiment suggests the remark, "I could not have believed

that such monsters as those Inquisitors ever existed on earth! This, which I have just suffered is horrible torture, certainly; but my poor knee, in the course of a week, will be supple and shapely as ever it was. If I hush up the fact of my punishment by Gout, no one will suspect it when they see me gaily strutting all right and tight. I have been thinking about making the ascent of Mont Blanc; yet, as the times are troubled in Savoy, perhaps it will be more prudent to ascend Primrose-hill instead. But the torture-boot of those despots and Inquisitors (while the pain it inflicts is even worse than Gout's) crushes the limb, and leaves the patient maimed for life; and all for the chance of obtaining a false confession, or a lying and treacherous denunciation of others! Thank Heaven I and mine have no worse tyrant than Gout to deal with!"

Your physiological studies will have made you acquainted with muscular fibre and its ultimate fibrillæ; you have peeped, through your two-inch microscope, at an injected preparation of human muscle, looking like a wisp of bright yellow flax only waiting to be spun. What do you know about muscular fibre the more for that? Not much. Gout will give you a lesson, gratis. He wants to establish a communication through each separate station, or joint, of your leg; to effect his purpose, he will construct a novel sort of electric telegraph. He will endow every individual fibre in your leg with a separate consciousness and a separate will of its own. And then they will carry the news of their insubordination from hip to knee, and from knee to toes' tip; they will crawl up and down, each his own way, twisting and writhing in select parties and clubs, agitating for fibre independence of the human will, and satisfied with nothing less than corporeal republicanism and universal fibre suffrage. When they are tired of their mutiny, and Gout has finally settled them with two or three discharges of his electric battery, you whisper to yourself, "I may be a little vain, but a thousand pounds to one penny I know more about muscular fibre than Dr. Carpenter himself."

You are versed in nursery literature; not thy "Royal Road to Learning" series, which so able teaches children how to teach their grandmothers how to suck eggs, but the literature in which are embalmed the King of the South, who burnt his mouth with eating o' cold peas porridge; the man who jumped into the bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes, and then, as a safe ophthalmic remedy, returned to the same bush and scratched them in again; the poor wind-rocked baby on the house-top, whose father's a nobleman, mother's a quean, sister's a lady, and wears a gold ring, brother's a drummer, and drums for the king —"and so wider," as our German friends have a habit of saying, instead of "and so forth." There is a delicious baby lyric, which it is impossible to appreciate without the explanation afforded by Gout. You remember the dear little old woman who was coming home from market upon a market-day, when she fell asleep on the king's highway. Some one cut her petticoats above her knees, which made the dear old woman to shiver and to sneeze. Waking in a fright, she began to cry, "Gracious goodness on me, can this be I? If it be I, as I think it cannot be, I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me."

Commentary, Marginal Note, and Scholium. After an interesting but rather fatiguing day's colloquy with Gout, in the course of which you have had several master-strokes submitted to your consideration, you are lifted out of bed, at eight in the evening, to have it made, and immediately lifted in again; you fall into a sound and natural sleep, which lasts till somewhat o'clock in the morning—for it is dark; how can you tell how long it lasts? You wake; that is to say, something wakes, you don't know what it is. At the foot of the bed there lie a couple of feet which a cruel person, during the night, has sealed together with burning sealing-wax, so that they stick. No legs; instead of them, a packet belonging to unknown strangers. A body cut up into two or three pieces; part of a back; no arms; a couple of hands, and a head; all unconnected by the slightest bond of union. There they lie in the bed, like the disjointed members of a broken marionette. "Gracious goodness on me, can this be I? The hands feel for the place where the hot sealing-wax has been dropped on the feet. It is soon found. The "raw" or tender point of one foot had come in contact with the "raw" or tender point of the other. The hands separate them to a prudent distance, and gently rub the smarting burn. "Sure enough, this be I; but where is the rest of me? I will strike a lucifer and light the wax-candle at my bedside, to see. It may be as well to search before it is too late. But never mind, I can't be far off, for the moonbeams show me that this is really my bed, and that there is my shaving-glass. Here, too, is the little cot pillow which I stuck behind my head last night. I will suck an orange, and so to sleep again (heartily glad and thankful, too). They'll find my remains all right to-morrow morning; if to-morrow be not to-day."

Again: You have an affectionate wife, good and dutiful children, and excellent servants.

"Well, what of that? Of course I have. That's nothing so very extraordinary."

Perhaps not. But, under the teachings of Gout, you will think the combination less ordinary than you esteem it now. You are as helpless as a baby, much more troublesome, and not half so pretty; and yet you are treated as tenderly as a baby. You are lame in both hands. You are lame in both feet, you can't run away, they could throw you out of the window when you are cross; and they don't. They could share your worldly goods amongst themselves, plunder your house, set fire to it, and leave you to disappear in the flames; and they don't. They might simply neglect you, leaving you to hunger, thirst, and pine, for want of care and consolation; instead of that, they rise early, and late take rest; they deny themselves their habitual pleasures, amusements, and exercises; they cheerfully fulfil many little offices which it grieves you to see they should have to

perform. "Gout's observations are much to the purpose," you confess at last. "An affectionate wife, good and dutiful children, and excellent servants are things not to be despised."

Gout, therefore, sweetens the temper. Gouty people may be made hasty or passionate, but never wicked and malignant, by their morbific friend. They become spicy, or, as it were, gunpowdery and gun-cottonish, but never the workers out of any evil intention; they are much too impulsive for that. They are peppermint bull's-eyes, gingered barley-stick, hot but sugary. Amongst all the gouty uncles in bygone farces, whose like we shall never see again, is there one who concludes his scenic career by disinheriting his niece, and sending off his scapegrace ward, her lover, to superintend his vast estates in Jamaica. Never would O'Keefe or Michael Kelly have dared to hold so distorted a mirror up to nature. There is scolding and melting into kiss and be friends, with a handsome provision for the lady's-maid and her facetious lover, Colin Carrots.

Gout also brightens the intellect, and sets light to the spirit-lamp of the imagination. It will not be believed by the uninitiated, but a man never finds himself in better trim, more up to the mark, bodily and mentally, than when he is just on the eve of being laid up in dry dock. The list of celebrities whom Gout has favoured with his attentions is too long to recapitulate here; we may find room for Lord Chatham's name. Of another nobleman, not very low in the world, it has often been asked whence he derived his splendid oratorical gifts, whether from study, practice, or hereditary talent. All those circumstances may have had something to do with it, but I say it is Gout who gives the inspiration.

People are apt to laugh when they hear that So-and-so of their acquaintance has got the gout. Why do they laugh? Where is the funny circumstance? Oh! the gout is a man's own fault; it is the result of his gross indulgences, his intemperance, his sensuality, etcetera, etcetera; and when he is caught, and deservedly made to smart for it, people of course cannot help laughing.

Softly! I do not say that a man may not bring on gout, or something in its stead, by trying hard. Your worthy cousin, Double-meel Fish, who besides his breakfast at nine, A.M., and his supper at ten, P.M., eats one dinner at one, and another dinner at six, and who never takes a morning drive in his gig without a bottle of champagne per head in the box to prevent fainting by the way—Double-meel has gout, certainly, with himself probably to thank for it. He ought to be thankful, if it does not end in apoplexy. But men who have lived soberly and temperately all their lives have nevertheless had gout, from their goutage till the close of their allotted term. Two causes are nearly sure to bring on gout in persons constitutionally disposed to it; violent mental emotion, and abrupt exposure to low temperature. There is nothing very ridiculous in either of those accidents. One of our most esteemed medical classics has written, that when once gout has hold of your system or your family, take all the precautionary measures you may, you will have gout now and then, especially towards the close of winter.

Gout has never enjoyed a high reputation for putting money into the pockets of medical men. Patent medicine vendors have made a better thing by it than regular practitioners. People who have once done business with gout, soon discover that (except in the case of unusually violent crises which must be met by unusual expedients) it is a mere matter of routine and long-suffering. A little domestic medicine, a little regimen, a good deal of patience, hot baths topical and general, hot diluent drinks, encouragements to action of the skin—that is all you can do, except going to bed and abiding your time. Order to be civilly shown to the door any counsellors who would advise you to put a sudden check on gout. It is far more dangerous than bridling or saddling the wildest horse of the steppes. "Tell your papa, my dear," said a sage adviser to a listening child, "the next time he feels an attack coming on, to walk down to the seaside before breakfast, to pull off his shoes and stockings there, and to wade at the water's edge for half an hour." If the counsellor wished to see his patient thunderstricken with gout in the head, he could not have given more likely advice. "My dear sir," said a Lady Benevolent, "I know a lotion that will cure you directly. I will undertake to set you on your legs by to-morrow morning." The foolish man consented to the experiment. He was on his legs the next day morning. And all the rest of his life he was a martyr to the sufferings of latent, suppressed, and smouldering gout, which never could break out into one good honest blaze.

There are bearable fits of the gout, and there are unbearable ones; there are visits, and there are visitations; just as there are supportable and insupportable boon companions. We tolerate the former, protesting a little at the liberties they take, and hoping they will behave better next time; we cut with the others forthwith, at any price and at all hazards. We call in villanous Colchicum, who betrays us to our ruin with his smooth appearances; or we throw ourselves into the arms of Opium, who dries up and troubles our brain. But even when the torments of gout are insupportable, still bear them if you possibly can; the very act of bearing will alleviate them; the faintness and perspiration of extreme suffering will end in a salutary calm. If you really can bear no more and no longer, and are beginning to cry out for somebody to come and knock you on the head and put you out of your misery, call rather for your family physician and ask him to give you a discreet dose of some anodyne, such as Batley's sedative, which he judges less noxious than the rest of its class; for they are all noxious more or less.

Be persuaded, then, of one invaluable truth; even if you begin to weary of Gout's society, the only safe way of dismissing him is by allowing him

to dismiss himself—by urging him to request himself to take himself off. Inscribe in letters of gold on the cornice of your chamber, "Gout is the only cure for Gout." You may turn yourself inside out, like a glove, with purgatives; you may deaden your nerves with quack narcotics, without advancing a step in the right direction. You are only an ostrich hiding your head in a hole to prevent your seeing a certain ugly unwelcome horseman. When you take your head out of the hole, after a week or two's time, the horseman is there all the same, ready to lay his fingers on you. With Gout, coaxing answers better than scratching; he is much more easily led than driven.

The wisest form of diplomacy is this: "My dear Gout, we are ancient allies, and I trust we shall remain so for many years to come; but there is a time for all things. There is a time for Gout, and there is a time to be rid—I mean, there is a time to deny ourselves the indulgences of Gout. Though I value you highly as my guest, still I am obliged to receive other friends in their turn. Just now, you are lodged (comfortably, I hope) in my hip; but that apartment is much too high and garret-like for you to occupy. Suppose you move a story lower, and come down to my knee. You will be much better there; as it will be so much easier to supply you with the flannel and the hot water which you love so well." Gout is persuaded, and allows his carpet-bag to be brought down to the knee, where he takes up his quarters for a day or two.

You then observe, "My very dear Gout, variety is pleasing. Suppose you now try my foot for a change." To which Gout replies, politely, "So I will. I have no objection at all to sleep on the ground floor. I have already tried it, and had no reason to complain of the accommodation. When you wake to-morrow morning you will find me installed in my new abode."

Gout is as good as his word; he makes himself at home in your foot; he does just as he pleases with ankle, instep, heel, and toe-joints. One day, when he has completely retreated into your great toe, as to a sort of outlying garden balcony, to look out of the window and enjoy the air, you insidiously suggest, "What a fine May morning! What beautiful weather for travelling! If I had any excuse for taking a jaunt, and were not detained at home by my respect for you, I should certainly be off for a week or two's trip."

"Oh!" says Gout, good-naturedly, "don't let me detain you. There are some friends of mine who will be expecting me. It seems a long while since I have seen them; they will think it unkind if I do not pay them a visit."

"Really!"

"That is, I feel a great inclination to take a short Italian tour. To tell the truth, I can hardly keep my fingers off the Austrian legislators who have published their rules and regulations for the whipping of Lombard ladies. I am tempted to give a good Cornish hug to certain peninsular dungeon-keepers of high rank and many years' standing; and I long to bestow a fond embrace on sundry cardinals, who will not allow pestilential marshes to be drained, nor railroads to be made, nor agriculture to thrive, nor manufactures and commerce to develop themselves, because the result of such innovation would be the sure subversion of ecclesiastical tyranny. You'll excuse me, therefore, if I leave you somewhat abruptly. Good-by!"

"Good-by, then," you say, "till next time."

And you bow out Gout with every well-bred mark of regret at parting.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN BED.

The opening of The Royal Academy Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is the first opening that I have missed for something like a score of years past. Illness, which confines me to my bed, has been the sole cause of my absence when the rooms in Trafalgar-square were thrown open to an immense shilling public, for the present season. My admiration for modern Art almost amounts to fanaticism; and my disappointment at missing the first week of the Exhibition is not to be described in words or depicted on canvas.

My doctor informs me that I may hope to get out again before the doors of the elegant and commodious Palace of Art, which occupies the north side of Trafalgar-square, are closed at the end of July. While I am waiting for the happy period of my emancipation, I have been finding consolation and occupying the weary hours by a careful perusal of the Royal Academy Catalogue for the present year. Thanks to this invaluable document, I have found myself in a condition to plan out my future visit to the Exhibition, in its minutest details, beforehand. I have decided what pictures I shall see and what pictures I shall miss; I know where I shall want to look up and where I shall want to look down; I have even settled in my own mind when I shall tread on the toes of other people, and when other people will return the compliment by treading on mine—in short, I have excited my imagination to such a pitch of preternatural lucidity, that I have all but got the whole picture-show at my fingers' ends already, though I have not the slightest chance of paying a visit to it for at least six weeks to come.

Allow me to present my Private View of The Royal Academy Exhibition, taken from my bedroom at Peckham Rye, by the telescopic help of the Catalogue for the present year.

To begin (as the critics do) with general characteristics. I find the Exhibition to be, in two respects, negatively unlike its predecessors. The Vicar of Wakefield is, unless I mistake, at last used up; and there is no statue of Musidora ("at the doubtful breeze alarmed") in the Sculpture Room. In regard to positive changes, I observe a remarkable tendency in the artists, this year, to take each others' likenesses; and (judging by certain quotations) to plunge into abstruse classical reading, through the medium of some highly unintelligible English transla-

tions. In other respects, the Catalogue affords cheering evidences of strictly Conservative policy on the part of the Academy in particular, and of the Artists in general. There is still a strong infusion of the recently-imported Spanish element. Certain painters still stagger and drop under the weight of the English grammar, in composing their titles, or offering their necessary explanations in small type. Certain subjects which have been perpetually repeated in countless numbers, are reiterated once again for the benefit of a public faithful to its darling conventionalities. Poor old Venice continues to be trotted out, and has no present prospect of retiring into private life. Our more juvenile, but still well-known old friend, the transparent pool, with the wonderful reflexions, the pretty sky, and the unpronounceable Welsh name to distinguish it in the Catalogue, still courts the general admiration. So do the Campagna of Rome, the Festa Day at Naples, the Contadina, Rebecca, the Bride of Lammermoor, the portrait of a gentleman, and the portrait of a lady. As for Cordelia, Othello, Macbeth, Falstaff, and Ophelia, they all cry "Here we are again!" from their places on the walls, as regular to their time as so many Harlequins, Clowns, Pantaloons, and Columbines, in so many Christmas Pantomimes.

Thus much for the general character of the Exhibition. Descending next to details, I beg to communicate the following classification of the thirteen hundred and odd works of art, exhibited this year, as adapted to the necessities of my own Private View. I divide the Catalogue, then, for my own purposes, into—

1. The pictures that are vouched for by their artists' names.

2. The pictures that are sure to be hung scandalously high, or scandalously low.

3. The pictures that I don't think I shall look for.

4. The pictures that I shall be obliged to see, whether I like it or not.

5. The pictures that puzzle me.

6. The pictures that I am quite certain to come away without seeing.

Past experience, close study of titles, and a vivid imagination, enable me to distribute the whole of this year's collection of works of art quite easily under the foregoing six heads. The first head, embracing the pictures that are vouched for by their artists' names, naturally gives me no trouble whatever, beyond the exertion involved in a moderate exercise of memory. Here in my bed, I know what main features the new works of the famous painters will present, as well as if I was looking at them in the Academy Rooms. Mr. Creswick again gives me his delicate, clear-toned, cheerful transcripts of English scenery. Mr. Leslie still stands alone, the one painter of *ladies*—as distinguished from many excellent painters of *women*—whom England has produced, since Gainsborough and Sir Joshua dropped their brushes for ever.*

Sir Edwin Landseer may be as eccentric in his titles as he pleases: I know very well that there are deer and dogs on the new canvases such as no other master, living or dead, native or foreign, has ever painted. Mr. Stanfield may travel where he will; but I am glad to think that he cannot escape from that wonderful breezy dash of sea-water which it will refresh me to look at the moment I can get to Trafalgar-square. Mr. Ward has only to inform me (which he does by his title) that he has happily stripped off his late misfitting Court suit, and I see his old mastery of dramatic effect and his old force of expression on this year's canvas as plainly as I see my own miserable bed-curtains. Mr. Roberts finds the most formidable intricacies of architecture as easy to master this season as at any former period of his life. Mr. Danby is still writing poetry with his brush, as he alone can write it. Mr. Stone has not lost that sense of beauty which is an artist's most precious inheritance. Mr. Egg is as manfully true to nature, as simply powerful in expression, and as admirably above all artifice and trickery of execution as ever. And Mr. Millais—who must only come last to pay the enviable penalty due from the youngest man—has got pictures, this year, which will probably appeal to all spectators to empty their minds of conventionalities, and to remember that the new thing in Art is not necessarily the wrong thing because it is new.

It is time now to get to the second head—to the pictures that are sure to be hung scandalously high or scandalously low. How can I—in bed at Peckham Rye at this very moment—presume to say what pictures are under the ceiling, or what pictures are down on the floor, in Trafalgar-square? There is no presumption in the matter. I consult the Catalogue by the light of past experience, and certain disastrous titles immediately supply me with all the information of which I stand in need.

"Dead Game," "A View near Dorking," "A Brig signalising for a Pilot," "A Madonna,"

* The ink was hardly dry on these lines, when the writer received the news of this admirable painter's death. Insufficient though it be, let the little tribute in the text to one only of Mr. Leslie's many great qualities as an artist, remain unaltered; and let a word of sincere sorrow for the loss of him be added to it here. No man better deserved the affectionate regard which all his friends felt for him. He was unaffectedly kind and approachable to his younger brethren, and delightfully genial and simple-minded in his intercourse with friends of maturer years. As a painter, he had no rival within his own range of subjects; and he will probably find no successor now that he is lost to us. In the exact knowledge of the means by which his art could illustrate and complete the sister-art of the great humorists—in the instinctive grace, delicacy, and refinement which always guided his brush—in his exquisite feeling for ease, harmony, and beauty, as applied to grouping and composition—he walked on a road of his own finding and making, following no man himself, and only imitated at an immeasurable distance by those who walked after him. Another of the genuinely original painters of the English School has gone, and has made the opening for the new generation wider and harder to fill than ever.

"An Autumnal Evening," "A Roman Peasant," "The Caprices of Cupid," "Fugitives escaped from the Massacre of Glencoe," and "Preparing the Ark for the Infant Moses"—are nine specimens of pictures which, I am positively certain, before I see them, are all hung scandalously high or scandalously low. In the interests of these works, and of others too numerous to mention, I shall take with me, when I get to the Academy, at the end of July, a telescope for the high latitudes, and a soft kneeling-mat for the humble regions of the wainscot. In the mean time, I would privately suggest to the painters of this uniformly ill-treated class of works the propriety of changing their titles, in such a manner as to administer a few dexterous compliments, next time, to the Academy authorities. If the "Caprices of Cupid" had been called "Ideal View of a Member of the Hanging Committee;" or if "Preparing the Ark for the Infant Moses" had been altered to "Preparing a nice Place for a meritorious Outsider," the destiny of these two pictures might have been happier. "Dead Game," again, might have done better if the artist had added to the title, "not higher than you would like it at your own hospitable table, and not low, out of consideration for the landed aristocrat who once preserved it." I throw out these slight hints on the assumption that even an Academician is a man, and that, as such, he is not inaccessible to flattery.

Head Number Three: The pictures that I don't think I shall look for. Here, once more, I trust myself implicitly to the titles. They warn me, when I go to the Exhibition, to be on my guard (without intending any personal disrespect towards the artists) against the following works, among many others:

"Pœonian Woman. 'When she came to the river, she watered her horse, filled her vase, and returned by the road, bearing the water on her head, leading the horse, and spinning from her distaff.—Herod. Terps. 12.'" No, no, madam; I know you, and your extract from "Herod. Terps. 12" has no effect upon me. I know your long leg that shows through your diaphanous robe, and your straight line from the top of your forehead to the tip of your nose, and your short upper lip and your fleshy chin, and your total want of all those embraceable qualities which form the most precious attribute of your sex in modern times. Unfascinating Pœonian woman, you can do three things at once, as I gather from your extract; but there is a fourth thing you can't do—you can't get me to look at you!

"Warrior-Poets of Europe contending in Song"? Well? I think not. What can Painting do with such a subject as this? It can open the warrior-poets' mouths; but it cannot inform me of what I want to know next—which is, what they are singing? Will the artist kindly stand under his work (towards the end of July); and, when he sees a sickly-looking gentleman approach, with a white handkerchief in his left hand, will he complete his picture by humming a few of the warrior-poets' songs? In that case, I will gladly look at it—in any other, No.

"So sleepy!" Dear, dear me! This is surely a chubby child, with swollen cheeks, and dropsical legs. I dislike cherubs in Nature (as my married friends know), because I object to corpulence on any scale, no matter how small, and I will not willingly approach a cherub, even when presented to me under the comparatively quiet form of Art. "Preparing for the Masquerade"? No; that is Costume, and I can see it on a larger scale in Mr. Nathan's shop. "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the people of Chioggia"? No; I never heard of Felice Ballarin; and it does not reconcile me to his being painted, to know that he is reciting at Chioggia. "The Monk Felix"? Bah! a snuffy man with a beard; let him move on, with the Pœonian woman to keep him company. "Ideal Bust of a Warrior"? I fear the temptation to look at this will be too much for me; although I know, by experience, that ideal busts of warriors always over-excite my system even when I am in perfect health. It will be best, perhaps, not to venture into the sculpture-room at all. "Unrequited Love"? "The Monastery of Smolnoi"? "Allsopp's new Brewery"? No, no, no; I must even resist these, I must resist dozens more on my list—time and space fail me—let me abandon the fertile third head in my classification, and get on to my fourth: The pictures that I shall be obliged to see, whether I like it or not.

"Equestrian Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Bedford." The horse will run me down here, to a dead certainty, the moment I get into the room. "Cordelia receives Intelligence how her Father had been ill-treated by her Sisters." Cordelia had better have received intelligence first on the subject of English grammar—but, no matter; right or wrong in her construction, she has been from time immemorial the most forward young woman on the Academy walls, and she will insist, as usual, on my looking at her, whether I like it or not. "General Sir George Brown." This case involves a scarlet coat and decorations—and who ever escaped *them* at an exhibition, I should like to know? "Dalilah asking Forgiveness of Samson." When I venture to acknowledge that I am more unspeakably tired of these two characters (on canvas) than of any other two that ever entered a painter's studio, all intelligent persons are sure to understand that Dalilah and Samson will be the very first picture I see when I look about me in the Academy. For much the same reason, "Portrait of a Lady," and "Portrait of a Gentleman," will of course lay hold of me in all directions. Are not pictures of this sort always numerous, always exactly alike, always a great deal too large, and always void of the slightest interest for any one, excepting the "ladies" and "gentlemen" themselves? And, granted this, what is the necessary and natural result? I must see them, whether I like it or not—and so must you.

Head Number Five: The pictures that puzzle me. These are so numerous, as judged by their titles, that I hardly know which to pick out, by way of example, first. Suppose I select the shortest—"Happy!" Not a word of quotation or explanation follows this. Who (I ask myself, tossing on my weary pillow)—who, or what is happy? Does this mysterious picture represent one of the Prime Minister's recently made peers, or a publican at election time, or a gentleman who has just paid conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a group of enraptured ladies at the period when watch-spring petticoats were first introduced, or boys at a Pantomime, or girls at a dance, or dogs in a cover, or cats in a dairy? Impossible to say: there are ten thousand things the picture might represent, and it probably depicts the ten thousand and first, of which I have no suspicion. Hardly less puzzling is "A Lesson on Infant Treatment." What is infant treatment? In some families it means a smack on the head; in others, it means perpetual cuddling; in all it implies (for such is the lot of mortality) occasional rhubarb and magnesia. Is the lesson painted here a lesson on the administration of nauseous draughts, fond kisses, or corrective smacks? Do we read in this mysterious picture a warning against the general nursery error of pinning up a baby's skin and a baby's clothes both together? Or is the scene treated from a heartlessly-comic point of view; and does it represent a bedchamber by night—papa promenading forlorn with his screeching offspring in his arms, and mamma looking on sympathetically from her pillow? Who can say? It is a picture to give up in despair.

"Gretna Green.—A runaway match; the postboy announcing pursuit; one of the last marriages previous to the alteration of the Scottish law, with portraits painted on the spot." More and more puzzling! Portraits painted on the spot, when the bride and bridegroom are running away, and the postboy is announcing pursuit! Why, photography itself would be too slow for the purpose! Besides, how did the painter come there? Was he sent for on purpose beforehand, or did he take up his position on speculation? Or is the artist himself the bridegroom, and was the taking of his own likeness and his wife's the first idea that occurred to him when he was married? Curious, if it was so. I am a single man myself, and have no right to an opinion; but I think, if I ran away with my young woman, that I should give up my profession for the day, at any rate.

No. 835—No title; nothing but this quotation:

> A guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
> Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie, &c.

What can this be? a sonsie lass takes a walk on a New-year's morning, with an old bag over her shoulder; a mischievous Scotchman rips it open most improperly; exclaims, "Hae!" for which he is little better than a brute; and abandons the poor girl in a situation which it rings the heart to think of. Is that the picture? I object to it as "painful" if it is.

"Death-bed of Lorenzo de Medici. Father-Confessor Girolamo Savonarola demands, as the condition of absolving Lorenzo de Medici of his sins, that he should restore liberty to Florence, refusing which, he abandons him to his fate." How, in the name of wonder, can this be painted? Which of the two things is the father-confessor doing? Is he making his demand, or abandoning the unfortunate victim to his fate? If he is making the demand, he must be painted saying something, and how can that be done? If, on the other hand, he is abandoning the patient, the question arises whether he ought not to abandon the picture also, or at least be three parts out of it, so as to convey the two necessary ideas of rapidity of action and of personal absence from the bedroom. I don't see my way to this work of art at all. Still less do I understand "Harvest," the pervading sentiment of which is supposed to be expressed in this one alarming line of quotation:

> When labour drinks, *his boiling sweat to thrive.*
> CHAPMAN'S *Hesiod.*

Incredulous readers must be informed that the above is copied from the catalogue of the present year, at page twenty-seven. What on earth does the line mean, taken by itself? And how in the world do the resources of Art contrive to turn it to graphic account in a picture of a Harvest? Say that "When labour drinks" is personified, in the foreground of the scene, by Hodge, with a great mug in his hand, how, in that case, does the illustrative faculty of the artist grapple next with "his boiling sweat to thrive?" Is Hodge presented bubbling all over with beer, at a temperature of I don't know how many hundred degrees Fahrenheit? And if he is, how does he "thrive" under those heated circumstances? Or is he hissing and steaming out of his own large bodily resources; and is he trying to condense his own vapour with successive jets of cold small beer? Nay, is he even one Hodge only, boiling, sweating, and thriving? May he not be possibly multiplied into all the Hodges in the neighbourhood, collected together in the harvest-field, and obscuring the whole fertile prospect by scalding agricultural exudations? I protest I am almost in the condition of Hodge myself, only with thinking of this boiling perplexity—except, indeed, that I see no chance of thriving, unless I drop the subject forthwith to cool my heated fancy. When I have done this, all succeeding titles and quotations become mirrors of truth, that reflect the pictures unmistakably by comparison with such an inscrutable puzzle as a harvest-field, painted through the medium of Chapman's Hesiod. With that work my bewilderment ends, through my own sheer inability to become confused under any other circumstances whatever; and here, therefore, the list of the pictures that puzzle me may necessarily and appropriately come to an end also.

As to my final head, under which are grouped The pictures that I am quite certain to come away

without seeing, every reader, who has been to the Royal Academy Exhibition, can enlarge on this branch of the subject from his own experience, without help from me. Every reader knows that when he gets home again, and wearily reviews his well-thumbed Catalogue, the first picture that attracts his attention is sure to be one among many other pictures which he especially wanted to see, and which he has accurately contrived to miss without suspecting it in the crowd. In the same way, the one favourite work which our enthusiastic friends will infallibly ask us if we admire is, in the vast majority of cases, provokingly certain to be also the one work which we have unconsciously omitted to notice. My own experience inclines me to predict, therefore, that when I come back from my first visit to the Academy, I shall find I have passed over in a general sense one full half of the whole exhibition, and in a particular sense, something not far short of one-third of the pictures that I expressly intended to see. I shall go again and again and diminish these arrears, if the doors only keep open long enough; but I shall still have missed some especially interesting things when the show has closed and there is no further chance for me. The Academy is not to blame for that; it is only our mortal lot. In the greater Exhibition-room of Human Life, how often, in spite of all our care and trouble, we miss the one precious picture that we most wanted to see! Excuse a sick man's moral. When he has closed his Catalogue, what has he left to do but to turn round in bed, and take his mental composing-draught in the form of sober reflection?

TRADE SONGS. THE COBBLER.

Once there was a cobbler bold,
Ever was he cobbling, mending;
Of his work there was no ending—
Shoes were always to be soled;
Yet upon his stool he sung
Always with a merry tongue,
As he sewed his scraps of leather
With waxen threads together.

He had neither beer nor wine;
Now and then (and that was harder)
Not a morsel in the larder;
Yet he did not weep or whine,
But upon his stool he sung, &c.

Torments had he—girls and boys,
And a wife, who was a pattern
Of a scold and drunken slattern,
And his house was full of noise;
Yet upon his stool he sung, &c.

On a day, a king (his neighbour)
Wandered there from out his palace,
Where were discontent and malice,
And beheld the cheerful labour.
Quoth he, "Have you always sung,
Just as now, with a merry tongue?"

"Yea!" returned the labouring sage,
"I make of all the best I can."
Said the other, "Wisest man,
Comfort will I give thine age;
So thou mayst not cease to sing
For thyself, and for thy king."

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Here dwells the Schoolmaster;
His days are filled with toil;
With learning deep, and endless care,
He tills a rugged soil.

His boys they cope with decimals;
From histories, grammars learn;
He stoopeth down to all who come,
And helpeth each in turn.

If you would know the Schoolmaster,
He wears a suit of black,
The cuffs and button-holes are worn,
And it shines adown his back.

Bent is he now, and tall, and thin;
His bushy brows are grey:
The light that once had place within
His eyes has shrunk away.

He sleeps upon a truckle bed;
He dines upon a crust;
All Euclid lies within his head;
His hopes are—in the dust.

He hath no money, hath no wife
To cheer his lonely hours;
No patron ever saw in him
The scholar's noblest powers.

Grim Patience is his heritage,
And Poverty his lot;
And so he is outstripped by all,
And is by all forgot!

AN EMPIRE SAVED.

He is an economist, indeed, who may be allowed to reckon a great empire among his savings. Sir John Lawrence is entitled to set such an item down in his account-book. And, in the account-book of the British nation, that stands as a debt half paid. It is worth while to know how a man who saves an empire does his work.

There has been just issued the "General Report of the Administration of the Punjab," during the period of the great struggle against Indian Revolt. From this we may learn how it was that, of all our countrymen, Sir John Lawrence was the man upon whose discretion the fate of Great Britain in India chiefly turned. But we learn also that, according to all human calculation, the most prudent counsel would have been of no avail, had we been, as we were in the old days of Indian strife, without help from the steam-engine or the electric telegraph.

The might that is in a wire railroad for electric trains was understood so little by our Asiatic enemy, that little was done—of all that might so easily have been done—for its destruction. Unseen despatches sped along its lines through districts crowded with the enemy, shot past the marching hosts to warn imperiled districts of their coming, and gave the English leaders something like omniscience as to the external aspects of the danger they were called upon to meet. By the Punjab Government, even with Sir John Lawrence for its head, India could not have been saved as it was had there not been those telegraphs through which, for months, the poli-

tical and military correspondence of that Government was carried on with swift and perfect secrecy. There is no plundering the wire of its message.

It was the crowning service of the Punjab to give means of victory to those who represented British power before Delhi. When that great city of the Mogul first declared against us, intelligence of the disaster was at once telegraphed to Lahore, and the Sepoys there were disarmed before the post had brought them tidings likely to have caused immediate revolt. Outbreak was thus checked in the Punjab until time for counteraction had been gained. Out of the balance of good counsel against massive strength in that great region came the sinews of war for our forces before Delhi. But with the commander of those forces every step taken for his aid was freely discussed and concerted through the telegraph. Frequently, we are told, a hundred messages in a day would be received and issued in Sir John Lawrence's office.

Again, it happened that there were steamers of an Indus flotilla plying from Kurrachee to Mooltan, which, the report says, "are not well adapted to existing circumstances." But, it goes on to add, disturbing its official quietude with some emphatic printer's type, "but during eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, they were, indeed, *essential to the existence of British rule in the Punjab*." When our intercourse with the rest of India was cut off, they were our sole means of communication with the seaboard. They brought up our reinforcements of troops, our military stores and our treasure. They conveyed the greater part of three regiments of European infantry and one of cavalry; some fifty lakhs of treasure (half a million sterling), and a vast quantity of baggage and ammunition." Here, then, is the incident in the grand story that might already be told, of service done to us by those two obedient young giants, Electricity and Steam.

But their good service depends on good direction; and it needs hardly to be said that good direction could not have saved India by help of them alone. The heroic fortitude of British soldiers and civilians exposed to the utmost trial and superior to all assault, we ask nobody to remember; for it is remembered and will ever be remembered by all people who have English for their mother tongue. India was not to be saved only by wise counsel, electricity and steam, but by wise counsel in direction and by the best material results of knowledge serving in aid of a high-hearted race. It is a race able to be thankful for good counsel by which it has been helped, and as a mass, frank in the unstinted recognition of its friends. Some people like to make the most of the few wrongs they have suffered. They are wiser who dwell on the benefits they have received. Therefore, we dwell upon the tale of Sir John Lawrence's administration of the Punjab. A district in India lying between two rivers is described by its name and called the Do-ab; a district lying between five rivers is described as such by its name when it is called the Punj-ab. The five streams of the Punjab—the Seloum, the Chenaub, the Ravee, the Beyas, and the Sutlej—flow through the mouth of the Chenaub into the river Indus. The Punjab, watered by these rivers, is a region covering about as much space as England and Scotland without Wales, and, until ten years ago, was known as the kingdom of Lahore, in which the small race of the warlike Sikhs ruled over a total population of some thirteen millions of people. It lies in the north-west of India, bordering the North-Western Provinces, in which the Delhi territory, now made a part of the Punjab Administration, was one district. Thus it was that the army in the Delhi territory, with active revolt in every other border, looked to the Punjab, lying north of it, for help.

But why was the Punjab capable of giving help? Where were its own embarrassments? When the disasters at Meerut and Delhi were first telegraphed to its chief commissioner there were in that province six-and-thirty thousand native troops, of whom nearly all were of one blood and of one mind with the revolted army. To balance them there were no more than ten or eleven thousand European soldiers, of whom one-half were stationed far asunder, at extreme ends of the province. Four of the fortresses were entirely held by native troops. Eight hundred miles of frontier bordered upon fierce and independent tribes. On the east the territory is intermingled with the lands of chiefs and princes who might exercise unbounded influence over the millions of Punjabees. To them many a waverer looked for his examples of right policy, and their allegiance to Great Britain had to be secured. All was secured. At the very outset of the struggle Sir John Lawrence sent British troops to Delhi, and he began his work during the crisis with odds in fighting men of four or five to one against him. There were left seven thousand five hundred Europeans and three thousand three hundred Hindoostanee soldiers, among whom, on various occasions and at different places, mutiny broke out. There were eight such mutinies, conspicuous and perilous. The safety of the Punjab had been most especially secured by kindly liberality in the administration. Nowhere in India had the British rule been felt so distinctly as a relief from burdens rather than a burden. But against actual mutiny the Government of England in the Punjab was able to show itself terrible in strength. In five out of the eight cases the mutineers were captured and either almost or utterly destroyed. It was a wise rigour. Officers who helped to save the country have been, after the peril is all over, weakly rebuked for the strong hand with which they smote rebellion down at its first risings. It was there a rebellion which, had it grown, would have deprived us in India of that reserve on which alone seemed to depend the issue of the conflict.

But it could not be by a brute force that Sir John Lawrence held the Punjab, and could put forth all its strength for the decision of our fate in India.

When, ten years ago, the country came under the British rule, there was a resolve to carry out in it, as thoroughly as possible, what were considered the best views as to right government, and its Administration set to work on the erection of a model province. Year by year it made progress. There always was a surplus income and prosperity within its borders. Justice was brought home to the peasant's door by means of the Small Cause Courts, and although, during the great storm of Indian rebellion, officers of law courts were drawn by the urgency of other duties from the regular hearing of causes, yet, after a break of five months, the work went on again so steadily that during the year of tumult there was actually more appeal by litigation to the authority of English magistrates than there had been during the previous year of peace. The oppression of the native bankers had been lessened, by reducing from twelve to six years the period within which suits must be brought against a bonded debtor. The bankers themselves had become so unpopular, that in case of tumult the first act of insurgents was to "inquire for them" and burn their hated books.

The exercise of justice against criminals had also been righteous as well as firm. Thuggee, infanticide, and gang robbery had been, before the revolt, almost suppressed. After the revolt it is remarkable that there was everywhere a diminution of the mass of crime. The unruly spirits seemed to have burnt out their energy in unsuccessful strife, and there was less heart for violent offences. In the Cis-Sutlej states, after the twelfth of May, in the year fifty-seven, a season of open violence set in, and was steadily resisted by the officers of justice, who could not, indeed, reach all offenders, but who contrived to assert law against more than five thousand persons, of whom at least one-fourth were heinous criminals.

This excess of disorder did not spread beyond the Sutlej. Sir John Lawrence turned to account his five rivers as barriers against tumult. He closed the lesser ferries, and set guards on all the greater ones, by which men could cross over with the firebrands of revolt. He moored the ferry boats either in mid-stream or, as regarded his own district, on the outside of each river, so that men who were unable to work mischief within his borders should not, without knowledge and permission from authority, cross them to work out elsewhere their evil plans. Suspicious wayfarers, especially those coming from the east, were stopped, and the extraordinary number of such characters showed how great was the value of this shrewd precaution.

In thus guarding the ferries of the Five Rivers, in maintaining law, and in actual suppression of mutiny, the Punjab police, men of the soil, were of important use as native soldiers. But from the temptation of watching treasure even the faithful Punjabees were prudently withdrawn, and all money not in use for daily needs was ordered to be sent into some fortified place under the care of European guards.

Thousands of seditious letters were stopped in their passage through the post. There was a cautious weeding of Hindoostanees out of the various branches of the public service. They had come into the Punjab, to them a foreign province, with the British, and had enjoyed one-half of its patronage, but the tendency of them all, in the critical hour, was to intrigue against us. A considerable part of the whole region had, most fortunately, been already disarmed; the disarming was made more complete. From plunderers complete restitution of the value of all property destroyed or stolen was enacted rigidly. Insurgent tribes were made to pay for all damage to public buildings, for the extra police rendered necessary by their misconduct, and for the cutting of military roads through their own jungles. Against the breaking open of gaols, always the next act of mutineers after the seizure of the treasury, there was strong precaution taken. They were placed usually under guard of faithful Punjabee police, but sometimes it was necessary to employ the rustics of the district. All Hindostanee guards were removed, and the inspector, Dr. Charles Hathaway, who had laboured earnestly for the establishment of a complete gaol system, slept for months during the crisis at the central gaol of Lahore, which contained two thousand of the worst prisoners, and was exposed to attack from four disarmed regiments if they should rise.

Thus, throughout the region which Sir John Lawrence administered, law made itself respected and showed only a calm, unwavering front. While all the native races watched events at Delhi, and, as the siege wore on, began to doubt of the supremacy of British might, everything before their eyes was telling them that we allowed ourselves no question about the matter. We continued in the Punjab to settle questions of revenue, to arrange disputes, and enter into undertakings with the people binding on us for a series of years. The continuance of our rule was taken openly and quietly for granted in the daily business of life, and the people assented to this maintenance of the accustomed order of affairs. Even the government schools were kept up during the fiercest shock of the revolt with no appreciable decrease in the attendance, though the pupils are Hindoo and Mahometan. There are few Sikhs. The Punjabees were not, as a whole, visibly disaffected; much of their confidence was won. Had our strength been overmatched at Delhi, the end of our rule in India would have been demonstrated before them, the native princes round about would nearly all have escaped from the ruins of our empire, and we should have lost, not only the Punjab, but all India with it. When our success was delayed the beginning of that end began to show itself.

And yet this was a friendly people. Under the rule of Sir John Lawrence it had enjoyed frequent reductions of the land tax. However carefully an assessment might have been calculated, reasons for altering it may arise as soon as it is finished, and in the Administration of the Punjab it was not by tape and figures, but by constant human observation and reflection, that

affairs were managed. Thus, when the day of trial came, the country people, carefully secured against oppression, were content; the landholders also knew that they paid their allegiance to a thoughtful government, which, in its revenue department, had made firm stand against the alienation of landed property, and had even watched jealously all private alienations as sources of certain discontent and symptoms of either some distress capable of remedy, or some pressure of the revenue, or some sinister influence at work.

To another feature in the good administration of the Punjab we owe much. Before the critical day came a large part of its revenue had been spent on laying open the whole region and its resources by the active pushing on of public works. Three-quarters of a million have been already spent on the Baree Doab canal, for which the Sikhs will have good reason to be grateful to the government. The works on the great Trunk Road from the Delhi frontier to Peshawur had opened the way by which could be despatched, in a rainy season, troops, stores, and siege trains, the vast materials and munitions of war, to the siege of Delhi. But for that road Delhi might have held out for at least another season. It is questionable whether the fidelity of the Punjab would have held out also for so long a time. A million and a quarter has been spent on Punjab roads; there is an enormous mass of work yet to be done and bridges to be built by thousands. Also there is the railway from Umritsur to Mooltan, which the Sindh Railway Company now sets about constructing.

The Punjab during the Indian crisis supplied England, not with men only, but with money. It had to pay its own disarmed Sepoys, new levies and provincial battalions; but there was so little money to be raised out of the Delhi territory that the army of besiegers must depend also in no small measure upon the Punjab treasuries. By two or three wise financial arrangements, none of them illiberal, and which consisted not in any levying of fresh taxes or forced contributions, but in some short dated anticipation of receipts and postponement of payments, means were found to despatch the army before Delhi, in several sums, not less than two hundred thousand pounds. Contingents of men were also sent in aid of the besiegers by chiefs whom a steady course of generous and friendly treatment had secured as faithful feudatories. The Cis-Sutlej chiefs and the Maharajah Goolab Sing sent their contingents; English foot regiments, the Guide Corps, Punjab infantry and cavalry were sent by Sir John Lawrence; waggon trains were organised from Mooltan to Lahore, and on to Delhi, to convey men, stores, and material for the besieging force. At last, the day came when a last effort had to be made for the supply of reinforcements. British Power, even in the Punjab, was balanced on a hair. Fierce tribes were round about, waiting the hour to spring, a population, faithful to the strong, was watching with a strained attention the course of a siege that would determine for it whether mastery remained with us. There were six thousand armed and twelve thousand disarmed Hindoostanees, and there remained in the Punjab only a few English troops employed in guard over the disarmed Sepoys, and about three thousand men locked up in the Peshawur valley, who were suffering from fever, with no other disposable force than the remainder of her Majesty's 8th and 61st at Jullundur and Ferozepore, and her Majesty's 52nd at Umritsur. If these should go, there would be left no European reserve whatever. There would not be five thousand Europeans, sick included, left to hold the country. Nevertheless, these men were urgently required at Delhi. Upon the event at Delhi all depended, and these soldiers also were sent forward with all despatch. And then, says the official report, again passing beyond the reserve of official language, the die was finally cast; the supreme effort had been made; the cup had been drained to its last drop; the chord had been strained almost to breaking. If Delhi were taken, the successful course of the Punjab administration would remain uninterrupted. If with the last aid Delhi were not taken, and that speedily, there would then be a struggle, not only for European dominon, but even for European existence, within the Punjab itself. We know the result. By the twentieth of September in the same year Delhi was finally recaptured by the British, and the Punjabees, who had a private grudge of their own against the city, are proud of the part they took in its reduction.

OUR NEAREST RELATION.

Men cannot help feeling a little ashamed of their cousin-german the Ape. His close yet grotesque and clumsy semblance of the human form is accompanied by no gleams of higher instinct. Our humble friend the dog, our patient fellow-labourer the horse, are nearer to us in this respect. The magnanimous and sagacious elephant, doomed though he be to all-fours, is godlike compared with this spitefully ferocious creature. Strangely enough, too, the most repulsive and ferocious of all apekind — the recently discovered Gorilla—is, the comparative anatomist assures us, nearest to us of all: the most closely allied in structure to the human form.

Recently discovered to science, we should have said, for rumours of the existence of such a creature reach us from the lips of more than one observant Old Traveller, but were regarded by Cuvier as confused versions of species already known. A very interesting probable allusion has been disinterred from the Voyage of Hanno, the early Carthaginian navigator:

On the third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies,

whom the interpreters called "Gorillas." But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women (females), who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail.

In 1847, Professor Owen received a letter from Dr. Savage, a church missionary at Gaboon, a richly-wooded tract in the western part of Africa, enclosing sketches of the cranium of an ape, which he described as much larger than the chimpanzee, ferocious in its habits, and dreaded by the negro natives more than they dread the lion or any other wild beast of the forest. Since that period, the entire skeleton, and also the carcase, preserved in spirits (hideous spectacle to unscientific eyes), have come to the hands of the savans of Europe, among whom they have proved bones of contention: some assigning the new species a rank above, some below, the chimpanzee. When we shall have drawn our ugly friend's likeness, we shall be better able to indicate the points of difference and of resemblance which have made the doctors differ.

The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and, as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a "scowling pent-house over the eyes." Couple with this a deep lead-coloured skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw with the canine teeth (in the males) of huge size, a receding chin; and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short; the head pokes forward. The relative proportions of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution of size deserving the name of wrist (for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight); a wide, thick hand: the palm long, and the fingers short, swollen and gouty-looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot with a thumb to it, "of huge dimensions and portentous power of grasp." No wonder the lion skulks before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity, and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs, or a brood of young birds. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be: not that it ever intentionally injures *him*, but merely, that it shares his taste for certain favourite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and, striking its sensitive proboscis a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

Towards the negroes, the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood-demons—swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches, with his thumbed foot, at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a fiendish scowl. Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the sudden mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him with his horrible foot dropped from a tree while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind-hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him up into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

A tree is the gorilla's sleeping-place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. If surprised as he waddles along, leaning on his club, instantly he betakes him to all-fours, applying the back part of the bent knuckles of his fore-hands to the ground, and makes his way rapidly, with an oblique, swinging kind of gallop, to the nearest tree. From that coigne of vantage he awaits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy, enough, to pursue. No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant-hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. "If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I could not do it," he said.

Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity. At the close of the rice harvest, the period when the gorillas approach nearest the abodes of man, a family group may sometimes be observed, the parents sitting on a branch, leaning against the trunk, as they munch their fruit, while the young innocents sport around, leaping and swinging from branch to branch, with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. The mothers show that devotion to their young in times of danger, which is the most universal of instincts. "A French natural history collector" (we are quoting, as before, from Professor Owen's memoir on the Gorilla, read to the Royal Institution in February, 1859) "accompanying a party of the Gaboon negroes into the gorilla woods, surprised a female with two young ones on a large boabdad" (the monkey bread-fruit-tree) "which stood some distance from the nearest clump. She descended the tree with her youngest clinging to her neck, and made off rapidly on all fours to the forest, and escaped. The deserted young one, on seeing the approach of the men, began to utter pierc-

ing cries; the mother having disposed of one infant, returned to the rescue of the other, but before she could descend with it, her retreat was cut off. Seeing one of the negroes level his musket at her, she, clasping her young with one arm, waved the other, as if deprecating the shot. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell with her young one clinging to her. It was a male, and survived the voyage to Havre, where it died on arriving."

The Gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad dried fronds of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised, swung in the leafy branches of a tree. By day, he sits on a bough, leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions. Sometimes, when walking without a stick, he clasps his hands across the back of his head, thus instinctively counterbalancing its forward projection. The natives of Gaboon always speak of the gorilla in terms which imply a belief in his close kinship to themselves. But they have a very low opinion of his intelligence. They say that during the rainy season he builds a house without a roof, and that he will come down and warm himself at the fires left by them in their hunting expeditions; but has not the wit to throw on more wood out of the surrounding abundance to keep it burning, "the stupid old man." Mimic though he be, he cannot even catch the trick of human articulation so well as the parrot or the raven. The negroes aver that he buries his dead by heaping leaves and loose earth over the body.

Wherein does the gorilla differ from the previously known anthropoid, or man-like, tailless apes? Of these there are three distinct genera: the gibbon, or long-armed ape, the orang-outang, and the chimpanzee. It is a peculiarity of the quadrumana (or monkey and ape tribe generally) that the brain is very precociously developed. Hence, when they are young, with small milk-teeth, fully developed brain, and globular-shaped cranium, they look, comparatively speaking, quite promising characters. But, in the large apes, the orang and the chimpanzee, maturity brings a vast access of physical force, without any corresponding enlargement of the brain, which becomes masked and overlaid by the prominence of the brute attributes. The jaws expand to receive the great tusk-like teeth; and then, to work such massive jaws, comes a large addition of fleshy fibres to the muscles, and for these great muscles an increased surface of attachment in the corresponding bones. Hence the physiognomy becomes more brutish, and less human, in maturity. Hence, too, the small species of monkeys and apes, in whom this development of physical force does not take place, are far milder and more intelligent-looking than the more highly organised orang and chimpanzee when full grown; though these latter have absolutely a larger amount of brain, and several other modifications of the bony structure which bring them in reality, as we have said, nearest to man. Hence, too, it was that Cuvier, who had seen none but young specimens, much exaggerated the nearness of this approach in his Règne Animal. The gorilla surpasses the orang and chimpanzee in this peculiarity; and it is the lowering ferocity of his countenance produced by immense jaws and teeth, the bony prominence over the eyes, and the relative insignificance of the brain, which have induced some naturalists to rank him below the previously known species of chimpanzee.

He has other claims to precedence, besides this cogent one of more brain and a more convoluted brain. The distinctive characteristic of the order, that which supplies it the name, quadrumana, is, as we all know, the having hands instead of feet—four hands. And in the comparative anatomist's eyes, the most characteristic peculiarity of man's structure is the great toe; it is mainly this which enables him to walk erect, which constitutes the great difference between a foot and a hand, and entitles him, sole genus of his order, sole species of his genus, to his zoological appellation bimana, or two-handed. In the gorilla, the thumb of the hind hand is more like a great toe than it is, either in the orang-outang or chimpanzee: it is thicker and stronger. The heel also, makes a more decided backward projection, and in the fore-hand, that important member, the thumb, is better devoloped. A disproportionate length of arm gives, as we notice in the deformed, a singularly awkward and ungainly aspect to the figure. This is a familiar attribute of all monkey-kind, and one which, in its gradual diminution, marks the gradual rise in the scale of organisation. In the gibbons, or long-armed apes, these members hang down to the feet, so that the whole palm can be applied to the ground without the trunk being bent. In the orang, they reach the ankle; in the chimpanzee, below the knee; in the gorilla, a little short of the knee; while in man, below the middle of the thigh.

There are other advances of structure interesting to the anatomist, and all tending to support the gorilla's claims to the topmost place. Now and then we come across a human face in which the bony framework of the eye is almost circular, with a repulsive, cunning, monkey-like look. This, though universal, is one of the ugliest characteristics of the monkey. The gorilla, however, is exempt from this particular detail of ugliness; the bony setting of the eye is squarish, as in most men.

Again and again it strikes the fancy—strikes deeper than the fancy—that the honey-making, architectural bee, low down in the scale of life, with its insignificant head, its little boneless body, and gauzy wing, is our type of industry and skill: while this apex in the pyramid of the brute creation, this near approach to the human form, what can it do? The great hands have no skill but to clutch and strangle; the complex brain is kindled by no divine spark; there, amid the unwholesome

luxuriance of a tropical forest, the creature can do nothing but pass its life in fierce sullen isolation—eat, drink, and die?

DIFFERENT PATHS.

I LATELY talked with one who strove
To show that all my way was dim,
That his alone—the road to Heaven;
And thus it was I answer'd him:

"Strike not the staff I hold away,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different wise, to one sure end.

"What, though with eagle glance upfixed
On heights beyond our mortal ken,
You tread the broad sure stones of Faith
More firmly than do weaker men:

"To each according to his strength;
But as we leave the plains below,
Let us carve out a wider stair,
A broader pathway through the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest
We stand at last together, freed
From mists that circle round the base,
And clouds that but obscure our creed:

"We shall perceive that though our steps
Have wander'd wide apart, dear friend,
No pathway can be wholly wrong
That leads unto one perfect end."

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

NURSE PARKET had lived with us ever since our mother's death, and we—my sister Bella, myself, and little Lucy—loved her dearly. It was she who had taken us all to bid our dear mother good-by, when, lying on her great high bed, in the shade of its heavy curtains, she looked so frail and transparent of form and hue, that we could be hardly persuaded she was not already a spirit. To little Lucy, who was too young to recollect her otherwise, she always appeared afterwards, in memory and in dreams, as she looked then. But Bella and I could remember her when her soft gold hair hung in curly clusters round a healthy smiling face, and so sometimes we could see her fresh and blooming as she used to be, though never without a certain subdued light on her beauty: thrown, as it seemed, neither by actual grief nor actual trouble, but by a chastened memory of both.

Nurse Parket, in a plain, homely, but deep, earnest way, strove to fill our mother's place towards us, her little orphans; for our father, a quiet country gentleman, given up to antiquarian pursuits, though kind and amiable of heart, hardly noticed us in an ordinary fatherly way. He was, however, always ready to listen to Nurse Parket's suggestions, and we had grown up, under governesses whom she had reminded him to secure, until Lucy was sixteen, when, the lesson-book part of our education being finished, we were left alone with our father and Nurse Parket.

No; not quite alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, a very great friend, or rather companion, of my father, as fond of antiquarian lore as he, but not half as amiable, was in the habit of making such long visits at Coombe Uplands (the name of our old place), that he might be said to live there for half the year. Mr. Joachim was this gentleman's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in unison with it. He had a grave, saturnine expression about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, the colour of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinising observer, but wherein could be seen, at times, a dull glare, as of smouldering fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily whenever I looked at him, while, as for little Lucy—we called her "little" because she was the youngest, and our pet—she could hardly bear his very presence.

It was far otherwise with Bella. She was always a fearless, daring child, strangely attracted towards anything peculiar (a part of her character which she might have derived from her father, though she was, in other respects, most unlike him, he being quiet and grave, and she high-spirited and full of life), and it was, perhaps, on this account that she alone among us liked our dark, strange visitor, Mr. Joachim.

It became quite certain, in the course of time, that, in his own odd, undemonstrative way, he liked her; for he proposed himself to her as a husband, and, to our unspeakable regret, she accepted him. I shall never forget the day she did so, for Lucy, and I, and Nurse Parket, when she came up into the nursery to be congratulated, kissed and cried over her to that degree that it might have been supposed she was going to die instead of marry.

Bella cried too, at first, but after a while she got almost angry with us for our compassion and silence—for we could none of us say a word—and went down to join her lover in the library, where he was poring over some musty old books with my father, who had recently purchased them at a great cost. I think they must have sent her up again, for she very soon reappeared with tears in her eyes, very unlike those she had shed before she went down. They had flowed fast and free, as relieving her heart of the burden of her new happiness, while those then on her face were quiet and repressed, as if her heart had been somehow hurt.

When we were going to bed that night, I said to Nurse Parket, lingering behind with her in the nursery,

"Nurse, dear, what do you think of Bella's engagement?"

"My dear Miss Alice," she answered, "don't ask me."

"Ah! then, nurse, I know you don't like it!"

"Well, dear, we will hope for the best. Perhaps, after all, Miss Bella mayn't marry him."

"But Bella loves him, nurse—what then?"

"My dear, she thinks she loves him, there isn't a doubt, but I have seen mistakes made before now."

We said no more at that time, but I recollect going to bed very unhappy, and dreaming restlessly, with nightmare oppressiveness, of Mr. Joachim, who seemed a kind of grim, gloomy phantom, formless and indescribable, but always overshadowing Bella with a black, mysterious mantle, whenever she was going to smile or speak to me.

About this time a surprising thing occurred. Never, since we had all had the measles together, in our childhood, had my father come up-stairs into our nursery; but, one day, he presented himself at the door, and entered, for the purpose of giving us a piece of intelligence. The intelligence, unexpected as it was, hardly surprised us so much as my father's appearance in the nursery. It was, however, to the effect that our Aunt Dorothea (the only aunt we had), of whom we had heard from time to time from Nurse Parket, and very occasionally from my father, as living in Italy with her invalid husband, was to be expected at Coombe Uplands in the course of a week. She had returned to England, having lost her husband, and my father had asked her to come and take up her residence with us, at what used to be, when they were boy and girl together, her old home.

Long before he got through all this, my father began to look dreamy and abstracted, as was his wont, and to give it out in short half sentences, with absent pauses between. A world of expectation arose among us on hearing this news. We knew very few people besides the clergyman and his wife, and Mr. Joachim, and the idea of having our unknown aunt to live with us caused quite an excitement in our minds.

Mr. Joachim had not been over to our house for a week or two, when one afternoon, two or three days before Aunt Dorothea was expected, looking out from the window of the nursery where Lucy and I were sitting, I saw him walking with Bella about the lawn and shrubberies. They seemed so strange a pair—she, in her frank youth and freshness, and he in his stiff, dull middle-age, with not a grace to relieve the gloom and secrecy which pervaded his whole face and figure, that I could but look at them, wondering what might be the end of such a betrothal. It was a late autumn day. There were so many trees about Coombe Uplands that it fell dusk there sooner than in many other places, and, at little more than five o'clock, I could not see to do another sprig of the fancy work on which I was engaged. Lucy still stood straining her eyes over the volume of poems in the declining light at the window, when Bella, with a springless step quite unlike her own, wearily entered the room.

I could hardly see her face except in its general outline, but something in the turn of her head, and in the whole air of her figure as she drooped into a low seat by the fire, told me that her mood was very sad. Lucy, closing her book regretfully, came and seated herself on the hearth-rug by Bella's side. Presently, as if she too instinctively perceived that something was amiss, she laid her head against Bella's lap and drew one of her passive arms about her neck, trying, unobtrusively, to soothe her with love and fondness. I, the eldest, sat on a corner of the couch next the fire on the opposite side, and thought what a quiet sisterly group they made, as the fire-light glanced and flickered on their graceful figures, now showing Bella's grave pale face in its sad reflective aspect, now lighting up Lucy's pretty head of golden curls—she inherited our mother's style and beauty—that fell around her neck about which Bella's arm was twining. We had lived lonely and retired enough, it is true, but we had seldom sighed for pleasures beyond our quiet country life, among the woods and fields of Coombe Uplands, and, bound with the chain of our sisterly love, we had been very happy. "Can she leave us," I thought, looking at Bella, "for that dark, gloomy Mr. Joachim?"

As I was thinking about him, and Bella in connexion with him, Nurse Parket entered, and I made her come and sit down with me upon the couch. The quiet, Nurse Parket, and our sisterly companionship in the dear old nursery, led me into thoughts of the past days of our childhood, when, in the same place, at such an hour, we had sat by the uncertain fire-light listening to nurse's stories, and I felt an irrepressible desire to revive them once more as far as, in the nature of things, they could be revived.

"Nurse, dear," I said, "you used to tell us stories when we were children. We are all very quiet—tell us one now."

"My dear Miss Alice," she said, laughing, "you wouldn't care for Cinderella, nor Goody Two Shoes, now, and what else should I have to tell you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, "but something, I'm sure. You have lived in different places before you came here, and you must have some grown-up stories to tell if you only think. By the way," I said, suddenly, "nurse, dear, had you ever a sweetheart?"

Nurse Parket smiled, and then looked grave, and passed her hand across her face as she answered,

"Yes, miss, once—but he died long before you were born, my dear. I don't think I could tell you any story about that. He died before your dear mamma was married."

She paused, and, thinking for a few minutes, said, looking over at Bella, who still sat quiet with Lucy's head against her lap,

"I think I'll try to tell you a story, my dears, about somethin' that happened once, but which you none of you ever heard, when I was almost a young woman. But you must excuse my way of tellin' it, and listen to it only because it is true."

We were all fond of stories, especially Lucy; and Bella, rousing herself from her meditative

attitude, we settled ourselves to listen attentively. Nurse Parket commenced:

The story, my dears, is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, as her maid, and afterwards, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was always very fond of me, and I of her. She lived in a large town before she married, and, her father and mother being company-keepin' people, and she being so very pretty, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married *well*, as they call it, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marryin' well, and that is when a woman, or a lady, marries a man, or a gentleman, really suited to her, and when there is real true love on both sides. I told you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage, made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Bella looked up, and seemed to fancy that nurse and I might have been talking of her on the night alluded to. Nurse went on:

Well; I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was older a good deal than she. She was gay and sprightly like—he was still and grave. She liked life, and stir, and change—he liked nothin' but readin' and sittin' still. She was as fond of music as a bird—he couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin', song after song and piece after piece, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him sittin' over a book by the lamp, never listenin' to a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and she must have felt it a great change.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think about it, for a length of time.

When they first married, her husband used mostly to sit in the same room with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin'; but, after a while, he took to keepin' in another, by himself, and only comin' in to meals with her; and, at night, he sat up hours, poring over his learning and his books. Well, then was the first of my lady's showin' of herself cast down and melancholy. One day as I passed my master's study door, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by his chair, and sayin' somethin' to him which I could not hear. But I heard him answer, in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull, send for your mother and sister, and any one else you like, to make the place gayer to you."

I was nearer guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, than he was what was grievin' her aching heart. He was a good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's time after that, however, the house was full of company. My lady's mother, her sister, her brother, some of their cousins, and others besides. The house seemed turned almost upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose once, but, at this time, only flushed with excitement now and then—I didn't believe she was much the happier for all the company.

However, amongst them there was a great friend of my lady's brother, who was thought to be thinkin' of her sister, and who was one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen I ever saw. There didn't seem to be anything that he couldn't do, or didn't know. He was as much a favourite with all the servants in the house as he was with all the ladies and gentlemen, and appeared as amiable as he was clever and handsome. Even my master would sometimes leave his books and talk to him, but not very often.

He was a beautiful rider on horseback, and broke in a horse for my lady which nobody else could manage. My lady was very fond of ridin', and had gone out in a dull way with the groom, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often for the mere pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother, however, rode with her now, and the handsome gentleman always helped her to her saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, or read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. When he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, but especially her sister, though that was for another reason which I didn't think of then, but she found out something long before any one else would have done. It was only natural, for she loved him very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing! in a deep decline, two or three years afterwards.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew some of the families in the neighbourhood, and from our house he went to stay with one of them, and so, occasionally, we saw him still; but at last he went away altogether, and so did all our company, and we were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after this, something came to my mistress, which I hoped would make her happy after all: a dear little baby, and I was its nurse: but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us cannot stand in our own strength, and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our poor might, they mostly will come, and make sure prey of us. Something of this sort had warped my poor dear lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled from her childhood—and her husband, though not unkind, neglected of her.

Nurse stopped a moment, and I, getting strangely excited, moved closer to her on the

couch, and took hold of her hand. She resumed, glancing down at me:

Not but what she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind. I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once liked so much, coming to stay again with that family in the neighbourhood, rode over so often to call upon my master, but stayed so long with my lady in the drawin'-room.

It might have been only fancy, but I thought him not nearly so handsome as he was.

Well. He came and went in the neighbourhood for some time, and my lady grew sadder and sadder, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing, all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and quiet-like every day. Except for the baby, then a year old, and able to talk a little, lispingly, her life was very lonely. Sometimes, for days, she would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble runnin' through her figure, and then, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would hasten away to hide the tears in her eyes, and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean, my lady and the handsome gentleman—about this time, I knew by instinct (for I loved her, and had done from a child), that they sometimes met. At last I knew it for certain, and I never was so unhappy in my whole life! No, not even when I had a great sorrow of my own.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone from home to a meeting of some society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, as far as I knew, except the servants and my mistress, who was, I thought, in the drawin'-room. Having a very bad headache, after I had put my baby to bed and left the housemaid in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen garden and about the back ways behind the shrubberies. Everything was very still, except that a soft breeze went soughing and whispering through the great fir plantations, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow lighter and better as I walked, kept listenin' to the sound and thinkin', I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to send a baby to sleep with. As I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually, I heard my own dear lady's voice answer some low words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony:

"Oh no!" she cried; "Gerald, do not tempt me!—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to leave my little child!" Her voice, though not a high one, rang through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled lest any one should hear it beside myself. He seemed to hush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name, and oh, what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, but now I was determined to hear all I could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place behind the shrubberies; for was I not her maid when she was little more than a child?—didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Besides, I was her own baby's nurse. Anyhow, I stopped.

I heard but very little more except just at the last. They appeared about to part, and then, in his voice, I heard these words: "To-morrow night, then, my own, whether you come or not, at eleven o'clock I shall be here." And, after that, only the sound of stealthy footsteps carefully going over the fallen leaves, and of a low weeping that broke out between whiles when the footsteps were gone.

I waited, perhaps, half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and, in about an hour or so, I heard my mistress come up there, and, as it was bedtime, I knocked and went in to help her to undress as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try and deceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been crying!

"How you startled me, nurse!" she said.

I answered, "But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me knock?"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You'll feel it lonesome to-night without master. Shall I leave the doors open through to the nursery, so as you can hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully,

"No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and, pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and after pretending to soothe it, called her to look at it.

"O dear, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that ever I saw it look so pretty in its innocent sleep!"

She came in her white dressing-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost whiter than her gown, while she stood silent by the little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe! I can't think how any one can ever hurt a child! I do think, if I was to hurt a baby through cruelty or passion, I couldn't never say my prayers again hardly."

My lady stooped over the child until her long

hair, which was all hangin' loose, fell over its face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something that I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said:

"But, dear me, ma'am, you must be tired! It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she half started from her low posture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard a mention of eleven o'clock, and, in the start she gave, she awoke the baby from its sleep. Throwing out its little arms, the child caught at some of her bright long hair as it floated away from her, and began to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And oh, how I hoped the child's voice might call her back to what she used to be, before that dark handsome face had been seen in our house! She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then!

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said. "I will just go and put out some water for you into the basin, and unfold your night-dress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her hushing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but the tears were raining down from my lady's eyes upon its little night-dress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it into bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears,

"O my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary dear," she answered. "Nothing!"

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you was ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

But I went on:

"Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, *if anything happened to you.*"

How strong I tried to speak those words!

"He is fond of the baby too," I said, "though he seldom notices it, for when I took it to the study window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose and told me that I need not say any more; but I didn't mind, I only said,

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have waited on you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And she shut her dressin'-room door, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I got out of bed several times to listen at her door, which, when I heard her go through into her bedroom, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of the night, I heard her crying as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She seemed to sleep once for a short time, but awoke herself in calling out, "Gerald, do not tempt me!" in a nightmare dream.

In the morning I rose with a feeling as if a great weight were upon me which I must remove by some great endeavour before the night and eleven o'clock came. I wanted, if possible, that my dear mistress should take it off herself, without my having to show her that I knew what had passed in the shrubbery the night before. I said to myself, "Surely she will think many times before she will go out from these doors to-night. Perhaps she will think better of it. Perhaps she has never meant to go. Anyhow, I know the time appointed, and I can watch, and, at the last, I can but speak."

My lady spent almost all day in her dressin'-room, and I fancied she was writing. I was glad she kept there, because it was next the nursery, and I made the baby crow merrily, and talk in her pretty way continually, so as to keep the dear little creature in her mind. The child had learnt to say "Mamma" quite plain, and, going up to the dressin'-room door with her little uncertain footsteps, many times through the day she called to her to come in, with her sweet tender little voice. My lady did not come, however, but kept her own room closely; and I began to think that she was afraid to look at the dear baby any more — that she really meant to leave it.

The day wore on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up-stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and she remained in the drawin'-room afterwards instead of coming, as she most times did, to bid the baby good night and see me undress and put it into bed. We were a very regular household, and, by ten o'clock, all the servants were settled for the night. My lady, looking into the nursery with her dressin'-gown on (for she had been in her room for some little time), told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and that was all. My lady never looked towards the little bed where the baby was sleeping.

I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening. We always burnt a candle in the nursery on account of the baby, and I often recal that troubled wakeful hour when, by its dim light, I lay listening to every sound in my lady's dressin'-room, while the queer shadows of the night-shade danced and flickered on the ceiling.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of the dressin'-room partly open, and as she sat there, I could hear the leaves of a book turned over and over for a length of time. The hour seemed for ever long. Nothing to listen to but the ticking of the nursery clock, and the turning of the pages of my lady's book. Nothing to look at but the shadow of the night-shade on the ceiling. I guessed that my mistress had left her own bedroom door open to the

staircase, and that she would leave a light still burning in the dressin'-room, and go down, and out by way of the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a side-door, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressin'-room; but I knew she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was listening to hear if all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressin'-room into the bedroom shut very gently.

That was the moment for me to get up. I did get up; and, taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes, out into the landing (for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done hers), and down the broad staircase, along the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quite still, close by the garden door. In less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down the passage too. She was dressed completely, with a bonnet on. She came so hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood so much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard or two from me. But, when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all, and when, above everything, I held the little sleeping baby towards her in my outstretched arms, as though it were the real bar, the real chain, which was to hold her back, she stopped, and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had seized the candle as it fell from out her trembling hand, and set it on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed her, and cried over her, and said I was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter out to him—we never spoke his name then, nor afterwards—but she would never go and leave the dear, dear baby! Down in that stone passage, in the dead of night (for it was long past the appointed hour), when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together; and all the while the Tempter waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her who would never come!

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret, ever since, from all the world; and, even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I have named no names.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the last moment before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She loved the Tempter, and, by that bitterness, found out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I thank God she was saved from a bitterness greater still; known alone to a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and leaves for it only the memory of her name ruined and disgraced!

She lived, after that terrible night and the illness it cost her were passed, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even happy; for she had more children, and loved them as only a dreary wife, with a neglectful, unsuitable husband can. But she died young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and no one but I ever knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears. I pray that you may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

We all sat very still, and cried quietly. I think we all *felt* of whom the story was told, but nurse had said it was a secret, and we never afterwards, even to each other, hazarded a guess.

It had its effect. Bella did not marry Mr. Joachim. That unsuitable engagement went off, as a dark, unwholesome night will go off before the rising sun. When my Aunt Dorothea came, a better and healthier life began for all of us: for she was a delightful woman, who, in the course of her useful life chequered with many a trial, had gathered stores of wisdom, sympathy, and kindliness, which she exercised abundantly for her nieces' advantage. We are all married now, and, I am thankful to say, congenially and happily. Our father, and our Aunt Dorothea, lie in their quiet graves in the village churchyard; but Nurse Parket survives them all. Very old, but very active, she is the delight of our little children. She lives with me, as the eldest of her nurslings, but often stays with the others, and particularly with Bella, whom she loves as tenderly as she loves me. She often tells my children, and Bella's children, stories that we both well remember, but the one I have recorded she has never told again; nor have I, nor has Bella, ever, in all our long talks with Nurse Parket, referred to it by a single word.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That, if statues were decreed in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he probably would not have one. That, Virtue, as had been observed by the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; whereat the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. That, the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom however unworthily was an honour, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That, he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honoured him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That, he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That, they never could lay their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of everything he could think of with a round turn in it, and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps? Oh dear no. Or to do anything? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver teapot; he had been maligned respecting a mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was *his* only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many like him.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"He happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette!"

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the colour rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion.

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"O! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recal it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board——"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night, but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her

forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and, in the pauses when she stopped for the Judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the Counsel for and against. Among the lookers-on there was the same expression in all quarters of the court; insomuch, that a great majority of the foreheads there, might have been mirrors reflecting the witness, when the Judge looked up from his notes to glare at that tremendous heresy about George Washington.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my Lord, that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette. Who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but, I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand, being, to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said), as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But, Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner; whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which, was, to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers, in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing trafficker in blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas—which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel—though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him, forbad him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together:—with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible, to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it

would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practise for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But, there My Lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came My Lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in his demeanour, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbour, and added, "I'd hold half a guinea that *he* don't get no law-work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet, this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly: "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him, to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown strong internal agitation when he was questioned, and that pondering or brooding look which made him old, had been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My Lord (perhaps with George Washington on his mind) showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry: who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to take something to eat, you can. But, keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank. You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle, and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank-gentleman like you, to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, ears, and spikes.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it."

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar.

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, still only half turned towards him, "do you expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favour."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other

in manner—standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that refection, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people setting up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word "ACQUITTED."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to Life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant, this time."

He had no opportunity of saying, or so much as thinking, anything else, until he was clear of the Old Bailey; for, the crowd came pouring out with a vehemence that nearly took him off his legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if the baffled blue-flies were dispersing in search of other carrion.

THE CONFESSOR'S HAND-BOOK.

ARE we to confess, or not to confess, our sins and failings to the Rev. Francis Clifford? That is the question: or rather, one of the numerous questions, to which that earnest gentleman's recent appointment to the rectory and cure of souls in our parish, has given rise. We are all in hot water on the subject, down at Mickleham Regis, and a very regrettable amount of acrimonious feeling has been developed among us. The Rev. Simeon Surtis, vicar of Mickleham Parva, the adjoining parish, holds the practice in question to be such an abomination, that the act of sinning seems to be less odious in his eyes than the auricular confession thereof.

Now, as the present writer, Miles Standard, Esquire, of the Holms, at the reader's service, though a very obscure individual in every other part of the world, is rather an influential man at Mickleham Regis—a husband, moreover, and the father of three grown-up daughters—it became necessary that I should find some means of arriving at a decision of some sort between the opposing doctrines of these reverend guides and pastors.

I must own that I like Clifford as a man and a neighbour, and that I don't like Surtis. And what is more to the purpose, my wife and the girls are of the same way of thinking. Surtis preaches against our county balls, and is known to look with a jaundiced eye at the girls' archery meetings. As for Clifford, I really believe him to be a very good fellow, earnestly labouring to do all the good he can among our labouring population. Still, that does not settle the question between the two. Nor am I competent to decide, at all events for others, on so important a matter. So, being determined to obtain the best means towards the formation of a rational opinion on the real merits of the practice, I resolved on writing to an old friend in Italy, to beg him to get for me any book or books which should best show the real practical working of the Confessional, in a country where it enters into the ordinary daily life and habits of the people, and has become a constant constituent element in the formation of the national character.

My friend executed my commission in a satisfactory manner, by sending me a little Manual used throughout the dioceses of a large part of Italy for the instruction of Confessors in the duty of the Confessional. I have studied the little book with care, and, as the authority of my information is unquestionable, as I am conscious that I brought no overweening partisan prejudices to the inquiry, and, lastly, as I have been no little surprised as well as enlightened by my study of the HANDBOOK FOR CONFESSORS, I have thought that I should do well to communicate some of my discoveries to the English public.

The book in question, then, is a small duodecimo volume, of some three hundred and fifty pages, by "AGOSTINO VALENTINI, A BENEDICTINE MONK," printed at Florence in 1853, and stated in the title-page to be "FOR THE SPECIAL USE OF SUCH AS ARE TO BE EXAMINED FOR THE HEARING OF SACRAMENTAL CONFESSIONS."

The first thing that my study of it made manifest to me, was the absolute necessity of some such work for the use of priests who have to enter the Confessional-box. (Readers who have ever been in a continental church will remember the little boxes with a closed centre compartment for the priest to sit in, hidden from observation, and furnished on either side with kneeling accommodation for the penitents, who are to mutter their communications through a little grated opening in the partition which separates them from the Confessor.) The duty of those licensed by superior ecclesiastical authority to hear confessions, is by no means, as I had fancied, of that simple kind, for which some knowledge of human nature, and a large and kindly sympathy with its frailties, might be deemed a sufficient preparation. Just as well might an attorney be supposed to be duly educated for the business of his profession by an abstract reverence for the principles of justice, and the possession of personal integrity! He requires, on the contrary, as we all know, a learned knowledge of the science of law, and considerable training in the technicalities and specialities of his craft. Quite as technical and as special, it seems, is the preparatory study of the Confessor. And just as any professional ignorance of his business on the part of the attorney whom we consult, may lead us into some error fatal to some part of our goods and chattels: so, an imperfect knowledge of his craft in a man's Confessor, may, according to the Catholic system, lead him into a perilous position as regards his prospects in a future life.

Difficult enough, one thinks, must be the task of ascertaining and weighing the amount of a penitent's moral guilt, of gauging the intensity of the temptations to which he has yielded, and of sounding the depths of his contrition! "One point," thought Burns:

> One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving *Why* they do it;
> And just as lamely can ye mark,
> How far perhaps they rue it.

But Rome has felt, foreseen, and provided for this difficulty. She had been quite aware that it would never do simply to catch a human heart, strip it naked, and then set a Confessor to count its pulses, and find out the clue to its inextricable tangle of winding ways "by the light of nature!" So she has undertaken to map out clearly the whole of the mighty maze. All the complicated possibilities of human failings she professes to have catalogued, surveyed the darkest and remotest corners of every heart, laid down the latitude and longitude of every spot, and reduced the entire results of her vast undertaking to an intelligible code of rules. Huge volumes, and many of them, have been occupied, as may be supposed, in ascertaining all the data for this great geographical chart of the moral world, and duly ticketing every complication of human action. But, by the labour of several generations of casuists the great work has been accomplished; and now, thanks to the Benedictine monk who has written the book, I have received from Florence the gist of their labours, digested into a Manual in the form of question and answer.

It would be neither uninstructive nor unamusing to the reader to go through the whole work as I have done, noting the infallible tendency of the system to lose sight of *sinfulness*, while busying itself in counting up sins and classing them; and to destroy all action of the natural conscience of mankind by making the question, whether and how grievously a man is sinning, one which can be decided only by his Confessor. Space and time make it necessary for me, moreover, to content myself with a few specimens of the singular results which arise from this mode of dealing with human conduct.

The counting of sins is sometimes a delicate operation, and the rules for conducting it lead to some curious conclusions. It might be supposed, for instance, that if I were to speak ill-naturedly of Parson Surtis at Mickleham Parva, whom I have confessed I dislike, I should do more wrong than if I were to say that the French were all—as one of their own writers said of them—of a nature compounded of the tiger and the monkey. But the rule that I find in the Manual declares that "the same action contains as many numerically distinct sins as there are objects of the action." In the latter case, therefore, my sin would have to be multiplied by the total of the French population. And this especial case of speaking ill of an entire community is instanced as an example of the sense of the rule in the Manual before me.

Again, as it is very important to know whether I have committed one sin or more, and as that will depend on the number of completed sinful acts, it becomes necessary to distinguish carefully where one act ends and another begins. And as we are in this matter concerned not only with outward actions, but with those of the volition, it has been decided by the doctors, and is set forth in my useful little Manual, that as often as a change of will occurs, a new act is entered on. Thus, the hardened thief who picks a pocket, without any doubt or hesitation about it, commits one sin. But, the shilly-shally novice, who ten times makes up his mind to the deed, and ten times resists the temptation and abandons the intention, has committed ten sins, even though he do not put his thought in execution at last.

In some cases, this counting process necessitates still more delicate operations of casuistry. "External acts, or acts externally consummated," says the perspicuous author of my Manual, "are multiplied as many times as the object of the doer is perfected and completed." And hence it becomes curiously necessary to ascertain with accuracy what was the object of the doer. For, as my author happily and lucidly exemplifies it, "if a man beats his enemy without any intention of killing him, he commits as many sins as he inflicts blows. But if he beat him with the intention of beating him to death, he commits one sin only, the blows having been merely portions of the one object and act of putting his enemy to death."

If counting sins be found to be sometimes a delicate and curious operation, the computation of them by *weight* is often no less so. Theft, for instance, is undoubtedly sinful in *most* cases. Those in which it is not so, shall be pointed out presently. But, a most important distinction of all sins is into "grave" and "venial;" and this, in the case of theft, I find with some surprise (always proceeding on the authority of my Manual), will depend in no wise on the state of the thief's mind, his degree of ignorance, amount of temptation, or other such considerations, but simply on the amount in money value of the things stolen, varied according to the social status of the person robbed. From a due consideration of which circumstances, is deduced the following very remarkable thieving tariff: Theft from a pauper will reach "gravity" when it amounts to the sum of eightpence. (I reduce the sums in the Tuscan thief's tariff to English money, for the more ready usefulness of the table.) In many cases, however, of great destitution in the person robbed, a smaller sum than eightpence will make gravity. If the victim be one who gains his bread by the labour of his hands, from one and fourpence to two shillings will be about the mark. If the theft be from a person tolerably comfortably off, nothing under four and fourpence, or at the worst under three and eightpence, need much trouble your conscience. From a man who may be fairly set down as rich, a theft will not signify much, unless it reaches four and eightpence, or at least four shillings.

While princes and other very wealthy individuals may be pillaged without much remorse to the extent of six shillings, or even, perhaps, six and eightpence. In doubtful cases, however, which will, as the author of the Manual candidly admits, be likely to arise in practice, generally speaking, thefts under three and fourpence should not be deemed "grave."

It is to be noted, however, that these prices are not to regulate the filchings of a wife from a husband, of a son from his father, or of a servant from his master. Naturally enough, you think, the turpitude of the act is in such cases greater. Our Confessor's Manual decides differently. In the two first cases, we are told—that of a wife robbing her husband, and of a son robbing his father—"according to the most probable opinion," it takes more than double the sums above named to reach the gravity of sin. "Nevertheless," continues the Manual, "not even in these cases can an unbending rule be assigned, but they must be judged rather according to the circumstances; and the Confessor ought to examine if the father or the husband be rich or poor, if he have many sons" (the author omits to explain whether an only son may be permitted a greater or a less latitude of thievery than one of a numerous family, and the unenlightened reader is left wholly in doubt on this point, "if he love his wife and children" (here, again, we are left in ignorance in which direction this circumstance is to operate), "and if he make any profit out of them." In the case of servants, also, a greater latitude may be allowed to venial thieving than in the case of strangers.

The relation of master and servant gives rise to some further rules of a very curious character, laid down by our author in treating of the subject of "compensation."

"What is compensation?" asks the Manual.

"Compensation is either 'compensation proper,' or 'compensation improper.' The latter is the recovery of the debt, without the knowledge of the debtor. This arises when the creditor takes secretly from the goods of the debtor as much as is needed to pay his debt."

"Is this sort of compensation admissible?"

"It is always dangerous. It is, however, lawful on the following conditions: 1, that the debt be clear and undisputed; 2, that no more than what is due be taken, and if possible in goods of the same kind; 3, that the goods taken be really those of the debtor, and that he be not made to suffer loss in excess of the things so taken; 4, that there be no danger of scandal" (of getting found out, that is to say); "and lastly, that the debtor be not made liable to pay twice over." Also, before having recourse to "compensation," the attempt should be made to obtain what is due in the regular manner. Indeed, this tentative cannot be omitted without incurring venial sin in the practice of compensation, unless the creditor is excused from it by some circumstances, such as the expense, or the danger of making enemies. I may steal from my debtor to the amount of my debt, if I object to the expense of suing him, or am afraid of his resentment at my doing so.

"May the servant, then," it is asked in the Manual, "who considers that his wages are too small for the work he does, compensate himself secretly?"

"If no price was bargained for, and the servant at the time of hiring had in his own mind the intention of serving without wages, he may not. But if it was tacitly understood that fair wages were to be given, and the master does not give them, he may. If he agreed with the master for the lowest market price, then he may not, for he is bound to stand to his bargain. If, however, he agreed for wages lower than the lowest market price, not voluntarily, but driven to do so by stress of necessity, then he may compensate himself up to the lowest market price. Unless, indeed, the master took him into his house from pure charity; then he may not. Unless, again, even in this case, the master should find it impossible to get another servant at the same price; and then again he may. If, however, a servant of his own choice increase his service, he has no right to help himself to any compensation. But, if he does so by the will either expressed or tacit of his master, then he may do so."

In all the cases here decided on, and throughout the Manual, it must be understood that the author is in no wise giving any opinion of his own, but is stating the decisions of the recognised masters of casuistry, whom he constantly quotes, just as a lawyer produces decisions from his books of reports.

"In what cases," it is asked at another page of the chapter on theft, "is a wife who steals from her husband free from sin, and not bound to restitution?"

"When what she takes is necessary for the expenses of the family, or for her own food and clothing, such, that is to say, as is rigorously required by her station in life" (the marital mind shudders at the thought of the female mind's interpretation of this clause!), "or for the purpose of giving moderate alms, or making some small present, such as other ladies her equals do, or to remunerate persons to whom her husband is under obligation; or, further, for the purpose of assisting her parents, her children by a former marriage, her brothers or sisters who may be in distress; on condition, however, that at the death of her husband she take for her portion so much less as she may have stolen for these purposes."

The important distinction between "grave sin" and "venial sin," and the precision of the rule for counting the number of sins committed, lead to the curious question whether many venial sins will make up a grave sin; and there are in the wonderful Manual some singular decisions upon this point. In the matter of theft, for instance, which we have seen so accurately tariffed, it is curiously laid down, that if many little thefts are committed on one victim at various times, or on a variety of victims at one time, the amount of them will make up "grave sin" when

they exceed by 50 per cent. the sums laid down in the theft table above quoted. But, in the case of many thefts committed on various persons at various times, the amount may reach double the sum fixed for the limit of venial sin in the former case, without becoming grave.

In the matter of fasting, also, venial sins run up, by process of addition, into grave sins, at a very alarming rate. For if you are, during the twenty-four hours, tempted to taste of the forbidden flesh-pots so often as to make up altogether half an ounce, your case is "grave." One would say that the thieving tariff was a far more liberal one. It is necessary, moreover, to walk according to very competent instruction in this matter of fasting. For, the mass of regulations, exceptions, and dispensations, make the code a very intricate one. The broad rule is, that on fast-days no animal food the produce of a warm-blooded animal may be eaten. You may have a dispensation from this. But, then, you must not mix fish with your meat. Moreover, your fast-day meal must be one only, and ought to be at mid-day. How much in excess of that hour would be "grave?" A notable time. How much is that? Some doctors think an hour. Neither may you devote too long a time to your one meal. How long is lawful? Some casuists think it would take an hour, and some think it would take two hours, to make this a "grave" matter.

In some cases, the decisions of the scholastic casuists are quite beyond the comprehension of the untrained mind. It having been stated by the Manual, for instance, in reply to the question, "What are the causes which excuse the sin of theft?" that these causes are two, viz. lawful secret compensation, and extreme necessity; it is added, that some doctors extend this also to cases of "quasi extreme necessity." And this latter condition is defined to be "that which puts a man in probable danger of death, or of mutilation, or of perpetual imprisonment, or of great or perpetual disgrace, or of mortal malady. Under these circumstances a man may lay his hand on his neighbour's property without sin. But it is added that he is bound to make compensation for what he has stolen, should it ever be in his power to do so. Which, although somewhat slipshod morality, is so far intelligible enough. But then comes a rider upon this last condition, by which it is laid down that if a man who steals the property of another in the time of his extreme need, have at the moment of the committal of such theft no hope of ever being able to make restitution, then in such case he is not bound to make restitution, even though in the progress of events his circumstances should become so much changed as to enable him to do so!

This, it must be confessed, does seem a most inscrutable provision of casuistic learning. Let us imagine, for example, a banker's clerk, who confesses that he has been robbing his employer during the whole of the last year. "That would seem"—it would be the competent Confessor's duty to say—"very sinful at first sight. But perhaps you were urged thereto by some extreme or quasi-extreme necessity. Let me hear what were the temptations which led you to do this thing."

"Why, you must know, father," replies the penitent, "that I have, for some time past, been in the habit of betting on horse-races, and I had all last year such a run of bad luck that I lost much more than I could possibly pay."

"And pray," returns the ghostly counsellor, "what would have been the result if you had *not* paid the sums so lost?"

"It would have been all up with me at my club. I could never have shown my face there again."

"Ha, never? If in truth you felt that the result of leaving your losses unpaid would be that you could never again have recovered from the disgrace, it is a clear case of quasi-extreme necessity, from fear of perpetual infamy. And I am truly happy in being able to tell you that you have not been guilty of any sin in the matter. It is my duty, however, to point out to you the necessity of restitution. Has your fortune still continued so bad as to make this wholly out of your power?"

"I can't say that it has, father," returns the much comforted sinner. "I won a tidy sum on the Derby last week, and was thinking that I should now like to make it all square at the bank."

"And, perhaps," rejoins the spiritual adviser, trained by the Manual, "you always had the intention of doing so, if it should ever be in your power, when you were led to rob the bank by your fear of getting into disgrace at your club?"

"I am afraid that I cannot sincerely say so," replies this sinner saved, "for in truth things were then so bad with me that I was desperate, and never thought of anything of the kind at the time."

"In that case," returns the Confessor, duly up to his Manual, and prompt with his texts and chapter-and-verse authorities—"in that case you need not trouble yourself to make any restitution at all; you committed no sin in stealing your employer's cash, and no duty calls on you to make good the property so stolen. Depart in peace!" And S. S. goes on his way rejoicing—towards Epsom Downs.

And, however startling such doctrine may appear to uninitiated minds, it is impossible to deny or to doubt that it results naturally, necessarily, and by no forced construction or straining of language, from the texts laid down in the Manual from which I quote. Indeed, whatever its other merits may be, the book must be admitted to be a model of lucidity. Memory only is required to make the student of it a ripe and competent Confessor. And in many cases the provision made for assisting that faculty, after the fashion of our old *As in præsenti* studies, is queer enough.

A calumniator is bound to undo the mischief he has done, as far as possible, and restore his victim's character.

"What are the cases in which a calumniator is not bound to restore the character of him calumniated?"

They are six in number, packed up neatly in the following doggerel couplet of monks' Latin for the convenience of Confessors' memories:

Impos, publicitas, oblivio, cessio, fama,
Si reparata fuit, si data nulla fides.

Of which jargon the Manual explains the meaning as follows: the backbiter is not bound to make any attempt to undo his work, if—1, it is impossible; 2, if the evil which he spoke has subsequently become notorious; 3, if everybody has forgotten all about it; 4, if the injured man has forgiven the injury; 5, if the victim has by some other means recovered his character; and 6, if nobody believed the evil which was spoken.

Again, in how many ways can a man be guilty of co-operating in evil done to another?

Answer: In nine ways, six positive, and three negative; all arranged mnemonically in a couple of hexameters, as follows:

Jussio, consilium, consensus, palpo, recursus,
Participans, mutus, non obstans, non manifestans—

which may be left to the reader's intelligence, with the note, that "palpo" means inducing a man to do a thing by flattery or taunts; and "recursus" refers to the act of affording asylum or hiding-place to a malefactor.

In various passages of this valuable little Manual I find a subserviency to the worst manifestations of worldly meanness and flunkeyism:

For example, the seducer is bound to make to his victim the reparation of marriage; *unless* he be much richer than she is, or of higher rank; or his family would consider the match a disgrace. In any of these cases the victim loses her right to any such reparation.

I have not exhausted a tenth part of the instruction to be obtained out of my half-crown's worth of ultramontane theological literature. I might continue to range "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," relieving my examination of the excuses for murder, by the pleasant and comfortable tidings that a recent solemn decision of the Church permits to human frailty the use of "bifteck au beurre d'anchois," even under circumstances when a more rigid interpretation of Heaven's laws would forbid such mixture of flesh and fish; I might tell how the same supreme authority has taken into consideration the hard position of professionally conscientious, but at the same time scrupulously religious, cooks; and has by special decision permitted them to taste as much as may be needful of heretical Friday dinners, without reference to the serious consequences of overpassing the half-ounce limit.

But, as the gods will *not* annihilate either space or time, to make happy the lovers in poor Nat Lee's play, or to allow an elderly gentleman to come to an end of all he wants to say, I must content myself with having given English amateurs the foregoing few illustrations of the "way they manage these things" in Italy, where the Confessional has thoroughly become a part of the public mind, and taken a large share in the formation of the national character. The English reader, to whom such matters may be new, will have been surprised probably, but will easily understand how the cut-and-dry formalism of such a system as I have slightly indicated on recognised printed authority, substituting, as it does, for the broad eternal laws of right and wrong which the Creator has written in our hearts, a network of minute precepts deduced after the fashion of arithmetical results from the logical thimble-rigging of a number of casuistical principles, must have the effect of destroying all the natural workings of the conscience. Frank Clifford is a very good fellow; but I must tell him that I will have none of this, either for myself or my family. Frank will say, of course, that *he* contemplates no such system as my book describes; that he is not an Italian priest, nor bound to any such principles, but would so conduct the Confessional as to make it a support to the ordinary and well-understood rules of morality and virtue. But, the men who have produced the system we have been peeping into, may have begun with equally good intentions, and may have been driven by the force of things, and the natural results of attempting to submit one mortal mind to another in a manner contrary to the laws of nature, into the position taken by the Manual, and the immoralities and outrages upon common sense inseparable from it.

No! my dear and reverend sir, no Confessional-boxes, if you please; we will continue to confess our sins to our Father which is in heaven; and will do so, however inartistically and imperfectly, yet with such contrition and comfort as we may.

MUTUAL TESTIMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

It is not often that we step out of our character as literary journalists to advocate the claims of a particular club, association, or trading company; and we are only induced to do so in the present instance from a conviction that the society whose title heads this paper is destined to supply a great and constantly increasing public want.

Who has not hungered, at some period or another, for a testimonial and its accompanying presentation? Indeed, testimonial presentations are coveted more than the testimonials themselves. It is so delightful to find yourself the centre of attraction; to hear yourself addressed in those unqualified terms of admiration which are peculiar to testimonials and after-dinner speeches; to see the box which contains the plate brought forward, carefully closed, or the tea-service standing up in the middle of the table, under an impenetrable cover, as if you were not at all aware of the form and value of the approaching gift: finally, to rise up, beaming over the top of your glittering acquisitions, and tell the company how utterly unworthy you know you are of them. This is indeed the proudest moment of your life—no matter what the testimonial, or who the presenters. Of course, it is better to have a diamond ring than a silver snuff-box; a duke to present it from a company

of lords, than a publican from a number of admiring cricketers; but the peculiarity of testimonials is that they set aside all questions of value, and leap over all barriers of rank. The master of a workhouse has been gratified by receiving a substantial token of his paupers' regard, purchased with their united, determined, and desperate savings out of——we are really not in a position to say exactly what. The leading member of a pantomimic company has received an appropriate acknowledgment (a wooden leg, perhaps) from the assembled carpenters and machinists of the theatre, for his urbanity and skill in the most trying positions of trap-sinking, leap-catching, and suspension. A principal tragedian has become the centre-piece of a spectacular ceremony, in which a massive goblet has been put into his hands (according to agreement) by the lessee of the establishment, the one attired as Macbeth, the other as Macduff, and the whole of the witches and soldiers of the tragedy being present to applaud the crowning of merit. The superintendent of a cotton-mill has been astonished by receiving his full-length portrait, painted in oil, and paid for by a penny subscription of the workpeople, as a reward for he does not know exactly what. In like manner, the Fossil Association, for the promotion of looking back, have elected the Earl of Cryptgrub an honorary member; as a testimonial for his liberality in throwing open for public inspection the ancient pump of St. Aloes the Martyr. The captain of the Wheezy Neptune penny steamboat has been presented by the youth of London with a mounted meerschaum-pipe, for his boldness in destroying that oppressive regulation which forbade all smoking abaft the funnel.

Hundreds of such cases of rewarded merit must have come within the observation of every discerning man, and shall thousands of instances of painful neglect be passed over unnoticed? It is not given to us all to be masters of workhouses, an affable clown, an overwhelming tragedian, a superintendent of grateful factory hands, the proprietors of historical relics, or the popular captain of a popular steam-boat. Most of us are compelled to walk in a way of life upon which the shadow of a testimonial and its presentation has never fallen. Some of us have been tantalised with waking dreams, excited with feeble promises, and sickened with deferred hopes.

It is, therefore, to supersede the delicate and troublesome labour of organising testimonial-presentations, and to assure to every man—no matter who or what he may be, as long as he is a subscriber—a public and satisfactory acknowledgment of merit, that the Mutual Testimonial Association has been established.

The plan of the association is very simple. What has been found to work with advantage in the case of Christmas goose-clubs, or coal-clubs, is applied with but few alterations to the ordinary testimonial. A payment of a certain sum (which has yet to be determined upon) shall secure to each member, according to a rotation to be decided by lottery, the gratification of receiving a graceful and showy work of art, with all the honours of a public presentation. The association, in its corporate capacity, shall take the lead in thus exalting its individual member; who will, for the time during which the ceremony lasts, become detached from the general body. As each subscriber who has been a receiver will be compelled under a stringent rule to join the amiable ranks of the givers, the system will ensure the desirable result that everybody shall, in succession, present something to everybody. That nothing may be wanted to secure the perfection of the presentations, the Mutual Testimonial Association have arranged with several social orators of undoubted talent, who will undertake that the speeches, while warmed with the proper degree of personal friendship, shall be worthy of the most classic efforts of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

In one important respect the Mutual Testimonial Association will differ from the goose clubs and coal clubs, before alluded to. In those societies the prizes or drawings are not only consumed, but nearly all the members require to receive them at the same time. With the Lord Mayor's festival comes the necessity for fire; and with Christmas or Michaelmas comes the demand for poultry. A certain weight of coals and a certain number of birds have thus to be provided for each subscriber. This will not be the case with the articles presented by the Mutual Testimonial Association. Each member, according to the chance of the lottery, will wait his turn; and, as the evidence furnished to the society's promoters and projectors has proved that every material testimonial finds its way to the Auction Mart within a certain number of months, the rate of subscription will be proportionately low, for, with a little care and management, one specimen of metallic art may be made to do the whole presentation work of the Mutual Testimonial Association.

TRADE SONGS. THE CARPENTER.

You know our friend the Carpenter;
We hear him all day long:
No lark is ever merrier,
No blither is her song.
Sharp falls his hammer,
Swift slides the plane,
Then the awl, and then the chisel,
Then he sings again.

Within his little attic
What little comforts lurk:
He sleepeth there throughout the night,
But at dawn he's up, at work.
Then he plies the screw-driver,
Then he drives the plane;
Then he sings thro' his merry meal,
And then he works again.

All the week he is a carpenter,
As busy as the bees;
But on Sunday he's a gentleman,
And then he takes his ease.
Then his tools are laid aside,
And he has welcome rest;
Or he takes the air with her he loves,
With her that loves him best.

And so, long live the Carpenter!
Long live his rosy wife!
May children come and lengthen out
Their happy span of life.
May health and strength ne'er fail him,
From sorrow or from pain;
May he sing and work, with all his heart,
And work and sing again.

CHAIRMAN'S SONG.

Blow aside the smoke, boys;
Words are growing strong:
Let us have no more of reason:
It is good, but out of season.
Who sings a song?

Have we not been toiling
From daybreak to the close;
Some with hand and some with head, boys,
Every one as he was bred, boys;
Now let's repose!

'Tis no time to quarrel:
Calm should reign at night;
Let the moon and stars above us,
Let the tender hearts that love us,
Set us all right.

Silence! he who's loudest
Is sure to be wrong.
Now for a sad or merry measure,
Tingling to the top with pleasure.
Peace, ho!—the Song!

ALL DOOMED.

I went out to the Mediterranean in the Negus. I came home in the Oporto. They were both steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Nothing could be more distinct than the Negus and Oporto captains. One was a dandy captain; the other an old salt captain—Blowhard I found the sailors called him; because he liked rough weather, and was always in highest spirits when the wind was highest. If a hurricane rose and grappled with the ship like a wrestling devil with a praying Puritan, then he was calm, sturdy, unflinching; ready for anything. Risen from a common sailor, Jolly (alias) Blowhard had been pitching and tossing all over the world. His complexion was chocolate-colour, and the whites of his eyes were coffee-colour. What, in other men, looked like wet porcelain, was, in him, of a rich brown; partly owing to repeated yellow fevers; partly owing to malaria attacks on the coast of Africa. But, in spite of his eyes, and short squat figure, Captain Jolly was a real honest sailor; punctiliously cautious of his ship's safety, and sparing no pains nor anxiety to ensure us a quick voyage. In all weathers he was upon the paddle-box bridge, glass in hand, looking out for pilots, or the mouths of rivers, or shore, or something; never down to dinner with us, if the navigation was at all risky.

Of the dandy captain of the Negus I cannot say so much. He was too smart in his dress for rough weather, too bright and unimpeachable in his shining French-polished boots; always wearing tight kid gloves; always tripping about like a dancing-master and flirting with the ladies, old or young; much too dapper, spruce, and debonair for real use and honest rough weather; too cultivated of taste and voice and manner to be much trusted in danger; more fit, I thought, for sunshine than storm. I never could fancy the dandy captain on a raft, or handling nasty tarred ropes, or raising blisters on his white hands by cutting away a broken mast, or surrendering his white cambric to tie up aloft for a signal, or sweating at an oar, or pulling at anything, or hauling anything. He was much too clean and gentlemanlike, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect Neptune in a storm. Still, I must confess, I would rather face it with old Blowhard of the Oporto, than with the dandy captain of the Negus.

Well, with one I saw Cape Finistère, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight, that capped its undulating brown cliff, as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious Cape, that Blowhard told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower David Wilkie the painter into his deep blue undug grave. From this time, I began to look with veneration on Blowhard as an historical personage.

It was not, however, till one night that we were lying off Vigo, dreading quarantine, and waiting for the mail-boat to come off, that I really understood Blowhard. We were there—half a dozen of us—on the quarter-deck, waiting for the boat that was to start from shore at five minutes to gun-fire; it then wanted half an hour or more to that explosion. We were not particularly cheerful; for the yellow fever was in Vigo, and we associated it in some way or other with that gaudy yellow Spanish flag flying from the ship of war up towards the quarantine harbour. The green Welsh-looking hill shores looked mournful and disconsolate to our discouraged eyes. The great rocks that stood like petrified ships away at the mouth of the bay loomed threatening, as if they were drawn up to bar our escape. The only sound that came to us from shore was the heavy toll of a convent funeral bell, that told of another victim to the disease some West Indian ship had brought to this quiet Gallican bay, where Admiral Vernon once broke the boom, and swept in as a conqueror.

A lively man told us that the Vigo fever was peculiarly infectious: carried off a man in an hour; cramps and convulsions; doctors useless; death-bell always going; buried without coffins, and other pleasing and exhilarating intelligence calculated to rouse the spirits and quicken the pulse. Then some one volunteered a story about the Welsh legend of the corpse light. Another person told a story, horrible enough for Mrs. Crowe, about second-sight, which our comic man declared, if it meant seeing double, he had known sometimes come on after dinner. All

this time the mournful wind kept bringing us wails of the death-bell from the shore, telling us that another soul had been launched from Vigo into the dark uncharted sea. The green hills looked bare and doleful. No one cared to be told that those green-mantled slopes were vineyards, and those lined plateaus olive-gardens. The land wind seemed to blow yellow fever, and we longed to get away. We all got dull; and, very soon, only four of us were left on the long garden-seat that was placed near the cabin stairs. The rest had turned in, after much of that sham peripateticism that the old traveller affects on board ship. We—a little man in a snuff-coloured coat, whom we looked upon as a great authority, because he had been wrecked once off Cape Saint Vincent, where he lost his own wife and saved somebody else's; the thin egg merchant from Corunna; a blustering Portuguese captain; Blowhard, and myself—were all that were left. As for the steward, he was busy seeing some cases hauled up from the hold, and some orange-trees for England duly lowered without damage into the same cockroach-haunted vault; where the ship's cat, and some Spanish sailors, who played at cards night and day, were the only inmates; lurking about under boxes and bales, like proscribed Royalists or Chouans flying the guillotine.

Blowhard—jovial, calm, and imperturbable—having let off his steam by a destructive battery of oaths against the city of Vigo, its laws and regulations, ordered cigars and hot glasses of grog round; which every one submitted to with a remonstrating look, as if grog was not their nightly custom.

I thought old Blowhard was coming out with a yarn when I saw him look at us all round, then stretch out his legs, button up his blue frock-coat very tight, stir round his grog, and look up at the toothed top of the funnel. Sure enough out it came:

"Gentlemen," he said (and I leave out his sea jargon, telling the story my own way), and all our eyes turned on him—"gentlemen, as your jawing-tackle does not seem in running order, I suppose I shan't offend any of you much by telling you, over our grog, a disagreeable little thing that happened to me once when I commanded the Dancing Jinny, bound from Bristol to Mangrove River, near Old Calabar, to trade and barter with the natives, muskets and gunpowder against palm-oil and ivory. A very disagreeable thing it was—a 'nation disagreeable thing; but I got well out of it, or you would not see me here.

"Now, I may as well go back, and say that I am the son of a Gloucestershire parson; and that ever since I knew a frigate from a felucca I had determined to go to sea; yes, ever since I could gnaw a biscuit I had resolved to be a second Captain Cook or Lord Nelson, I did not specially care which. I had been bitten somehow by my nurse's stories about a certain uncle of mine who had died in Jamaica of yellow fever. I could listen all day to those stories about his pigtail and flute playing; the ships he drew in our nursery-books I could still see, and admire; and I was often shown, on state occasions, the ingenious quill necklace he had made when a prisoner in the Isle of France. In vain my father used to take me to an old one-legged Greenwich pensioner in the neighbourhood, who had been bribed to tell me horrible stories of shipwrecks and sea-fights. These only made me more anxious than before to see blue water. In vain old Liddy, our nurse, told me that she had foretold my Uncle Charles's death, by the death-smell that came from his clothes that hung in the nursery cupboard the night he died at Kingstown. I ran off to climb the mainmast of a poplar in the orchard, or to scramble about the roof of the pigeon-house. I tried all sorts of ways of hardening myself—slept on the bedroom floor, fancying it a hammock; and, one night, slept up in the yew-tree in the churchyard to see how I could bear a nigh wind and the night-watch. My favourite amusement was to load an old horse-pistol with powder; and, in some safe field, get up an imaginary single combat between myself and Will Watch, the bold smuggler, or Blackbeard, the pirate, in which I always got the better of it, punctuating the coup de grace by a bang of my weapon, which alarmed the whole village, and frightened my father nearly into fits just as he was putting the crowning wind-up to his Easter sermon.

"I reproach myself for it now; but I suppose it is the same with every one who has once got that roving spoonful of salt in his blood. I cared for nothing. The old rectory with the apricot-tree under the bedroom windows, the swallows' nests, the rats so tumultuous at night, the garden, the beehives, the trout stream, the ferreting—all grew flat and wearisome to me. I cared for nothing but punting about the mill-pond, swimming, cruising in a tub, and aping in any way a seafaring life.

"Now, I dare say at that time, if I had been shown, as through a window, some of the awful scenes I've witnessed at sea—those blue metal waves that seem ready to wash down the stars and drown the world, vessels smashing on to the beak of a reef, and such-like, I should have been a bit cowed; but then I had never swung in a hammock, or knocked a weevil out of a biscuit; but I had a stout heart, and I don't think Robinson Crusoe himself could have kept the longing quiet more than a day or two.

"I remember, as well as if it was yesterday, the night my father, tired out at last, settled I should go to sea. He had set me to learn Gray's Elegy for swinging myself from one poplar-tree to another by a rope, and then fighting Bogey Griffin, the bully of the village, for saying I was not fit even for a powder-monkey on board the Lord Mayor's barge. I had been reading a book of voyages, and gone to bed so full of them, that I lay awake fancying I heard, in every bough that shook at the window, a sheet snap or a mast go by the board. I was still awake when my poor father came up, as he always did the last thing, to put

by his papers for the night. I heard him go into his study, stop a few minutes, then come out as usual, composedly lock the door, walk twenty yards down the corridor, then go back, unlock the room, look in nervously to see there was no fire, again relock it, and go down stairs. This time, to my astonishment, however, he had not descended three steps before he came back, towards my room: his hand was on the lock, he was in. I can see now his grave, formal face, keeping down all rebellious emotion as he came through the slant moonbeams, and stood at my bed. 'Tom,' says he, gravely, 'you have always been wanting to go to sea. Now you're going. I left your mother all in tears packing your things down stairs. You go to-morrow by the Stroud coach, that will be at the Burnt Ash Turnpike at ten o'clock. May my prayers avert the evil that sometimes falls on disobedient children. Good night. God bless you!'

"He was gone. I put my head under the sheet, and blubbered like a young whale that is cutting his wisdom teeth. I fell asleep just as the sky was getting grey, awoke with a shiver two hours after, dressed, and went down. I gulped down a mouthful or two of breakfast, and was ready to take my father's hand to walk to the turnpike a full hour before there was any occasion. The weather looked dirty behind me as I left mother and sisters in tears, and tried to look like a man. I comforted myself with my new navy jacket, blue and glossy, and smelling of the wool. Presently, the Stroud coach came flashing in sight. My father—'sir' I always called him—pressed my hand, whispered in my ear, as advice for my behaviour at Bristol, where I was to join my ship, 'Take care of crimps and ring-droppers,' said he, as he drew me to him, and gently pushed me off. Away we went. Sober John, the coachman, kept up his steady and safe pace of four miles an hour, to the great derision of some wild young bloods who passed us, bound for the covert. My father's foreboding about a disobedient son made me cry for a night or two, but I soon forgot it.

"Not anything happened to me at Bristol worth recording; for I was all day in the counting-house, making out lists of sugar-casks and rum puncheons—the cargo of a West Indian vessel that the merchant, to whom my ship belonged, had just received from Saint Kitt's, and which work he kept me at, kindly to prevent my being taken by a press-gang, or getting into any other mischief. It was one day that I was walking round Queen-square—whose deserted splendour impressed me, and where I got the sailors, for small treats of grog, to tell me all the horrors of the late riot: how they had seen men floating about screaming in the molten tanks of lead on the top of the porticoes; and how they had seen dragoons slice off a thief's head at a single back cut—I was idling along one of the quays, looking at the ruined and tumble-down houses, when an old negro woman, frightfully ugly, and scrunched up in a heap between two sugar-casks, fixed her eye on me, and asked for alms: 'Gib hum someting for de lub of de Lord,' she mumbled, holding out her black cup of a hand. I looked at her, whistling and making fun of the old wretch. She was a butt of the river-side taverns. I asked her if she could give me change for a five-pound note. I saw her mouth twitch and her eyes work. I had heard she was epileptic; and, before I could speak, she fumbled in the ragged bosom of her gown, and pulled out what looked like the skull of a snake, with dry grass wrapped round it. 'Do you see dat?' she said. 'That is my fetish—fever fetish; has been in this busum forty year, ever since I left Brass River. You have been and broken your fader's heart, and now you will pay for it, my little piccaninny, burn and rot you!' I moved on, whistling Up with the Jolly Roger, and thought no more of it till I got to Mangrove River. Then I began to remember what she had said.

"We had a pleasant voyage out. Went first to Bonny River for oil; then to Old Calabar for ivory. Everything went well. The captain was stern, but kind. The first mate made a pet of me, and turned schoolmaster; keeping me at quadrant and observation making; so that I got on to the astonishment of the ship. The first week out, I had learnt, by name, every rope and spar in the vessel; and, as for climbing pranks to the cross-trees, I cared no more for the mast-head than a squirrel for a high bough. Everything went well. We had made a quick passage out—fair wind, and good weather. The cash came in. We sold half our powder, and all our beads and muskets; and had already stowed away enough oil and tusks to pay a handsome profit on the voyage. We had seen nothing of pirates or slavers, and were as snug and healthy as if we had been lying in the Bristol Docks or at Portishead, waiting for a wind. We arrived at Mangrove River the day before we had expected, to lay in some hard wood, just to fill up the hold. I was proud of my ship, and happy as a king. I bought a red and grey parrot at Cape Coast, for my sister Kate; and I now began to think of dear Gloucestershire and home.

"One or two of us had a sort of feverish cold, which the captain laughed at, and called 'a seasoning;' and, except rubbing the decks now and then with dry sand, we laughed at all the croaking stories of the supercargo about the African climate. The cook, who had once lived on the Nun River, said, with a sort of grumbling regret at his prophecies not coming true, that even Africa wasn't what it used to be. I really believe that he would have liked to have seen just one or two of us with a shot tied to our heels, to prove he knew more about fever than we did. The doctor, who was writing a book on 'sun-stroke,' was unfortunately, while making an experiment on himself, knocked down by the sun (who did not like being set at defiance by even a doctor), grew delirious, and was obliged to be lashed in his hammock. This was the only drawback on the universal

good temper of every one on board. The cook sulked a little, and used to go about looking at the sky, and muttering; but, as his moodiness only showed itself in getting out on the bowsprit in royal solitude and scouring a favourite stewpan, he offended no one. The captain was in a dancing state of delight, and swore, if the old vessel ever was broken up in his lifetime, he would buy her figure-head to put it in his garden at Lower Easton. I used to go on shore to shoot parrots, or get a cut at a hippopotamus; and, what with that and the flute, and learning all the sail-makers' knots and my trigonometry, I was pretty well occupied.

"How well I remember that river, turning the sea to a slab soup colour at its mouth, and narrowing to mangrove creeks and jungly ditches, as it mudded the bright, blue, crisp water that I had learned to love as so safe and sure a sign of the deep sea! 'Twas up this fatal river—not green and transparent yellow, but brown and sewer-like—that we lay some way from the bar, where there was always a trembling line of froth; near the ruins of an old Portuguese fort, which some husky dwarf palms, dry and bloodless, crowed over, and some three miles from the negro village where we got our hard wood cutters from. The heat was that of a furnace door, when you throw it open suddenly and shut your eyes as the great tongues of fire lick out savagely and blindingly. The low morass banks were without a hut, and covered with thick jungle of palm and mangrove. No sound came but the mournful shriek or bellow of some unknown amphibious bird or beast. The wild waves on the banks had a way of tossing and heaving, apparently without a cause; but—except for four hours in the evening, when the negro king came to us for rum, or the workmen brought us wood—we saw no living creature; so that we got dull and satiated with incessant sleep, and eager as children for a holiday to get home.

"One day the negro king, a magnificent potentate, with a fish-strainer for a breastplate and a triple tiara of old hat, came in state with a retinue of greasy rascals with spears to warn us of the hot season that would begin in a few days. The captain winked at us, and said that if it rained brimstone he was not going to trip anchor till he had got all his hard wood on board. He knew all their tricks. They had got all the presents out of us, and now they wanted to save their trouble with the wood, and get us off. Words ensued between the king and the captain, ending with the captain kicking the king into his boat, and one of our men getting wounded in the hip with a spear—rather a troublesome thing; for the wound wanted probing, and, when we went to the doctor he only raved and wallowed about, and said 'we were all doomed.' He kept shouting throughout the night, 'All doomed!'

"The next day no negro came near us, and we got anxious; but the captain said the voyage had been a good one; there was no hurry, and he should wait if it was three weeks, hot season, or no hot season, for he wasn't going to be cheated by a set of niggers. That was Tuesday. Wednesday, when I got up an hour before daylight for my watch, I found a hot steaming fog choking up the river, that made you cough involuntarily. I felt as sick as I was in my first gale of wind; and, to my surprise, when I looked round, I saw the cook holding his nose, and pulling a longer face than usual.

"'What churchyard are you last from?' I said.

"Said he, 'I think I could tell you better what churchyard I am going to—and some more of us.'

"Upon this we fell to words, and I declared I would report him to the captain; for, in those young days, like all youngsters, I stood very much on my dignity; having nothing else to stand upon, in fact.

"'Pipe away,' says he; 'but he has just turned in.'

"'Not well?' said I.

"'Not well,' echoed the sulky fellow, looking at me from under his eyes with, I thought, more pity than vexation.

"'We are all doomed!' roared the doctor from his hammock.

"'And that's about it,' said the cook, grumbling off to get on the bowsprit to scour his stewpan.

"Every day came that mist, passing into a warm dropping dew as the sun broke out like a swift, red-hot twenty-four pounder through the winks of fading stars. Then the long, long, burning, dull day, and then night, and the low creeping death-mist and its warm strangling vapour over again. The doctor got worse and worse, and, when I went one morning to see if I could get from him some advice about the captain's fever, I found him, with clenched teeth, trying still feebly to repeat the words, 'All—doomed.' A short interval of feeble sanity came on, and he managed to raise himself in bed, and point to a certain drawer in his medicine chest. I touched the two first knobs, and he shook his head. I touched the third, and he smiled, gasped out something, fell back, and died.

"When I opened the drawer I found a paper labelled Peruvian Bark; a great antidote for such fevers as were now smouldering through the ship; but, unluckily, the rats and cockroaches had got at it, and not more than two table-spoonfuls were left. I, whom they all looked up to because I had some book learning, divided this amongst the men, for the captain refused to take any, and said I wanted to poison him and to sell the ship to the nigger king. His mind wandered through weakness, and he seldom came on deck; sleeping much, and I am afraid drinking—no one daring to stop him.

"There was no doubt we had the fever. Five were down. The cook first fell ill; then the boatswain, who died of sheer fright. Still we dared not turn the ship homeward while the lading was unfinished. The work went on very

languidly; for now, seven of the best hands were ill, and the negroes sent us fewer men than before. The sailors were sulky, frightened, and quarrelsome; and I think—if the fever had not spread like a devouring fire every morning, claiming some fresh victim—that they would have either broken into the spirit room, or seized the ship and steered home. One day the negroes took alarm. I thought they would. They wormed the fever-secret out of a drunken sailor by giving him some gold-dust. One of them raised his paddle as signal, and, suddenly dropping their burdens, the rest leaped into their canoes and paddled away up the river. They never came near us again, and the drunken sailor, firing a pistol after them, did not improve matters. That night the captain was found dead in his cabin, his arm resting on a letter beginning, 'Officers and men, I implore——'

"But how can I bear to recal that horrible time? One by one every man sickened. Some, while aloft, fell down pale and trembling. Others while at table; others while on watch; others at the galley fire; others in their hammocks; all the same symptoms,—fever, cramp, convulsions, and death. The cook died. Then I thought of my father's words and the old negro woman. Some died grappling and screaming as if death was a real visible being that could be threatened and driven away; others, as to a sleep, with prayer and moan. One, a boy, talking of green fields and primrose meadows; others with allusions to crime and sin. One by one they passed away, till the horrid conviction came over me that I should be left alone there in the ship to die of the fever, unpitied and alone. I was still just strong enough to drag the last poor fellow to the side and push him overboard in the clothes that he had died in.

"O how horrible the loneliness of that first night, as the shadows of the palms stretched across the vessel, like the black feelers of some devilish creature groping for its prey! The fire of sunset died out over the swamps and jungles, and the vessel grew dark. Mosquitoes spread in clouds as if they had been bred from the dead bodies. The bar sounded louder. The beasts on shore howled as if impatient at every life. The long white vapours stole towards me like ghostly snakes. Heaven knows how my brain escaped! but, I suppose, the bore of life saved my reason. I went to all the berths where the men had died that I might catch the disease. I handled the spokes of the wheel. I climbed aloft. I threw myself into a hammock. I put on the doctor's clothes. I threw myself into the captain's chair. I fell on my knees in the lonely cabin and prayed for forgiveness, for disobeying my father and insulting the wretchedness of the aged and miserable negro woman. I also prayed for death.

"I passed a week thus—such a week as a sane man, unjustly confined in a madhouse, may spend. I used to go and sit aloft, looking up the river for the negro-boat. Sometimes my reason seemed to wander, and I fancied the dead men were thrusting their heads up round the ship and cursing me as the bringer of evil to the ship. Sometimes I fancied I heard voices in the cabins, or could see shadows pacing at the watch or turning the wheel. But," continued Blowhard, perhaps to relieve the agony which came over him even in telling the story, "I see a shore-boat coming with the mail-bags, so I must cut my tale short. Suffice it to say that the negro king at last sent down a boat to me to propose peace; gained courage at finding me still alive; and, after much diplomacy, threats, entreaties, and presents, put a negro crew on board to take the vessel to Baragoon, where I got assistance from the consul; reached home, and was at once promoted. You may be sure I asked for that fetish woman when I got back to Bristol; and, curiously enough (you will call it a sailor's superstition), I was told she died the very day our first man was taken ill in Mangrove River. We of this age are deuced clever, but I don't think, in spite of the Times and the Electric Telegraph, that we have yet got to the bottom of everything.

"I was going to end with a yarn about a monkey coming on board to steal a fowl that I had killed and hung in the rigging, and how, when I chased him, he took a ship's musket, fired into the powder magazine, and blew me and the ship's papers high and dry on shore; but I thought that was pulling it rather too strong."

"Thank you, captain, for your story," we all sang out in chorus.

"Mail-boat!" cried a voice from under our quarter.

PRAY EMPLOY MAJOR NAMBY!

I HAVE such an extremely difficult subject to write about, that I really don't know how to begin. The fact is, I am a single lady—single, you will please to understand, entirely because I have refused many excellent offers. Pray don't imagine from this that I am old. Some women's offers come at long intervals, and other women's offers come close together. Mine came remarkably close together—so, of course, I cannot possibly be old. Not that I presume to describe myself as absolutely young, either; so much depends on people's points of view. I have heard female children of the ages of eighteen or nineteen called young ladies. This seems to me to be ridiculous—and I have held that opinion, without once wavering from it, for more than ten years past. It is, after all, a question of feeling; and, shall I confess it? I feel so young!

Dear, dear me! this is dreadfully egotistical; and, besides, it is not in the least what I want. May I be kindly permitted to begin again?

The European war (now I have got the right end of the thread at last) alarms me inexpressibly, of course. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is not my alarm exactly that sets me writing at the present moment. I am urged, rather, by a feeling of curiosity to know if

England is likely on some future day to join in the fighting. Some of the papers say one thing, and some say the other. If England is not likely to join in the fighting, then I have nothing more to write about. But, if the chances are all the other way, and if we catch the war-fever in our turn, then what I want to know (with many apologies for asking the question) is, whether my next door neighbour, Major Namby, will be taken from his home by the Horse Guards, and presented with his fit post of command in the English army. It will come out, sooner or later; so there is no harm in my acknowledging at once, that it would add immeasurably to my comfort and happiness if the gallant major were ordered off on any service which would take him away from his own house.

I am really very sorry, but I must leave off beginning already, and go back again to the part before the beginning (if there is such a thing), in order to explain the nature of my objection to Major Namby, and why it would be such a great relief to me (supposing we are unfortunate enough to be dragged into this dreadful war), if he happened to be one of the first officers called out for the service of his Queen and country.

I live in the suburbs, and I have bought my house. The major lives in the suburbs, next door to me, and *he* has bought his house. I don't object to this, of course. I merely mention it to make things straight.

Major Namby has been twice married. His first wife—dear, dear! how can I express it? Shall I say, with vulgar abruptness, that his first wife had a family? And must I descend into particulars, and add that they are four in number, and that two of them are twins? Well, the words are written; and if they will do over again for the same purpose, I beg to repeat them in reference to the second Mrs. Namby (still alive), who has also had a family, and is——no, I really cannot say, is likely to go on having one. There are certain limits, in a case of this kind, and I think I have reached them. Permit me simply to state that the second Mrs. Namby has three children, at present. These, with the first Mrs. Namby's four, make a total of seven. The seven are composed of five girls and two boys. And the first Mrs. Namby's family all have one particular kind of constitution, and the second Mrs. Namby's family all have another particular kind of constitution. Let me explain once more that I merely mention these little matters, and that I don't object to them.

Now pray be patient: I am coming fast to the point—I am indeed. But please let me say a little word or two about Major Namby himself. In the first place, I have looked out his name in the Army List, and I cannot find that he was ever engaged in battle anywhere. He appears to have entered the army, most unfortunately for his own renown, just after, instead of just before, the battle of Waterloo. He has been at all sorts of foreign stations, at the very time, in each case, when there was no military work to do—except once at some West Indian Island, where he seems to have assisted in putting down a few poor unfortunate negroes who tried to get up a riot. This is the only active service that he has ever performed: so I suppose it is all owing to his being well off and to those dreadful abuses of ours that he has been made a major for not having done a major's work. So far as looks go, however, he is military enough in appearance to take the command of the British army at five minutes' notice. He is very tall and upright, and carries a martial cane, and wears short martial whiskers, and has an awfully loud martial voice. His face is very pink, and his eyes are extremely round and staring, and he has that singularly disagreeable-looking roll of fat red flesh at the back of his neck, between the bottom of his short grey hair and the top of his stiff black stock, which seems to be peculiar to all hearty old officers who are remarkably well to do in the world. He is certainly not more than sixty years of age; and, if a lady may presume to judge of such a thing, I should say decidedly that he had an immense amount of undeveloped energy still left in him, at the service of the Horse Guards.

This undeveloped energy—and here, at length, I come to the point—not having any employment in the right direction, has run wild in the wrong direction, and has driven the major to devote the whole of his otherwise idle time to his domestic affairs. He manages his children instead of his regiment, and establishes discipline in the servants'-hall instead of in the barrack-yard. Have I any right to object to this? None whatever, I readily admit. I may hear (most unwillingly) that Major Namby has upset the house by going into the kitchen and objecting to the smartness of the servants' caps; but as I am not, thank Heaven, one of those unfortunate servants, I am not called on to express my opinion of such unmanly meddling, much as I scorn it. I may be informed (entirely against my own will) that Mrs. Namby's husband has dared to regulate, not only the size and substance, but even the number, of certain lower and inner articles of Mrs. Namby's dress, which no earthly consideration will induce me particularly to describe; but as I do not (I thank Heaven again) occupy the degraded position of the major's wife, I am not justified in expressing my indignation at domestic prying and pettifogging, though I feel it all over me, at this very moment, from head to foot. What Major Namby does and says, inside his own house, is his business and not mine. But what he does and says outside his own house, on the gravel walk of his front garden, under my own eyes and close to my own ears, as I sit at work at the window, is as much my affair as the major's, and more, for it is I who suffer by it.

Pardon me a momentary pause for relief, a momentary thrill of self-congratulation. I have got to my grievance at last—I have taken the right literary turning at the end of the preceding paragraph; and the fair, straight high-road

of plain narrative now spreads engagingly before me.

My complaint against Major Namby is, in plain terms, that he transacts the whole of his domestic business in his front garden. Whether it arises from natural weakness of memory, from total want of a sense of propriety, or from a condition of mind which is closely allied to madness of the eccentric sort, I cannot say, but the major certainly does sometimes partially, and sometimes entirely, forget his private family matters, and the necessary directions connected with them, while he is inside the house, and does habitually remember them, and repair all omissions, by bawling through his windows, at the top of his voice, as soon as he gets outside the house. It never seems to occur to him that he might advantageously return in-doors, and there mention what he has forgotten in a private and proper way. The instant the lost idea strikes him—which it invariably does, either in his front garden, or in the roadway outside his house—he roars for his wife, either from the gravel walk, or over the low wall—and (if I may use so strong an expression) empties his mind to her in public, without appearing to care whose ears he wearies, whose delicacy he shocks, or whose ridicule he invites. If the man is not mad, his own small family fusses have taken such complete possession of all his senses, that he is quite incapable of noticing anything else, and perfectly impenetrable to the opinions of his neighbours. Let me show that the grievance of which I complain is no slight one, by giving a few examples of the general persecution that I suffer, and the occasional shocks that are administered to my delicacy, at the coarse hands of Major Namby.

We will say it is a fine warm morning. I am sitting in my front room, with the window open, absorbed over a deeply interesting book. I hear the door of the next house bang; I look up, and see the major descending the steps into his front garden.

He walks—no, he marches—half way down the front garden path, with his head high in the air, and his chest stuck out, and his military cane fiercely flourished in his right hand. Suddenly, he stops, stamps with one foot, knocks up the hinder part of the brim of his extremely curly hat with his left hand, and begins to scratch at that singularly disagreeable-looking roll of fat red flesh in the back of his neck (which scratching, I may observe, in parenthesis, is always a sure sign, in the case of this horrid man, that a lost domestic idea has suddenly come back to him). He waits a moment in the ridiculous position just described, then wheels round on his heel, looks up at the first-floor window, and, instead of going back into the house to mention what he has forgotten, bawls out fiercely from the middle of the walk:

"Matilda!"

I hear his wife's voice—a shockingly shrill one; but what can you expect of a woman who has been seen, over and over again, in a slatternly striped wrapper, as late as two o'clock in the afternoon—I hear his wife's voice answer from inside the house:

"Yes, dear."

"I said it was a south wind."

"Yes, dear."

"It isn't a south wind."

"Lor', dear!"

"It's sou'-east. I won't have Georgina taken out to-day." (Georgina is one of the first Mrs. Namby's family, and they are all weak in the chest.) "Where's nurse?"

"Here, sir!"

"Nurse, I won't have Jack allowed to run. Whenever that boy perspires, he catches cold. Hang up his hoop. If he cries, take him into my dressing-room, and show him the birch rod. Matilda!"

"Yes, dear."

"What the devil do they mean by daubing all that grease over Mary's hair? It's beastly to see it—do you hear?—beastly! Where's Pamby?" (Pamby is the unfortunate work-woman who makes and mends the family linen.)

"Here, sir."

"Pamby, what are you about now?"

No answer. Pamby, or somebody else, giggles faintly. The major flourishes his cane in a fury.

"Why the devil don't you answer me? I give you three seconds to answer me, or leave the house. One—two—three. Pamby! what are you about now?"

"If you please, sir, I'm doing something—— "

"What?"

"Something particular for baby, sir?"

"Drop it directly, whatever it is. Matilda! how many pair of trousers has Katie got?"

"Only three, dear."

"Pamby!"

"Yes, sir."

"Shorten all Miss Katie's trousers directly, including the pair she's got on. I've said, over and over again, that I won't have those frills of hers any lower down than her knees. Don't let me see them at the middle of her shins again. Nurse!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mind the crossings. Don't let the children sit down if they're hot. Don't let them speak to other children. Don't let them get playing with strange dogs. Don't let them mess their things. And, above all, don't bring Master Jack back in a perspiration. Is there anything more, before I go out?"

"No, sir."

"Matilda! Is there anything more?"

"No, dear."

"Pamby! Is there anything more?"

"No, sir."

Here the domestic colloquy ends, for the time being. Will any sensitive person—especially a person of my own sex—please to imagine what I must suffer, as a delicate single lady, at having all these family details obtruded on my attention, whether I like it or not, in the major's rasping, martial voice, and in the shrill answering

screams of the women inside? It is bad enough to be submitted to this sort of persecution when one is alone; but it is far worse to be also exposed to it—as I am constantly—in the presence of visitors, whose conversation is necessarily interrupted, whose ears are necessarily shocked, whose very stay in my house is necessarily shortened, by Major Namby's unendurably public way of managing his private concerns.

Only the other day, my old, dear, and most valued friend, Lady Malkinshaw, was sitting with me, and was entering at great length into the interesting story of her second daughter's unhappy marriage engagement, and of the dignified manner in which the family ultimately broke it off. For a quarter of an hour or so our interview continued to be delightfully uninterrupted. At the end of that time, however, just as Lady Malkinshaw, with the tears in her eyes, was beginning to describe the effect of her daughter's dreadful disappointment on the poor dear girl's mind and looks, I heard the door of the major's house bang as usual; and, looking out of the window in despair, saw the major himself strut half way down the walk, stop, scratch violently at his roll of red flesh, wheel round so as to face the house, consider a little, pull his tablets out of his waistcoat-pocket, shake his head over them, and then look up at the front windows, preparatory to bawling as usual at the degraded female members of his household. Lady Malkinshaw, quite ignorant of what was coming, happened, at the same moment, to be proceeding with her pathetic story, in these terms:

"I do assure you, my poor dear girl behaved throughout with the heroism of a martyr. When I had told her of the vile wretch's behaviour, breaking it to her as gently as I possibly could; and when she had a little recovered, I said to her——"

("Matilda!")

The major's rasping voice sounded louder than ever, as he bawled out that dreadful name, just at the wrong moment. Lady Malkinshaw started as if she had been shot. I put down the window in despair; but the glass was no protection to our ears—Major Namby can roar through a brick wall. I apologised—I declared solemnly that my next door neighbour was mad—I entreated Lady Malkinshaw to take no notice, and to go on. That sweet woman immediately complied. I burn with indignation when I think of what followed. Every word from the Nambys' garden (which I distinguish below by parentheses) came, very slightly muffled by the window, straight into my room, and mixed itself up with her ladyship's story in this inexpressibly ridiculous and impertinent manner:

"Well," my kind and valued friend proceeded, "as I was telling you, when the first natural burst of sorrow was over, I said to her——"

"Yes, dear Lady Malkinshaw?" I murmured, encouragingly.

"I said to her——"

("By jingo, I've forgotten something! Matilda! when I made my memorandum of errands, how many had I to do?")

"'My dearest, darling child,' I said——"

("Pamby! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"'I said, 'my dearest, darling child——'"

("Nurse! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"'My own love,' I said——"

("Pooh! pooh! I tell you, I had four errands to do, and I've only got three of 'em written down. Check me off, all of you—I'm going to read my errands.")

"'Your own proper pride, love,' I said, 'will suggest to you——'"

("Grey powder for baby.")

—"'the necessity of making up your mind, my angel, to——'"

("Row the plumber for infamous condition of back kitchen sink.")

—"'to return all the wretch's letters, and——'"

("Speak to the haberdasher about patching Jack's shirts.")

—"'all his letters and presents, darling. You need only make them up into a parcel, and write inside——'"

("Matilda! is that all?")

—"'and write inside——'"

("Pamby! is that all?")

—"'and write inside——'"

("Nurse! is that all?")

"'I have my mother's sanction for making one last request to you. It is this——'"

("What have the children got for dinner today?")

—"'it is this: Return me my letters, as I have returned yours. You will find inside——'"

("A shoulder of mutton and onion sauce? And a devilish good dinner, too.")

The coarse wretch roared out those last shocking words cheerfully, at the top of his voice. Hitherto, Lady Malkinshaw had preserved her temper with the patience of an angel; but she began—and who can wonder?—to lose it, at last.

"It is really impossible, my dear," she said, rising from her chair, "to continue any conversation while that very intolerable person persists in talking to his family from his front garden. No! I really cannot go on—I cannot, indeed."

Just as I was apologising to my sweet friend for the second time, I observed, to my great relief (having my eye still on the window), that the odious major had apparently come to the end of his domestic business for that morning, and had made up his mind at last to relieve us of his presence. I distinctly saw him put his tablets back in his pocket, wheel round again on his heel, and march straight to the garden gate. I waited until he had his hand on the lock to open it; and then, when I felt that we were quite safe, I informed dear Lady Malkinshaw

that my detestable neighbour had at last taken himself off, and, throwing open the window again to get a little air, begged and entreated her to oblige me by resuming the charming conversation.

"Where was I?" inquired my distinguished friend.

"You were telling me what you recommended your poor darling to write inside her enclosure," I answered.

"Ah, yes—so I was. Well, my dear, she controlled herself by an admirable effort, and wrote exactly what I told her. You will excuse a mother's partiality, I am sure—but I think I never saw her look so lovely—so mournfully lovely, I should say—as when she was writing those last lines to the man who had so basely trifled with her. The tears came into my eyes as I looked at her sweet pale cheeks; and I thought to myself——"

("Nurse! which of the children was sick, last time, after eating onion sauce?")

He had come back again!—the monster had come back again, from the very threshold of the garden gate, to shout that unwarrantably atrocious question in at his nursery window!

Lady Malkinshaw bounced off her chair at the first note of his horrible voice, and changed towards me instantly—as if it had been my fault!—in the most alarming and unexpected manner. Her ladyship's face became awfully red; her ladyship's head trembled excessively; her ladyship's eyes looked straight into mine with an indescribable fierceness.

"Why am I thus insulted?" inquired Lady Malkinshaw, with a slow and dignified sternness which froze the blood in my veins. "What do you mean by it?" continued her ladyship, with a sudden rapidity of utterance that quite took my breath away.

Before I could remonstrate with my friend for visiting her natural irritation on poor innocent me: before I could declare that I had seen the major actually open his garden gate to go away, the provoking brute's voice burst in on us again.

"Ha! yes?" we heard him growl to himself, in a kind of shameless domestic soliloquy. "Yes, yes, yes—Sophy was sick, to be sure. Curious. All Mrs. Namby's step-children have weak chests and strong stomachs. All Mrs. Namby's own children have weak stomachs and strong chests. *I* have a strong stomach *and* a strong chest.—Pamby!"

"I consider this," continued Lady Malkinshaw, literally glaring at me, in the fulness of her indiscriminate exasperation—"I consider this to be unwarrantable and unladylike. I beg to know——"

"Where's Bill?" burst in the major, from below, before she could add another word. "Matilda! Nurse! Pamby! where's Bill? I didn't bid Bill good-by—hold him up at the window, one of you!"

"My dear Lady Malkinshaw," I remonstrated, "why blame *me*? What have I done?"

"Done!" repeated her ladyship. "Done?—all that is most unfriendly, most unwarrantable, most unladylike, most——"

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" roared the major, shouting her ladyship down, and stamping about the garden in fits of fond paternal laughter. "Bill, my boy, how are you? There's a young Turk for you! Pull up his frock—I want to see his jolly legs——"

Lady Malkinshaw screamed, and rushed to the door. I sank into a chair, and clasped my hands in despair.

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! What calves the dog's got! Pamby! look at his calves. Aha! bless his heart, his legs are the model of his father's! The Namby build, Matilda: the Namby build, every inch of him. Kick again, Bill—kick out, like mad. I say, ma'am! I beg your pardon, ma'am!——"

Ma'am? I ran to the window. Was the major actually daring to address Lady Malkinshaw, as she passed, indignantly, on her way out, down my front garden? He was! The odious monster was pointing out his—his, what shall I say?—his *undraped* offspring to the notice of my outraged visitor.

"Look at him, ma'am. If you're a judge of children, look at him. There's a two-year-older for you! Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! Show the lady your legs, Bill—kick out for the lady, you dog, kick out!"

I can write no more: I have done great violence to myself in writing so much. Further specimens of the daily outrages inflicted on me by my next door neighbour (though I could add them by dozens), could do but little more to illustrate the intolerable nature of the grievance of which I complain. Although Lady Malkinshaw's naturally fine sense of justice suffered me to call and remonstrate the day after she left my house; although we are now faster friends than than ever, how can I expect her ladyship to visit me again, after the reiterated insults to which she was exposed on the last occasion of her esteemed presence under my roof? How can I ask my niece—a young person who has been most carefully brought up—to come and stay with me, when I know that she will be taken into the major's closest domestic confidence on the first morning of her arrival, whether she likes it or not?

There is something absolutely dreadful in reflecting on the daily recurrence of this entirely new species of nuisance, and on the utter hopelessness of finding any remedy against it. The law of the land contains no provision against the habitual management of a wife and family in a front garden. Private remonstrance addressed to a man so densely impenetrable to a sense of propriety as the major, would only expose me to ridicule, and perhaps to insult. I can't leave my house, for it exactly suits me, and I have bought it. The major can't leave his house, for it exactly suits him, and he has bought it. There is actually no remedy possible, but the forcible removal of my military neighbour from his

home; and there is but one power in the country which is strong enough to accomplish that removal—the Horse Guards.

THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

Two Italian sovereigns derive their title from the minor portion of their dominions. The King of the Two Sicilies leaves Naples in the background; and the King of Sardinia relies on Piedmont rather for a local habitation than for a name. It is as if our royal mistress were to style herself Queen of Wight and Man; or like the Scotch minister who prayed for the twa Cambraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

It is a great advantage to be the possessor of a small garden, of a moderate-sized farm, of a compact estate. They are so much more easily kept in a high state of cultivation than more extensive properties. We should expect the same to be the case with kingdoms of limited territory. It is so in Holland and Belgium; although the ruler of the latter country has considerable difficulty in making his violent Catholic and his violent anti-Catholic subjects work quietly together in the same government team. The Swiss Confederation, again, is easily overseen by its respective authorities. The results, in all these cases, are a considerable amount of material prosperity, a numerous and thriving population, and cheerful prospects for the future. Of the other small states in Europe, several of the little German sovereignties have no great reason to complain of their lot; while Sicily and Naples, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, belong to the unhappy and unsatisfactory class of the Might-Bes.

When we observe the magnificent position which the island of Sardinia occupies in the midst of the Mediterranean; when we remark its respectable area; when we call to mind that it was a valued and productive possession first of the Carthaginians and then of the Romans, who drew from it never-failing stores—that the Spaniards liked it well, and left their language (at Alghero, almost identical with Spanish) to testify to their former presence—we naturally ask in what condition it is now? whether the ease with which it may be governed (it is torn by no religious party struggles, like Belgium, and comprises no race amongst its population who call their governors aliens and usurpers, as in Ireland) has produced a corresponding degree of welfare. To enlighten us, we will take up an unpretending book* written by a photographic artist, who visited the island for the sake of filling his portfolio with views of the antiquities of the place. Were any other country than Sardinia in question, it might be a serious drawback from the value of our authority that his trip was made five years ago. But, in Sardinia, five years do not bring the same amount of change as five days often do elsewhere.

Sardinia may be roughly likened to an irregular parallelogram, whose length extends from north to south. It is separated from Corsica, to the north, by the Strait of St. Bonifaccio. From its southern extremity, in favourable weather, the coast of Africa is visible. What nature has done, in the way of climate, may be judged from a few horticultural facts. The prickly pear forms impenetrable hedges, attaining a height of twenty feet, overhanging the paths, and assuming the stature of small trees. Their plantation is effected in the simplest manner; the racket-like branches are stuck into the ground, close together, in double rows, in spring. Next year, they form an effectual fence. Magnificent specimens of cork-oak are met with; in sheltered spots, the date-palm rears its graceful stem; certain gardens can boast of colossal myrtles. To see glorious olive-trees, you must go to Sardinia, where they have grown for centuries. They spread themselves out in all directions, especially courting the mid-day sun. They recklessly stretch their strangely-contorted arms, so that you see at once they are at their ease and breathe a genial atmosphere. They seem perfectly happy in their home; and if the wind (which is no joke in Sardinia) begins to blow, they scarcely deign to notice it. They shake their topmost and slenderest twigs for a minute or two (just for the sake of doing as other trees do) and then resume their former dignity. There are handsome olive-trees in the garden of Gethsemane, at the gate of Jerusalem; but those secular veterans, who have witnessed such stirring events in their time, seem to have lost all consciousness of personal beauty, like people who, arrived at a certain age, think themselves privileged to neglect their outward appearance. Around Sassari, on the contrary, the olive-tree seems to be full of self-esteem, and even to be not a little vain of its rich branches and its handsome fruit.

The orange-grove of Milis has few rivals in Europe. Miles is a tract of country overgrown with nothing else but orange-trees; and the fruit on the trees is not distributed throughout the branches, interspersed amongst the verdure, with a certain sparse and economical regularity; it hangs in multitudinous bunches, dragging to the ground the unhappy branch which is too weak to support its weight. Neither are you to imagine a mere clump of orange-trees whose perfume you stop and sniff as a roadside treat before you proceed on your way, but you must fancy a wood, a veritable forest. As far as the eye can penetrate the balmy region, it meets with oranges in every direction: oranges in the foreground, oranges in the middle distance, and oranges upon the horizon. There is an abuse of vegetable treasure. Your foot meets with an obstacle; it is a fruit, which you kick aside as if it were a stone. You want to indicate some distant object; you pick up an orange and throw it in the given direction, without the slightest scruple. You gather one, to taste; good as it is, you eat

* Six Semaines dans l'Ile de Sardaigne. Par Edouard Delessert.

a quarter, and carelessly toss the rest aside. The blossoms send forth clouds of perfume, which overpower and intoxicate your senses. It is worth while to visit this wood at the time of fruit-gathering, which is effected by the simplest of processes. A cloth is spread beneath the tree; a man, perched amidst the branches, sends the fruit tumbling down pell-mell. When piled in heaps three or four feet in height, it sends forth an inconceivable aroma.

It took M. Delessert two hours to ride round this forest, at a good pace. He thus came into the presence of the King of the Orange-trees, whose trunk a man can scarcely embrace with his two arms. His Majesty stretches forth his branches with all the dignity of an ancient oak, and he bears an inscription which commemorates a visit paid to him by his Lord Paramount, King Charles-Albert, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine. But orange-trees are not the sole occupants of this enchanted spot; there are glades bordered with tall poplars, which shelter their evergreen friends from violent winds; there are thickets of clematis and Virginian creeper; the ground is carpeted with violets, periwinkle, and forget-me-not. Rare is the terrestrial paradise whose beauties can rival with those of Milis Wood. So far, we have what nature has done; let us now see what man does:

In this fine island there are but four towns, such as they are: Sassari, in the north, a short distance inland from the maritime village Porto Torres; Alghero, on the west coast, in whose neighbourhood is a very remarkable stalactite cavern, which you must enter (weather permitting) from the sea, by means of a boat, like Fingal's Cave in Scotland; Oristano, also on the west coast, productive of salt and fertile in fevers; and Cagliari, built in terraces up a hill-side, on the south coast, where the French consul resides, finely situated, and overlooking a wide-spread bay. Cagliari should be the queen of Sardinia, furnishing a safe refuge to vessels coming from Africa, and capable of becoming a mercantile port which might be the centre of an immense commerce.

In all Sardinia there is but one carriageable road, which traverses the island from north to south, starting from Porto Torres, touching at Oristano, and terminating at Cagliari. Other roads have been attempted—a proof at least of good intentions. The posts of the African electric telegraph attest an enormous stride towards real progress. They greatly excited the wonder of the natives, who believed, in the simplicity of their hearts, that the practice of photography was somehow connected with their functions. But, between the good intentions of the Sardinian government and their execution, there interpose wide intervals of time and mountains of difficulties. Yet nothing would be easier than to cover the island with excellent highways: for the soil is strewed with the necessary materials, and the country seems to solicit good roads to traverse it by opening of its own accord convenient valleys to receive them. All that is required is an energetic will; but the roadmakers work painfully, as if the loss of their wild originality were likely to be their only recompense.

There is one little drawback to moonlight walks in Sardinia; the instant the sun is set, your clothes are saturated with atmospheric moisture to a degree scarcely known elsewhere. Unfortunately, the phenomenon brings to your recollection the fevers with which the island swarms. True, there are mineral waters, those of Sardara for instance, which are reputed efficacious in the cure of fever; but it would be much better for the inhabitants if, while retaining the remedy, they could banish the disease. As soon as the month of June sets in, the fevers commence their invasion, driving out or killing all who have not paid their footing of acclimatation. They are not little, gentle, tractable fevers; they are haughty, tyrannical, aggressive. But epidemic fevers are often a people's own fault; certainly they appear to be so in the present case. Marshes are far from being a scarce article in Sardinia. Only in taking a jaunt to Alghero, you traverse a charming, but marshy, valley. Isolated houses are out of the question; villages, are excessively remarkable in consequence of their paucity. At two hours' distance from Sassari, you would say you were in the wilderness. A single hamlet, Orru, to the left of a turn in the path, reflects the rays of the sun from a few red-tiled roofs; but the only living creature the anxious eye can see, is a lark mounting towards the heavens, or a hawk hovering over its hidden prey. The whole neighbourhood wears an unmistakably feverish look; tall reeds shoot up their stems in the midst of stagnant water, and, from time to time, you feel a hot puff of moist wind, which makes you shudder.

In the interior are numerous plains, called campidani, frequently uncultivated. In traversing one campidano, M. Delessert amused himself, watch in hand, with noting how long he travelled without being able to distinguish, on the horizon, any mark of human existence to contrast with the surrounding solitude. Two hours elapsed, during the course of which the only perceptible object was a microscopic village on a rising ground to the right. Some magnificent oxen were enjoying a succulent bite of grass, under the charge of a ragged herdsman. And so it continues, with little change, till you approach Oristano, of insalubrious repute. You guess the real state of the case on observing the road to be an embankment raised above the neighbouring plain, whose aquatic vegetation attests the presence of bottomless bogs. It is hard to find a more melancholy plain than the campidano of Oristano. Nevertheless, wherever the ground is able to acquire a little consistence, wherever the marshy element is excluded, you behold land of inexhaustible fertility, producing enormous ears of corn, marvellous lucern, and gigantic rye. Any attempt at canalisation would surely drain a good part of the plain. Drainage would banish the fevers, and agricultural produce would be more than doubled.

In other spots, little natural brooks fertilise meadows which afford pasturage to large herds of splendid cows. With an intelligent system of irrigation and improved modes of culture, what crops might be reaped from a genial soil which basks in a summer eight months long! Labour is scarce, it is true, in Sardinia; but colonists would not be hard to procure. The Sardinians, although somewhat jealous of strangers, do not go quite so far as they do in Ireland. There is no reason why the Sardes should not gradually accept the improvements by which they themselves would be the first to benefit. It is the duty of the great landed proprietors to set the example. There are but few sheep in the island, although the pasturage is excellent; the pigs are small, and would be greatly bettered by the introduction of foreign blood; the horses, though robust and indefatigable, are little larger than ponies, notwithstanding that a few hours by steam would bring them across from Africa. These are the easy reforms to which no one pays the slightest attention. A country is poor, and poor it must remain, if nobody will stir to change the state of affairs. Meanwhile, Sardinia continues to abound in naked, solitary, and unproductive campidani; it is a country ignorant of its own resources, for want of a little care and perseverance. If the islands of Mull, or Skye, or Lewis, could only be warmed and illumined by the climate of Sardinia, their farmers would soon produce such a pattern of productiveness as would put the Mediterranean islanders to shame.

Amongst the native domestic animals, the wonderful donkeys must not be forgotten. Their stature is that of a fine Newfoundland dog; their coats are woolly and occasionally curly, tempting you to shear them like sheep; and, to improve their beauty, their ears are cropped close. At Sassari, they fulfil the office of water-carriers; being laden with a small barrel hanging at each side. One poor donkey, mounting a steep, ill-paved slope, was overbalanced by its burden, and, falling on its back, was caught in a fix between the two casks. All it could do was to remain motionless, with its four legs in the air. At Cagliari, where the donkeys are built on a still smaller scale, and where they have even greater need to be viewed through a magnifying-glass, their talents are directed to a different employment. You are sauntering inquisitively through a suburb of the town; you peep in at the half-open doors at which women are spinning, or pretending to spin; and you catch a glimpse, in the inner obscurity, of an indistinct animal who keeps steadily walking round and round. It is a little donkey turning a little mill. But, observe, the natives do not in any wise regard their ground-floor in the light of a stable, but as the living room for the inmates of the house. The matrons of Cagliari, therefore, thanks to the donkey, while employed about their domestic duties, are enabled to superintend their home-ground flour.

We may form some opinion of the condition of a country by the condition of its country clergy. The specimens presented by M. Delessert read more like the obi-men of negro tribes than Christian ministers. Number One is the curé of Osilo, a village not far from Sassari. The good man, very long and very lean in person, wore an immense hat, which would have excited the envy of Don Basilio in the Barber of Seville. His manners were reserved and sullen, and his cassock was dirty. His chamber, to which you climbed by a filthy wormeaten ladder, was furnished with a couple of beds, one for himself, the other for his maid-servant. The walls were anything but white; neither looking-glass, nor holy-water-vessel, nor crucifix, was visible. A hen, attended by innumerable chickens, seemed absolute mistress of the place; and, on a greasy table covered with spots, a couple of dingy glasses, ornamented with oily thumb-marks, took away all inclination to drink. The curé, nevertheless, did the honours of his house, and offered wine of his own making, whose virtues he vaunted to the skies. Moreover, he informed his guests that the snow of the neighbouring mountains belonged to him, and that he retailed it to the restaurateurs of Sassari; besides which, he was the owner of a handsome black stallion. He accompanied his visitors part of the way home on horseback, for the double purpose of doing them honour, and of showing off his valuable steed.

Number Two is the curé of the village of Morès, at whose house the travellers proposed to pass the night; but the poor man had just been put into prison for some cause which was concealed with the utmost solicitude, and which was never suffered to transpire.

Number Three is the curé of San Luri. His parsonage-house was a filthy hole. The proprietor of the mansion, was snoring in his kitchen. He jumped out of bed, showed his expected guests the way up-stairs, and turning them, dripping with wet, into the chamber destined for them, left them to shift for themselves. The room was small, furnished with two straw-bottomed chairs and a black trunk full of books half reduced to dust; of basin, ewer, or other dressing apparatus, not the slightest trace. There were three beds, the inspection of which sufficed to terrify the stoutest heart; and the moment the door was opened, there came the nauseous smell common in Sardinian houses. One of the travellers buttoned up tight his mackintosh coat, tucked the bottoms of his trousers into his shoes, and, so encased, endeavoured to sleep. In the middle of the night he awoke, half-devoured, and beheld one of his companions sitting on his bed in the attitude of deep despair. At four o'clock in the morning they all hastily decamped.

The Sardinian ecclesiastics, although they thus mortify the flesh of their guests, are not indifferent to worldly goods. They do not forget to claim their share in any partition of landed property. As you pass through the outskirts of a town, "Whose garden is that?" you ask. "A priest's." "And this?" "Another priest's." And, so on, without change of the proprietor's

profession. These clerical gardens are surrounded with walls, and are closed with a door of painted wood surmounted by a cross, to indicate the character of their owners. That land is cheap in Sardinia is proved by the breadth that is wasted to allow of the growth of the cactus hedges. The approach to the convent of San Pietro is announced by a long road bordered with trees, and by a crowd of big and little monks, basking in the sun and saying their breviary. The convent of Bonaria, happily situated to catch the sea-breeze, and sheltered from every evil wind, is the residence of the Fathers of Mercy, mainly notable for their white dress, their long hat turned up at the sides, and their application of the maxim "Charity begins at home," in the happy choice of their geographical position.

The hospitality afforded by the inns is little better than that of the curés. The only hotels at Sassari are the Albergo d'Italia and the Albergo del Progresso, which latter has a branch establishment of the same name at Cagliari. But it is almost blasphemy to apply the word "progress" to the landlords of these wretched taverns. The consciousness of their monopoly inspires them with disgusting airs. If you make any complaint, their invariable reply is, "Find better accommodation elsewhere, if you can!" At Alghero you have the locanda of the Golden Lion. It is the only one in the place, and you are advised to sleep outside the town in bright starlight, rather than face the miseries of the establishment; amongst which are included, horrible food, odious flies, intolerable mosquitoes, repulsive vermin, pestiferous sheets, and an absolute want of everything conducive to repose. At Macomer, two little wooden beds, scarcely big enough to hold one person each in a little chamber seven feet high, are offered as sleeping-places to five full-grown travellers. At Paulo Latino, the mistress of the locanda has one bed to offer to the same number of visitors; and it is not the bed of Ware, with plenty of clean straw. She promises a dish of macaroni; but the best part of the supper is composed of imported portable soup and preserved vegetables. The old hag takes advantage of the strangers' presence to drink their healths till she is fairly drunk, in which guise she shows them to bed. They do object to the unique bed, and prefer to spend the night in the omnibus which brought them to the bowers of Paulo Latino. They are dismissed with a little muddy coffee served in dirty egg-cups.

An excursionist in Sardinia, therefore, must trust entirely to his own personal resources. There is much to invite in respect to antiquities; there may be discoveries to be made in botany and natural history; but the adventurer is strongly recommended to provide himself with a tent, and to make the same preparations as he would for a journey in the East. Sardinian hospitality exists, certainly; and the traveller may go his way without dread: but a hospitality which has nothing to offer, not even a clean bed, is only a delusion and a mockery.

The Sardinian islanders are not a bad set of people, although they are, like the Corsicans, a little too much given to go to law. The men's physiognomy is, perhaps, not prepossessing; hooked nose, thin and contracted lips, pointed beard, and small and piercing eyes: but you may travel as safely as you would in the environs of Orleans or Bordeaux. You will meet Sardinian cavaliers, mounted on ponies, armed with long gun lying across their saddle, with wife behind, and child in front. The Sardes, like the Arabs, always carry fire-arms when they go abroad; but this is simply a question of national pride, and an indispensable travelling appendage. One moral trait is worth remembering: if you pay marked attention to a single woman, you are expected to marry her. If you indulge in the same amusement with a married woman, you must not be surprised to receive a bullet in the back of your head.

After this rapid glance, we can scarcely realise the fact that insular Sardinia is a portion of the same kingdom to which belong the wealthy cities of Turin and Genoa, and the well-cultivated plains of Piedmont. Its excuse (for it needs an excuse for its condition) is that its rulers have been so fully employed on the continent, that they have had no time nor thought to spare on the minor portion of territory which lies out of sight in the midst of the sea. Piedmont of late years may be likened to a cottager whose hut is built at the foot of a cliff which beetles over and threatens to crush him. We know not all the difficulties he may have had to contend with; enough for us to learn that he is struggling with an enemy who pays fivepence per head for the flogging of unconvicted women; who proclaims one military punishment only—death; who submits to be asked whether its generals are the commanders of soldiers or the chiefs of brigands. But, as soon as this state of things shall cease, and Piedmont be really independent, it will surely be expected of a reforming king that he set his own most capable island in better order.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IV. CONGRATULATORY.

FROM the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognise in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again: even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastille thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery: and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recal some occasions on which her power had failed; but, they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations, that augured well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed, on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

It clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it—"as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver; "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and——Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed, under the impression—which he himself had originated—that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until to-morrow morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping-post, and branding-iron, should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House, more than of ourselves."

"*I* know, *I* know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say."

"And indeed, sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, *I* have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, sir."

"I think so too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no!—I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good night, God bless you, sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.—Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelt of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street-stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate-hill to Fleet-street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine: while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again: which was a large one.

"As to me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the emotion of the day, and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse deportment, to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? What toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then, rang the bell, and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes," were the answer.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth

being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"*I* don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

"Since I must say so, I know it."

"Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good night!"

When he was left alone, this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung against the wall, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

"Do you particularly like the man?" he muttered, at his own image; "why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ah, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow."

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER V. THE JACKAL.

Those were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits, that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the Law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his compeers in this particular, any more than in the drier parts of the legal race.

A favourite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite, specially, to their longing arms; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements, which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But, a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good

jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"ten o'clock, sir."

"*What's* the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, sir. Your honour told me to call you."

"Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench-walk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door. He had his slippers on, and a loose bedgown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one!"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his precocious paunch. "You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Sullenly enough, the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gaily, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally flirting with some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times, the matter in hand became so knotty, that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, squaring himself at him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had

been the furnace in which sustained endeavour was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humoured laugh, "don't *you* be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "how do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophise me, or the air, about it; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony; but my opinion is you were," said Carton. At this, he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow-students in the Quartier Latin, picking up French, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always—nowhere."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and riving and shouldering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rust and repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go."

"Well then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette."

"*She* pretty!"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole Court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll?"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathised with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective-glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun the overwhelming of the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; and it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

THE PARLIAMENTARY M.C.

Having a past life to be proud of, Parliament is pleasantly remarkable for rigid settlement into the innumerable little habits and ceremonies natural to any orderly body of advanced years. Of these little ceremonies we shall here act as master.

The year of the birth of our Imperial Parliament is an interesting mystery. The good old body does not live in single blessedness. Parliament comprises the whole substance of the government of the great British empire. It includes the Queen herself. Five hundred years ago, the Pope having asked homage and arrears of a grant made by King John to the Holy See, Edward the Third laid the demand before Parliament. The prelates, dukes, counts, barons, and commons, thereupon answered and said, with one accord, that no King could put himself, or his kingdom, or people, in such subjection without their assent. Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who pushed royal prerogative to the utmost, a prominent writer upon our political system taught that "the most high and absolute power of the realm of England consisteth in the Parliament," and then proceeded to assign to the Crown the same place in Parliament that has been assigned to it by statute since the Revolution. Her Majesty, then, is a member of Parliament.

Still the Queen is supreme. The assembly of the House of Commons takes place in obedience to royal will expressed by the Queen's

writ, and that body may be dissolved at any moment by her Majesty. When so dissolved, the law only requires that a new House be summoned within three years. But, as the House of Commons keeps the public purse, the state has need of its annual assistance. It is only by votes of the House of Commons annually passed, that money necessary for the use of government —and covering no more than a year's wants—can be obtained.

Lords spiritual and temporal sit together in a House of their own; but the Commons—the whole people of Great Britain not being peers or spiritual lords—are, as everybody knows, the last and chief estate which forms the British Parliament; and they are there represented by the knights, citizens, and burgesses whom they elect.

The first knights of the shire probably are to be found among the lesser barons, who, forbearing to attend in mass, elected some rich members of their own body to represent them. King John asked, by a writ to the sheriff of each county, to send four discreet knights to confer with him concerning the affairs of his kingdom. This very likely means that, in each county, the sheriff was at that time sole elector. Even in Magna Charta, the great charter of King John, there is nothing to show how the people had been represented. But of the main constitution of our Parliament, that charter, six hundred and forty-four years old, exhibits the earliest outline. This we find in the promise of the king, "to summon all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown, by the sheriff and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with forty days' notice, to assess aids and scutages when necessary." It is difficult to say how far the more essential part of this promise was kept. The first absolutely clear evidence of the recognition of the Commons as an estate of the realm was supplied not quite six hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry the Third, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, issued writs to the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for each county, and two citizens or burgesses for every city and borough. It was Edward the First who, in a memorable statute, admitted to the Commons their sole right to tax themselves. Such was the beginning of health in our strong constitution.

The number of the members of the House of Commons used to be variable. Fresh privileges were from time to time granted by charter; returns were omitted or suppressed by negligence or corruption of sheriffs, or at the wish of poor communities unwilling to furnish the day's wages to which representatives were formerly entitled. Such wages were, in the reign of Edward III., four shillings for a county and two shillings for a borough member; which would be equal, perhaps, to two guineas and one guinea of present money. The House of Commons, in that reign, contained about two hundred representatives. In the reign of Henry the Sixth there were three hundred. Between the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second one hundred and eighty new members were added. Forty-five Scotch members came in at the union with Scotland, and a hundred Irish at the union with Ireland. The number of the members was raised to six hundred and fifty-eight, and was not altered by the Reform Acts of 1832. But the disfranchisements of Sudbury and St. Albans afterwards caused a deduction of four from the list.

Parliament has imperial authority, extending over all her Majesty's dominions. It is a ruling power, bound by no charter, and pledged to no basis of a constitution. It has in itself sole right to make and alter British law. Queen, Lords, and Commons might consent to destroy the whole existing order of things, and to create a crossing-sweeper out of Seven-dials the sole irresponsible Emperor of Great Britain and her dependencies. Such a proceeding is impossible, but if it were possible, it would not be illegal. The only check upon extravagance in the Imperial Parliament, beyond its own inherent wisdom, is the power of the nation to assert itself on fit occasion; the determination of the English people to maintain rational freedom.

As it is the prerogative of the Crown to dissolve and summon Parliaments, so it is the duty of the Crown, by a royal speech, to give a starting-point to the business of a new session by making known the causes of the summons. This being done, each House asserts its dignity, by reading, for the first time, some bill of its own before it takes the royal speech into consideration.

It is only upon the death of a sovereign that Parliament can meet without a summons. In that event it is bound to meet and sit immediately. It so met on a Sunday, on the death of William the Third, and it has happened that the deaths of Queen Anne, of George the Second, and of George the Third, also made Sunday sittings necessary.

The Lords have a peculiar position as a court of justice, constituting the supreme court of appeal from other law courts. This right they trace back to their ancient rank as the king's council, which heard causes, assisted by the judges.

In case of impeachment, the Commons, as the inquest of the nation, find the crime; and then, as prosecutors, put the impeached man upon his trial, and the Lords are at once jurymen and judges in the matter. In the sixty or seventy years before our Revolution there were forty cases of impeachment. For the last hundred years there have been only two.

An important right maintained by the Commons—next in importance, perhaps, as a safeguard, to the right of free speech and the voting supplies—is the right of determining the fitness of elections. But the House cannot coerce a constituency which is exercising any of its rights within the bounds of law. It may expel a member; but, if he be in other respects legally eligible, his constituency is at liberty to re-elect him. A contest of that kind occurred in the case of John Wilkes,

who was repeatedly expelled and re-elected. Mr. Luttrell, a member of the House, then resigned his seat by acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and came forward to contest Wilkes's election. He was beaten, and petitioned against the return. The House finished the plot by declaring that, although Wilkes had the majority of votes from the Middlesex electors, Luttrell was elected. This was a reversal of law, not by the whole Parliament, which is permissible; but by a single estate of the realm, which is usurpation. Public opinion asserted itself; and, a few years afterwards, the objectionable resolution was, by the House of Commons itself, expunged from the journals as "subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom."

The internal machinery of Parliament is regulated in accordance with unwritten law, established from its rolls and records by precedents and continued experience. Its privileges are whatever it has been the custom to observe as such. But this must be old custom. More than one hundred and fifty years ago the Lords, at a conference, communicated to the Commons a resolution "that neither House of Parliament has power, by any vote or declaration, to create to itself new privileges not warranted by the known laws and customs of Parliament." To this the Commons gave assent, and by this principle Parliament has abided now for many generations.

But Parliament always has been active in the maintenance of its established privileges. The House of Commons commits any one to prison for contempt of its authority, and punishes instantly any resistance to the Serjeant-at-Arms or his officers in execution of its orders. The Lords also protect their servants. The last case of this kind in which the House of Lords asserted its importance, was the great Umbrella Case. On the twenty-sixth of March, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, complaint was made to the assembled Lords Spiritual and Temporal that John Bell had sued F. Plass, doorkeeper of their House, in the Westminster Court of Requests for the value of an umbrella lost when it had been left in his charge at the door during a debate. The Court of Requests having ordered payment of the value of the umbrella, with costs, Bell, the plaintiff, and the Clerks of the Delinquent Court were called before the Lords and reprimanded.

The Commons in one year sent to the Tower a Lord Mayor and Alderman, who had convicted one of its messengers of an assault in capturing a person whom the House had ordered him to seize. On a like occasion, when two judges in a court of law had given judgment against the Serjeant-at-Arms for arresting certain persons in obedience to the orders of the House of Commons, that House immediately put under arrest the two judges themselves—Sir F. Pemberton and Sir T. Jones—giving them into the custody of the same Serjeant-at-Arms against whose power they had decided. Yet there are bounds of law beyond which the House does not follow its servant. In the case of Sir Francis Burdett it was declared, by the law courts, to be within the duty of the officers of Parliament to break into a dwelling-house and use armed force, if needful, for the seizure of their prisoner; but an attorney a few years ago obtained damages of a hundred pounds, because the Serjeant-at-Arms, finding him from home, remained for some hours in his house awaiting his return, and so made capture. Whoever is committed for a breach of privilege is altogether in the hands of Parliament. The judges have no power of investigation, and the prisoner cannot be bailed.

It is a breach of the privilege of Parliament to publish its debates, and either House may, by enforcing that part of its old customary law, at any moment stop the parliamentary reports. This is not only customary law, but it has been from time to time asserted formally by orders of the House. At different times the Commons have ordered, "That no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or other proceedings of this House;" or, "That no printer or publisher of any printed news, papers do presume to insert in any such papers any debates or other proceedings of this House;" or again, "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of the privilege of, this House, for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minute of the debates or other proceedings. That upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such newspaper, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." Yet now, reporters' galleries are built into the two Houses, and there is even private complaint made if a report be not full enough. Of false reports there is parliamentary notice taken in the true parliamentary way, by complaint, not that there is a report which is false, but that there is a report at all, and that reporting is a breach of privilege.

Libellous reflections upon the character or proceedings of Parliament, or of any individual of either House, have always been punished as breaches of privilege. Once upon a time the interpretation of the word libel was more comprehensive than it is to-day. In sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, Henry Aleyn was committed for a libel on the last Parliament. In sixteen hundred and forty-three, the Archdeacon of Bath was committed for abusing the last Parliament. In seventeen hundred and one, Thomas Colepepper was committed for reflections upon the last House of Commons; and the Attorney-General was directed to prosecute him. These were such libels as we now read every week in public prints.

To offer any bribe of money to a member of the House, though it be only a guinea fee to a lawyer and M.P. for drawing up a petition to the House, is breach of privilege. Members proved to have received money-bribes suffer expulsion. At the close of the seventeenth century, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Secretary to the Treasury, and the Chairman of the Committee on the Orphans Bill, received

from the City of London upon the passing of that bill, one of them a thousand, one two hundred, and the other twenty guineas. They were all expelled as guilty of high crime and misdemeanour.

The Lords, claiming to be a Court of Record, punish by imprisonment for a fixed time, and impose a fine. The Commons imprison in Newgate or the Tower; but for no specified period; and, of late years, they have not imposed fines. But since fees have to be paid on release from imprisonment, the punishment inflicted by the House of Commons still includes what is in fact a fine.

Freedom of speech is, of course, an essential privilege of Parliament. In the reign of Richard the Second, Haxey, a member of the Commons, having displeased the king by offering a bill to reduce the excessive charge of the royal household, was condemned in Parliament as a traitor. But, on the accession of Henry the Fourth, Haxey on his part, and the Commons on their part, urged their privilege, and the judgment passed, in derogation of the privileges of Parliament, was "annulled, and held to be of no force and effect" by the whole Legislature. Since that time there have been days, in which the Parliament has fought hard for this essential privilege. It was directly impeached for the last time by Charles the First, in the case of Sir John Elliot, Denzil, Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine. This was, indeed, one of the illegal acts for which that king finally suffered. The last formal confirmation of this privilege was at the revolution of sixteen eighty-eight, in the ninth article of the Bill of Rights, which declares "that the freedom of speech, and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament." It is to be observed, however, that since published speeches are not recognised by Parliament, they cannot be protected by its privileges.

The privilege of freedom from arrest in civil cases or distress of goods is enjoyed by members of Parliament, in accordance with most ancient custom. Freedom from arrest was granted also formerly to fair-goers and others. It is now enjoyed by members of the Legislature during the existence of a Parliament, and for a convenient time before and after it, which fairly answers to the forty days allowed for going to and coming from the great assembly. Freedom from arrest in criminal cases can form no part of this privilege. To witnesses and other persons summoned upon business of the House in going, staying, and returning, the same privilege of freedom from arrest also extends. No statement made to Parliament in the course of its proceedings can be made the ground of any action at law. There is still, however, a wide margin of debatable land between the jurisdiction of the law courts and the privileges of the courts of Parliament. Public opinion has of late years checked the number of disputes between the legislators and the law. The House of Commons has been chilled in the ardour of its self-assertion, and in its most recent battle, ignominiously wreaked vengeance upon the sheriff who had executed judgment of the court opposed to it; but shrank from a committal of the judges by whom the obnoxious judgment was pronounced.

The swearing-in of members, while there were oaths necessary to be taken, though repugnant to some consciences, has, in all recent parliaments before the present one, made one or two representatives who could not represent. Baron Rothschild was thus for eleven years Member of Parliament without a seat or vote; he might indeed vote at the election of Speakers, which occurs before the taking of the oath, for the oaths must be taken in a full House, before the Speaker in his chair, between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon. An oath taken at nine in the evening would not be valid. For this reason, except on Wednesday, when the House of Commons meets from twelve to six, a quarter before the magic hour of four is the time appointed for the ordinary meeting of the House of Commons. Four years ago some members took the oaths when, the Speaker being ill, the Chairman of Ways and Means fulfilled his duties. Question arose as to the validity of oaths so taken, and they were sanctified by an especial Act of Parliament.

The Queen's speech opens the work of a session. No business of legislation can be done until the Crown has opened Parliament. Therefore, the Speaker, when awaiting summons of the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the speech read, goes, after prayers, to the Clerk's table in the middle of the room, and sits there. He does not sit in his own chair until her Majesty has set the State clock going.

The address in answer to the speech having been voted, it is the glorious privilege of the House of Commons to proceed to the palace through the central mall in St. James's Park. The Lords are obliged to advance by the ordinary carriage road. A privilege of the Commons more to be prized is exemption from the necessity of solemnly appearing at court in burlesque attire. They are allowed to wear the ordinary dress of English gentlemen. Upon one point only are they restricted. They may not bring into the presence of her Majesty sticks or umbrellas.

The House of Commons has a holiday on Saturday. The House of Lords has holidays on Wednesday and on Saturday. But the Saturday holiday of the Commons has to be secured from week to week, by formal adjournment from Friday until Monday. It is in the power of any member who sees less than forty members in the house to ask that they be counted. Strangers are then ordered to withdraw. The two-minute glass on the clerk's desk is turned, as in the case of a division; and, while the sand runs, there is time for any members in adjoining rooms to hurry to their places. If the time has expired, and the Speaker is yet left unable to count forty members, there is an end of business till next day. A count out on Friday might now and

then leave the House bound to meet again on Saturday. Therefore it prudently secures its holiday by moving at some early stage of Friday's business, that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday.

Until six years ago, a part of the foundation of the British Constitution was the bodily constitution of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was essential to the lawfulness of the assembly, and bound to preside from the first to the last minute over all its sittings, when not in committee. A healthy Speaker was essential to the nation's health. It is only four years since a really adequate authority has been given to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means to occupy, in case of need, the Speaker's place, without making any act of the House invalid.

The Committee of Ways and Means just mentioned is, together with the Committee of Supply, a form of the House. The House in Committee, with a chairman to preside, inquires and deliberates. In formal sitting with the Speaker in the chair it legislates. There is always in the royal speech a clause demanding annual provision for the public service, and acquainting gentlemen of the House of Commons that her Majesty has directed the estimates to be laid before them. When the speech is discussed it is upon a formal motion, "That a supply be granted to her Majesty." On a subsequent day the whole House resolves itself into a Committee to "consider of the supply." This Committee has to discover how much money is wanted, and for that purpose inquires into the estimates.

After the first report of the Committee of Supply, concerning money wanted, has been received, a day is appointed for the House to resolve itself into a committee to "consider of ways and means for raising the supply." One committee asks what money must be raised; the other inquires how to raise it, and is helped in its inquiry by the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first act of the Committee of Supply is to elect its chairman for the session, who presides in both committees. He is called Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and he it is who is authorised to vote, when necessary, as the Speaker's deputy.

When the House is in committee, if any formal public business should arise—for example, if there be a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend her Majesty—Mr. Speaker must at once resume the chair. When sudden disorder has arisen, the Speaker has now and then, by resuming the chair, suddenly quelled it. In the old stormy days of the seventeenth century, a disturbance arose in a grand committee, threatening to end in bloodshed. Then "the Speaker, very opportunely and prudently rising from his seat near the bar, in a resolute and slow pace, made his three respects through the crowd, and took the chair." The mace, like the sounding cane of the schoolmaster having been forcibly laid upon the table, disorder ceased, and the disputants went to their places.

Among the Lords, the woolsack is without the pale of their House, and the Lord Chancellor, who acts as their Speaker, may, as was the case for a short time with Mr. Brougham, be a commoner. He is no lawgiver to the Lords on points of order; they decide such questions among themselves. He is not formally addressed by the Lords who speak, and he can only himself speak or vote as a Lord by coming down from his official seat outside the House and taking his place as a peer within the sacred limits.

We have introduced the reader to a very few only of the old-fashioned customs which bear witness to the antiquity of Parliament. It is right to observe that there has during the last few years been a disposition to get rid of those which produce useless embarrassment. A conspicuous example of such innovation is the freedom given to the House to work under a Deputy Speaker. As an example of the smaller reforms, we may take a change in the way of conveying messages between the Lords and Commons. The Lords used to send messages to the Commons by judges or masters in Chancery; the Commons to the Lords by solemn deputation of eight members. Every bill sent was to be made the subject of a distinct deputation; but twelve years ago the Lords agreed, by a formal resolution, to receive bundles of bills in one message, and to consider their dignity sufficiently respected by a deputation of five members. The Commons, in return, declared themselves ready to receive messages by one master in Chancery instead of two. For four years past the whole message business has been done quietly among themselves, at their own tables, by the clerks of the respective Houses.

GREAT MEETING OF CREDITORS.

If any man be tired of musing upon that numerical abstraction, that perilous jungle for currency doctors, that legacy of Heaven-born ministers and ingenious financiers, the National Debt, and is desirous of changing his painful reflections upon the eight hundred millions of sterling money sunk and gone, for a glance at some of those people to whom this gigantic amount is owing—the national creditors—let him direct his steps towards the Bank of England on any of those great Dividend-paying days that come round periodically in the heart of the four seasons. Let him enter on that side of the building which is known as the Rotunda (where the interest upon the national debt is paid, when claimed, in four quarterly instalments), and he will find himself in the midst of the crowd of large and small fundholders and annuitants, who have lent the country that money which has been sunk by Britannia in ruling the waves, and who are satisfied with a small and certain return for their capital.

A thorough stranger, looking at some of the

national creditors who totter feebly in at the heavy swinging doors, might easily mistake this Rotunda (and especially the annuity-warrant office) for a building erected over a sacred and miraculous well, at which the sick and weary come to drink, and from which they depart with new life and hope. Amongst the bustling stockbrokers and lawyers, the City merchants and the bankers' clerks, come the lame, the blind, the palsied, the jaundiced, and the paralytic, who are led by relatives or servants up to the appointed corners, and are seated before the appointed books.

One national creditor slinks in, and looks round to see if he is observed, as if his design were, rather picking pockets than drawing dividends. Speculative fancy may invest him with any character it thinks proper; but the most probable explanation is, that he is a thrifty father, fearful of being watched by a spendthrift son at the moment when he has drawn his little quarterly income. Perhaps, he is a debtor fearful of being dogged by duns, or a fraudulent bankrupt who disappeared some years ago with a red wig and the name of Jones, and who comes back to reap the fruits of his concealed property in a grey wig and the name of Jackson? He seems jealous of any one looking over him as he signs the dividend-book, and appears much relieved when he has obtained cash for his warrant, and is ready to leave the building. Perhaps he is some selfish old misanthrope who has fled from kith and kin; who will die suddenly in some silent lodging before next quarter-day, without making any sign, and whose name will remain for ever in the records of unclaimed dividends?

Another public creditor is refreshing to look upon, notwithstanding his evident purse-proud vanity. He walks boldly in accompanied by his son—both being full-blooded, well-fed, well-clothed supporters of their country. The father is glad to show the boy how "warm" he is, and the boy, who has just attained his majority, is gathering the first fruit of a sum which was invested in consols, in his own name, when he was a twelvemonth old, and which has wonderfully increased at compound interest. There is no secrecy here. The father knows what his son has, and what he will yet have, and the son knows exactly what his father has to give him.

Finance makes us acquainted with strange companions. As some part of the interest of the national debt is paid by taking a pinch out of the poor man's teapot, or by lessening the size of his children's sugar-basin, so the national creditor may be an idiot in a bundle of rags, a crossing-sweeper in a good thoroughfare, a successful prize-fighter, or a thrifty cab-driver. One national creditor standing at the paying-desk with sober steadiness, is a man who has passed much of his life in placing his head where his feet are now placed, and in singing comic songs for the amusement of the public. He is a well-known clown to a circus. Another national creditor (who seems to be perfectly familiar with the forms of the place, and who even undertakes to direct far more staid and business-looking personages) is neither an eminent stockbroker, a Lombard-street banker, nor a man who has passed his youth in mercantile bowers; he is a favourite low comedian.

Another public creditor appears in the shape of a drover with a goad, who has run in to present his claim during his short visit from Essex. Near him, are a lime-coloured labourer from some wharf at Bankside, and a painter, who has left his scaffolding in the neighbourhood during his dinner hour. Next, come several widows—some florid, stout, and young: some, lean, yellow, and careworn—followed by a gay-looking lady in a showy dress, who may have obtained her share of the national debt in another way. An old man, attired in a stained, rusty, black suit, crawls in, supported by a long staff, like a weary pilgrim who has at last reached the golden Mecca. Those who are drawing money from the accumulation of their hard industry or their patient self-denial, can be distinguished at a glance from those who are receiving the proceeds of unexpected and unearned legacies. The first have a faded, anxious, almost disappointed look; while the second are sprightly, laughing, and observant of their companions.

Towards the hour of noon on the first day of the quarterly payment, the crowd of national creditors becomes more dense, and is mixed up with substantial capitalists in high check neckties, double-breasted waistcoats, curly-rimmed hats, narrow trousers, and round-toed boots. Parties of thin, limp, damp-smelling women come in with mouldy umbrellas, and long chimney-cowl shaped bonnets made of greasy black silk, or threadbare black velvet—the worn-out fashions of a past generation. Some go about their business in confidential pairs; some, in company with a trusted maid-servant, as fossilised as themselves; some, under the guidance of eager, ancient-looking, girl-children; while some stand alone, in corners, suspicious of help or observation. One national creditor is unwilling, not only that the visitors shall know what amount her country owes her, but also what particular funds she holds as security. She stands carelessly in the centre of the warrant-office, privately scanning the letters and figures nailed all round the walls which direct the applicants at what desk to apply; her long tunnel of a bonnet, while it conceals her face, moves with the guarded action of her head, like the tube of a telescope when the astronomer is searching for a lost planet. Some of these timid female creditors, when their little claim has been satisfied (a thousand pounds in consols produces only seven pounds ten a quarter), retire to an archway in the Rotunda where there are two high-backed leathern chairs, behind the shelter of which, with a needle and thread, they stitch the money into some secret part of their antiquated garments. The two private detective officers on duty generally watch these careful proceed-

ings with amusement and interest, and are looked upon by the old fundholders and annuitants as highly dangerous and suspicious characters.

Some bring their children with them, just as they would take them for a gossip to the chandler's-shop round the corner. The business of receiving dividends is looked upon as a piece of exhilarating dissipation in which it is proper for the whole family to participate. While the lawful female proprietor of stock is engaged with the clerks in the preliminary proceedings, her mother stands by to watch that she is not cheated, her father sits blinking at the counters and the visitors in the recesses of the Rotunda like an hospital patient waiting for his turn, and the children are left to stagger about the warrant-office between the substantial legs of grave capitalists who are the pride and glory of the City. When the pink or buff warrant has been changed for gold or notes, and the whole business admits of no further drawing out, the children are collected by the mother, while the grandmother scolds the blinking grandfather for not taking better care of them, and they are found lying upon their stomachs looking down a grating; probably under the idea of commanding a view of the gold-cellars.

Another public creditor is a countryman in holiday dress, accompanied by his wife, and who seems not to know exactly what he wants, or where he is to obtain it. He is shy of asking questions, and so is his wife, although she keeps quietly tugging at his arm; for they have heard that London is a sad place, and that every polite and well-dressed man is a sharper. So Agricola and his better-half keep wandering round and round for half an hour, until they can bear the suspense no longer. At last the provincial mind overcomes its doubts, and pours all its troubles in provincial accents into the willing ear of one of the Bank porters.

Another public creditor comes gasping in, attended by a tall, stout female companion, with a basket. Baskets, on great dividend days, are almost as fashionable as umbrellas; after these, come capacious reticules; some few of the creditors, or their attendants, carry the street-door key swinging on their fingers. The gasping creditor is small and thin; his legs are wasted, his body is awry, his back is bent forward almost into a hump, his chest is bowed inward, his breath is short, his eyes are staring, his mouth is half open, his fingers are long and bony, and the blue veins on the back of his hands are like cords. His dress is loose and wrinkled, and of a shabby, rusty black. His wife, his nurse, or his keeper — the stout, florid woman with the basket — takes him up to the warrant counter, where he is not tall enough or strong enough to reach the book. It is tilted towards him, he leans over with a starting eye, a deep cough, and hard-drawn breath, to scan the proper line, and traces the course with one ean hand, as he signs his name with the other. It is curious to see that a great country, in seeking the sinews of its heroic wars, has not rejected the assistance of even such a feeble manikin as this.

More withered, twitching women, crawl slowly up to the fountains of gold, until you think that the witches in Macbeth must have been large investers in the funds, and that these, their children, are now drawing the fruits of their provident habits. Mother Shipton is here, or her lineal descendant, as punctually as the day, with Daniel Dancer, the traditional miser; with greasy butchers from Newgate Market; with faithful butlers, who never tampered with their masters' wine; with clean nurses, whose fortune it has been to fall upon the rose-beds of servitude; with young women, who draw their moderate dividends in gold, and look unconsciously amongst the young men, who are doing likewise, for a steady, well-to-do husband to share it. Pickpockets occasionally stray in, done up in what they fondly flatter themselves is the true old stockbroker style, and are surprised to find that their disguise is immediately detected by the officers on duty. Sometimes these gentry evade the law by securing the victim in marriage whom they intend to rob—for lovely woman is very weak, and some gentlemen are very agreeable.

Another public creditor is borne in like a nodding Guy Fawkes in November, by two companions, on an old, brown, creaking Windsor chair: a mere bundle of dirty rags. She is placed in her chair before the long annuity counter, gazing at the wall with a glassy meaningless eye, and with her chin sunk down upon the breast of her tattered outer garment. The forms of the office require that she should apply in person, and the two humble friends who take care of her—a man and woman—have brought her up to show her. Her claim is small, and a power of attorney is too costly for her slender resources. A difficulty occurs about signing the book, and the two companions shout loudly in both her ears: but they might as well attempt to awaken the dead. The long old cowl-shaped bonnet does not even move in reply, and the glassy eyes still retain their watery stare of vacancy. A principal clerk is summoned from a private desk to decide in this emergency, and the result is that she is allowed to make the sacred sign which stands for new life in either state of existence. When first she became a creditor of the state, she was young, and, perhaps, sightly, and able to write her name with the best of the small fundholders; but that was in the good old days, when George the Third was king, and Heaven born ministers were struggling with the Corsican. Now, her helpless withered arm is lifted up, and clumsily made to form a thick inky cross, with a juicy full-charged quill, as it might have been unresistingly lifted up and made to stab a Rotunda beadle. When her money is, at last, procured, it turns out to be some thirty shillings, which are passed before her listless

eyes to give her comfort, and then placed in her pocket under her cold, bloodless, listless touch.

TRADE SONGS. THE SHOWMAN.

Come, look into my puppet-show; a penny is the money:
Here's the king, he's in his counting-house, eating bread and honey;
And the queen she's in her garden, hanging out her gown,
'Midst ladies of the bed-chamber all walking up and down.

And with this I trudge thro' London,
The alleys and lanes of London,
Where young and old are bought and sold,
And innocent folks are undone.

Here are members of the City guilds, eating all their dinners;
And members, too, of Parliament, some saints and many sinners;
Here are traders, and evaders, the humble and the proud,
Some slyly slip away (to Spain), some boldly face the crowd.

And these are all in London,
They swell and strut in London, &c.

Here are gents of all professions; you may know them by their coats;
Here are soldiers, for the ladies; here are sailors, in their boats;
Here are two who nothing have to do, and do it all aright;
The shoes denote the gentleman, the boots they mark the knight.

And this is all in London, &c.

Here are lords who wait, the slaves of State, and bow when they are bidden;
And warriors old, in courtly gold, who cringe when they are chidden;
And Lady Grace, all paint and lace, whose virtue is so slack,
And dames who sigh for a gallant's eye, and push their daughters back.

And this is all in London,
These sights are all in London, &c.

Here's a Parson full of flummery; a Quaker always spouting;
And Tories dress'd in Whiggish vests, the which they go about in;
Here's modesty in sempstresses; here's honesty in jail;
And here's a famous Puppet-show, whose wonders never fail.

And with this I trudge through London, &c.

THE NIGHT BEGGAR.

In a damp and dreary cellar
I was born;
Want, and cold, and hunger found me
There forlorn.
God, perhaps, in pity heard me,
For a heart of courage stirr'd me,
And I gave back blow for blow,
Scorn for scorn.

Active limbs and sturdy sinews
Were my all;
Bore me on thro' many a battle,
Many a fall.

Yet, with such a life before me,
Sometimes did an angel o'er me
(Hope the angel) gently sigh,
Gently call.

Nature stamped her frown upon me
At my birth;
Never did my look betoken
Love or worth.
So I shun the sight of morning,
Wandering ever, scorned and scorning,
Thro' the earth.

MOTHER'S FIRST LODGER.

When my mother and I took No. 32, of the High-street, Aiskrigg (of which the ground floor is a shop sublet to the butcher), we found that, after portioning off a tidy parlour, a room for ourselves, and a cupboard for the maid, there yet remained two nice front rooms, one just over the shop window, the other right above that, which, as I said to my mother, were just the thing for a lodger.

"Our income isn't large, mother," I said; "a little help of this sort would be most desirable. And it is one of the best situations in the place, just opposite the post-office and the baker's. If people wish for country air, the back windows look right down on the churchyard. Besides, it's a genteel-looking house; the side passage and green door make it very private; and the people coming and going to the shop below give a cheerful appearance. I am sure, if we bought a bit of drugget, and put in the chiffonier that belonged to my aunt, the horsehair sofa, the round table, and that picture of you in your green satinet, we should have our choice of lodgers any day.

My mother looked up sharply from her knitting; so sharply that she jerked a stitch over her pin, and made a mess with her stocking, that kept me bothering over it for the next half hour. "I won't have no young men, I can tell you, Patty," she said, decidedly. "No young men. It wouldn't be right, on any account. You're an unmarried woman, Patty, and people might talk. I don't know that I approve of the idea in any wise. But, as you say, it would help the rent, and this move of ours has made a hole in the last quarter. We might look out for a single lady, or a widow."

My mother took out her red silk pocket-handkerchief (which had been my father's, and she used it in remembrance of him) and wiped the moisture from her weak eyes. The sunlight was glancing into the room over the green blinds—a line of yellow along the faded carpet, a white star on the polished back of the mahogany arm-chair, falling on my mother's face and dazzling her eyes, then losing itself amongst the gilt bindings in the bookcase.

I got up, pulled down the blind, and unravelled the knitting; my mother watching with her elbows resting on her apron, and her shaking head supported between her two hands and the red handkerchief. For a few minutes we sat silent: I taking up the stitches and shrugging my shoulders at the notion of a widow lady,

and my mother, as it seemed, pursuing the same train of thought; for, all of a sudden, she raised her head, stretched out her large-jointed fingers to tidy the anti-Macassar on the arm-chair, and said emphatically, "I won't have no men, Patty." I didn't argue the subject; that wasn't my way. I just got up, took the cups and saucers from the corner cupboard, and put on the kettle. The clock had struck the half-hour; my mother was always cross as she got hungry, and I called Betsy from the kitchen, and sent her next door to the green-grocer's for a quarter of a pound of butter. "You might go across to the baker's too," I whispered, when I got her into the passage, "and ask if they've any fresh-baked *fat rascals*. Your missus is very fond of fat rascals." Betsy ran off with a couple of plates, and was presently at the parlour door again, too much out of breath to talk, but with successful purchases. I took the things to the table, found the toasting-fork, and set myself down before the fire to cook the cakes. Of course my mother asked what I was doing: of course she scolded about the expense; but I hurried the tea, set her a chair, and, before she had got through her first cup of tea, or swallowed a fat rascal, she had recovered her temper, and was ready to hear reason.

"Just fill me up my cup, Patty dear, and give me a mouthful more of something. Dear! dear! how those things do make me think of when I was young. Before you were born, Patty—when I was staying with your father, poor dear man, at Redcar, after he had the small-pox, and we went in a shandry-dan to Saltburn to see the country, and got caught by the tide, and stopped to tea, that was the first time I ever tasted fat rascals—we used to have cakes something of the same kind at home, when I was a girl, but they called them *singing hinnies*. They are famous at Saltburn for their fat rascals." My mother, having a remarkably short memory, continually forgot this story was not new, and prefaced it with, "Did ever I tell you, Patty?" or, "You'd like to hear, child." I think I rather liked to hear her touch on the subject; it was like a spring wind blowing away the mist and dead leaves of autumn. Even then, after the lapse of years, the remembrance of the bygone sunshine cheered her heart.

Well, that evening I sent Betsy off early to bed, and made my mother so comfortable in the arm-chair, with the red handkerchief over the back for fear her old cap should grease it (she always put on an old one in the evening, when it was too late for visitors), that she presently fell fast asleep, and left me to follow my own devices.

Then I sat myself down on the floor, by the oak cupboard, and, settling the candle on one of the willow-seated chairs, began a long hunt on the bottom shelf. First of all I pulled out a china lamb with only one broken leg, and two little shepherdesses that held matches behind them, and a bird's-nest with eggs in it, that made an inkstand; and, when I had dusted them, I put them aside to ornament the chimney in the spare parlour. I hunted through my red workbox, and put out some patches for mother's quilt; but it was a long time before I came on what I was really wanting. At last, under a great pile of Manchester Guardians, there it was—a bit of thick pasteboard, one side blue and the other white, that about six months before had come from the linendraper's with a lot of new blonde for my Sunday cap.

When I got this I went back to the table, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in printing "*Furnished Apartments to Let*" on the white side. It was legible, certainly, but I am afraid the letters were not very straight; some of them looked as if they wished to fisticuff their neighbours, and the great A in Apartments was like the Leaning Tower at Pisa I've read about somewhere.

Next morning my pasteboard was up in the parlour window, and I popped on my bonnet and went out to see how it looked from the street.

Then Betsy and I had such a day. I persuaded mother she spoke hoarsely, rubbed her chest with hartshorn for five minutes, then had her safe in bed till afternoon: and, what with scrubbing, and rubbing, and polishing, and getting Joe from the shop below to move the furniture, we had done wonders before nightfall. I went in the last thing to look about me and admire my handiwork, and really it did look very nice, though I say it who shouldn't. When we had got the new drugget I'd be bound to say there wouldn't be such another a lodging in all Aiskrigg.

Ah! but all that hurry and scurry went for nothing. In spite of the big handbill, and even an advertisement in the weekly paper, no one came near us for upwards of a month. Then it was only an application from an old lady who thought the rent too high, and wanted a deal of attendance. After her, arrived a widow, whom mother thought would be just the thing; but it turned out that she had a pack of children, and there wasn't room. Goodness me! I thought those rooms would never let; and many's the time I could have cried with vexation when I remembered all the trouble I had taken about them. Every one found an objection: one said the rooms were too low, and another that they were too dark; one disliked the butcher's shop, and another the churchyard. You never saw such dissatisfied folks in all your life!

Well, again mother and I were sitting in the parlour. We had given up the fire because the weather was so warm, and the grate was well polished, and filled by a yellow and pink paper mat. And mother's eyes had been bad, and she wore a green shade, and amused herself with making lighters. We were talking about the lodgings, as usual; and mother was just saying it was no use keeping up the handbill, for no one came, and that she would spend no more money in advertisements, when we heard a knock at the passage door, and presently Betsy came in to say a gentleman wished to see the apartments.

I did not keep him a minute. I just picked the ends of cotton from my gown, and pulled my cap straight before the looking-glass, and went out to him. He was standing at the bottom of the stairs, wiping his dirty boots on the door-mat. I liked him from that moment. It was so nice and considerate to take care of the floor-cloth.

He looked up at the sound of my "Good morning, sir," and I saw his face. It was foreign, dark-complexioned, with a ruddy colour on the cheek; a quantity of curling black hair, a twinkling black eye, and a little curled moustache, giving him a piquant expression; and as he turned to me with a courteous smile, and the most charming broken English—I must confess it—my heart was taken by storm.

He fumbled in his coat-pocket, and then in his waistcoat, finally producing a rather soiled card, which he presented to me. It was printed in funny little letters—"*Signor Angelo Pagliardini, Professor of Languages*"—and while I was wondering how on earth to pronounce such an outlandish name, he began, "Madame—I beg pardon—*Missis* Flint, I did hear of your lodgings; I am the new professor at the grammar school. I am Italian. I want a little lodging. Permit me, Missis Flint——"

What he did not say he insinuated by bows; and, charmed by his politeness, I gave my hair an extra smooth, and threw open the parlour door.

I had received so many rebuffs and disappointments, that it was much more modestly than heretofore that I proceeded to draw up the painted blind (representing poplar-trees and York Minster in the distance) and descanted on the various merits and conveniences of the chamber. The signor paid little attention to my explanations, hardly noticed my beautiful stand of wax flowers made at Miss Rule's boarding-school; though I stood aside on purpose to draw his eye to it. His great anxiety seemed to be about the rent; and, when we had satisfactorily arranged that, he only made one suggestion:

"I have a good many pictures, and such things," said he. "Perhaps you would not object to remove those portraits to make more room. My boxes are at the station, and shall be sent up immediately."

I own I was surprised at his request; for the portraits to which he referred were that likeness of my mother in her satinet, and a companion view of my dear father, in a red waistcoat with a rose-bud in his button-hole. But I said nothing—I was cowed by that long waiting—and he made his request very modestly. Only, as he was going out of the door, I ventured to insinuate that my mother was head of the house, and, instead of being Mrs. Flint, I was only Miss Patty. Good man! how he turned round and raised his eyebrows, laying his hand on his heart as he said,

"Is it possible?"

I suppose he had been equally impressed, and wondered at the blindness of the men of this generation. But at last he had bowed himself out, and I was at liberty to return and break the news to my mother.

My mother was in a real passion, and tore up all her lighter paper into crooked strips. She declared that a man should not live in her house. As for me, I was beside myself. I never thought my mother would have persisted in such a fanciful resolution; and here was I, who had gone and let the rooms, and every minute expected the new lodger and his luggage. Tears were vain. I nearly cried my eyes out, but my mother sat obstinately in the corner, every moment repeating, "No man shall ever come into this house while I live. You are an unmarried woman, Patty Flint. It would disgrace your father's memory." I heard the sound of wheels in the street, and thought it was the luggage. But the wheels passed. It was only old Mrs. Badger coming in from her airing, and I had still a few moments' reprieve.

Presently, I was sitting in the basket-chair with my handkerchief up to my face. My mother did not notice me, and I gave a moan—moaned louder, and began to rock myself backwards and forwards.

"What ails ye? Patty, what's the matter?"

No answer. Only moan, moan, and rock, rock, as if I were distracted.

"Good gracious! is it tic, Patty? Is it toothache? Answer me, child."

My mother had come quite close, and was leaning over me. I removed my handkerchief, showing the red marks on the left cheek, and, shutting my eyes, appeared too ill to answer.

"It's no use asking, mother," I said, in a feeble voice; "it's all on the nerves." And I moaned afresh.

"Dear, dear!" said my mother, "what could put it there?"

I looked up again, and made my red cheek very conspicuous: "It was the bother about the lodgings. I was so fidgeted after I had made the arrangements. And really I did all for the best."

My mother was fairly overcome.

"Don't vex yourself, Patty, about that. Don't torment yourself, there's a darling. It shall be all as you wish. I dare say you meant well, and——But how bad you are! Hadn't I better send for Dr. Rotheram?"

I caught the sound of wheels really stopping this time: "Mother!" I groaned, "don't let there be any altercation. My poor head would be distracted by noise. Let them take the boxes up quietly at once. And, dear mother, don't leave me on any account." I was in such a fright she would go out and blow them up; and so for the next hour I kept her fomenting my face and pitying my sufferings.

At the end of that time it was necessary to prepare dinner, and I heard the footsteps of my lodger in the adjoining room; so I told the old lady that I felt better. The tic was going away almost as suddenly as it had come on, and perhaps if I moved about I should get rid of it altogether. I did Monsieur Pagliardini a beefsteak to a very

turn, and sent it up by Betsy, with baked potatoes, and a rhubarb tart. I got out one of the best tablecloths, and gave him my own pickles, as well as a bit of Durham mustard. I am sure he might well smile at Betsy, and say Miss Patty was a first-rate cook. I know he did, for I was peeping in at the door to see if he took pickles.

A day or two later found the signor quite settled in his new apartments. These, by the addition of his bits of ornaments, so changed that you could hardly recognise them. The portraits were gone. I managed beautifully about them. I told mother I was quite miserable when shut out from the contemplation of my beloved parents; and, by the slightest return of tic, persuaded her to allow them to be hung opposite the fireplace in our sitting-room.

Monsieur nodded to me when I went to see them taken down in safety, and asked Joe to remain and fix some pictures of his. Oh me! those pictures! I was half an hour examining them when I next did the room. There were landscapes and sea views, and waterfalls and ruins. But, chief of all, there were two portraits of monsieur himself. One over the fireplace—half length, as large as life—a beautiful thing! with a pensive look in the eyes, and lips like vermilion. The other, his very moral, but rather peculiar. It represented him standing with his hands under his coat-tails—just as I have seen him stand fifty times a day before the fire. I could have told it anywhere, though there was not a morsel of the face to be seen—only the thick-set, short figure, and the curly hair. It was the thing altogether that was so like.

And there was another portrait. I don't overlook *that;* for it was a lady's picture. A dark, cold face, with great black eyes that always looked at you wherever you stood in the room, and long hair falling in disorder over the one cheek, while the other side was looped up with a red ribbon. I dare say it was what people call a fine face, but *I* didn't admire it. For a long time I thought it was monsieur's sister, but I found out afterwards that it wasn't; and I never can have any patience with a woman who was so careless and untidy that she couldn't do up both sides of her hair, even to have her picture taken.

So, unmarked by any very great event, passed the summer and autumn, and the evenings began to close in earlier, and monsieur liked to have a fire lit for when he came in after tea-time. And regularly I put his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, and drew the curtains and set the tea-things. And as regularly when he passed the kitchen going up-stairs, looking fagged and anxious with his day's work, I popped a bit of bacon or something nice on the fire to comfort him. No doubt I took a great deal of trouble about *only* a lodger; but there are some people for whom one can never do too much, and Signor Angelo was one.

"Miss Patty," he would say very often, "you are too good. You pierce my heart with your kindness." And when he said it he always laid his hand on his heart, as if it did really pain him. What wonder, then, that I took more and more interest in one so grateful, that as I saw him grow pale, and thin, and lose his appetite, hour after hour sit pensive in the evening, rousing himself with a visible effort when one of his many pupils came for a lesson—what wonder that my heart was lacerated by compassion? Or that one night, when he had sent away his tea untouched, I ventured to knock at his door, and ask if I could do anything for his comfort?

To this day I can see him as he was that night—sitting in the easy-chair, in his shawl-patterned dressing-gown, with his feet crossed on the fender. A little glow over the hearth-rug, a little light falling on the lady's picture in the corner—all the rest of the room half-dark.

"Dear monsieur," I said, "I am afraid you are not well. You do not eat, and you seem harassed and overworked. Might I recommend a little cup of my wormwood-tea every morning before breakfast? It is the finest thing in the world for creating an appetite."

Signor Angelo jerked his hand from his forehead, and leant forward. There was a smouldering fire in his eye, and his voice trembled with earnestness.

"Mrs. Patty, you are very good—you are always good. But will remedies for the body effect a cure to the mind? No! there are some ailments that are beyond the reach of human alleviation. Mrs. Patty, there is a disease called LOVE. Nay, Mrs.—*Miss* Patty—dear Miss Patty—do not turn from me! You will drive me to despair if you look so. Oh, Miss Patty, I did not intend to address you thus; but your extreme kindness encourages me. Would you give me leave? Would you sit down for one minute?"

He had risen and drawn me to the arm-chair; and he now stood with his folded arms resting on the mantelpiece, and his eyes bent down on the china shepherdesses.

I pitied him so very much that I was just going to assure him of my anxiety to relieve him at any expense——But I did not wish to be precipitate, so I only blushed and wished the woman in the corner would take her eyes off me.

Striking his breast in the vehemence of his feeling, Monsieur Angelo continued:

"Miss Patty, your feminine tenderness will have sympathy with my weakness. You have observed that picture in the corner? It is a feeble representation of its original; but, believe me, my betrothed is an angel!"

I jumped up as if I had been shot. "Excuse me, I left the saucepan on the fire, and I hear it boiling over."

"But you will come back to hear my history, dear Miss Patty? I wish you so much to know and love *my* Vittoria."

I could hardly force a "yes" as I hurried from the room.

There are some moments in life stamped so indelibly on memory that not even the friction of long years can annihilate the impression. *Once*, at least, during a lifetime, even the most sober-minded have a transient dream and a rude

awaking. Until now I had not known that I dreamed. I only knew it when I awoke. I only knew it as I sat with my apron over my head, in the kitchen, and felt my eyes scorched by the unconsumed fire at my heart.

There was no saucepan on the fire—the embers were dying out—the cat was lying inside the fender, with its red eyes shining up at me, making me think of the woman's eyes, till I shuddered.

Poor me! That little romance was swallowed down like a bitter pill. It was a bit of summer to look back on afterwards—a summer that never could come again. A while after, I copied some lines into the cover of my hymn-book, something about

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

And I think it is a true saying; for though I got over the bad feeling with a great effort, the sympathy my weakness gave me with other people never passed off.

I did not go back to Signor Angelo that evening. I could not; and I made an excuse when he asked me the next day, and said it was mother kept me. But, about a week afterwards, he invited me again, and I went. Yes, I sat and listened to his story—heard all about Vittoria Ernstein, how beautiful and clever she was, and how he loved her: and I tried to take an interest in her too, and forget myself.

He told me how he had met with her and her cousin Gertrude in Germany, and described them both. Vittoria, with her grand, great beauty; and Gertrude, soft and gentle, like a spring flower. Then he went on about his plans for the future; how his improved circumstances allowed of his marriage; how he had written to fix Christmas, and waited an answer. I asked with a sinking heart if he would leave us then, but he said, "No, Vittoria would be quite satisfied:" and I felt happier. Only when he kept watching for the morning post, sitting at the window, with his eye fixed on the post-office, it was bitter and hard to bear.

It was Monday morning, just after post-time, and there had been two letters for Signor Angelo, with foreign post-marks, which Betsy had taken up to his room. I was washing in the back kitchen, with a great fire on, and up to my elbows in soapsuds, not altogether in a good humour, when Betsy rushed into the room, and declared that the *foreigneer monsheer* had gone demented.

I gave her a box on the ear as an impudent hussy, but, for all that, desired an explanation. "*Monsheer* was rushing about his room, utter ing loud cries," she said, and she had heard a heavy sound like the fall of furniture.

I wiped my arms in a great hurry, and rushed out to listen.

There were strange sounds, as Betsy had represented; but it was in vain that I knocked at the door, or tried to enter—the bolt was drawn, and no one answered—only the sounds quieted, and I heard a succession of moans.

"Monsieur Angelo—Monsieur Angelo!" I said, "it's me—it's Patty. Won't you say what's the matter? Are you ill? Oh, monsieur!"

At last came an answer. "What do you want? Go away—don't bother."

Later in the afternoon I heard his bolt withdrawn, and a low voice calling to Betsy, and I rushed out. I only just caught sight of his face, very white and careworn, as he drew back and rebolted the door; but on the landing floor lay a little note that I seized hastily. It was directed to *Miss Patty*, and I popped it into the bosom of my dress, and went up-stairs to read it.

"Dear Patty," it said, "would be sure to sympathise with the extreme agony of a fellow-creature—one who was sinking in the very depths of desperation." Then came a very incoherent bit that I could not understand, and it went on to tell how Vittoria's father, having always opposed his daughter's union with the signor on the score of his want of means, had latterly so goaded her with entreaties, commands, and arguments, that in a fit of despair she had plunged into an immense gulf. Those were the words of the note, ending with wild apostrophes, and resolutions for a speedy re-union. I read and re-read the note in trembling eagerness. One thing was clear: Vittoria was dead, and Angelo, in consequence, was bent on self-destruction; I alone aware of the catastrophe, and with the power of preventing further mischief. But how?

I dropped a tear over Vittoria's untimely fate, and took out my desk. It was in vain to attempt to speak to him, but I might write. And I did write. I found a sheet of paper with the broad black edge I had used while mourning for my father, and, for the first time, addressed Angelo by letter. I began by condolences, and went on to talk of sympathy and resignation. It took me a long time to do, and I think I could never have managed at all had it not been for the packet of letters, labelled "*Condolences*," that my mother had received in her great trouble. I took a nice saying out of each of these, and strung the bits together by *ands* and *buts*. It was really a beautiful letter when it was done, and the termination, "Your sincere sympathiser," looked so nice at the bottom of the page—so very expressive, but not too warm.

I folded and sealed the note, carried it down stairs, slid it under the door, and gave a low tap to attract his attention. Then, in breathless anxiety, I waited for further tidings.

They came at last—a low-toned "*Miss Patty*"—and I found myself admitted into the little parlour where poor Angelo was sitting over the fire, looking the picture of misery.

He took my hand. "Mrs. Patty," he said, "I thank you for your sympathy. But I find I was mistaken in some of the particulars with which I before acquainted you. I have been re-reading the letters, and see that I jumped to hasty and erroneous conclusions. Vittoria (he shuddered at her name) Vittoria is not dead,

but she is lost to me. I received two letters this morning: one from her, talking wildly of the roaring and foaming sea that she overlooked from her windows, hinting at despair and self-destruction. The other was from Gertrude, to tell me that her cousin was lost to me for ever. Further than this I did not at first read—everything seemed evident, Vittoria's devotion unto death, and my necessary despair. But now I find there is a very different interpretation. Vittoria still lives, but as dead to me. Over-persuaded by her father, she has agreed to bestow her hand on another."

Angelo paused, overcome by his feelings; and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. I did not try to quiet him. I let him cry, and cried with him. It was the best relief. When he was quite wearied I spoke to and comforted him, brought him some warm tea, and insisted on his going to bed.

Next morning I had removed the picture, put it away in the chiffonier, and, by tacit consent, we both from that day avoided her name. He went back to his old habits and his teaching. I did my best to make him forget the past and enjoy the present.

So time passed. Winter came with its sleet and snow; and December 23rd found a troop of joyous boys crowding the railway omnibus, and singing, "Domum, domum, dulce domum!" with heart if not with harmony. And a fly stood before our passage entrance, with a portmanteau strapped to the top; while Signor Angelo hurried down stairs, armed with a carpet-bag and umbrella, and, holding out his hand to me on the lowest step, said, "Good-by!" in a hearty voice. I was holding my apron to my eyes, and I called him back, and bade him not to forget the sandwiches in his great-coat pocket, and the medicine bottle full of wine and water; and to mind and write to me from Germany. He was going—*home*, as he said, *for the holidays*—for, though Italian by parentage, he had been brought up in Germany, and loved it best; and even his late disappointment had not sufficed to cool the feeling.

Mother and I spent a dull Christmas together; hardly reminded of the season save by the yule-cake at tea, and the church bells ringing at day-break. I put up the holly sprigs as I had ever done, for custom's sake; and even carried a few branches into the vacant parlour, putting some bits behind the china shepherdesses, on the window-sill, and the very nicest sprigs over monsieur's portraits. The room looked very dull without its occupant; and I stood looking at the picture over the mantelpiece, till I met its eye, and then I went away with a tear in mine. What was that poor fellow doing in a land of strangers? Did any one mend his linen when it came in from the wash, and see it was well aired? Oh dear! what would he do without me?

And now in my turn I watched for the post in vain. The weeks went over, Mr. Clatterback's academy was to reopen on Tuesday, the grammar school the next day, and by the Monday post, at last, came a letter for me! Pity me!

Monsieur Angelo returned home that evening—but not alone. With him came Madame Angelo Pagliardini, the little fair-haired Cousin Gertrude, who had written to tell about Vittoria's infidelity.

From the parlour window I watched him help her out of the fly with tender pride, and bring her into the house; and I clasped my hands till my nails ran into my fingers, and told myself over and over again that I hated them both. But I was obliged to go and meet them—obliged to make all sorts of congratulations, and give my hand when the signor introduced me as his good Miss Patty, who would, he hoped, be his wife's friend too. I did not raise my eyes to madame's face, but I saw her hand as it lay in mine; mine brown, and hard, and harsh, hers soft and white as a lily, with pink palms like the blush of a conch-shell. It was a great contrast, and it made me more bitter. I thought that men never looked beyond appearances, and moralised a great deal about the worth of a gem being irrespective of its setting.

But, before Spring had brought the fresh flowers, I was fain to confess that earth had few young people in it so fair and sweet as my second lodger, sitting in the parlour window, with the light falling on her long golden hair, and her violet eyes watching the street-corner for her husband's home-coming.

Poor little Gertrude! poor little darling! with all her heart she loved that thoughtless, selfish man—far more dearly than my calm middle age had ever been able to love him in the days when I believed him perfection. Now that my eyes were once opened I saw him so differently. I heard his occasional harsh answers to her gentle words, I noticed his invincible vanity, and I wondered how I had ever overlooked it with that constant record in the sitting-room.

Self goes a long way with most men, but self went beyond itself in his case. It demanded all her love, and comfort, and thought as well. It wore her life away with its continual rust. And all the time she never seemed to see it; she always thought whatever he said or did must be right.

In strange gradation my feelings changed. By Spring I loved Gertrude, by Summer I doubted her husband, and with the Autumn harvest a shadow had sprung up, I knew not how. Gertrude had no great mind, no strength of character. She was not fitted to cope with a wayward and changeable nature. When she had given her warm love and perfect trust she had given all; you had looked to the very bottom of her clear heart. So Angelo took her first as a fresh, pure flower, admired its loveliness and fragrance; then, with his old fickleness, let it fall away from his grasp. He did not throw it away—he only let it drop slowly, slowly to the ground. And at the bottom of all this was Vittoria. Oh! had I not reason to hate her name?

She was Angelo's first and only love. It was in a moment of pique against her that he married her pretty, gentle cousin; and when, by some waywardness of fortune Vittoria's engagement

was again broken off, Angelo repented his rashness, and suffered his old love to revive.

I do not know if Gertrude ever knew all this, but I sometimes fancied that she guessed it. At least she saw that he was changed, and the light in her blue eyes faded, and her step grew very slow and very weak. Then came a long period of illness, and at its close Gertrude was again at her old station by the window, watching the road. But not so earnestly; her gaze was oftener directed to the infant on her lap, that was all in all to her, as she was all in all to it. One evening monsieur was later than usual in coming in, and I had been sitting with madame in the twilight, helping to nurse the baby, and trying to cheer its mother, for she was out of spirits, and said she did not feel well. There was a step on the stairs, and a faint colour came into Gertrude's cheek, and she popped the baby into its cradle. I was leaving the room as monsieur entered. I saw him kiss his wife, inquire after her health. I heard his words.

"Not feeling strong! The fact is, Gertrude, you will never be strong while you keep poking in the house. I'll hire Barnes's gig, and take you a drive to-morrow. There, don't say 'No.' It will do you good."

I did not hear her answer, but I know she never went contrary to anything he said; and next morning she asked me to take baby while she was out. To this moment I can recal the sweet expression of her countenance, as she looked up to the window where I was holding the baby, and nodded farewell.

It was late before she came in. The wind had risen, and there was a drizzling rain in the air. Her cloak was wet when I helped her off with it, and she complained of chilliness.

Before that day week she was *dead*. The exposure had caused inflammation, and she sank rapidly.

She sent for me into the room, that last night, and herself put the baby into my arms, and bade me keep and guard it as my own child. And, with the night-lamp only breaking the gloom, and the father speechless with remorse, I knelt by the dying mother and received the trust, to guard and give it back to its mother in a better place.

We buried her in the old churchyard behind the house, where we could see her grave as we passed backwards and forwards, and where the baby's eye might fall on her place of rest. Poor Gertrude!—poor little soul!

At Christmas the signor gave up his engagements in the town, and went abroad. He was going again to Germany. Some months after, I heard he had married Vittoria Ernstein, and it did not surprise me. They came to England, and he obtained some other engagement in the south, for his place at Aiskrigg was filled up. Once they wrote something about taking the child, but the offer was not made earnestly, and when I repeated the story of my promise to the dead mother, they said no more. So Gertrude's baby stays with us in the old house, and makes our hearts' sunshine with her sweet ways and mother's eyes. "Angelina" her mother called her; and so she is—our little angel. God bless and make us better, for her sake!

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT.

Photography has become a science, with a literature of her own. She maintains several journals, and a photographic almanac which loyally records, against the 7th of February, "Regnault proposes pyrogallic acid, 1851;" against the 4th of April, "Archer introduces collodion, 1851." Instead of births and deaths of Napoleons or Nelsons, it registers "Niepce died," or "Daguerre born," and begins an annual address—using a new form of an old fashion—with the phrase, "Courteous Photographer."

Scarcely twenty years have elapsed since the art of printing pictures by means of the sun was first announced, and now hardly a month passes in which some improved process of manipulation is discovered, or some new substance made available for printing, which does not usually effect all that its sanguine discoverer expects from it, but which is at all events another bit of knowledge. At the last meeting of the British Association, Sir John Herschell even announced the discovery by himself of a group of metals, one of which—he has named it Junonium—is found, when in the form of a salt, to be powerfully acted upon by light. In these continual discoveries of new substances and processes one finds reason for hope that perfection in the photographic art is yet to be obtained. Many who are familiar with the charming photographs we get from some of the skilled artists in sunshine may fancy that perfection is attained already. So far as the present appearance of their pictures is concerned this may be true; but one serious drawback upon them is their want of stability. Probably before a dozen years have elapsed most of them will have lost their beauty, some will have entirely disappeared. It is to their ignorance of this want of stability in photography that the desire of some eminent men for fac-similes in photograph of rare books is to be imputed.

There is hope, however, that this trouble will soon be overcome. The subject of permanency in photographs has, in France, been thought so important, that the Duke de Luynes has offered a prize of eight thousand francs to the discoverer of means of printing photographs in carbon. Carbon resists every known chemical agent, and is in no way affected by light. There will be several competitors for the duke's prize. Already a Mr. Pouncy, an Englishman, has announced his discovery of a method of printing in carbon, and a favourable opinion of the pictures he has produced by his process has been expressed by some competent judges.

The discovery is only of use for the printing in the ordinary way of photographs that must, from the nature of some of the substances used in them, always be too dear for the million. M. Sella, of Biella, in Piedmont, pointed out, nearly two years ago, a way of using salts of iron and chromium instead of those of silver and gold.

The salt of chromium (bichromate of potash) is dissolved, and paper steeped in the solution. The salt thus brought into contact with organic matter in the paper, enters into chemical union with it where it is touched by light, and forms an insoluble compound. So much of it as light has not touched is washed away after the picture has been taken on this paper, which is, in the next place, soaked for a few minutes in the solution of a salt of iron. The iron adheres firmly to the mordant image, but is removed from the rest of the paper by another washing. Now dip the paper in a solution of gallic acid, add galls to the iron, and a picture comes out with fine violet-black tints, which is, in fact, a picture in writing-ink, as permanent as writing-ink is known to be. This process has held its ground, standing the test of wider practice, and by it photographic pictures can be made that may be cheap as well as permanent.

A still newer discovery, of which the value is still open to contest, is M. Niepce de St. Victor's Uranium process. Its value is said to lie in its simplicity, its rapidity, and in the permanence of its results. A piece of paper washed over with a solution of nitrate of uranium, and left to dry, printed in a quarter of an hour, from a negative picture, an intense positive, which was brought out by dipping into the nitrate of silver bath. A few small changes made in the details of Niepce's process, such as the use of boiled paper, strict attention to the purity of the uranium salt, and the addition of a little alcohol to the solution of silver, have enabled M. O. Hagen to produce by means of uranium an intense positive picture in half a minute, or even, by the use of bibulous paper, in a quarter of a minute. The method is so simple and rapid that the photographer who uses it in a good light can readily take from his negative sixty copies in an hour.

This, again, is not a cheap process, and is only of value in the printing of photographs in the ordinary manner; and these photographs, from the expensive nature of some of the substances used, and from the time occupied in printing them, must of necessity remain at a price which places them beyond the reach of the masses. There is, however, a recent discovery of a method of copying photographs upon a metal plate, which promises to place them within everybody's reach. The discoverer was Mr. Fox Talbot, who fully described his method last year in the Photographic News of the 22nd of October. A new result is there obtained by the use of salts of chromium and iron. After coating a plate of copper, steel, or zinc with a solution of gelatine in which there is a due proportion of bichromate of potash, the plate so prepared is placed in the photographic printing frame, under the object to be copied. On exposure to light a minutely delicate fac-simile is reproduced on the gelatine surface. This is next covered with a thin film of gum copal, melted by a spirit lamp, forming what engravers term an aquatint ground. Over this there is next spread, with a camel-hair brush, the etching liquid, a solution of perchloride of iron. Where the gelatinised surface had been protected from light by the dark shades of the object to be copied, the solution penetrates with ease to the metallic surface, and by its corrosive power will engrave the dark lines of the picture, while the gelatine, which had been made insoluble by its exposure to the light, prevents white surfaces from being bitten into.

This process is similar in its main features to that patented by Mr. Fox Talbot in 1852, but differs from it in several important respects, for it is able to give half-tones with an accuracy which is perfectly surprising. We have seen engravings from plates etched in this way, in which the microscopic names of tradesmen on the fronts of their houses were distinctly visible by help of a good magnifying-glass, though to the naked eye not only unreadable, but even invisible. In such a case, the engraving was, indeed, the copy of a reduced photograph, but this does not lessen the evidence afforded by it.

A similar contrivance is that which has been devised by M. Fizeau, of Paris. He takes a "Daguerrean" silver plate, and uses on it a mixture of nitrous, nitric, and hydrochloric acids. This mixture does not attack the whites of the picture, but the blacks are acted upon immediately. The resulting chloride of silver, as it impedes the action of the acid, is removed with a solution of ammonia, so that the action may continue. It is complete when a finely-engraved plate has been produced. The lines are then filled up with drying-oil, and the surface electrotyped with gold. The varnish then having been removed out of the engraved lines, by means of caustic potash, the surface has grains of resin sprinkled over it, for the purpose of producing the engraver's aquatint ground, and the action of the acid is renewed until the lines shall have acquired sufficient depth. The plate being of silver, is too soft to print from, a copy is therefore taken in copper, by electrotype. Not long ago there was shown at the meeting of a scientific society, by Mr. Malone, a paper covered with representations of coins, printed from a plate engraved in this manner. The engraving was so exquisite that each coin seemed to be presented actually in relief.

M. Charles Nègre's process appears to be a fresh modification of the same idea. It is asserted that his plates are "touched" by the hand; but, however this may be, few people who visited the Exhibition of Photographs, at South Kensington, last year, will have forgotten the beautiful plates he contributed.

These are all plans for the engraving of photographs on metal plates. The plan of Messrs. Salmon and Garnier, which, though very ingenious, we must not stop to describe, produces a heliographic engraving on brass, which may be printed from in a lithographic press. But there is also a distinct process of photo-lithography, in which a lithographic stone is used. It is coated with a mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash, in a dark room, and, when dry, a negative—that is, a photograph in which the lights

and shadows are reversed—is laid upon it. It is then exposed to the action of the light, which renders insoluble the gelatinised surface exposed to its action. The part not acted upon is washed away, and the stone is then quite ready to be printed from. The plan is that of a Frenchman, M. Poitevin, who has produced by means of it some exceedingly good lithographs. Similar methods have been patented in England.

Then, again, there is Mr. Crookes, who has lately patented a way of printing photographs on wood, without altering the surface of the block, and his device appears to have excited a good deal of attention both at home and abroad. It looks very simple. A little oxalate of silver, mixed with water, is smeared on the block with the finger; on this the copy is made from the negative; and it is ready at once for the hand of the engraver. The value of this discovery is likely to be great, inasmuch as, by help of it, illustrations may be transferred immediately to a wood block, without intervention of the draughtsman.

There is also a recent application of the electrotype process, promising to reduce the cost of first-rate engravings to a sum that will bring them within the reach of thousands who at present go without them altogether. It is that of Messrs. Salmon and Garnier, to whose heliographic engraving we have slightly referred, and consists in applying a steel surface to metal plates of any kind. An engraved copper-plate, for example, has been produced at a heavy cost by an engraver of great reputation, but from this plate, notwithstanding its great cost, only a limited number of proofs can be taken before it gives signs of wear, owing to the comparative softness of the metal on which the design is engraved. The practice, therefore, has been, where a large number of proofs were required—as in the case of the Art Union prints—to take fac-similes of the plate by electrotyping, and in this way multiplying the number of copper-plates available for use. In the new process the plate is placed in the bath, and coated with steel without the least hurt to the engraving. So that we have a steel-plate for a copper-plate, and from this, since it is harder, a much greater number of impressions can be printed. As soon as it shows signs of wear, which the printer will immediately detect, the surface of steel is dissolved, and a new surface formed by the means previously employed; so that, in point of fact, there is absolutely no limit to the number of prints that may be taken from a single plate, the last being almost equal in beauty to the first.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS.

PART I. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONLY to Paris, mind. Not committing myself to too much at first, lest I should prove a bankrupt in my stock of sentiment sooner than I had anticipated, and turn out sentimentally insolvent earlier than might be convenient.

"Only to Paris," some one echoes, in a disappointed tone. Nay, but you may trust me, reader, you shall have nothing you have had before. I am not the man to inflict on others what I dread myself, and in my hands you are safe, at least, from long descriptions and profuse accounts of what you know already.

The interest of this journey—if there is any—shall be human, and not local.

I solemnly affirm that between London and Paris I will find as much food for that mixed appetite for the sentimental and the humorous, which is ever riotous within me, as I desire to have, and that I would not wish to go farther; nor to turn my steps in any other direction, if I had the money and the time (and I have neither) to set off to the Pyramids to-morrow.

Why, look at the room in which I write these words; for they are written in Paris. It is an quatrième (counting the entresol), but such a prince of rooms! Furnished in green throughout is my little room. Green bed-curtains—green window-curtains—green chairs—green fauteuil—green sofa. Comfortable? Why it is more than comfortable, it is luxurious. The windows are in a robe de chambre of white lace, which gives them a joyous and wedding-like appearance, and the chimney-piece is surmounted by a gilded clock, with Cupids fighting which of them is to guide the hands. The gilded clock is always wrong: a gilded clock, let it be remarked in passing, always *is* wrong, and it would be a curious subject of speculation, and one fraught with infinite benefit to the community at large, if some ingenious mechanician, cunning in horology, would make it his study to ascertain whether it is the gilding or the Cupids which renders accuracy unattainable in such timepieces as have just been alluded to. My own impression on the subject is that the fault rests entirely with the Cupids, and I make this assertion the more fearlessly, because I was once in possession of a watch whose movements I could always depend upon, except when it was placed in a certain watch-stand which was presented to me some years ago, on the last birthday which I thought it desirable to keep, and which (the watch-case, not the birthday) was presided over by a Cupid playing on a fife. Now I noticed that, whenever my unexceptionable watch was placed in this receptacle—which was of bronze, and not gilt, so it wasn't the gilding—it invariably lost heart, and went abominably.

This fact is surely enough. Besides, the thing is obvious. What *have* Cupids to do with punctuality, or any respectability and regularity of habits whatsoever?

Beneath the clock—beneath the chimney-piece, two brazen female Sphinxes, lying upon their stomachs, consent to act as dogs, and bear upon their polished backs, the logs, which, blazing merrily, and cracking as they burn, at least give one heart and prevent one's feeling lonely, even if they do fail to give out the full amount of heat which might be considered desirable by a chilly subject.

Such, then, is my apartment; situated in one of the half busy streets of Paris. A street not so full of traffic as to be too noisy for thought;

not so quiet as to be dull. Such is my apartment, I say, but how I got here—why I came here—why I left a warm and comfortable home in the metropolis of England, at a time of year when it was parlous cold, to come to one of the coldest places in the civilised globe, or the uncivilised either—also why I came alone and without letters of introduction, and why I am living in the Faubourg Poissonnière instead of the English quarter of Paris—these are questions which must and shall be answered—but not yet.

I would answer them at once, but that I cannot shake off an inclination to wander for a moment into Provincial France. 'Tis the fault of those confounded logs. If I had not written those few words above, about the fire, I might have begun giving an account of myself, at once, but now, for some reason or another, I cannot for the life of me get away from the logs. What rude wooden-shoed savages have hewn them in forest districts far away from here? I have seen such places, and they are present to my mind's eye now, as I lean back in my chair and tax my memory—staring at the logs the while. I see the oxen waiting for their load. I hear the tinkling of the little bells that hang in clusters round their heads. How wild in aspect and strong in limb the women who help to carry and to stack the wood. Sturdy the bodice, and heavy the petticoat that can stand the wear and tear they have to undergo. I can see the grave wild stare of these grand and savage matrons. I can see, in the village near at hand, their sturdy children just let loose from school—miniature editions of their mothers—white cap, stiff bodice, and heavy, swinging skirt. I can hear the measured clatter of their little sabots, as they trot in a troop along the rough pavement of the village street, and, with the smell of memory, I might doubtless perceive that odour of burning wood which ever prevails (and it is well it does) in a French village, were it not that the perfume of sprats is so strong at this moment in the house that it leaves no scope for the imagination as appealed to by the smell.

Of all the gates of sense there is not one—not one—that gives such ready rapid access to the storehouses of memory as does this one of smell. It may be that it is because it is so rarely made use of in connexion with the higher functions of the mind that its power is the greater when it is. The associative part of our imagination is used to being appealed to by the hearing and the sight, but it does not expect such appeals from the smell, and hence, perhaps, its greater influence. There are few who do not know what long-forgotten things some scent such as that of burning weeds or autumn leaves will bring to mind—few who do not know with what force they strike the memory when brought in this way before it.

Alas, how that smell of smouldering weeds reminds me of the day when I walked with poor Jack Redford over the breezy uplands of Cumnor Hurst. How young he was to die. How little likely it seemed then that he would leave us all so soon. How changed are all things since that time. Is it the world that is so altered—or am I?

But whither have the logs taken me now? First out of my quatrième at Paris into provincial France, and straight away to the wooded hills and valleys of one of England's loveliest counties. Yet, now I think of it, this is not so much amiss, for the very thing I wanted was a good pretext for getting back to the British side of the Channel as a necessary preliminary to my giving some account of the circumstances of my sentimental journey—of its origin, its peculiarities, and some, at least, of its results.

How often have I promised myself this treat—to lurk off to Paris alone. With nobody to force me to see things I am not interested in, or to be perpetually wanting to do the thing which I detest. Nobody to drag me over extensive museums and endless palaces with slippery floors. The truth is that I hate sight-seeing in general, and palaces with slippery floors in particular, and infinitely prefer feasting my eyes upon the snug decorations of the little room down stairs, in which Mdlle. Zélie spends most of her time—and the snuggest decoration of which is to be found in the person of Mdlle. Zélie herself—to starving them upon glass and marble and bad pictures in the Palace of the Luxembourg itself. [The privilege of entering this apartment, of which I avail myself to talk in a sound Anglican French to Mdlle. Zélie for half an hour together, belongs to me as a lodger who has to hang up his key upon a numbered nail in the wall every day when he goes out.]

What, back again in Paris already? How shall I keep upon the English side of the Channel long enough to describe the peculiar reasons which caused my sentimental journey to take place at all?

I went to Paris because I was driven there by my friends.

This journey, often procrastinated, might have been put off altogether but for a chain of circumstances, the first link of which was forged when the present writer remarked one day casually to an intimate friend, "I've half a mind" (I only said "half," remember), "being rather unsettled about a house just now, to have a run over to Paris."

Two days after this, meeting in the street another friend who is also intimately acquainted with the first, I was greeted by him with these remarkable words, "So you're going to Paris, eh?"

Passing through the hands of a friend or two more, the report that I was *going* to Paris turned into a fixed and determined assertion that I was *gone* to the French metropolis, and came latterly to circumstantial accounts of a lengthened continental tour, of which this was to be but the preliminary step. So that very soon, when I stumbled upon an acquaintance, his first words would be, "Why I thought you had gone abroad." And this, or "What, not gone yet?" began latterly to be said by my friends in rather an injured tone, as if I was an

impostor in remaining in England; and it ended in my feeling this so strongly that I used to lurk through back streets, with a view of keeping out of sight, and I had altogether such a nasty time of it, that I determined at last to compromise the continental tour by setting off to Paris without delay.

If nothing else comes of this resolution, it will be at least something that it has enabled me to make a discovery, the publication of which cannot fail to render me a public favourite for the rest of my life.

It is nothing less than an infallible preservative against SEA-SICKNESS in short journeys, even during the roughest weather.

But this deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The preparations are all complete. I have ruined myself in indispensable purchases, half of which turn out failures, and have spent a week (as is my habit on leaving England) in breaking my stomach in gradually to French cookery, by dining daily at certain foreign restaurants in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

I start, then, on my expedition, and reach Folkestone just as it is getting dark, having experienced nothing more remarkable during the journey than an excessive distress caused by a lady opposite me in the carriage, who would go to sleep with her face propped in such wise against her clenched fist that the whole weight of her head as it sank forward rested entirely upon her nose, which feature was in consequence forced up at the tip for half an hour together in a manner horrible to contemplate. This lady was one of an excursion party going over to Paris for a fortnight, and as soon as she woke up she began making an entry in her journal in pencil. Perhaps it was to say that one of the characteristics of a continental tour is an intense aching of the nose on waking up from short naps.

I wonder why it is so light now we have got to sea. It was pitch dark on shore. There is no moon. The stars are hidden, and yet it is so light that I can make out all the rigging of the schooner which we are towing out of Folkestone harbour, and which is a cable's length astern. We soon cast her loose and leave her far behind, spreading her mainsail to the wind—a good stiff breeze, and from the chill north-east.

It was from the moment of our parting company with the schooner, when getting into rougher water the steamer began to pitch and labour heavily, that the conviction forced itself upon me that something must be done.

First of all, then, I went below and was served by an animated but surly corpse, which acted as steward, with one wine-glass (large) full of raw and fiery brandy. Having swallowed this I abandoned for ever the cabin regions of the vessel, and, ascending on deck, set myself, with great energy and a cheerfulness of mind which I am at a loss to account for (unless by the brandy), to the execution of a series of manœuvres, having for their object the averting of that sea-sickness which my soul dreads, and to which I am ordinarily a victim. Manœuvres, let me add, which were the result of long study, and the carrying out of which was attended, as will be seen, with results so satisfactory, that I shall proceed at once to give the reader directions as to their proper performance, merely premising that they require for their execution a strong will, some moral courage, and that they are not consistent with travelling by daylight.

It is needful—and this portion of the recipe is only intended for the sterner sex, it being quite unnecessary to recommend it to the ladies—it is needful that the traveller should be tightly laced, and girt about the body with some degree of compression, be it with a belt, as some will perhaps prefer, or be it (as in the case of the author) by the tightening of the girths of those garments which he would die rather than name, and the buckling in of his waistcoat, to the utmost bearable degree. The traveller should betake him to the middle of the vessel, and since he is to stand throughout the voyage—a proceeding which when it is rough is attended with some degree of difficulty—let him look out, at an early period of the start, for some such knob, or handle, or rail, or rope as may be convenient to his grasp to steady himself withal, and let him choose one (if he can) from which he shall not be told by the marine authorities to separate himself lest he interfere with the fit and proper working of the ship.

The author of these remarks is of opinion—and a long experience enables him to deliver himself with the more confidence—that the sickness which is produced by sea voyages is mainly attributable to that peculiar action of the vessel—I sicken while I write—in which dropping from under you as it were with a deadly swoop, it leaves the stomach in the lurch. Now, let the traveller, holding on by some convenient grip, keep his eye upon the vessel's prow. He is standing a little aft of the middle of the ship, so that when he sees the prow ascending he will know for certain that the after portion of the vessel must be going down. Let him then, as it sinks, sink with it—Crouch, man alive! crouch! and go on crouching as she descends even till you find yourself sitting on your heels. Then as she rises, rise with her, and you make a voluntary action of what would be an involuntary one, and alter the whole condition of affairs.

This is all. Told in half a dozen lines. Simple and obvious as other great inventions are.

I have said that the advantages of this extraordinary discovery are only available for short journeys; it being evident that to duck and rise alternately during a voyage, for instance, to the United States, would require a strength of the muscles about the knee joints such as is not ordinarily to be met with. I have also said that darkness is indispensable, and I repeat it, inasmuch as I do not believe that any person would have the moral courage to perform in broad daylight the evolutions I have described, before

the crew and passengers of a Channel steamboat.

I am also disposed to think that the intense mental strain produced by the determination not to be sick, and the eager and continual watching of the steamer's movements, are productive of a slight degree of delirium. For how otherwise can it be accounted for, that throughout the voyage the machinery which worked the paddles appeared to my over-strained faculties to utter in a regular and unvarying measure, as it rose and fell, words of mysterious import, and in no way connected with the matter in hand — "Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy"—it repeated distinctly in my ears till we got half way across the Channel, when it changed its note and said "Parents pauvres," uninterruptedly for the rest of the voyage.

Now I hold that it would be base and ungenerous in the last degree on the reader's part if (when I have admitted frankly so much) he were to probe me with questions as to whether when I got on shore I did not feel in a condition of mind and body so wretched that it would have been better on the whole to have been sick and be done with it. Nor would it be kind to ask whether I did not feel light-headed and a prey to nausea—who that was who complained of headache all the evening, or with whom it was that the bed at the Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne, appeared to rise and fall, and to revolve throughout the night. Let not the reader, I say, ask these questions, nor let him inquire who that person was who had no appetite for breakfast the next morning, and whose system was disorganised for many days to come. Such questions indicate nothing better than impertinent curiosity, and are noway connected with that great discovery, of which I am so justly proud.

Having revealed this important secret to the world, and done what in me lies to benefit in this respect my suffering fellow-creatures, let me now say two words concerning the travelling companions with whom I was fortunate enough to make the journey to Boulogne.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Why need I mention that there was upon the deck of the steamer a talkative and boastful gentleman? Of course there was. Where is that steamer to be found, or where that train which does not contain a gentleman who holds forth largely upon the subject of his own career and exploits. It seems as unnecessary to mention the fact that such a person was on board, as to say that there was a carping gentleman who objected to everything, and a knowing gentleman who was up to everything. This last person was a professed traveller, a tremendous fellow, with elaborate costumes adapted to the voyage, and a travelling bag strapped round his body.

The talkative gentleman was, in the present case, possessed of a short and corpulent presence, and of a deep and oily voice. He was, of course, seated next the admiring gentleman, who listened to his stories and believed in him implicitly. The talkative gentleman had encamped with his back against the boiler, very near to the position I had taken up, and when my attention was first drawn to him he was favouring the company in his vicinity (though apparently addressing the admiring gentleman only) with a long account of an experience he had had, when located in Canada, of the horrors of a snow-storm. The talkative gentleman delivered himself with theatrical tones, and in conventional stereotyped phrases.

"It was in the winter of '42," the talkative gentleman began, "that, being at that time in Canada, my wife and myself were the hero and heroine of the following remarkable adventure:

"The governor of L——, an exceedingly gentlemanly and agreeable man, had invited us to dinner on a certain day—a Sunday, by-the-by—and, as the weather was fine, we had made our way to his house on foot.

"As we walked along, I pointed out to my wife, as rather a remarkable thing, a sign-post with 'Ginger-beer sold here,' inscribed upon it, which had a curious effect, standing as it did by the side of the road, with no house or habitation of any kind at all near it. I remarked, I say then, at the time, what a singular thing this was, and that the only elucidation I could give of so extraordinary a circumstance was, that there had been some small store or log-house, where ginger-beer was retailed, erected near, which had been pulled down, while the sign-board which made allusion to it had been suffered to remain standing.

"I little thought, sir, what my feelings could be, and those of my dear partner, when next we should behold the inscription whose words I have just quoted."

A sympathetic "Ah!" ending in rather a suspicious hiccup, from the admiring gentleman, formed a pleasant little break in the narration at this point.

Meanwhile the machinery went on with its dull and monotonous accompaniment "Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy."

"Well, sir," continued the talkative gentleman, "after a very agreeable and most hospitable entertainment, ending in music adapted to the day, my wife and I set off at about half-past ten to walk home; but what was our astonishment to find the ground covered with the snow, which was falling in every direction to which the eye could turn, as fast as it could fall. For one moment we hesitated whether we would not return to the governor's house, and endeavour to ascertain whether it would be possible to find some means of conveyance; but my wife persuaded me that we should only be putting our excellent host to inconvenience, and that as the distance was short, and we were well wrapped up, it would be much better to set off and walk."

Here the admiring gentleman, who had been troubled with a nasty cough at intervals, got up

suddenly from his place, and shuffling himself along to the side of the boat, was seen no more. The talkative gentleman addressed himself to his neighbour on the other side, who turned out to be the carping gentleman, and by no means so good an audience as the last.

"I little knew at that time," resumed the talkative gentleman, "what a Canadian snow-storm was, so I consented unfortunately but too readily to my wife's suggestion, and we commenced our journey on foot."

"Very foolish thing to do," muttered the carping gentleman.

"We had walked for some time," continued our loquacious friend, "perhaps for half an hour, when it became evident to me that we had lost our way. Around us in all directions, sir, was an uninterrupted sheet of white——"

"Why didn't you retrace the track of your footsteps to the governor's house?" interrupted the carping gentleman.

"Because, sir," returned our talkative friend, with undiminished urbanity—"because that track was erased as soon as it was made by the snow, which was falling thick and fast around us."

"Hum!" grunted the carping gentleman, in an unconvinced tone. He uttered the monosyllable, too, in a manner which suggested powerfully that he would soon follow the admiring gentleman to the lee side of the ship.

"Imagine our position," the talkative gentleman went on to say. "My poor wife" (in an under tone to the carping gentleman, "she was in a certain way, too, at the time, my eldest daughter not then born)—my poor wife perishing with cold and exhaustion, and I unable to assist or relieve her."

At this juncture the carping gentleman, who had been fidgeting uneasily in his seat for some moments, got up suddenly, and muttering, "Can't stand the heat of that boiler," rushed with delirious rapidity towards the vessel's side, in the direction taken just before by the admiring gentleman. Our narrator, nothing discouraged, turned himself to the knowing gentleman, the professed traveller, who happened to be within reach, and related the remainder of his story to him. Meanwhile I, holding on by my rope, and rising and falling with the vessel in the manner I have before described, continued to listen to the narrative of the talkative gentleman and to the dull thumping sound of the machinery—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy.

"Well, sir," resumed the hero of the snow-storm, "to make a long story a short one, we wandered about in this way, Mrs. B—— leaning upon me for support, and I myself ready to sink with fatigue, for five hours——"

"You should have had a compass," the professed traveller put in; "you ought never to stir without a pocket-compass—*I* never do."

"I had abandoned all hope," persisted the talkative gentleman, who was regardless of interruption—"I had abandoned all hope, and was preparing for the worst, when a small object, raised a foot or two above the level of the snow, attracted my attention. I left my wife for an instant unsupported, and rushed towards it."

"I never travel," remarked the knowing gentleman, "in countries where there is danger to be apprehended from snow, without a flask of brandy, a pair of snow-proof leggings, and, as I have said before, a pocket-compass."

"Well, but I was not travelling," argued the talkative gentleman, "I was going out to dinner."

"It's all one," said the professed traveller, "you should have taken the things I have mentioned out to dinner with you."

"I have lost the thread——" began the talkative gentleman.

"Here is my pocket-housewife," said the knowing gentleman, pulling one out of his pouch; "it is full of thread."

"The thread of my narrative, sir," replied the loquacious gentleman, with some dignity. "Let me see, where was I? Oh, I remember; I had just descried a small object raised above the level of the snow, and had rushed hastily towards it.

"I am unable to imagine what must have been the accents of my voice when I called out to my poor dear wife, 'Thank Heaven, Julia, here's "ginger beer sold here," and we are saved.'

"The sign-board was close to our own house, and in ten minutes more we were at home and safe. But we had been wandering for five hours round and round and up and down, for it was, as I remarked before, half-past ten P.M. when we left the Governor's house, and it was just half-past three A.M. when we reached our own. Mrs. B—— was taken very unwell, and——" Here his voice sank in a confidence to his neighbour, and the rest of the sentence—with the exception of the word "premature"—escaped me.

Of this word I can make neither head nor tail.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VI. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

THE quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street-corner not far from Soho-square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. After several relapses into business-absorption, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street-corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday, Mr. Lorry walked towards Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because, on fine Sundays, he often walked out, before dinner, with the Doctor and Lucie; secondly, because, on unfavourable Sundays, he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived, was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then, north of the Oxford-road, and forest-trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season.

The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day; but, when the streets grew hot, the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbour from the raging streets.

There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage, and there was. The Doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night. In a building at the back, attainable by a court-yard where a plane-tree rustled its green leaves, church-organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if he had beaten himself precious, and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors. Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumoured to live up stairs, or of a dim coach-trimming maker asserted to have a counting-house below, was ever heard or seen. Occasionally, a stray workman putting his coat on, traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the courtyard, or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane-tree behind the house, and the echoes in the corner before it, had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the floating whispers of his story, brought him. His scientific knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts, and notice, when he rang the door-bell of the tranquil house in the corner, on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home, but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross, as to admission or denial of the fact.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go up-stairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known

nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of everything in the rooms, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colours, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense; were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?

There were three rooms on a floor, and, the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all around him, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colours; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the rustle of the plane-tree in the yard, was the Doctor's bedroom—and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him!"

"And why wonder at that?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought——" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do?" inquired that lady then—sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"Ah! indeed!" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put out about my Ladybird."

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross: whose character (dissociated from stature) was shortness.

"Really, then?" said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

"Really, is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird, to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"*Do* dozens come for that purpose?"

"Hundreds," said Miss Pross.

It was characteristic of this lady (as of some other people before her time and since) that whenever her original proposition was questioned, she exaggerated it.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

"I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head; using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy cloak that would fit anything.

"All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet, are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it——"

"*I* began it, Miss Pross?"

"Didn't you? Who brought her father to life?"

"Oh! If *that* was beginning it——" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that anybody should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him), to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart; so rendered and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that, in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we all make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art, who had balances at Tellson's.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history, had established the fact

that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore, with no touch of compunction. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon (deducting a mere trifle for this slight mistake) was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time, yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine——" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up short with:

"Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected; do you suppose—you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye, as it looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is——?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired, with placidity.

Rather wishing his modest adjective away, Mr. Lorry replied, "No, no, no. Surely not. To return to business:—Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? I will not say with me, though he had business relations with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say with the fair daughter to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who is so devotedly attached to him? Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you, out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad's the best you'll tell me," said Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, "he is afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet, a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed, it is this doubt and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me that has led me to our present confidence."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes, he gets up in the dead of the night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down, walking up and down, in his room. Ladybird has learnt to know then, that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hurries to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness, to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

Notwithstanding Miss Pross's denial of her own imagination, there was a perception of the pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea, in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming feet, that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

It was such a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, that as Mr. Lorry stood at the open window, looking for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would never approach. Not only would the echoes die away, as though the steps had gone; but, echoes of other steps that never came, would be heard in their stead, and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However, father and daughter did at last appear, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came up-stairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do

playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoilt Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a Home. But, no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfilment of Miss Pross's prediction.

Dinner time, and still no Hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household, Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvellously. Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross's friendship being of the thoroughly practical kind, she had ravaged Soho and the adjacent provinces, in search of impoverished French, who, tempted by shillings and half-crowns, would impart culinary mysteries to her. From these decayed sons and daughters of Gaul, she had acquired such wonderful arts, that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress, or Cinderella's Godmother: who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into anything she pleased.

On Sundays, Miss Pross dined at the Doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals, at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor —a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance. On this occasion Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air. As everything turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry. She had installed herself, some time before, as Mr. Lorry's cup-bearer; and while they sat under the plane-tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked, and the plane-tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads.

Still, the Hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-tree, but he was only One.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But, Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it, in familiar conversation, "a fit of the jerks."

The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and, as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking, all day, on many subjects and with unusual vivacity. "Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—and he said it in the natural pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the old buildings of London—"have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there; but only casually. We have seen enough of it, to know that it teems with interest; little more."

"*I* have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, "in another character, and not in a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie asked.

"In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon, which had been, for many years, built up and forgotten. Every stone of its inner wall was covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners—dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner stone in an angle of the wall, one prisoner who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut, as his last work, three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and hurriedly, with an unsteady hand. At first, they were read as D. I. C.; but, on being more carefully examined, the last letter was found to be G. There was no record or legend of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length, it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, Dig. The floor was examined very carefully under the inscription, and, in the earth beneath a stone, or tile, or some fragment of paving, were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the gaoler."

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops, and he showed the back of his hand with rain-drops on it. But, he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of, and, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied it detected, on his face, as it turned towards Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned towards him in the passages of the Court House.

He recovered himself so quickly, however, that Mr. Lorry had doubts of his business eye. The arm of the golden giant in the hall was not more steady than he was, when he stopped under it to remark to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises (if he ever would be), and that the rain had startled him.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no Hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only Two.

The night was so very sultry, that although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder-gusts that whirled into the corner, caught them up to the ceiling, and waved them like spectral wings.

"The rain-drops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for Lightning, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes, I have sat here of an evening, until I have fancied—but even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn——"

"Let us shudder too. We may know what it is?"

"It will seem nothing to you. Such whims are only impressive as we originate them, I think; they are not to be communicated. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by-and-by into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within sight.

"Are all these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette, or are we to divide them among us?"

"I don't know, Mr. Darnay; I told you it was a foolish fancy, but you asked for it. When I have yielded myself to it, I have been alone, and then I have imagined them the footsteps of the people who are to come into my life, and my father's."

"I take them into mine!" said Carton. "*I* ask no questions and make no stipulations. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette, and I see them!——by the Lightning." He added the last words, after there had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a peal of thunder. "Here they come, fast, fierce, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking One in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return-passage to Clerkenwell. There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service: though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master—nor yet I don't expect to it—what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business. "Good night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together!"

Perhaps. Perhaps, see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

AUSTRIA.

The empire which we harmoniously style Austria (falsely leading the world to suppose that the name is derived from something connected with the south wind, Auster), is called by its aboriginal savages and savagesses Oestreich, the Realm of the East, pronouncing the initial oe in a way scarcely practicable by British mouths, and giving the final ch a guttural sound which may be imitated approximatively when you are in the full enjoyment of a bad sore-throat. The French, who transmogrify all proper names, have come nearer than ourselves to the typical Oestreich; their version is l'Autriche, which is so far a happy one, because it leads itself aptly to a jingling description (in French) of the characters of the principal European nations. Thus: l'Angleterre, Reine des Mers (England, Queen of the Seas); la France danse (France dances); la Prusse ruse (Prussia is deep and cunning); and so on, till we

come to l'Autriche triche (Austria tricks or cheats).

All which are slanders, as false as the calumny that old men have grey beards, are weak in the hams, and have sometimes a plentiful lack of wit. Oestreich never tricks or cheats; no, never. If she steadily consults her own private interests, people have no right, on that account, to call her selfish; and if she chooses to stick to a peculiar line of policy, what necessary connexion is there between that and ingratitude? She carries out a much pleasanter system of increasing her territory than by the vulgar mode of military conquest. Sheepskins can be turned to better account than to furnish drum-heads; a few strokes of the pen have greater force and more permanent effect than a very great many strokes of the drumstick. Treaties and contracts are the tools to work with; above all, marriage contracts. Hence the famous epigram:

> Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube;
> Nam, quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.
>
> Let others wage war; do thou, O fortunate Austria, marry;
> For the kingdoms which Mars procures for others, will come to thee as the gifts of Venus.

But for the requirements of the pentameter verse, it should have been Hymen Lucrificus instead of Venus; the profits of wedlock have more to do with the matter than the arrows of love. The House of Hapsburg has always had an excusable fondness for heiresses, especially for damsels who happen to carry a crown in their porte-monnaie. The matrimonial system of aggression is stealthy and safe. For instance, there are a lot of desirable compact estates lying in ring-fences, each with a good family mansion on it, with wood and water, shooting and fishing, and a pleasant variety of manorial rights, flotson and jetson, and treasure-trove. These very eligible estates are comprised within a general boundary, which has been compared by auctioneers to the shape of a boot. All it wants is one good leg to fit it. Says Oestreich, "We will provide it provisionally with an assortment of leglings. You, Cousin Ludwig, will go and espouse the proprietress of estate Number Seven; your sister Adelheid will have no objection to take the heir of Number Four for better and for worse. Uncle Fritz, with a party of his promising boys, will look after the interests of the decrepid old gentleman, whom we won't allow any one to impose upon, except ourselves; and Aunt Rhadegunde will act as dry-nurse and housekeeper to the Babes in the Wood ticketed Number Five. Other numbers will be cared for, as occasion offers. Little by little we shall have obtained a footing over the whole of the area of the boot; and then (perhaps before that time) woe betide the man who dares to cross our path!"

One of Lord Chesterfield's fundamental rules of conduct, was, that everything should be done "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," with suavity of manner and with determined resolution; you were to draw it mild, though you drew it by bucketfuls. The Austrians have long adopted the maxim, only the two divisions of the text on which the courtly peer preached so ably—and which he separated merely by a comma, or at most by a semicolon—have been torn far asunder by the Eastern Realmers, and parted by a wide interval of time and space. The "suaviter in modo" is here, the "fortiter in re" is there. Between them lies all that tract of land which stretches from Vienna—call it rather, with the savages and "-esses," Wien, pronouncing Veen—from Wien to Northern Italy; all the lapse of time from the date of Lord Cowley's most sweet reception to that of the pitching of the ultimatum into Piedmont.

The upper few hundred of the Oestreichers modestly style themselves "the cream of the cream;" this merely means that they have risen to the top. Their private as well as their official conduct is so exemplary that the mind cannot admit any allusion to scum. It was in the midst of this dulcet cream, whipped up to frothiest syllabub, that our officious minister spent his Wieny nights and days, in a continuous succession of imperial, archducal, archduchessy, and countly, dinners, soirées, receptions, and conferences. Lookers on, studying the game, clearly saw that there were really too many dinners, too many archduchesses, and too much suaviter in modo. The non-official envoy put you in mind of a fly who has entered a confectioner's shop, but whose exit is quite impossible except by favour and caprice of the confectioner and his shopmaids. The Creamites had no interest in retaining their visitor as a permanent guest, and so they helped him to unglue his gauzy wings, to disengage his silk-hosed legs, and to buzz home again, delighted with the milk of Austrian kindness, and confident in assurances of high and distinguished consideration. His mission would have succeeded perfectly, had it not been previously settled that it should not succeed. If the cream of Wien dimpled a little beneath, not on, its oily surface when the diplomatic fly took his departure, it is to be supposed that the parting guest so agreeably sped, was out of earshot of the well-bred laugh.

The next scene, shifted considerably to the south-west, is made up entirely of "fortiter in re," coming it strong in a variety of ways. Here, instead of smooth speech and smiling countenances, there is a versatility of rapacity, of insolence, of destructiveness, displayed by white-uniformed actors who have experienced the scanty pay which is sung of in The Châlet. They have crossed the Ticino, and are come to trample down all before them, to crush, to blast, fortiter in re. Pity, humanity, respect for inoffensive individuals, for constituted authority, there is none. That would savour too much of suaviter in modo to suit this locality. Details of the white-uniform proceedings are to be taken with some reserve of course; *but we all know what they were in Italy, without provocation and in time of peace, and on the stupidity and insolence of Austrian oppression then, we are justified in*

forming our belief of its stupidity and insolence now. The mayor of Broni is kept prisoner for days, and so ill treated that his life is in danger. The mayor of Barbianello and several deputy mayors of neighbouring towns, are arrested for not choosing to require the inhabitants to make embankments which shall prevent the bridge of La Stella (a bridge of escape for the Austrians) from being carried away by the floods of the Po. The refractory mayors simply lose their time and trouble; for the strong-minded Germans force even the women and children to set to work. An officer is ordered to reconnoitre the environs of Tortona, and to seize a score of Piedmontese peasants, making them march at the head of his column to screen his movements. The invaded district cannot repulse its enemies without first making martyrs of its own friends and countrymen. When the war is over, these ingenious invaders (it is said) intend to try their hands at the slave-trade, where there is every prospect of their making large fortunes.

It is not merely what war does when it has begun; it is what it does before it can begin, which renders it so horrible. It will take from ten to fifty years to repair the injuries which the Croats have committed in the mere act of making themselves at home and bivouacking comfortably in the country favoured by their visit. When we say Croats, only one, and perhaps the most hated, element of the Austrian legions is mentioned. The very multitude of the annexed provinces reduces their army to an heterogeneous crowd who do not understand each other's tongue. They are the peoples, nations, and languages of Nebuchadnezzar, commanded to fall down altogether, and worship the golden image of despotism set up before them. A Hungarian prisoner, after much interpretation, was made to comprehend that Oestreich had other foes besides the Sardes to contend with. In his amazement, he replied that he did not know that; if he had known it, he would not have come to fight the French; and he believed that not one of his countrymen would have come either. Even the Croats begin to prefer their own side of the water, and there is some talk of the probability of their walking quietly home without asking leave. But, olive and mulberry-trees cut down for firewood, vines grubbed up because they impede transit, require many springs and many summers to reattain productive growth. To render resistance to the intruders possible, the country insulted must first be reduced to a desert. Alessandria, as far as the eye can reach, is surrounded with trees that have been felled to within one or two feet of the ground, and whose lopped branches are scattered in disorder over the surface of the trodden-down soil. The almond is no more respected than the oak, the olive than the elm. Wood and orchard, timber-tree and fruit-tree, alike fall victims to the patriotic axe, which must make a clearance to allow self-defensive bullets to reach the enemy. The trim villa, the happy country-house, is stoically swept away if it can afford any screen to the emissaries of "fortiter in re." By the employment of other means of self-preservation a rich province has become a swampy lake. As the Russians drove out invaders by a sacrificial fire, so the Piedmontese have met their enemies with voluntary inundations. The Austrians caught the brother of a sluice-keeper, and sent word to him who held the keys of the flood, "Shut your water-gates, or your brother is a dead man instantly!" The answer came, in the flush of a double tide Sluices and dikes are thrown up and broken; leagues and leagues of fertile land are under water. The losses are incalculable; but the march of Fortiter-in-re is paralysed. To confirm the check, Piedmont deprives herself of more than field or farm, of vineyard or olive-grove. The spring flowers of humanity, which cannot be renewed on earth, are sacrificed together with blossoms which years will replace. Whole companies of smooth-faced unmoustached lads are marched to the slaughter or the sufferings of disease which must soon lay them low in death. They maintain outwardly a martial bearing; but they hastily brush the tears from their eyes as the eddying crowd sweeps their parents and friends from their sight. Mark that poor old woman, whom her son the soldier supports on his arm. At every step, she stops, gazes on him, and weeps. He comforts her, as well as he can. But the trumpet sounds; the battalion is drawn up beside the railway train. The old woman clasps her son in her arms with a shudder which runs through her frame. He tears himself away, and the wretched mother drops sobbing into a corner. The bystanders are obliged to turn their heads aside.

Now comes a company of artillery. Hats are in the air, and hearty shouts make the station-roofs resound. "Viva! viva!" A side group consists of a man grasping the hand of his son. They look at each other without uttering a word. At the signal for starting, their hands drop asunder. The one is borne away, pale and silent; the other gazes after him till he is out of sight, motionless; the quivering of his lower jaw alone betrays the bitterness of the moment. He slowly retires, to find a desolate home Fortiter-in-re makes even the thoughtless think. A monk passes, letting the beads of his rosary deliberately pass between his fingers. There is a suppressed titter; but a clown rises and makes the military salute, and the monk gives his benediction. There is no more laughing, but a respectful bowing of heads. Death is too near, to allow a priestly blessing to be irreverently treated.

"Fortiter in re" is an excellent maxim; still, the poet propounds another: "Est modus in rebus." There is reason in roasting of eggs. That reason the Austrians have yet to find. There is chivalrous war, and there is savage brigandage. They prefer the brigandage, as the easier and the more profitable alternative. But, as civilised Europe will refuse to credit the scenes enacted by the agents of the Ultimatum, the Piedmontese

government is collecting documents to illustrate the behaviour of the invading army. Europe will be astonished when she reads; the robberies, the outrages, the exactions, the wanton village, the greed, and the cruel injustice of these freebooters have no parallel in her modern history. The country invaded is, in their opinion, a country to be sacked and bled to death. The Austrian corporals compel to labour, with blows of the stick, the unhappy peasants whom they tear from their homes; if the peasants make their escape, the soldiers take the women and children. All the hospitals and other charitable establishments are despoiled of their bedding and linen; any funds they may possess, which are the property of the poor, are seized as a matter of course. The soldiers are especially greedy after linen, cloth, and leather. All the sheets they can lay hands on, are converted into shirts. One small market-town was ordered to supply a thousand pieces of linen per day for six days. At the end of the second day, after all that could be found had been got together, there was no more left. The Croat commandant sent for the syndic, handsomely gave him, as a great favour, a written pass, and told him that at Pavia or Milan he would find all the linen that his fellow townsmen might want, to replace that which had been stolen from them—by paying for it. Several other illustrations of the lawless spirit of the invaders are already passing current with the stamp of authenticity plainly marked upon them.

The municipality of Vigevano have to construct, at their own expense, a wooden bridge over the Ticino, which will cost twelve thousand pounds. More than two thousand workmen labour at the task, which, nevertheless, does not progress fast enough for the enemy's liking. They therefore notify to the persons employed by the town that if they do not set on a larger number of labourers, they (the Oestreichers) will force the gentry of the neighbourhood to work at the bridge with their own hands.—At Vercelli, General Benedek (a misprint for Turpin) imposed a contribution of twenty thousand pounds. The Banker Levi obtained an audience of the brigand chief, and told him that if he were not allowed to go to Milan, Vercelli could never raise so large a sum. They gave him a passport, and he went to Milan and obtained the cash from Banker Mylins.—At Voghera, everything is ravaged. The fields and meadows are trodden underfoot and destroyed; the vines and mulberry-trees are rooted up. All communication is intercepted. People dare not even attempt to escape, for fear of having a bullet sent to fetch them back.—At Tortona, a mounted hussar rode up to a watchmaker's shop. Politely clapping a pistol to the breast of the lady of the house, he requested she would have the goodness to cause a gold watch to be handed over to him.—The Archbishop of Vercelli went to meet the enemy, hoping to soften them by the voice of religion and charity. As soon as the Austrian commandant perceived him, he stretched out his arms in token of respect. There appeared grounds for hope. But, as soon as the invaders entered the town they began their requisitions by seizing the archbishop's horses.—When an Austrian soldier thinks fit to purchase any article, he insists on paying for it with bits of paper, which are of equal value with French assignats. The seller, rather than receive such rubbish, prefers to make the hero a present of his wares. But, the noble warrior urges the legal (forced) currency of his notes and his fragments of notes, and at the same time exacts a considerable amount of cash in the shape of change. He thus contrives to buy whatever takes his fancy, and comes out of the shop a richer man, in coin, than when he entered it.—In the neighbourhood of Novara, an Austrian subaltern went to a small farmer's house, offering to sell him a handsome cow for eighty francs. The farmer thought himself highly fortunate, and paid the money down. A few minutes afterwards, a party of soldiers came and carried off the newly purchased cow. Perhaps the farmer was rightly served, as he must have known the cow was stolen.—Another farmer, who had a pretty wife, was in great consternation at receiving a second visit from one and the same Austrian acquaintance. "Don't be alarmed," said the magnanimous trooper, "it isn't your wife I want. I am only come for your geese and your capons."—If it were never worse than that! The young wife of a deputy well known at Turin is dead, in consequence of the indescribable treatment which she received from a band of these barbarians. The officers who command such troops expect to be considered and addressed as gentlemen! There is no resistance on the part of the inhabitants, nor the excitement of victory to excuse such horrors, which are simply the preliminaries before a blow is struck. When the blow is stricken, deeds will be done which the human mind can scarcely imagine. Hatred of the Austrian has become an hereditary passion in the Lombardo-Venetian breast. There are nearly forty years of unceasing and accumulated insult and spoliation to avenge. A grey-haired landed proprietor, whose domain is close to Vigevano, and who was fortunately absent from home at the moment of the invasion, said, "I have neither cattle in my stables, nor corn in my barns, nor trees on my land. All that is left me is my wife, my children, and—the soil." And then he added, "I should not complain if I were sure that this was the last time."

Statements have been, and will continue to be, put forth, to prove that savage brigands are the mildest and the most considerate of men. But, also, there are reports so excessively inconsistent and improbable, that all the affidavits in the world cannot obtain credence for them. Moreover, it is difficult for war and truth to travel far in company together. We must often judge by comparison, and deduce, from what is done *there*, what is likely to be perpetrated *here*. An invaded country cannot expect much forbearance, when we know that at Milan—in what is called the Austrian dominions, where the people are

subjects, not enemies—a recent proclamation allows the soldiers to shoot on the spot whoever is guilty of any insult towards them. If they beat you, and you raise your arm, or your voice, it is an offence against the military, to be wiped out only by powder and ball.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS.

PART II.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE pretty Frenchwoman, who sat in the corner of the carriage opposite (diagonally) to mine in the train which bore me from Boulogne to Paris, was quite a pleasant object to have before one, and afforded me much food for reflection and thought. She was not alone, but was accompanied by a lady who sat next her, and who was something the elder of the two.

The pretty Frenchwoman, who was dressed in half-mourning, and who I took into my head was a young widow, had a book in her lap to read, and a dog in her lap to play with, and between them and the before-mentioned friend she divided her attention—but not impartially.

The poor book! The poor author! I believe I am not in the least exaggerating when I say that two minutes at a time was about as much as this lively lady could find in her heart to bestow upon the volume under perusal. At the expiration of that time the dog had to be disturbed from his snug position in the lady's lap, and was lifted up half asleep, and very cross, to be kissed. This done, there would follow a little more reading, then there was a little confidential talk with the friend, then the dog again; this time he was to have his eyes wiped with the lady's laced pocket-handkerchief. Then the book again, but not for long. The dog has to be kissed again, but suddenly, and as if it was an imperious necessity of the lady's nature, and one which had never occurred to her before to gratify. Or the nasty little whining beast (how I hated it) had to be fed with bits of sugar and biscuit, or he had to be talked to, and many things whispered in his ear in confidence, or to be newly settled and snoozled in among the warm folds of the French lady's shawl. She could look across at me at such times (would this French lady) with an aggravating expression which said very plainly, "Yes, you wouldn't dislike to be treated like this yourself, would you? and you don't like to see all this affection bestowed upon a dog, do you? but you're afraid to say so." The book, then, served but to fill up the gaps between these attentions to the dog, and the confidence to the friend, and certain perpetual puttings to rights of the lady's own costume, in every one of which readjustments a small and distracting boot was by some strange accident continually appearing, and then being covered up again, lest it should get too common.

It is not a flattering or pleasant thing to an author to watch the proceedings of a lady who is engaged in the perusal of his works. She is at such times ever ready and willing to be interrupted, as in the case before us. I recollect, on one occasion, asking a young lady of my acquaintance the casual question whether she had been reading much lately. "Oh yes, a great deal," was her answer. So, common-places being the order of the day, my next inquiry was, what the works were which had been occupying her attention. "I really don't know," she said.

Alas, alas, are these dear and clever creatures ever so absorbed in the work with which they are engaged as to omit to ask what the station is every time the train stops, or to fail to examine (and perhaps to disapprove) from top to bottom the dress of every lady who gets into the carriage? I love and admire you, dear ladies, with all my heart, but I should like to see you read my chapter (it is but a short one) straight through, and leave the dog alone till it is done.

Alone in Paris—alone, in the busy streets—alone in the full cafés—alone, in the crowded theatres. This was what I wanted, was it? Is it altogether good now I have got it?

Is it altogether good when some absurd incident occurs, when something beautiful, or something hateful, is brought before one's attention, to have no one to whom to remark these things, no one to share one's sentiments of admiration or of disapproval?

When, for instance, at that excellent restaurant, the Café Cagmag, I noted that not only did little children, brought there by their parents, and sitting up with napkins pinned about their necks by the paternal hand—for your Frenchman is a much more domestic person than he is generally believed to be—when I noted that not only did these infants of tender years make choice of highly seasoned dishes, and clamour loudly for stimulating sauces, but that even a cat, which in my solitude I was glad to make friends with, did, upon my offering it a portion of a cutlet dressed "au naturel," decline to eat of it, and upon a prodigiously disguised fricandeau being subsequently placed before me did eagerly accept and ravenously devour a piece of this more savoury compound,—when this occurred, was it a pleasant thing to have no friend at hand with whom to enjoy so national and characteristic an incident?

When in low spirits—when, through some change in the barometer—for such things affect us—or through some derangement of the mind's healthiness—does not the mind catch its colds, and have its attacks of sickness, as the body has?—through some exaggerated view of future difficulties—some too bitter regret for past mistakes—when from these, or some other cause, connected with the ever-changing, ever-shifting tide of human feeling, the spirits give way, and sadness settles down with a leaden weight upon the soul, at such times—is it good to be alone?

Is it good for a man to be so lonely in the crowd that he longs to ally himself with strangers, and yearns for admission into families of whom he knows nothing, except that they

have kindly pleasant looks, and are many—while he is one?

Who knows as well as I do the interest that a man thus utterly alone will take in persons unknown to him, and how he will occupy himself with their affairs—the pleasure it will give him to exchange a word or two with the old lady who keeps the café, and to get a hearty "Good night" from her when he takes his leave? It requires some experience of solitude to enable any one to understand how precious such small interchanges of common-place remarks may be to one who has had nobody to speak to all the day, and for many days together. It requires some knowledge of sorrow and depression to reveal how inexpressibly dear a kindly uttered "Good night" may be to one who hopes with all his soul that that wish, spoken with little thought of what it means, may be fulfilled.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

It was only a twopenny affair when all's told, but there was in the expression of the dog's face as he looked back at his master, at every step he took, something which touched me nearly; so nearly, that I turned round to watch these two—the blind man and his dog—after they had passed me, and continued to watch them, too, long enough to get (for it was in a busy street) sadly buffeted and knocked about by the passers-by.

It was to a snuff-shop door that the dog—looking back, as I have said, at every step to see how the old man got on—it was straight to a snuff-shop door that he led him. Here the old man began to feel for the handle of the lock, asking advice gravely upon the subject from the dog, whose name, it seemed, was Azor.

Azor was one of those dogs whose tawny fur is soft and thick, whose ears are sharp and pointed, and whose eyes are black and bright and watchful; in short, if there could be such a thing in creation as a fox of an amiable character, ignorant of the world and its wiles, easily taken in, and with his tail curled up upon his back, it would be such an animal that Azor would most strongly have resembled. He had brought his master to the threshold, but could do no more for him; so he stood, watching with ears erect and glistening eyes, the issue of the blind man's search.

It was so far successful that he was getting very near the object of it, and Azor was brightening up prodigiously, when suddenly a rough and blue-bloused savage, flinging the door open from within, and plunging heavily out into the street, failed but by a little to upset the blind man's balance, and kicked Azor into the gutter.

Even then, the dog's first thought on recovering his legs was for the blind beggar, and it was with a piteous expression of interest that he looked up at him to see how he fared.

"And so, poor beast," I said, muttering the words aloud, as is the wont of those who are much alone—"and so, this is the life which thou dost bear so kindly. What an existence is thine, Azor," I continued; "why, thou art tied to that blind man's hand for life. Thou art cut off from the very habits of a dog. No running hither and thither—no snuffing and smelling, and running back to snuff and smell again—for thee. No passing interchange of thought with others of thy kind. From these things thou art for ever separated, and yet these things are very precious to thee. Thou dost scarce belong, Azor, to thine own species at all, and art transplanted to be an associate of ours. Thou art tied to humanity by that string, and to humanity in its most impaired and broken state. Thy master is not only blind, but very old and weak, infirm and poor, and those two sous which he is laying out for snuff (for by this time the pair had got into the shop, and the beggar was waiting to be served), those two sous are more than he can spare by five centimes at least. Thou belongest, Azor, to a nation that loves a holiday, and to which the attractions of pleasure are not unknown; as a French dog, it cannot be but thou must want thy 'jours de fête,' thine opportunities of play, some chance at times to have a frisk. Yet I see no holiday, no relaxation, no sports canine for thee. And still that dear old face of thine, Azor, is a happy, cheerful countenance, and an innocent, as ever looked out from collar. Very different from that old rascal of a poodle, who sits beside that still greater old rascal, his master, upon the steps of St. Roch, and which poodle, habited in a great coat, and with one eye closed, is a favourite study with me of an afternoon. Very different from him art thou, Azor, and good and true and patient is thy face, and rough and hard thy lot."

And what am I, who chafe and fret when kept but for a day from what I want? Am I not so impatient and ungentle when crossed in my desires, or deprived by some accident for half a dozen hours of that liberty, which thou, Azor, canst never know—am I not so cross-grained at such times that I may take a lesson from a dog, and think of thee, when next the fit comes on?

It was to pay for his snuff (but a twopenny matter as I have said above) that I ran back after the old blind beggar, whom Azor was now pulling eagerly away from the tobacconist's shop, the door of which having been left ajar, the dog had opened for him with his nose.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

It was on Tuesday, November the 30th, 1858, that I took it into my head that I would get out into the country round about Paris. I made two expeditions, both on foot—both in the same direction. I could not for the life of me persuade myself to turn my steps in any other. Belleville! I must go to Belleville. I will go to no place which does not consist with passing through Belleville. Come what come may, I must see Belleville first. Everything else may take its chance.

On the day I have mentioned, then, and at two o'clock P.M., grasping my trusty umbrella—may I introduce here an address to my umbrella? No, says a stern public, hang your umbrella!

grasping my umbrella, flinging around me (as novelists put it) a light paletot, I make my start. I had had a nasty morning of it. My work had gone but indifferently, and I had closed my desk with the remark (talking to myself as those do who have no one else to speak to)—"If people knew how much of a man's life and health, of mind and body, he puts into the page he writes, would they treat it, I wonder, with more tenderness, and criticise less freely?" "Not they," was my answer, for I like to be just, and argue with myself, contemptuously enough, as though that other self wanted (and so he does sometimes) to mislead me—"not they," I said; "what have they to do, Horatio, with aught but the page before them? What have they to do with thy sleepless nights—with thine uneasy doze—haunted by the images that have filled thine imagination in the day? What to them is the history of thy sorrows—thy disappointments—thine apprehensions, thy life's follies, thy broken health?" It is not long ago that I met, slouching along a London street, one of the world's favourite purveyors of amusement—one who has given delight to thousands in his time. But what a wreck! How old before his time! The clothes that used to cleave so tightly to his full and prosperous form, now drop in wrinkles round a shrivelled, weak old man, who shrinks along with uncouth gait, the ghost—the blank remains of what was once—a genius!

For all these things, then, the public cares not. And why should it? Do we work from philanthropic motives, or goaded on by want—want of bread or want of luxuries, as the case may be—and by a strong ambition? If the page is a good one, I have earned my money; but if not, the reader says, and says rightly, "The man is dull—away with him!"

It was after writing, then, an unsatisfactory page—not of this work, I have burnt all the unsatisfactory pages of this—but of my great Essay on Men and Things, that I started as I have described—the chest expanded, the head thrown back, the moustache, which dates from Folkestone, pushing vigorously—and my course shaped—keeping about two points off the wind—it was blowing hard that day—for Belleville. [One word in parenthesis. I will most certainly take the very next opportunity I can get to make some remarks upon moustaches, their growth and habits, with directions as to their culture.]

My course shaped for Belleville. Is the reader trembling in dread anticipation of a description? Does he see before him a vista of pages about quaint old houses, curious costumes? Does he quail before a prospective enumeration of the many points of contrast between the French and English nations as exhibited in a suburb? I hasten to reassure him. Among the first words of this chronicle was a pledge that from these things he should enjoy a cheerful immunity. I guarantee him, too, against scraps of dialogue in the French tongue. So courage, and let us advance. I have a golden rule in writing, to which I steadfastly adhere—to do as I would be done by—to write as I would be written for.

I should like, then, if I were reading instead of writing, to be told of a man who, quitting the Boulevard at its most joyous moment (all alone), exchanges its asphalte for the mud of the Faubourg du Temple, pursuing its long and narrow street to the utmost limits to which it reaches. 'Tis a strange thing to do. What can he find attractive in a Parisian suburb? But let us mark him as he walks along. Why does he stop before that old hotel? It is a barren prospect surely. What is there to look at? A court-yard surrounded on three sides by the house—the walls of old and shabby stone—the roof both high and steep, with many windows in its sloping sides. This is all. There is no sign of life about the place. What does he see to gaze at? What is there in that grim old house that keeps him so long before it? It must be that in some nook or corner of his brain there are associations which the sight of the house appeals to. It must be that he has conjured up some pictures of the past which hold him there entranced. Perhaps it is a vision of French life under the old régime of which he has got a glimpse. That house, now a boarding-school for girls, must once have been lived in by some old and noble family, and it is haply with them that the lonely man is allying himself in thought. Is it so? Is he thinking of that pale old marquis, the head of the family, with powdered head, with three-cornered hat, with decreasing calf, and with the sword—that most perfect finish of a gentleman's costume—still hanging by his side? Has our wanderer got this figure before him, the head of a family that looks up to him as to a king, or is it the comely lady whom the old man treats with such respectful politeness, and with whom he has such stately games at cards? Is our wayfarer thinking of this pair—in whom of a surety no excess of familiarity has bred contempt—or of their children; of the sons dismissed, as soon as they could boast a pigtail, to serve their sovereign in the army; of the daughters, well governed maidens, brought up in the chaste serenity and the chill seclusion of a convent's walls? Is this family—it is a pleasant theme for thought—is this family, with its band of old retainers, who have passed their lives in its service, and who are strangers to a modern desire to "bette themselves," is this household present to the thoughts of him whom we are accompanying in his solitary ramble? If so, why that troubled sigh as he turns away? Is it that the picture he has conjured up reminds him that he himself had once a hope, a prospect; that once the thought of heading such a house himself was no irrational desire, no wild ambition; that the chance has gone, that he has missed the tide, that the structure he had built in youth has crumbled into dust? Or is it that he thinks of the use to which the house is now devoted, and remembering that as a school it must be full of beings whose life is all before them, he thinks of

the priceless gift of youth which is theirs, and sighs as he remembers that his own is gone?

Gone with its strength of hope—gone with its belief in perfect happiness ever at hand but never coming, quite—gone with its power of enjoyment—gone with its sweet delusions—gone with its sanguine trust.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Let us follow our pedestrian as he rambles on. The appetite of the melancholy Jacques himself would have been appeased and satiated by the gloom of a French suburb in general, and by that of the main street of Belleville in particular; yet it seems scarcely enough for him whose footsteps we are at present following, for he turns aside into a back lane, which ends in the garlands of a cemetery. Late on a damp and wintry afternoon he enters it, and wanders among its paths alone. Alone? Not quite. A cap upon the head of one deep down in a grave which he is digging appears now and then above the level of the ground, as he throws up a shovelful of earth.

Is there no one else? Yes, far off in a path among the graves a woman, dressed in mourning, has stood motionless as a statue ever since our wanderer entered the cemetery. She is standing there still when he leaves it; and yet he leaves it in no hurry; there is much there to attract him. The place itself is attractive, with its garden-like appearance—more flowers to be seen than graves. What singular allegiance to the dead appears too in these people whom we in England call "our lively neighbours;" an allegiance shown by garlands two days old placed on graves whose occupants, the inscription tells us, were lain there a dozen years ago. In one waste place, too, heaps of these chaplets were thrown, when blackened and decayed with age. The decay of these tributes to decay was a curious thing to observe. Little chapels, too, were there built by "our lively neighbours" over the bodies of some among the dead; little chapels, but six or seven feet long, which yet contain an altar covered with flowers, and a prie-Dieu chair besides. What—a chair? Is it possible that it is ever used? Is it possible that there are those among "our lively neighbours" who steal away from the noise and bustle of the town, who seek this lonely place, and, entering the chapel, beneath which lies the body which they have loved, will sit and think awhile about the dead, and lift a prayer—as their creed allows—for him who has passed away.

Such things may be. It is a pleasant thought, at any rate; for surely of all the ingredients in the horror which death inspires, there is not one that has a larger share to make it terrible than the bitter thought that we are forgotten. Oh, that exile of the body which we have loved! Think of it in the bitter nights when the window is lashed by driving rains—think then that the form you loved, the face you have kissed, the hands you have held, haply the grey hairs you have reverenced, are there in that sodden trench. They are there—that very face—those very hands—your friend—your father—your wife—your little child. Their bodies are not removed out of the world—they are there—lying this bitter night in the clay. Think of this sometimes—not repiningly, not in hatred at what must be, and what is right; think of it, not rebelliously, not in despair, but think of it—it is the dead man's right; and go, once, now and then, and stand beside his grave. You shall not come away the worse.

It may be that a long and solitary walk on a winter's afternoon, through the streets of a Parisian suburb, and an hour spent among the garlands of a French cemetery, may be a good way of getting the mind into a condition in which it is profoundly touched by many small incidents which would at other times go for little or nothing, and in which it takes a powerful interest in many things which it would pass by unnoticed when in a stouter and more vigorous mood.

It may be (and I incline to the opinion myself) that this susceptibility to emotion, this ready sympathy that costs us nothing, is very little worth, and that the man whose heart is easily penetrated by the sorrows of a blind man's dog is hard of access to a poor relation. It may be that such sensibility is but an enervating mockery of real feeling—a worthless sham upon the earth. It may be that the man who gives a five-franc piece without inquiry, and perhaps for the sake of a sensation, has debts at home, which should in justice have closed his purse's mouth. Alas! we know of one who, touched to the quick by the sight of a dead jackass on the road, could yet allow the mother that bore him to want in her old age.

It may be, then, that the function of the sentimental is hard to determine, and that it is not easy to know whether upon the world's stage it has a place at all—whether it is sterling coin or counterfeit dross, the lawful property of the dunghill.

Leaving this question an open one, let me go on to say that it was in returning from the walk which has just been described that my attention was caught by a little crowd of children, encompassing, and eagerly pressing around, some grown-up person who stood in the midst of them. On getting nearer to the group, I found that this commotion was caused simply by the breaking-up for the day of a girls' school of poor children, and that it was the schoolmistress, a sœur de charité, who for some reason had accompanied the little things into the street, who was thus hemmed in and surrounded by these children of all conceivable ages and of every possible size, to the number of about thirty.

But that which pleased me most was, that the sœur de charité had to stoop down and kiss every one of the thirty girls before they could be got to leave her. How eager, too, they were—those behind pressing upon the foremost ones in their desire to obtain the kiss with which this kind and gentle lady dismissed them for the night.

It was a pleasant sight enough, and one that sent me back into the streets of Paris in happier cue.

But still alone.

HALF THE YEAR ROUND.

JANUARY.

SLOW-PACED and solemn, through the drifting snow,
With heart uplifted comes the hopeful year,
Breathing like voice of waves in ebb and flow,
To mourners all, O! be ye of good cheer!
Look back but for a moment to the past—
That is in God's own keeping, yours no more;—
The present days that flee as shadows fast,
Should leave no loiterers weeping on the shore.
Dim through the sky, shifting the subtle sand,
Uncertain the loud wind and long the way,
Angels keep watch and ward on either hand,
Gleams fall from Heaven on the darkest day.
Be of good courage! Cease that faithless moan,
Forsaken ye are not when most alone.

FEBRUARY.

HALF shrouded in a veil of pallid mist,
Half smiling in wan sunshine on the hills,
The fruitful life high swelling in her breast,
As swells the ripple in the flooded rills.
Lustres of primrose glistening through the grey,
First songs low twittered in the leafless wood,
A tender beam in the blue eye of day,
A certain forecast of all coming good.
Like the brave hopes that early youth conceives,
In the rich soil of pure and happy hearts;
Hopes that will put forth green and vigorous leaves,
Buds, blooms, and fruitage, ere the year departs.
Welcome thy wavering brightness for their sake,
Strengthened to bear the storm when winds awake.

MARCH.

FOLD thy robes close, the loud-voiced blusterer sweeps
Over the whitened surges, mad with rage,
Like cruel tyrant, heedless of who weeps,
So he his desperate battle may but wage!
Pray for all souls out on the storm-racked sea,
That the great Pilot bring them safely home!—
Pray for all souls who now their doom must dree,
That He will take them where no storms can come!
Pale women watching on the beacon-hill,
For fathers, husbands, sons, who'll sail no more,
Let your tears cease, your mourning hearts be still,
Safe landed are they on the heavenly shore;
Quiet in haven where ye fain would be,
Anchored in peace for all eternity!

APRIL.

WELCOME, O sweet caprice of smiles and tears!
Spoilt darling, with the fickle, flashing eyes,
Trembling 'twixt joy and foolish happy fears,
Now laughing loud, now shivering through with sighs.
Pleasant art thou, young sister of the Spring,
Light dancing o'er the golden fronded moss;
To thy fresh notes the merry echoes ring,
While larches shake their emerald tassels loose.
Soft Aphrodite waits with myrtle crown
To grace thee as the First Love of the World,
To soothe thy sigh, beguile thy fretted frown,
And kiss away thy anger, rain-empearled.
Shine out, then, tenderly, bewitching elf,
Earth hath no fairer child than thy fair self!

MAY.

LOVE in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,
Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,
Bird music heralding her sunlit steps,
Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.
Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,
White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,
Smiling till hoar and eld their youth renew,
And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.
Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,
Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss;
Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow,
With budding hopes of love and joy and bliss.
Fern banners wave, and harebells welcome ring,
As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring.

JUNE.

QUEEN of the fairies, laughing-browed Rose Queen!
Sunny enchantress, dimpled, warm, and fair!
Sweet witch, on whom young maidens shyly lean,
Wreathing star pansies in thy golden hair—
Pansies for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud,
But mystically whisper in a flower;
While stands the shadowy Future, pale and bowed,
Drawing the emblem-lots that shall them dower:
Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,
Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart,
Wild woodbine, briar, grey moss from a tomb,
Balm-flowers, sweet-balsam, stinging-nettle smart—
Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,
Given in Elfin Court Midsummer eve.

MY ADVISERS.

THEIR name is legion. They are of all ages and conditions. Muffin, the crossing-sweeper at the top of our street (for the use of whom I pay a weekly rental of one penny, falling due on Mondays), is of the number. Totty, my youngest daughter, rising seven, is another. Muffin advised me to go, or permit him to go, back for my umbrella, this very morning, though it was not raining, or in the least degree likely to rain. His words were: "Bad sort of morning for a delicate genl'm'n like you to be out in, sir! Better go back for your rumbrellar, sir. Or *I'll* run if you like: my legs is stronger than yourn is, sir."

Insult! My legs are quite strong enough to kick Muffin the whole length of his crossing, as I most assuredly will do if he should venture upon a repetition of his impudent advice. Nor am I at all delicate. But, somehow or other, it seems a provision of the universal destinies that every man, woman, and child should consider him, her, or itself privileged to pity, patronise, and, especially—to advise me.

Why?

That is precisely what I want to know.

Wherein is Muffin, the crossing-sweeper, my superior? Is he a doctor, or a meteorologist, or a man of genius indefinitely (hardly the latter, I should think, or the crossing would be vacant), that he should presume to advise me upon the weather, and, what is far more intolerable, upon my own personal health? It looks impertinent on the face of it, considering that I have received what is called a liberal education, and have at heart intellect enough to support myself in the social scale at a considerable elevation above the rank of a crossing-sweeper. But how can I blame Muffin when I find my aged maternal grandmother—who can hardly spell, and who speaks of her place of abode as "Camber-vell"—still so confident in her own powers of

argument, and in the plasticity of my nature, as to believe that she will yet, one day, induce me to give up the study of profane literature, and embrace a saving faith in the tenets of Warm Water Baptism (Peckham Branch—New Connexion), of which comparatively obscure religious persuasion the old lady is an active supporter?

Muffin, indeed! Why, the before-mentioned Totty, barely six-and-three-quarters, has been advising me for the last fortnight to shave off my whiskers! Surely, I am as good a judge of manly beauty as Totty. And, for that matter, I should think I know as well what is necessary for the conduct of a work of fiction as my brother-in-law John Slogginson, who, though twenty-eight years of age, has not yet succeeded in acquiring the rudiments of any lucrative profession, and who, but for a little really well-grounded information on the subject of rats and terriers, with some practical knowledge of the noble art of self-defence, might be pronounced a monumental prodigy of ignorance in general. Yet John is at me fiercely day after day, with truculent counsel to alter the contemplated catastrophe of a romance I am writing in the Hair-on-End Magazine; and if I adhere to my original design, which I still think a good one, I am by no means sure that he will not punish my disobedience with a thrashing. I doubt if John ever read a work of fiction in his life till he took mine under his patronage for the especial discomfiture of its author. I am sure he would not venture to express an opinion on the works of any other living writer. But he edits me, cruelly and remorselessly. He commands alterations as if I were his tailor, and my story his coat. And he employs no false delicacy in conveying his objections. His manner of criticism is in this wise: "I tell you what, Joe, if you don't alter that precious slow chapter, you are a bigger fool even than I took you for;" or, "You don't mean to let this scene stand as it is, do you? You can please yourself, of course, but if you want my candid opinion" (which I never did in my life), "it's downright rot. And there you have it."

Mr. Slogginson advises me not merely on my literary achievements, but also on my private affairs—pecuniary, sartorial, and hygienic. Mr. S. has been chronically insolvent since I had the honour of forming his alliance, but he is very hard on me indeed when I myself get a little behindhand with the world. He told me, savagely, the other day, that if he ever heard of me putting my name to another bill (I have backed John's own not easily negotiable paper before now), he would feel himself tempted to administer to me the severe moral lesson of knocking my head against the wall; after which he borrowed half-a-crown, and went out to spend the evening. John is not what you would call a good dresser, his washerwoman may be said to enjoy something very like a sinecure; but he insists rigorously that *I* shall be uniformly neat and unobtrusive in my attire. I started a wide-awake of rather eccentric pattern last summer. John immediately sequestrated that covering, remarking that I should not make a public exhibition of myself while it was in his power to prevent it. John wears the hat to this day! I met him at a party last Christmas, and very well he looked indeed in my best white waistcoat and penultimate dress trousers. I was rather satisfied with my own personal appearance too, having taken especial pains with the tie of my cravat. I had scarcely entered the room, when John passed me, exclaiming, in an angry, authoritative whisper, backed by a cruel frown, "Do go home and take that thing off. Are you mad? The people are staring at you." I attempted a beard once, on the occasion of a severe sore-throat; but, this was a liberty John could not and would not put up with. I shaved, and was forgiven.

Very particular about my health, too, is John Slogginson. He has a philosophic disregard for his own; in fact, I have had to nurse him through two attacks of delirium tremens. He will not let me eat anything I like. If he finds me rather bilious, and complaining, any morning, he growls, in ursine tones, "Ugh! smoking again, I suppose? If you *will* kill yourself I can't help it." After which he borrows my penknife to cut up his Cavendish. If I take him out to a dinner party (an error I have more than once been advised into committing), he ruthlessly puts me in a cab, just as the claret and conversation are beginning to circulate, and returns to finish the evening. I have found it no isolated experience to receive feverish tidings from him the next morning, dated from a remote and inaccessible station-house.

I am a married man, or I should not be blessed with a brother-in-law. This fact acknowledged, it will be perhaps superfluous to state, after what I have already stated of myself, that my wife favours me with frequent and liberal supplies of the commodity in question. Mrs. Drilling may, in fact, be pronounced the Première or Prime Ministress of my Majesty's Council of Advisers. The advice is uniformly good, but difficult of adoption. I am not quite sure that she ever actually advised me to be six feet high (I stand five feet ten in my stockings), or to alter my natural saturnine complexion to a florid and sanguine tint; but her advice is usually of that practicable character. She is for ever advising me to write a work, that shall secure for me such emolument and consideration as have been awarded to the writings of Mr. Phœbus O'Pollough, the eminent Hibernian novelist; or to dash off a five-act play, something in the style of the eminently successful dramatist, Sir Hugh Rippidies. If I could only just bring my mind to do this, she very sensibly urges—at the same time emulating the domestic regularity of our friend Mr. Thurtell Dove, combining therewith the business aptitude of our thriving City acquaintance Mr. Baring Bull—we should be *so* happy! It is capital advice, undoubtedly.

I have still, I am happy to say, an affectionate mother. She is marvellously fond of, and I am afraid exorbitantly proud of, me. But, her fond-

ness takes the form of expression habitual to all my friends. My mother advises me. "I have no means of helping the poor boy in his many difficulties," she deplores, "except by giving him advice—if he would only take *that!*" Heaven knows, I do take it, most submissively, in enormous doses; but I cannot say that I always find it agree with me. My mother's favourite formula is a prescription to the effect that I should make myself master of my own house. But, I can't. I am the most contemptible person on the premises. All that belongs to me of the establishment is a small obscure room, where I endeavour to write, but where I am in a perpetual state of siege from the real lords of the soil. I am at the mercy of my youngest son, Jubbins (a nickname, of course), who makes inroads upon me at discretion, giving me stern orders for pencils, paper, books, and even compelling me to perform menial offices of toilet for his comfort and accommodation. He, too, is one of my advisers, though he can scarcely yet articulate the English language. No later than yesterday, he strongly recommended the policy of my putting down my pen, and taking him, Jubbins, to see a Punch and Judy reported to be then performing in the neighbourhood. My mother advises me to be a little more strict with the servants. Why doesn't she advise the servants to be a little less strict with me? I am hopelessly at their mercy, and they are pitiless. They hide my slippers, light fires with my manuscripts, keep important letters unposted on the kitchen dresser for days together; they burn my mutton-chops, they neglect to put salt into my soup. My mother advises me to discharge them. She does so, frequently; but I never find myself any the better for it. As a crowning impossibility, my mother advises me to *make* my wife exert herself, and show a little spirit. My wife is an invalid. She can't exert herself, and has no spirit to show. "If you would take my advice," says my mother, "as, surely, you might, with your vast abilities, you would find your affairs in a very different position." I am tired of repeating to her again and again that I do take her advice. Only I don't seem to know what to do with it when I have taken it.

The editor of the Hair-on-End Magazine advises me to give up prose fiction, for which he declares I have no real aptitude, and confine myself exclusively to poetry. "You *can* do these things, you know," he writes, "if you only choose to apply yourself. Send us one of your appalling verse stories every week, and there is a comfortable income at your feet." It takes me a month to write a verse story.

Sloat, the manager, who really has a great esteem for me, refuses my farces one after another, and says, "Take my advice, my dear fellow: don't fritter away your really great talents in writing this kind of stuff. We can get blockheads by the dozen to do this, as well as we want it done. Tuck up your sleeves at once, set to work, and give us a comedy: something that will live." But how am *I* to live in the mean time?

I painted portraits for a livelihood when I was a boy. I still amuse myself with oils and brushes from time to time. My friend McCorquhodale, the landscape painter, bullies me fearfully for wasting my abilities on literature. "Take my advice," he says: "throw up the pen-and-ink bosh, go into the country and work for three or four months at elm-trees, and your fortune's made. However, if you *will* be a fool, it isn't my fault." (Nobody ever said it was; it is simply my misfortune!) Blotman, the parliamentary reporter, on the other hand, looks coldly on my unfinished canvases, and observes, "How the deuce can you expect to support your family in comfort, when you neglect your legitimate occupation for this kind of trifling? A good fire in the house to burn all these easels, brushes, and canvases, would be the best thing that could happen to you. Go in for political leaders. *That's* your line."

A strange vision occurred to me the other night as I lay sleeping (rather uncomfortably, in consequence of my having yielded to somebody's advice to sup upon pickled salmon). I dreamed that I saw a jury of my advisers sitting in judgment upon a Leopard and an Ethiopian.

The debate was angry and protracted; but, a resolution was finally carried, *nem. con.*, to the effect that the Leopard should be forthwith ordered to change his spots, and the Ethiopian commanded to become a white man.

DRIFT

"Drift"—from the Conquest down to the execution of Charles the First, over a period of pretty nearly six centuries, during the reigns of twenty-five sovereigns of England, when "absolute monarchy," "ecclesiastical supremacy," "military despotism," "feudal oligarchy," "popular parliaments," had all been tried and found wanting, from their inherent selfishness, and after mistakes innumerable had been hustled into a decent respect for each other, and the three estates of the realm had begun, glimmeringly, to understand how far each might go, and no further. "Drift" from the stormy, wide, ever-changing, restless, awful ocean of time which washes the boundaries of the continents of ten hundred and sixty-six, and sixteen hundred and forty-nine. "Drift"—débris, disjecta membra, or salvage, significant, symbolical, speaking unmistakably of the race, clime, and circumstance whence the scattered morsels came, and whose value and native worth, cleansed from the rude treatment of tempest-tossing, from the scum, the foam, the barnacles, or bilge-water, or from their own indigenous impurities, it will be the aim of me, Mathew Mole, to set before my friends of to-day and to-morrow, as tokens of yesterday, which none can dispute or disdain.

I shall not mind whence I get my memorabilia: from Libraries, Museums, or Record Repositories—from old books, manuscripts, rolls, deeds, or documents—from state papers, or family or personal correspondence, which alone

survives the frail hand that penned it, I shall snatch my scraps; and believe me, like the continental chiffonnier, I shall throw nothing into my basket of which I have not some appreciative sense or comprehension.

Here, for instance, is a royal letter, written, five hundred and forty-four years ago, by King Edward the First, then aged sixty-three years of age, touching the performance of an operation with the fleam by the barber-surgeon or monk leech of the district, upon the person (as I make out) of the Queen Margaret, the sister of the fourth Philip of France, surnamed Le Bel, which lady King Edward had married but three years previously:

"Dear Cousin,—We have well understood the Letters which you sent us by the Bearer of these presents, and with respect to your entreaties that we should let you know whether we feel better now while on our journey through the Country than we did before, we inform you that each day is better than the last, and that we are already—God be thanked!—in good health. And if you would vouchsafe to inquire into the manner of our entry into St. Albans, you would know how we comport ourself in our Country Progress. And, touching that which you tell us that your physician has advised you to be blooded next Tuesday, which you are loth to do until our will is ascertained, we let you know that we will and command you to allow yourself to be blooded in any place and at any time you shall think most fit for the estate of your body. Concerning your prayer to ascertain you of our progress between Langley and Banstead we know nothing certainly as yet, and will give you no account thereof until we know that you have been blooded. Therefore we will that you cause yourself to be blooded before coming to Banstead, as bleeding will be more easy to you than after your arrival, for you will then be in a greater commotion than you are now. Therefore we will that you cause yourself to be blooded at the earliest and best opportunity for your relief. And as soon as you shall let us know how you have been blooded, we will tell you all about our journey from Langley to Banstead.

"St. Albans, May 4."

[1305, 33 Edward I.]

The original letter, of which the foregoing is a close translation, is without date, but the deficiency is to be supplied by thus tracing the progress of the king by other documentary evidence. On Saturday, May 1, 1305, King Edward the First entered St. Albans, and leaving on the 5th, returned to Westminster through Ware. He then went to Langley, stayed there till the 10th, and then again betook himself to Westminster. On the 12th he was to be found at Watford and Greenford; on the 14th at Harrow, and on the 18th at Kennington, whence he departed on the 26th, and reached Banstead (named in our letter) on the same day.

As to the bleeding, and the place where it was performed, it is as well to note that in the old monastic houses where the living was good, and the lives of the brethren sedentary, there were appointed times for bleeding which were called the "tempora minutionis." In the Liber ordinis S. Victoris parisiensis the following rules were laid down:

"This is the order of bleeding. Five times in the year shall general bleedings be accomplished, out of which, except under peril of grave sickness, shall a license for bleeding be by no means granted to any one. For it is thus frequently allowed to prevent the necessity of it, except on these occasions. The 1st is in September, the 2nd before Advent, the 3rd before Lent, the 4th after Easter, and the 5th after Pentecost: and the bleeding shall last for three days. After the third day the brethren shall come to Matins and otherwise meet together, so that on the 4th day they may receive absolution."

In the Chronicle of St. Trudo it is stated, "When the Brethren were bled, the whole assembly were bled together, in silence, and with psalmody, sitting orderly in one Celle." (Truly a cheerful assembly!)

The instrument used was called the "Lanceola," whence our own term "Lancet."

PORTRAIT OF AN AUTHOR, PAINTED BY HIS PUBLISHER.

IN TWO SITTINGS.

The Author was a Frenchman; and he has been dead nearly nine years. Over the whole continent of Europe, wherever the literature of France has penetrated, his readers are numbered by tens of thousands. Women of all ranks and orders have singled him out, long since, as the marked man, among modern writers of fiction, who most profoundly knows and most subtly appreciates their sex in its strength and in its weakness. Men, whose critical judgment is widely and worthily respected, have declared that he is the deepest and truest observer of human nature whom France has produced since the time of Molière. Unquestionably, he ranks as one of the few great geniuses who appear by ones and twos, in century after century of authorship, and who leave their mark ineffaceably on the literature of their age. And yet, in spite of this widely-extended continental fame, and this indisputable right and title to enjoy it, there is probably no civilised country in the Old World in which he is so little known as in England. Among all the readers—a large class in these islands—who are, from various causes, unaccustomed to study French literature in its native language, there are probably very many who have never even heard of the name of Honoré de Balzac?

Unaccountable as it may appear at first sight, the reason why the illustrious author of Eugénie Grandet, Le Père Goriot, and La Recherche de l'Absolu, happens to be so little known to the general public of England is, on the surface of it, easy enough to discover. Balzac is little known, because he has been little translated. An English version of Eugénie Grandet was advertised, lately, as one of a cheap series of novels.

And the present writer has some indistinct recollection of meeting, many years since, with a translation of La Peau de Chagrin. But so far as he knows, excepting the instances of these two books, not one other work, out of the whole number of ninety-seven fictions, long and short, which proceeded from the same fertile pen, has been offered to our own readers in our own language. Immense help has been given in this country to the reputations of Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, and Eugène Sue: no help whatever, or next to none, has been given to Balzac —although he is regarded in France (and rightly regarded, in some respects) as a writer of fiction superior to all three.

Many causes, too numerous to be elaborately traced within the compass of a single article, have probably contributed to produce this singular instance of literary neglect. It is not to be denied, for example, that serious difficulties stand in the way of translating Balzac, which are caused by his own peculiarities of style and treatment. His French is not the clear, graceful, neatly-turned French of Voltaire and Rousseau. It is a strong, harsh, solidly vigorous language of his own; now flashing into the most exquisite felicities of expression, and now again involved in an obscurity which only the closest attention can hope to penetrate. A special man, not hurried for time, and not easily brought to the end of his patience, might give the English equivalent of Balzac with admirable effect. But ordinary translating of him by average workmen would only lead, through the means of feeble parody, to the result of utter failure.

The difficulties, again, caused by his style of treatment are not to be lightly estimated, in considering the question of presenting this author to our own general public. The peculiarity of Balzac's literary execution is that he never compromises the subtleties and delicacies of Art for any consideration of temporary effect. The framework in which his idea is set is always wrought with a loving minuteness which leaves nothing out. Everything which, in this writer's mind, can even remotely illustrate the characters that he depicts, must be elaborately conveyed to the minds of his readers before the characters themselves start into action. This quality of minute finish, of reiterated refining, which is one of Balzac's great merits, so far as "foreign audiences" are concerned, is another of the hindrances, so far as an English audience is concerned, in the way of translating him.

Allowing all due weight to the force of these obstacles; and further admitting that Balzac lays himself open to grave objection (on the part of that unhappily large section of the English public which obstinately protests against the truth wherever the truth is painful), as a writer who sternly insists on presenting the dreary aspects of human life, literally, exactly, nakedly, as he finds them—making these allowances, and many more if more be needful—it is still impossible not to regret, for the sake of readers themselves, that worthy English versions of the best works of this great writer are not added to the national library of translated literature. Towards the latter part of his career, Balzac's own taste in selection of subject seems to have become vitiated. His later novels, consummately excellent as some of them were in a literary sense, are assuredly, in a moral sense, not to be defended against the grave accusation of being needlessly and even horribly repulsive. But no objections of this sort apply to the majority of the works which he produced when he was in the prime of his life and his faculties. The conception of the character of "Eugénie Grandet" is one of the purest, tenderest, and most beautiful things in the whole range of fiction; and the execution of it is even worthy of the idea. If the translation already accomplished of this book be only creditably executed, it may be left to speak for itself. But there are other fictions of the writer which deserve the same privilege, and which have not yet obtained it, "La Recherche de l'Absolu,"—a family picture which, for truth, delicacy, and pathos, has been surpassed by no novelist of any nation or any time; a literary achievement in which a new and an imperishable character (the exquisitely-beautiful character of the wife) has been added to the great gallery of fiction—remains still unknown to the general public of England. "Le Père Goriot"—which, though it unveils some of the hidden corruptions of Parisian life, unveils them nobly in the interests of that highest morality belonging to no one nation and no one sect—"Le Père Goriot," which stands first and foremost among all the writer's works, which has drawn the tears of thousands from the purest sources, has its appeal still left to make to the sympathies of English readers. Other shorter stories, scattered about the "Scènes de la Vie Privée," the "Scènes de la Vie de Province," and the "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne," are as completely unknown to a certain circle of readers in this country, and as unquestionably deserve careful and competent translation, as the longer and more elaborate productions of Balzac's inexhaustible pen. Reckoning these shorter stories, there are at least a dozen of his highest achievements in fiction which might be safely rendered into English, which might form a series by themselves, and which no sensible Englishwoman could read and be, either intellectually or morally, the worse for them.

Thus much, in the way of necessary preliminary comment on the works of this author, and on their present position in reference to the English public. Readers who may be sufficiently interested in the subject to desire to know something next about the man himself, may now derive this information from a singular, and even from a unique source. The Life of Balzac has been lately written by his publisher, of all the people in the world! This is a phenomenon in itself; and the oddity of it is still further increased by the fact that the publisher was brought to the brink of ruin by the author, that he mentions this circumstance in writing his life, and that it does not detract one iota

from his evidently sincere admiration for the great man with whom he was once so disastrously connected in business. Here is surely an original book, in an age when originality grows harder and harder to meet with—a book containing disclosures which will perplex and dismay every admirer of Balzac who cannot separate the man from his works—a book which presents one of the most singular records of human eccentricity, so far as the hero of it is concerned, and of human credulity so far as the biographer is concerned, which has probably ever been published for the amusement and bewilderment of the reading world.

The title of this singular work is, Portrait Intime De Balzac: sa Vie, son Humeur et son Caractère. Par Edmond Werdet, son ancien Libraire-Editeur. Before, however, we allow Monsieur Werdet to relate his own personal experience of the celebrated writer, it will be advisable to introduce the subject by giving an outline of the struggles, the privations, and the disappointments which marked the early life of Balzac, and which, doubtless, influenced for the worse his after-character. These particulars are given by Monsieur Werdet in the form of an episode, and are principally derived, on his part, from information afforded by the author's sister.

Honoré de Balzac was born in the city of Tours, on the sixteenth of May, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine. His parents were people of rank and position in the world. His father held a legal appointment in the council-chamber of Louis the Sixteenth. His mother was the daughter of one of the directors of the public hospitals of Paris. She was much younger than her husband, and brought him a rich dowry. Honoré was her first-born; and he retained throughout life his first feeling of childish reverence for his mother. That mother suffered the unspeakable affliction of seeing her illustrious son taken from her by death at the age of fifty years. Balzac breathed his last in the kind arms which had first caressed him on the day of his birth.

His father, from whom he evidently inherited much of the eccentricity of his character, is described as a compound of Montaigne, Rabelais, and Uncle Toby—a man in manners, conversation, and disposition generally, of the quaintly original sort. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he lost his court situation, and obtained a place in the commissariat department of the army of the North. This appointment he held for some years. It was of the greater importance to him, in consequence of the change for the worse produced in the pecuniary circumstances of the family by the convulsion of the Revolution.

At the age of seven years Balzac was sent to the college of Vendôme; and for seven years more there he remained. This period of his life was never a pleasant one in his remembrance. The reduced circumstances of his family exposed him to much sordid persecution and ridicule from the other boys; and he got on but little better with the masters. They reported him as idle and incapable—or, in other words, as ready enough to devour all sorts of books on his own desultory plan, but hopelessly obstinate in resisting the educational discipline of the school. This time of his life he has reproduced in one of the strangest and the most mystical of all his novels, La Vie Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert.

On reaching the critical age of fourteen, his intellect appears to have suffered under a species of eclipse, which occurred very suddenly and mysteriously, and the cause of which neither his masters nor the medical men were able to explain. He himself always declared in after-life, with a touch of his father's quaintness, that his brain had been attacked by "a congestion of ideas." Whatever the cause might be, the effect was so serious that the progress of his education had to be stopped; and his removal from the college followed as a matter of course. Time, care, quiet, and breathing his native air, gradually restored him to himself; and he was ultimately enabled to complete his studies at two private schools. Here again, however, he did nothing to distinguish himself among his fellow-pupils. He read incessantly, and preserved the fruits of his reading with marvellous power of memory; but the school-teaching, which did well enough for ordinary boys, was exactly the species of teaching from which the essentially original mind of Balzac recoiled in disgust. All that he felt and did at this period has been carefully reproduced by his own pen in the earlier pages of Le Lys dans la Vallée.

Badly as he got on at school, he managed to imbibe a sufficient quantity of conventional learning to entitle him, at the age of eighteen, to his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was destined for the law; and after attending the legal lectures in the various Institutions of Paris, he passed his examination by the time he was twenty, and then entered a notary's office in the capacity of clerk. There were two other clerks to keep him company, who hated the drudgery of the law as heartily as he hated it himself. One of them was the future author of The Mysteries of Paris, Eugène Sue; the other was the famous critic, Jules Janin.

After he had been engaged in this office, and in another, for more than three years, a legal friend, who was under great obligations to Balzac the father, offered to give up his business as a notary to Balzac the son. To the great scandal of the family, Honoré resolutely refused the offer. His reason was that he had determined to be the greatest writer in France. His relations began by laughing at him, and ended by growing angry with him. But nothing moved Honoré. His vanity was of the calm, settled sort; and his own conviction that his business in life was simply to be a famous man proved too strong to be shaken by anybody.

While he and his family were at war on this point, a change for the worse occurred in the elder Balzac's official circumstances. He was superannuated. The diminution of income thus

produced was followed by a pecuniary catastrophe. He had embarked almost the whole of his own little remaining property and his wife's in two speculations; and they both failed. No resource was now left him but to retire to a small country house in the neighbourhood of Paris, which he had purchased in his prosperous days, and to live there as well as might be on the wreck of his lost fortune. Honoré, sticking fast to that hopeless business of becoming a great man, was, by his own desire, left alone in a Paris garret, with an allowance of five pounds English a month, which was all the kind father could spare to feed, clothe, and lodge the wrong-headed son.

And now, without a literary friend to help him in all Paris, alone in his wretched attic, with his deal-table and his truckle-bed, his dog's-eared books, his bescrawled papers, his wild vanity, and his ravenous hunger for fame, Balzac stripped resolutely for the great fight. He was then twenty-three years old—a sturdy fellow to look at, with a big, jovial face, and a strong square forehead, topped by a very untidy and superfluous allowance of long tangled hair. His only difficulty at starting was what to begin upon. After consuming many lonely months in sketching out comedies, operas, and novels, he finally obeyed the one disastrous rule which seems to admit of no exception in the early lives of men of letters, and fixed the whole bent of his industry and his genius on the production of a tragedy. After infinite pains and long labour, the great work was completed. The subject was Cromwell; and the treatment, in Balzac's hands, appears to have been so inconceivably bad, that even his own family—to say nothing of other judicious friends—told him in the plainest terms, when he read it to them, that he had perpetrated a signal failure. Modest men might have been discouraged by this. Balzac took his manuscript back to his garret, standing higher in his own estimation than ever. "I will give up being a great dramatist," he told his parents at parting, "and I will be a great novelist instead." The vanity of the man expressed itself with this sublime disregard of ridicule all through his life. It was a precious quality to him—it is surely (however unquestionably offensive it may be to our friends) a precious quality to all of us. What man ever yet did anything great, without beginning with a profound belief in his own untried powers?

Confident as ever, therefore, in his own resources, Balzac now took up the pen once more—this time, in the character of novelist. But another and a serious check awaited him at the outset. Fifteen months of solitude, privation, and reckless hard writing—months which are recorded in the pages of "La Peau de Chagrin" with a fearful and pathetic truth drawn straight from the bitterest of all experiences, the experience of studious poverty—had reduced him to a condition of bodily weakness which made all present exertion of his mental powers simply hopeless, and which obliged him to take refuge—a worn-out, wasted man, at the age of twenty-three—in his father's quiet little country house. Here, under his mother's care, his exhausted energies slowly revived; and here, in the first days of his convalescence, he returned, with the grim resolution of despair, to working out the old dream in the garret, to resuming the old hopeless, hapless business of making himself a great man. It was under his father's roof, during the time of his slow recovery, that the youthful fictions of Balzac were produced. The strength of his belief in his own resources and his own future gave him also the strength, in relation to these first efforts, to rise above his own vanity, and to see plainly that he had not yet learnt to do himself full justice. His early novels bore on their title-pages a variety of feigned names, for the starving, struggling author was too proud to acknowledge them, so long as they failed to satisfy his own conception of what his own powers could accomplish. These first efforts—now included in his collected works, and comprising among them two stories, "Jane la Pâle" and "Le Vicaire des Ardennes," which show unquestionable dawnings of the genius of a great writer—were originally published by the lower and more rapacious order of booksellers, and did as little towards increasing his means as towards establishing his reputation. Still, he forced his way slowly and resolutely through poverty, obscurity, and disappointment, nearer and nearer to the promised land which no eye saw but his own—a greater man, by far, at this hard period of his adversity than at the more trying after-time of his prosperity and his fame. One by one, the heavy years rolled on till he was a man of thirty; and then the great prize which he had so long toiled for, dropped within his reach at last. In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, the famous "Physiologie du Marriage" was published; and the starveling of the Paris garret became a name and a power in French literature.

In England, this book would have been universally condemned as an unpardonable exposure of the most sacred secrets of domestic life. It unveils the whole social side of Marriage in its innermost recesses, and exhibits it alternately in its bright and dark aspects with a marvellous minuteness of observation, a profound knowledge of human nature, and a daring eccentricity of style and arrangement which amply justify the extraordinary success of the book on its first appearance in France. It may be more than questionable, judging from the English point of view, whether such a subject should ever have been selected for any other than the most serious, reverent, and forbearing treatment. Setting this objection aside, however, in consideration of the French point of view, it cannot be denied that the merits of the Physiology of Marriage, as a piece of writing, were by no means over-estimated by the public to which it was addressed. In a literary sense, the book would have done credit to a man in the maturity of his powers. As the work of a man whose intellectual life was only beginning, it was such an achievement as is not often recorded in the history of modern literature.

This first triumph of the future novelist—obtained, curiously enough, by a book which was not a novel—failed to smoothe the way onward and upward for Balzac as speedily and pleasantly as might have been supposed. He had another stumble on that hard road of his, before he fairly started on the career of success. Soon after the publication of the Physiology of Marriage, an unlucky idea of strengthening his resources by trading in literature, as well as by writing books, seems to have occurred to him. He tried bookselling and printing; proved himself to be, in both cases, probably the very worst man of business who ever lived and breathed in this world; failed in the most hopeless way, with the most extraordinary rapidity; and so learnt at last, by the cruel teaching of experience, that his one fair chance of getting money lay in sticking fast to his pen for the rest of his days. In the next ten years of his life that pen produced the noble series of fictions which influenced French literature far and wide, and which will last in public remembrance long after the miserable errors and inconsistencies of the writer's personal character are forgotten. This was the period when Balzac was in the full enjoyment of his matured intellectual powers and his enviable public celebrity; and this was also the golden time when his publisher and biographer first became acquainted with him. Now, therefore, Monsieur Werdet may be encouraged to come forward and take the post of honour as narrator of the strange story that is still to be told; for now he is placed in the fit position to address himself intelligibly, as well as amusingly, to an English audience.

The story opens with the starting of Monsieur Werdet as a publisher in Paris, on his own account. The modest capital at his command amounted to just one hundred and twenty pounds English; and his leading idea, on beginning business, was to become the publisher of Balzac.

He had already entered into transactions, on a large scale, with his favourite author, in the character of agent for a publishing-house of high standing. He had been very well received, on that first occasion, as a man representing undeniable capital and a great commercial position. On the second occasion, however, of his representing nobody but himself and nothing but the smallest of existing capitals, he very wisely secured the protection of an intimate friend of Balzac's, to introduce him as favourably as might be, for the second time. Accompanied by this gentleman, whose name was Monsieur Barbier, and carrying his capital in his pocket-book, the embryo publisher nervously presented himself in the sanctum sanctorum of the great man.

Monsieur Barbier having carefully explained the business on which they came, Balzac addressed himself, with an indescribable suavity and grandeur of manner, to anxious Monsieur Werdet.

"Ha! just so," said the eminent man. "You are doubtless possessed, sir, of considerable capital? You are probably aware that no man can hope to publish for ME who is not prepared to assert himself magnificently in the matter of cash? I sell high—high—very high. And, not to deceive you—for I am incapable of suppressing the truth—I am a man who requires to be dealt with on the principle of considerable advances. Proceed, sir—I am prepared to listen to you."

But Monsieur Werdet was too cautious to proceed without strengthening his position before starting. He entrenched himself instantly behind his pocket-book.

One by one, the notes of the Bank of France, which formed the poor publisher's small capital, were drawn out of their snug hiding-place. Monsieur Werdet produced six of them, representing five hundred francs each (or, as before mentioned, a hundred and twenty pounds sterling), arranged them neatly and impressively in a circle on the table, and then cast himself on the author's mercy in an agitated voice, and in these words:

"Sir! behold my capital. There lies my whole fortune. It is yours in exchange for any book you please to write for me——"

At that point, to the horror and astonishment of Monsieur Werdet, his further progress was cut short by roars of laughter—formidable roars, as he himself expressly states—bursting from the lungs of the highly diverted Balzac.

"What remarkable simplicity!" exclaimed the great man. "Sir! I really admire you. Sir! do you actually believe that I—I—De Balzac—can so entirely forget what is due to myself as to sell you any conceivable species of fiction which is the product of MY PEN, for the sum of three thousand francs? You have come here, sir, to address an offer to me, without preparing yourself by previous reflection. If I felt so disposed, I should have every right to consider your conduct as unbecoming in the highest degree. But I don't feel so disposed. On the contrary, I can even allow your honest ignorance, your innocent confidence, to excuse you in my estimation—that is to say, to excuse you to a certain extent."

Between disappointment, indignation, and astonishment, Monsieur Werdet was struck dumb. His friend, Monsieur Barbier, therefore spoke for him, urging every possible consideration; and finally proposing that Balzac, if he was determined not to write a new story for three thousand francs, should at least sell one edition of an old one for that sum. Monsieur Barbier's arguments were admirably put: they lasted a long time; and when they had come to an end, they received this reply:

"Gentlemen!" cried Balzac, pushing back his long hair from his heated temples, and taking a fresh dip of ink, "you have wasted an hour of MY TIME in talking of trifles. I rate the pecuniary loss thus occasioned to me at two hundred francs. My time is my capital. I must work. Gentlemen! leave me." Having expressed himself in these hospitable terms, the

great man immediately resumed the process of composition.

Monsieur Werdet, naturally and properly indignant, immediately left the room. He was overtaken, after he had proceeded a little distance in the street, by his friend Barbier, who had remained behind to remonstrate.

"You have every reason to be offended," said Barbier. "His conduct is inexcusable. But pray don't suppose that your negotiation is broken off. I know him better than you do; and I tell you that you have nailed Balzac. He wants money, and before three days are over your head he will return your visit?"

"If he does," replied Werdet, "I'll pitch him out of window."

"No, you won't," said Barbier. "In the first place, it is an extremely uncivil proceeding to pitch a man out of window; and, as a naturally polite gentleman, you are incapable of committing a breach of good manners. In the second place, rude as he has been to you, Balzac is not the less a man of genius; and, as such, he is just the man of whom you, as a publisher, stand in need. Wait patiently; and in a day or two you will see him, or hear from him again."

Barbier was right. Three days afterwards, the following satisfactory communication was received by Monsieur Werdet:

"My brain, sir, was so prodigiously preoccupied by work uncongenial to my fancy, when you visited me the other day, that I was incapable of comprehending otherwise than imperfectly what it was that you wanted of me.

"To-day, my brain is not preoccupied. Do me the favour to come and see me at four o'clock.

"A thousand civilities.

"De Balzac."

Monsieur Werdet viewed this singular note in the light of a fresh impertinence. On consideration, however, he acknowledged it, and curtly added that important business would prevent his accepting the appointment proposed to him.

In two days more, friend Barbier came with a second invitation from the great man. But Monsieur Werdet steadily refused it. "Balzac has already been playing his game with me," he said. "Now it is my turn to play my game with Balzac. I mean to keep him waiting four days longer."

At the end of that time, Monsieur Werdet once more entered the sanctum sanctorum. On this second occasion, Balzac's graceful politeness was indescribable. He deplored the rarity of intelligent publishers. He declared his deep sense of the importance of an intelligent publisher's appearance in the literary horizon. He expressed himself as quite enchanted to be enabled to remark the said appearance, to welcome it, and even to deal with it. Polite as he was by nature, Monsieur Werdet had no chance this time against Monsieur de Balzac. In the race of civility the publisher was now nowhere, and the author made all the running.

The interview, thus happily begun, terminated in a most agreeable transaction on both sides. Balzac cheerfully locked up the six bank notes in his strong-box. Werdet, as cheerfully, retired with a written agreement in his empty pocket-book, authorising him to publish the second edition of Le Médecin de Campagne—by no means, it may be remarked in parenthesis, one of the best to select of the novels of Balzac.

Here, leaving him at the consummation of his hopes, started in business with an edition to sell of his favourite author, we must part with Monsieur Werdet, who has now arrived, in the course of his portrait-painting, at the end of the First Sitting. How he and the great man subsequently got on together, and what extraordinary revelations of Balzac's character, mode of life, and habits of literary composition were subsequently vouchsafed to his long suffering publisher shall be recorded next week, as ingredients in those remaining portions of the Portrait which are left to be completed at the Second Sitting.

TRADE SONGS. THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Hush, my boy! hush, my blessing!
Winds and waters, are they wild?
Let them scream their noisy song;
Let them rave and rush along.
Thou'rt a sailor's child!

Father?—he is on the seas,
Far away, far away;
Mother?—thou art on her knees,
And she prays above thee,
Prays that God will love thee,
Night and day!

Are we poor? What wantest thou
With a ton of gold?
All the milk I have is thine;
Thou shalt have the days that shine;
I will bear the cold.

THE OLD SERVITOR.

Who travels on the road to-night?
It is the ancient Servitor.
He stumbles on from left to right;
He winks beneath the starry light;
The poor old Servitor!

An alms-man, he is poor and old;
No silver hath he now in store:
His face is thin, and pinched with cold,
His mantle grey is round him rolled;
The worn-out Servitor.

A staff is tottering in his hand:
He takes his journey o'er and o'er,
Without an object, gained or planned;
He withers on the fertile land,
The fallen Servitor.

He once had fortune—youth, and height,
And strength, and merry words in store;
He served a lord in his morning bright;
But now he wanes into the night,
The fading Servitor.

He hath his little alms-house room
(His name and number on the door);
But dark. Perhaps, amid the gloom,
He sees the Phantom of a tomb,
The poor, sad Servitor.

Time passes on; and he must soon
Lie silent on the silent shore;
Beyond the morning's golden tune—
Beyond the glory of the moon;
The old dead Servitor.

RIGHT THROUGH THE POST.

Some time in the would-be merry month of May, of this present year, I became a letter—a highly privileged, registered letter—thanks to Mr. Page, the Inspector-General of Mails.

I was sent to the post in the hands of a boy—a boy who had often posted my letters, and who now posted me. In the regular course of things I should have gone to the nearest office—a grocer's shop—where I should have reposed, for a time, within hearing of the grinding of a steam coffee-mill, the bumping of sugar-packets upon the counter, and within the fragrant influence of the pounded mocha. This was, however, prevented by another boy, who met my carrier, just as he was dallying with his charge, having twice put me into the hole devoted to the inland and colonial mails, without relinquishing his hold, and having twice withdrawn me in playful hesitation.

"Don't go a-chuckin' the letter in there," said the other boy.

"Why not?" asked my boy.

"Put 'em in a lamp-post broke short off," replied the other boy.

The two set off "up the road" for one of the pillar letter-boxes. Here much climbing, overing, and rough inspection of the novel office took place, and it was full ten minutes before I was dropped in. I felt as if I was sinking into the bowels of the earth, and I was much relieved when I found I had reached the bottom.

My companions were pretty numerous; but they were nearly all business letters. True, my pillar-box was in a business neighbourhood, not far from the chief office; but that was not alone sufficient to account for this fact. Although there are nearly twelve hundred of these useful traps set in different parts of the metropolis, to catch as many as possible of the five hundred and twenty-three millions of letters that flew last year, as thick as locusts, all over the land, there is a certain class of letters that never go into anything but a "regular" post-office, and probably never will. Any lady who could post a love-letter in one of the pillar-boxes must be an extremely unconventional, bold, and decided person, rather difficult to deal with harmoniously in the married state.

For this, and other reasons, my companions were full-sized, blue-wove, well-directed commercial letters; most of them announcing the approaching appearance of "our Mr. Binks," with well-assorted samples, in some expectant country town, and some of them conveying to some unsuspecting manufacturer the earliest intelligence of a heavy bad debt.

After we had rested together very peaceably for about an hour, the door of our temporary prison-house was opened by a scarlet postman. He looked in as a boy looks into a bird-trap which he has set in a field, or as a climbing urchin looks into a nest half full of eggs in the hollow of a tree. We were taken out without much ceremony or delay, and thrust into a bag; and in about ten minutes' time we found ourselves within the great inland sorting-office of the General Post-office.

Having been duly sorted, I am hurried, along with a crowd of companions, into a large bag, which is then sealed with a strong sealing-wax, and sent sliding down a smooth, shining, steep, inclined plane, into the daylight, and on to the platform of the Post-office northern court-yard. Here we find a number of guards and porters ready to receive us, in company with many other bags, and many really dismal, but rather would-be gay-looking, vehicles, drawn up to convey us to our different railway stations. These are the Post-office vans, furnished and horsed by contract, to the department, for a payment of ten thousand pounds per annum; and forming the only existing link that binds the railway-governed Post-office of to-day, to the mail-coach-governed Post-office of the past.

In shape, the Post-office van is like a prison-van; in colour it is a mixture of dingy black and red; and in condition it is dreadfully shattered and work-worn. Something of the hearse also mingles in its composition, and something of the omnibus. Its stand, when off duty, is at the end of Bedford-row, Holborn, where it basks in the sun, within a maze of posts, against the dead wall, looking with its companions like a crooked line of Chelsea pensioners waiting for the doctor. They are occasionally used as night-houses of refuge by the Arabs of St. Giles's, who have been known to ride in them asleep, to meet the morning mails at one of the railway stations.

In one of these vehicles I was stuffed with my companions, feeling very much (as the man must have felt who was placed in charge of us) as if I had been convicted of felony at the Old Bailey, and was going to a penal servitude of four years. Our destination was, however, Euston-square, and we were the first of some seventeen similar despatches in some seventeen similar vans, that form an unbroken stream between St. Martin's-le-Grand and the London and North-Western Railway terminus, every night from 7 P.M. to 8.30 P.M.

When we arrived, we were received by responsible Post-office clerks, passed through a special entrance made for us by the railway company in the side wall of the station, to save a few minutes of our valuable time, and deposited full in the front of our special train.

Our train was nearly all Post-office, and very little public. Those passengers who went by it had to pay a high tariff, and book their places some few days in advance. The train consisted of seven postal carriages and three passenger carriages (according to contract), all made up ready to start from 7 to 8.35 P.M. The passenger carriages were in front, the mail carriages behind, and the latter consisted of a sorting carriage and mail-bag van, or tender, for the Mid-

land and East Coast Mail; two sorting-offices and one tender for the North Mail (of which I was a part); and two other tenders employed for the intermediate mails. In two of the three sorting-offices in the train, the letters posted in London, or passing through London for the smaller towns on the line, and which have already undergone one divisional sortation at the Chief Office, are received, and again sorted for their final destination. In the third of the three sorting-offices in the train, the bags of cross-post letters from the towns arrived at on the road are received, sorted, and, in some cases, made-up and re-despatched, without the train having had to submit to a moment's delay, or to slacken its even pace of five-and-forty miles an hour. This is the Railway Post-office—properly so called—and into this department of the train —being a privileged letter—I was freely permitted to go.

The Railway Post-office was an exceedingly comfortable, well-furnished business carriage, broad as the gauge of the railway would allow, and as long as an ordinary room. The door was in the centre, having on its right a large window hole, shut up with a wooden shutter, and extending across nearly one-half of the carriage. Sometimes, the interior reminded me of a bagatelle-table, when I looked at the green cloth counters running along both ends, and nearly along the whole length of the back; sometimes, it reminded me of a large laundry, when I looked at the full bags lying unopened upon the floor, and the many empty bags (marked with the names of towns) hanging on pegs from the half wall on the left of the entrance door. Sometimes the hundred pigeon-holes and shelves which covered the three sides of the carriage immediately over the three counters, suggested an elaborate mahogany kitchen dresser, the spaces in which were being continually filled by maniac card-players, silently dealing out eternal, never-ending, ever-renewing packs of cards in a phantom game of whist.

As soon as the average speed of the train was attained, the bags on the floor were opened by the guard. Packets of letters, tied up with a string were thrown upon the back counter, to be divided amongst the three sorting clerks (the whole postal part of the train employs fourteen clerks, and six guards), dozens of newspapers, parcels, pill-boxes, sample-packets, thin cases of artificial flowers, rolls of music, and photographs done up in envelopes as large as tea-trays, were thrown upon the end counter at the head of the carriage; and the work began. Each man stood under a shaded globular lamp, shaking very much throughout his frame, and swaying to and fro like a circus-rider on his horse. The carriage is bright and glowing, and its speed is something between forty and fifty miles an hour. Letters are rapidly conveyed to the different pigeon-holes, sometimes high, sometimes low, sometimes on one side, and then on the other; sometimes, with a little hesitation when the writing which tells the post-town is not very clear (the name of the county being placed on the letter is rather an hindrance to the sorters than otherwise); sometimes, with a circular wave of the hand, when the mind is in doubt, for a moment, where to deposit the letter; nearly always, more with regard to a sorting system peculiar to the sorter, than the names of the different towns which appear over the pigeon-holes. One clerk devotes himself to the registered letters, which have to be entered on a printed list; and he stands in a half-stooping posture, at a little distance from the counter, with a quill pen in one hand, and a small square board, on which is stretched the paper, clasped firmly in the other; jotting down the names and addresses in a touch-and-go style, which long practice has adapted to the motion of a flying, wabbling platform, that passes over a mile in a minute. The third clerk, preferring to be seated at his work, pulls out a swivel seat from under the counter that looks very much like a dark Westphalia ham.

After the guard has been busy, for a short time, at the head end of the carriage, seemingly in tossing the newspapers and packets about, like a potato-washer over a tub of potatoes, he takes another turn at the bags, and makes up the sealed mail for the first post-station. When he has tied and sealed the dirty white skin bag, which contains the allowance of letters for one small town, and a score of smaller villages, he straps it up in a dark brown leather covering until it looks like a pedlar's pack, and then he proceeds to attach it to the external machinery of the carriage. He is an experienced guard, familiar with every river, bridge, and point, who knows, by the sound of the roaring and clattering train, at what moment to "let down the net, and put out for delivery," as the printed instructions phrase it. The shutter of the large single window-hole is pushed down in its groove, and a gust of cold night air, laden with the scent of earth and grass, and trees, comes freshly into the hot and busy carriage. The guard looks out along the dark line of rising and falling hedges, and through the trees at the low horizon, for some expected signal light, and then proceeds to the door, which he pushes back in its side groove. Reaching out his arm round the window side of the carriage, he drags in an iron bar, that swings by several hinges, at the extremity of which he fastens the packed mail, now lying on the floor, by means of a spring, and casts it away from the carriage over the rails, where it drops and hangs suspended at right angles, like a heavy bait put out to catch fish. This operation completed, he returns to the open window, where he pushes down a mechanical arrangement, which forms a projecting receiving net, and which sounds, in its descent, as if the whole carriage were falling to pieces. After a few seconds' suspense, the bait appears to have taken; the carriage passes under several bags of letters, which are suspended from the postal station, and over a similar net, projecting from the station also; the machinery of the railway acts upon the machinery of the carriage; the one bag drops into the roadside net—or into a roadside ditch, as any

one would suppose who merely observed the operation from the carriage; at the same instant, several bags come tumbling into the carriage net, as if from the moon. Before the guard has hauled them all in, dragged up the net, and shut out the fresh night air once more, the whole train has shot half a mile beyond the place where the Railway Post-office has effected this advantageous exchange.

The guard instantly plunges head first amongst his new treasures, which he opens, and presents to the sorting clerks. Letters that have been brought by hand and cart from some quiet village in the heart of Hertfordshire, and whose destination is some quiet village in the heart of Kent, are now careering towards the north with the speed of the wind, to be sorted, made up, and sent back, along their proper arteries, at the next postal station. Local papers going to London to set an example to the metropolitan press; London papers sucked dry by provincial politicians, and sent across the country to some fourth or fifth day's reader; letters from country grocers to their London merchants, which smell of tobacco, cheese, and tea; dead letters from the country post town, done up in a funeral black bag, and money-order communications encased in large coarse envelopes, the colour of golden orange; neat little pink notes from Lady Fusbos in the country to the Hon. Miss Busfos in town, one posted close upon the other, and the latter rendering the former null and void; letters from country lawyers about rents and land, addressed in that unmistakable clear hand which is recognised as the law clerk's with half a glance; letters from country drapers to that firm not far from Watling-street, stating that it will be utterly impossible to meet that bill which will fall due on the fourth of that month; letters from the indefatigable Mr. Binks, the commercial traveller, enclosed in printed envelopes, addressed to "the firm," and containing long sheets of orders to a highly satisfactory amount; letters with narrow black borders, that show how death has distantly appeared to some household, and letters with broad black borders, that show how his dark shadow has fallen very near; letters with the whitest of envelopes, and the firmest of contents, which tell of something more cheerful than the grave; letters in brown and yellow envelopes, with equally solid contents, which convey some country auctioneer's card to view a property that is advertised for sale; letters that are warm and affectionate, free and easy, cold and dignified; letters where compliments are presented, where Sir gradually thaws into Dear sir, Dear sir into My dear sir, and so on through Tomkins, Henry, Harry, Hal, Old fellow, and Everlasting brick; letters that are registered in heaven, letters that are registered on earth, and letters that are registered in the other extreme—these, and many more whose contents could not be guessed by their exteriors, are amongst the treasures which our guard has hauled in by the way.

Other baits were hung out at different points of our journey, always with the same successful result; and after we got to Rugby the work became doubly heavy as far as Preston, and our three clerks were increased to six. Heavy bags, it is true, were taken out at places where we stopped, but bags that were equally heavy were generally taken in, and the labour was always being renewed from the point where it seemed to leave off. The sorting from Rugby became more fast and furious; the ventilation of the carriage became more doubtful, and the scent of the sealing-wax more strong; the dust increased in a very perceptible degree; the sorters became more fishy-eyed and worn out, especially as they approached Preston—the town where they were to be relieved. The five thousand letters, which each officer is bound to sort during one journey, whether it be long or short, were just finished by each individual as the signal whistle announced the entry into the not very sightly station of the old Lancashire town. I leaped off the end counter, where I had long been sorted, out of the way, in my character as a letter, and at once reassumed my character of a bed-seeking, coffee-drinking man. The idle apprentices who had been tossing restlessly upon their costly, luxurious, first-class couches throughout the night, might have looked with envy upon the group of industrious apprentices who had never found a moment of time from London to Preston that hung, in the slightest degree, heavily upon their hands. Another batch of industrious apprentices were waiting to fill the vacant places, and before the inexperienced traveller had ascertained where he was, the Railway Post-office and its adjuncts were again upon their way. Dozens of such offices were at the same moment flying all over the country—flying, as they began to fly some twenty years ago—as they have, one or other, never ceased to fly from that hour to this. They will never cease to fly to the end of time.

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CHAPTER VII. MONSIEUR THE MARQUIS IN TOWN.

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but, his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four a-blaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second, milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third, presented the favoured napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favoured! —always was for England (by way of example), in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran: "The earth and the fulness therof are mine, saith Monseigneur."

Yet, Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself per force with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make anything at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmer-Generals were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence, Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent, while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind—always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality—was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For, the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two

extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got; these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in travelling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was touched, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodelling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has been since—to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris, that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur—forming a goodly half of the polite company—would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere, one solitary wife, who, in her manners and appearance, owned to being a Mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world—which does not go far towards the realisation of the name of mother—there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half-dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam, rage, roar, and turn cataleptic on the spot—thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future, for Monseigneur's guidance. Beside these Dervishes, were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth—which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on—and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But, the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, everybody there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and sticking up of hair, such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honour to the sense of smell, would surely keep anything going, for ever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner: who, in pursuance of the charm, was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monsieur Paris, as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans, and the rest, to call him, presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt, that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white-silk stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven—which may have been one among other reasons why the worshippers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave

of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There, Monseigneur turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing down stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that, he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing colour sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then, they gave a look of treachery, and cruelty, to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth, and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down stairs into the court-yard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But, few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and, in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not? But, the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving

gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it; when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Among the men, not one. But, the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

CHAPTER VIII. MONSIEUR THE MARQUIS IN THE COUNTRY.

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up, and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But, there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church-tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor, were not wanting; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was, that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his postilions' whips, which twined snake-like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his travelling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honour of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at, so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveller.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow?—where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, Dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond, was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually, it subsided to a foot pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postilions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of Our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life—his own life, maybe—for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse, and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage-door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition!"

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, the Marquis looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He cannot pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass."

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the carriage-door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten, it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady, I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!"

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and the Marquis, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was xchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

TOO MUCH FREEDOM ON THE SEAS.

The time should be gone by when we look for an outlaw in the bold sea captain; but there is still a restricted sense, and that a very painful one, in which the master of a trading vessel on the high seas is an outlaw. He may be an outlaw, just, honest, and merciful, whose right mind is his sufficient lawgiver and judge. Happy are they who row in the same boat with him! He may be unjust, dishonest, and merciless: one who can be terrified only by the horsehair of the law, and punished only by suffering and loss. When such a man has others beneath his control, and is himself subject to no control, woe to his victims! Men rougher than the seas they traverse, and more pitiless, are among those who command, in merchant vessels trading between England and America, as masters; or, more commonly have power as mates. These men are not types of the true American or English sailor. Honest Saxon seafarers born on either side of the Atlantic must and do contemn them; must desire that they shall not disgrace by their atrocities a great national calling, and escape swift retribution. There is no difficult and narrow question between English and American of mutual rights in this matter. What question there is, can readily be settled to the full content of all people who speak the English language.

A Liverpool Merchant, in a published letter, calls attention to "Unpunished Cruelties on the High Seas." At Liverpool they excite particular attention, because there is visible and constant evidence of their result. One or two hundred hospital patients who have been struck down by cruelties endured on board American ships, are every year under medical or surgical care, as "consul's cases." Into the den of London there comes much of the same kind of suffering; but its cry cannot so well be heard. It does, we believe, happen that cruelty is more common in the mercantile marine of the United States than in that of England. But, on board the merchant ships of the United States, hardly one man in five is a native American. Of the last ten cases of cruelty sent back to the United States for trial, not one had an American for defendant, and, in five of them, the criminals were natives of Great Britain. This is no discussion, therefore, about purging others of offence. The Bogota, in which a demoniacal cruelty was inflicted, was an English vessel. But it happens that the part of the case which presents itself in the form most available for purposes of explanation concerns merchant ships of the United States trading with Liverpool.

If an offence be committed in a foreign ship while actually lying in an English river, it is punishable by the English law; but, if it be committed in an American ship some four miles from the shore, all that can be done is this: the

American consul requires that the accused be delivered up to him, in order that he may be sent to the United States for trial. This is the operation of the Extradition Treaty of the year forty-two, but practically it occurs only with respect to the crimes of murder, or assault with intent to murder, robbery, piracy, arson, forgery, and the utterance of forged papers. Ordinary assault cases, even when they issue in manslaughter, cannot be tried in England. Neither are they despatched for trial to the other side of the Atlantic, and may therefore be committed with impunity. Three years ago, the body of a man, killed by the third mate of an American ship, was brought ashore at Liverpool. A coroner's jury sat upon it, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter. The American consul applied for the prisoner, in order that he might be sent back to America for trial. But our Home-office decided that the offence was not referred to in the treaty. The offender, therefore, was set free.

Even when the consul has his prisoner, so that he may enforce his return home for trial, he cannot compel all the witnesses to recross the Atlantic for the sake of giving evidence. They possibly may have, or fancy that they have, more profitable business to be looked after elsewhere; or they may sail back, and yet be lost for purposes of justice. In the middle of last December, the Etiwan, an American ship, was in the Mersey, not abreast of Liverpool, but about two miles and a half north-west of the Crosby light-ship. A seaman on board attacked the second mate fiercely, stabbed him twice on the cheek, and nine times more on other parts of the body. The prisoner's defence was that the English court had no jurisdiction over him, because a ship two or three miles north-west of the Crosby light-ship was not legally within the port of Liverpool. This plea, after much discussion, was allowed to be good, and the prisoner was sent for trial to America, at an expense of a hundred pounds. Two sufficient witnesses were despatched with him. The witnesses, having landed, disappeared on business of their own, and the ruffian, after all the trouble taken, had to be discharged from custody.

A second mate, who by knocking a man off the yard had caused his death, was to be sent back to the United States for trial; but no offers of the consul could persuade the material witness, who was a Spaniard, to go back and give his evidence. In every such case the prisoner must go unpunished.

The great mass, however, of the unpunished offences are the ordinary cruelties that can never come before a court at all; being beyond the jurisdiction of our English law, and below notice in a treaty. The American consul has, indeed, a power of his own to take revenge upon the pocket of the captain (and the captain only) in a vessel on board of which a man has suffered wrongful hurt. He may compel him to pay three months' extra wages to the sufferer. Yet it is only in a few cases that the captain has been himself the offender, and, in many cases, it is he who has protected some poor victim from a brutal mate. Again, for injured men sent to the hospital as consul's cases from a ship newly come into port, the consul pays twelve shillings a week, which he recovers from the captain. This arrangement, of course, overlooks all minor cases, and leaves many wretched sufferers to find their way, not to the hospital, but to the workhouse. In Liverpool, there is a Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, which is in the habit of attending to some cases of ill-usage that do not reach the hospital.

Many of these victims of cruelty were no doubt disappointed emigrants, or other wretched men ignorant of seamanship, who had engaged rashly to work their passage home, and suffered heavily for their incompetence. Others are men, not seamen, who were trepanned on board by vessels pressed for time and short of hands. The Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress met with a broken-down German who had been sent as a clerk on business to a vessel and detained in it; another German was engaged as a steward; others were engaged as surgeons. All were crushed with sailors' work.

What cruelty on shipboard is, we have all heard again and again. Our present purpose is, to assist in urging that it shall not be committed with impunity. Let there be no right of outlawry pertaining to the open sea.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS.

PART III.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

It was at the end of a fortnight spent in an hotel—a good hotel, and in a fashionable quarter—that there entered my head a thought, which had previously kept its distance.

It was at the end of a fortnight that it slowly dawned upon me that, what with dinners at expensive cafés, what with orchestra stalls, what with irresistible gloves, mechanical hats, opportunities of getting boots of French leather and similar mad extravagances, I was spending a great deal of money. And the hotel bill! Let us face that bill at once. Let us see where we are.

I received that bill with a calm and guarded countenance, with a gentlemanly air and a gay smile. But my soul sank within me aghast at its proportions. Its proportions, indeed, were such that it became highly desirable that now for a season I should economise exceedingly. So much the better. It has been said that a man may live cheaply in Paris. I will make trial of the experiment. Let me live no longer in hotels. Let me seek a lodgment. Let me rough it. Let me hug penury to my soul. Let my pomp take physic, and let me expose myself to feel what wretches feel. My mails are made, my bill is paid, and a sweet little column of napoleons—a little pile of gold—and I have parted company for ever. Now let me prowl about unfashionable quarters, and when I have secured a room of cheapness, let me return for my luggage, and have it out with squalor.

"Yes, dear and admirable lady, the chamber is, as you remark, a pleasant one, but then you say it will not be vacant for four days, and I want to come in at once."

"Well, but here is another room—would I mind occupying that till the pleasant one is empty? It is not quite such a nice chamber, certainly, but——"

No, it certainly is not. The bed is short. The room is small and fusty, and half filled up with a gigantic china stove. But then four nights—'tis not long. "Very well, I will take it, and there's an end. I come in to-night."

Fatal, fatal decision. Why did I not vacillate, as all sensible people should? Why did I make up my mind in that absurd manner? Oh Indecision!—dear, wise, prudent, looking-before-you-leap, much-abused, invaluable quality—why did I not listen to you then?

Oh Indecision! why this dead set against thee on every hand? How often hast thou stood me in good stead. I will surely one day write an essay on thee, in thy defence, and prove how many things (besides that marriage with Amelia Long) thou hast rescued me from, which would have been pernicious in the extreme.

And thou wouldst—dear one—have rescued me from that chamber of horrors if I had but listened to thee—for thou wert tugging at my heart and saying "don't" all the time I was committing myself.

If the man in the lounging-cap and the dressing-gown, with the smile and the evil countenance, who received me on my arrival at my lodgings with my luggage—if he had shown me over the house in the first instance instead of employing his wife for the purpose, I should never have taken the apartment. However, it was too late now to recede, so I could only determine to make the best of it and to keep out of the house as much as possible.

Out of it at once, just depositing my baggage and looking round with horror. Out of the fusty room, and away to dinner and the play.

Hang it, though, I forgot: economy is to be the order of the day. I must have a cheap dinner, and as to the play, well suppose, just for a night or two, I was to give that luxury up? What's this? a dinner for two francs and a quarter. That's my affair. "Why give more?" as the advertisements say, when they want us to purchase South African port, or anything else equally cheap and (if there is anything of which it may be said) equally nasty.

How many legs has a fowl, my child?—Two.—And how many wings?—Two.—Then if I go into a tavern and ask for some chicken, the chance of my getting a wing is equal to that of my being served with a leg?—Yes, sir; the chances are equal.—Are they?

Where is the individual who ever went into a tavern, and calling for some chicken, was provided with a wing? He does not exist, or if he does, is about as common as a man who would fail to look into the mirror twelve times per hour when he is growing a mous——Stop!

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

We were talking of economy. Of economy, and the legs of fowls. The two things go well together.

Economy and Paris do *not* go well together. It was economy that led me, as described in the last chapter but one, to cross the threshold of the Café Cartilagineux, which is as nasty a tavern as you will find anywhere. How should it be otherwise when you get soup, fish, an entrée, a roast, a sweet, a bottle of wine, and a dessert, for two francs and a quarter, and with a choice of two dishes in every one of the departments which I have mentioned. It was this possibility of choice, by-the-by, which led to a piece of politeness on the part of an old French officer, for which I shall ever be grateful. Bewildered by a most mysterious name which was appended to one of the dishes on the carte, I was questioning the waiter very closely about it, but being able to get nothing out of him, except that it was "excellent," I determined to judge for myself, and was just ordering it to be brought, when an old officer, decorated with the Legion of Honour, who sat behind me, and had evidently overheard my conversation with the waiter, this old gentleman, touching me on the shoulder, said, with a polite bow and a smile, "Eccuse me, sare, you veel not laike it. It is bluid of peeg."

I shall be ever thankful to the man who saved me from eating "blood of pig," especially at the Café Cartilagineux, and I hope, if he meets with the present number of this periodical, that he will accept this public testimony of my gratitude in a kindly spirit.

"The uses of adversity" may be sweet; nay, they *are* so, we know it on good authority, but woe to the man whose adversity compels him to have a cheap dinner at Paris.

In London a man may have a chop, potatoes, and a pint of bitter ale, all admirable of their kind, at a very economical rate—a dinner that anybody might sit down to. In Paris, if you seek a corresponding meal, which would be a "bifteck" surrounded with potatoes, you must go to a wretched hole to eat it, because at any place where this dish would be served in an eatable condition, you would be treated with contempt if you ordered so small a dinner. It is a vile arrangement. You have the same dinner for two francs at the Café Cagmag that you get for twelve at Véfour's. Only in one case all the dishes are disgustingly bad, and in the other inconceivably good.

Except at Byron's Tavern, an English house at the back of the Opera Comique, where there is a table d'hôte at three francs a head, you cannot get a cheap dinner in Paris. That is to say, a dinner which a man with a palate can eat without loathing. Let this be distinctly understood. It is very important.

There are in this world persons without palates. I write not for them. Let them fill their stomachs with garbage at the Café Cartilagineux, and come out triumphant with a toothpick in their mouths, or let them go to a

wine-shop and masticate a "bifteck" swimming in oily butter, washed down with draughts of wine which resembles red ink in consistency and flavour. For such men I write not. For those who mind what they eat it is, I think, impossible to dine at Paris (except at the tavern I have mentioned above) for less than six or seven francs, including everything.

I am going to tell the reader a thing for which he may laugh at me if he will.

Although I never went to the Café Cartilagineux without execrating its fare, I yet found in that place of entertainment one source of attraction which caused me to take my meal of horseflesh there more frequently than suited my organs of digestion or my sense of taste.

At the buffet which stands in the middle of the large room in which the bad dinners are served there sits a middle-aged matron of comfortable appearance, whose function it is to make out the bills, to distribute the bits of sugar for coffee, and otherwise to superintend the general cartilaginous arrangements of the Café.

Seated beside this personage, and enclosed behind the buffet as within the outworks of a fortification, there would be found occasionally —but not always—a young girl, her daughter—a pearl of loveliness.

I have never seen a more refined or exalted beauty. I have never seen a human being so misplaced. I know neither modesty nor goodness when I see them, if this girl (to whom I never spoke a word in my life) was not possessed of a pure and loving soul.

What a combination was here. What an instance of that irony of which one sees examples in every hour of life. Consider it well. In this scene of French tavern existence, of common feeding, of vile meat and viler cookery, in this sickly atmosphere of stews and gravies, of weaky soups and leggy fowls, in this din of squalor, in this sordid environment, there is found a jewel, for which the gilding of a palace would be a mean and unworthy sitting.

Strange and terrible anomaly! Sudden and bewildering transition. Straight, and at one step, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from grossest garbage to most glorious beauty, from rough and vulgar discord to a strain of harmony that holds the senses rapt.

Must I own that I often went to this wretched tavern, simply that I might have the pleasure of sitting near this charming creature, that I found a sense of companionship in the mere fact of being in the room with her—and that I never left that miserable café but in a gentler mood than when I entered it. Must I own this, and hear the reader say, "This is either a boy of eighteen, or an idiot." Yet I am neither—or at any rate I am not eighteen. I have almost forgotten that I ever was. It must be, then, that I am idiotic—to go and eat bad dinners that I may be in the room with the guardian of a side-board.

If it is not easy to dine cheap at Paris, it is equally difficult to go to the play in an economical manner. At some of the theatres, it is true, there are besides the "fauteuils d'orchestre," a range of places between them and the pit, called "stalles d'orchestre," in which you can sit with some degree of ease, at a moderate expenditure. An admirable arrangement by-the-by, which may be seen, together with all other admirable arrangements, at our own new Adelphi.

The stalles d'orchestre, however, are not to be met with in all the Parisian theatres, and woe to the man who buries himself in delusive "pourtours" or "baignoires." Woe still more to him who ascends. The heat, the absence of ventilation (rendered so much more unendurable by the closing of all the box doors), these things prevent a man from taking any pleasure in what is going on.

The tyranny of officials in Paris is seen everywhere, and is perfectly unbearable. Routine is adhered to and enforced, as in this matter of the hermetical sealing of box doors, in a manner very difficult to submit to. The French mob are strangely and inconsistently submissive in all these matters, and allow themselves to be treated like children.

The cheap dinner and the cheap theatrical experience, then, being alike unsatisfactory, let us now go home to our apartment and see how we like the cheap lodgings. Perhaps the room may look nicer with the bed made. Unhappily there is one defect about that bed though, which all the making in the world will never remedy. It is so desperately and insanely short. I know by measurement that I can never be comfortable in that bed. By measurement, I say. I tested the length of that couch with my umbrella while there was nobody looking. I am two umbrellas long, and that bed measures an umbrella and three-quarters. How can I hope for rest? How can a man sleep peacefully in a bed which is a quarter of an umbrella too short for him? I must make up my mind to it, however. There is no remedy, let there be no regret. Let me——What's this?—I am grasping the sheet in my hand to test its dryness—Damp? No, not damp—wet—wringing wet. Ha! ha!—a short bed and a damp, eh? We will lie down in our clothes.

Lying down in your clothes is a pleasant and refreshing process. But why does it make you feel the next morning as if you had been beaten with clubs from head to foot—as if you had been intoxicated overnight? Why does no amount of washing make you feel clean? Why do your limbs ache, and why are your eyes full of sand? Lying down in your clothes is just better than rheumatic fever—and that's all.

Yet I had two nights of it. For I had taken such an aversion to the room and to the house I was lodging in, that the day after my first experience of the damp sheets I fled from the shelter of the odious walls and kept out all day. It was the day of that walk in the suburbs, of which more is said elsewhere. I deluded myself with vain hopes that the sheets would get dry of themselves. But they did nothing of the kind, and I was compelled to seek a trousered repose once more.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THERE is a bolt upon the door. Let it do its office. I'm at home to nobody—nor must anybody read this chapter but those who are prepared to go into a domestic matter of great interest, but of an essentially private nature.

I cannot and will not stand another night of sleeping in my clothes. It is not to be endured. What must I do then? The sheets are not a bit less damp than they were the first night. There remains but one course open to me: I must air my bedding. Won't remonstrate, the thing must be done.

First of all a roaring fire in the china stove. What a fire! What a stove! How it roars and cracks with metallic snappings in the chimney! I wish it may not burst suddenly, and fall into the midst of the room a mass of heated china, of fiery fuel, and red-hot iron chimney. That china stove is so large and gets so hot, that very soon I feel as if the marrow in my bones was dried up and turned to powder. My tongue rattles against the roof of my mouth. Asphyxia will ensue unless something is done to air the room. The window must be opened. Impossible, it won't stir: it is a French window, opening—or rather *not* opening—down the middle. A plague upon the French window! I don't believe it's ever been opened in its life. I am getting angry: tug, pull, rattle, shake—no use. Knee against lower part of window-frame: now tug, pull, rattle, shake, again—no result whatever. Hold top of window with left hand and repeat the shaking process with right—worse and worse! And all this exertion in a room with no air in it, only stove smoke and mephitic vapour! I shall suffocate—I shall go mad—I shall have to break a pane of glass! One more mighty pull, with all my force and all my weight thrown into a last despairing effort: window opens suddenly without the slightest show of resistance, and I am flung upon my back contused and stunned. Never mind, the window is opened. Now for the grand event of the day—now for an assault upon the bedding.

Yes, a mattress is a difficult thing to manage all alone when you've got it off the bed, and when the room is small, and when there is a great deal of large furniture about, and when a stove, which singes everything that touches it, fills up two-thirds of the apartment. It is at such a time, I repeat, that a gentleman unaccustomed to mattresses will find that they are afflicted with a weakness which renders them ever ready to droop upon his head as he carries them in his arms, leaving more flue upon his hair than he is usually in the habit of wearing. He will also find that they are apt, when placed before the fire, to double up in unexpected places, and to lean over heavily when propped against chairs, while the chairs themselves, on a highly polished oak floor, will not uncommonly slide back from the pressure of the mattress, and allow it to sink with aggravating languor to the ground.

It is much easier to deal with the blankets and sheets; for, once get the mattress to stand up upon its edge, and you can lay the other articles which require airing over it, and range them in a semicircle round the fire. Yes, this is much easier, and now I have succeeded in surrounding the china stove with a perfect amphitheatre of bedding. "Capital," I say to myself, "I shall get between the sheets to-night, at any rate—I shall——What's that? Well, it's a tap at the door.

"Who's there?" I howl.

"A gentleman," says the voice of my landlord, "wishes to see the room. As I am going to leave it in two days, will I allow him to enter."

What can I do but unbolt the door and admit them.

The man with the lounging-cap and the dressing-gown, and the evil smile, comes in, accompanied by a grave and short gentleman, who will fit the bed nicely—that man is not more than an umbrella and a half long, *I* know. "Pouf!" says the short gentleman, on entering the apartment, and I dare say it *does* strike hot, coming out of the air. "Pouf!" says the man with the lounging-cap and the evil eye. After one glance at the condition of the room, he never takes that eye off me, and never ceases to smile; but it is the tight smile with closed lips that indicates malice. The man who smiles like that will never forgive the implied dampness of his linen.

The conduct of the short gentleman is delicate in the extreme. He looks at the clock on the chimney-piece, at the floor, out of window, makes remarks on the prospect—does everything, in short, but look at the bedding before the stove. Bless him for it. As he leaves the room he waves his hand towards the table which is covered with manuscript, and says that he fears he has "deranged me." Blessings upon the head of that short Frenchman. "It is such delicacy as this," I said to myself, one hour afterwards—it took me an hour to recover—"it is such delicacy as this which has won for the French nation that reputation for a refined politeness which they deserve so well. What shall we say of such politeness. It warms the heart of him towards whom it is exercised with admiration, and fills him with a glow of gratitude. Nay, at this moment, while I think and write of it, it has made my heart feel lighter and more loving to all the world.

Alas, that this courtesy (I am obliged by truth to own it) is often of little value as showing a good heart. Alas, that one of the best and most generous men I know (it is my friend Growler of whom I am speaking) is at the same time so disagreeable and offensive in his manners that it is a pain to be in the room with him.

I did not make all these reflections, as I have said, till long after the short gentleman and the man with the lounging-cap had left the apartment. After bolting the door upon them, I fell down upon the mattress (which had taken the opportunity of its owner's entrance to sink upon the floor and do obeisance before him)—I fell, I say, upon the mattress, and remained speechless, with my mind a blank for thirty-five minutes by my aunt Jones's repeater.

At the expiration of which time I arose, and set myself to work to replace the bedding, which I had now aired to my satisfaction, and which, in case of any more visitors arriving, it would be as well to have in its place.

THE CLOWN'S SONG.

"Here I am!"—and the House rejoices;
Forth I tumble from out the slips;
"Here I am!"—and a hundred voices
Welcome me on with laughing lips.
The Master, with easy pride,
Treads the sawdust down;
Or quickens the horse's stride,
And calls for his jesting clown.

"What, ho, Mr. Merriman!—Dick,
Here's a lady that wants your place."
I throw them a somerset, quick,
And grin in some beauty's face.
I tumble, and jump, and chaff,
And fill them with wild delights;
Whatever my sorrow, I laugh,
Thro' the summer and winter nights.

I joke with the men, if I dare;
Do they strike, why I cringe and stoop;
And I ride like a bird in air,
And I jump through the blazing hoop.
Whatever they say or do,
I am ready with joke and jibe;
And, whenever the jests are new
I follow, like all my tribe.

But life is not all a jest,
Whatever the wise ones say;
For when I steal home to rest
(And I seek it at dawn of day),
If winter, there is no fire;
If summer, there is no air:
My welcome's a hungry choir
Of children, and scanty fare.

My wife is as lean a scold
As famine can make man's wife;
We are both of us sour and old
With drinking the dregs of life.
Yet, why do I sigh? I wonder
Would the "Pit" or the "Boxes" sigh,
Should I wash off my paint, and, under,
Show how a Fool must die?

OUR EYE-WITNESS.

We are about to introduce a new personage to the reader; or rather we are about to reveal in his true character a person with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted. Let the introduction take place with all the proper ceremony, and with due formality: Reader, Mr. David Fudge—Mr. David Fudge, Reader.

"Very happy," says reader, "to make the acquaintance of a gentleman with whose works I am so familiar—remember your charming description of—hum, ha, charming indeed—ha, hum."

And then the reader turns aside to us, the introducer, and asks in an under tone, "Who is he?" We reply that he is simply an observant gentleman who goes about with his eyes and ears open, who notes everything that comes in his way, and who has furnished to this periodical certain results of his faculty of observation. We further state that Mr. Fudge is familiarly known among his associates in labour as "the eye-witness," because he either has, or says he has, seen everything he describes. As our eye-witness, he undertook to report to us what he observed when he went to see the "Talking Fish," and anything that might strike him at the "Derby."

This is the report that he sends in:

Your eye-witness begs to report himself as having returned safe from the Derby.

He has also been to see the "Talking Fish."

Concerning the first of these Institutions he is not going to say anything except that he started smart and joyous, and returned dirty and penitent; that, having lost his money on "brother to Somebody," he objects henceforth to all race-horses who are relatives of distinguished characters, and prefers those that go upon their own merits; that a facetious stranger, one of a large party on the top of an omnibus, invited him to ascend and witness the race with the assurance that there was "plenty of room on the top of the whip," and that he finally *did* witness the race while executing a remarkable "act" of balancing with one foot on the edge of the hood of a phaeton, the other on a basket of provisions three feet distant, and with nothing to hold on by but the hat of a gentleman who was much intoxicated, and who was standing upon the spoke of a wheel, and a walking-stick.

So much for what your eye-witness observed at the Derby. Now for what he remarked when he assisted at the Exhibition of the Talking Fish, on Tuesday, the thirty-first of May—a thunderous and overcast day.

He remarked that this animal would be described with propriety as the Talking Fish, but for two circumstances—it is *not* a fish, and it does *not* talk. In the nine days appropriated to this wonder, no one appears to have noticed this little error in description. Under these circumstances your eye-witness is mistrustful of himself. Is he labouring under some delusion? Is a seal a fish? Is barking like a dog talking?

Perhaps it is. Perhaps the animal is not exhibited in Piccadilly; perhaps Piccadilly is not Piccadilly but Pall-mall; perhaps there is no equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington on Constitution-hill; perhaps it is easy to dance with ladies who wear hoops; perhaps they don't wear them at all; perhaps your eye-witness is perfectly happy; perhaps he has a large fortune; perhaps he didn't lose on the Derby; perhaps there is not a tree outside his bedroom window and a sparrow watching him from its branches as he writes; perhaps there is no war in Sardinia; perhaps the French alliance is a sound one; perhaps the Emperor of the French is unaffectedly fond of England; perhaps it was an unselfish thing to get up a dissolution of Parliament at the particular moment when it *was* got up; perhaps there was no dissolution at all; perhaps it is easy to cross over at the Regent-circus, Oxford-street; perhaps the New Adelphi is not a comfortable theatre; perhaps there is no humbug in advertisements; perhaps—perhaps a barking seal is a Talking Fish.

When your eye-witness entered the exhibition room, and when he saw it lying at the bottom of its tub, he was struck first of all by the creature's eyes, by their intelligence, their soft beauty, and by the glance of helpless appeal which it directed from one to the other of the faces by which it was surrounded. This was what struck him first. Then it struck him that, if convenient, he should like to have a large ship ready in the Pool of London, to convey the Talking Fish back to the coast of Africa from which it had been brought; then it struck him that as this was perhaps *not* convenient, he should like to have a rifle loaded with ball, with full liberty to discharge the same at the head of the poor seal, and so put her out of her misery at once and for all. These different inclinations having passed through the head of your eye-witness, and there appearing to be obstacles to the gratification of every one of them, it occurred to him next to resign himself to circumstances, to look about him, and see what was going on.

Nothing was going on. A large seal was lying at the bottom of an immense tub, round which about twenty persons were standing with their mouths open, wondering when the performance was to begin. The seal appeared to be almost in a torpid state, except when, as has been described above, it turned from time to time its languid eyes to the faces round the bath, looking from one to the other with vexed perplexity. It uttered, too, at intervals a sharp and painful cry, which was accompanied by a snapping sound, occasioned probably by the meeting of its teeth. A fat man, whom your witness liked, who spoke kindly to the seal; another man like a foreign ambassador, or Royal Duke, whom your witness disliked, who spoke savagely to the seal; and a faint-hearted man, whom your witness regarded in a negative light, who spoke childishly to the seal, seemed all to have a share in exhibiting the animal, and all tried, in their different ways, to make the poor beast exert itself.

It has been said that the seal uttered now and then a cry like a bark. This was only at intervals at first; but when the Royal Duke, mounting on a "coign of vantage," commenced a scientific lecture on the animal, which was, he said, to be "the subject of a few remarks," the seal took to barking violently and frequently, and at last never left off at all, taking it evidently as an insult that it should be lectured upon, and determining that not a word that was said about its nature and habits should reach the public. The Talking Fish not only declined to talk itself, but was an enemy to talkativeness in others.

"The extraordinary animal," the lecturer began—"the extraordinary animal—bow-wow—subject of the present exhibition—bow-wow, bow-wow—on the coast of Africa—bow-wow—mouth of the—bow-wow—river—bow-wow, bow-wow—disputed point—bow-wow—naturalists—bow-wow—indeed Professor—bow-wow—expresses himself to this effect—bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow—while that eminent comparative anatomist, Dr.—bow-wow—in treating on this subject—bow-wow, bow-wow—in his work on the function of—bow-wow—has been understood to say—bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow——

This was all that was audible of the lecture, the rest was lost in an uninterrupted volley of barking of the loudest and most overpowering description. The Royal Duke descended from his bad eminence in evident disgust, and saying to the faint-hearted man, "See what you can do with her," proceeded to look moodily on as if he were a spectator from outside, and to lash with many taunts the faint-hearted man, who for his part had evidently no hope of the seal from the beginning. The Talking Fish, it must be mentioned, was a female talking fish, and her name it seemed was Jenny.

"Will um's Jenny come and kiss um's hand?" said the faint-hearted man, leaning over the tub to address the seal. "No, of course she won't," he added, when the seal declined the invitation with a bark of disgust; "I knew she wouldn't."

"You've got no perseverance," said the Royal Duke; "why don't you go on at her till she does?"

"Much better leave her alone," said the fat man. "Poor Jenny," he continued, stooping over the bath. The seal rose up out of the water, and lifting up her face, kissed him as he uttered the words. "Poor Jenny," said the fat man, "have they been beating you, Jenny?"

Had they? Why did Jenny wince when the Royal Duke happened to wave his hand; why did she wince, and, shrinking away to the other end of the bath, look again from face to face in mute but strong appeal. Poor Jenny!

"Try her again," said the Royal Duke to the faint-hearted man.

"What's the good?" answered that despondent gentleman.

"Never mind asking, 'What's the good?'" retorted the Regal Potentate, "but try her again."

The gentleman who, according to the proverb, was disqualified for the winning of fair ladies, *did* try her again.

"Um's Jenny's naughty lickle girl not to kiss um's hand—come zen, kiss um's hand," said the faint-hearted man. There," he continued, when this appeal proved no more successful than the last—"there, what did I tell you? Are you satisfied now?"

"No," said the Royal Duke, "I'm not. Try showing her some fish."

"Give um's Jenny pretty lickle fish, if um's Jenny 'll kiss um's hand," said the faint-hearted man, showing a highly flavoured flounder to the unfortunate animal.

The Talking Fish, knowing it would not get the flounder, or perhaps not liking the smell of it, remained stationary at the other end of the bath, and sure enough the flounder was taken away again and put into a basket whose perfume was not agreeable.

"Oh, hang it!" the fat man interposed, "don't break faith with a fellow—with a fish, I mean—like that. Give it to her. What's the good of tantalising her like that?"

"What's the good of anythink?" said the despondent man. This was one of those propo-

sitions of a general nature which nobody present seemed capable of grappling with; so the faint-hearted man went on: "When she says she won't do a thing, she won't."

"You've no perseverance," said the Royal Duke. "Try her again."

"Try her yourself," retorted the faint-hearted man.

"Come here, Jenny," said the Royal Duke, in a fierce tone. The seal came across the bath to where he stood, looked timidly up at him, and slunk away to the other end of the tank.

Such was the exhibition at which your eye-witness assisted with a heavy heart. Sometimes the regal-looking personage, dragging the seal about by the skin of its back, and, pushing it violently across the bath, would force it almost into the mouth of the faint-hearted man, who was the chief exhibitor. On these occasions she would, in desperation, raise her head and breast out of the water and put her lips to his mouth. Sometimes she would half present him with a fin. But where was the talking? Was this the animal for whose feats of dialogue the public had been prepared by a placard stuck on every dead wall in London, representing a British sailor in earnest conversation, not to say argument, with an enormous codfish standing upright upon the tip of its tail? Was this all?

No, this was not all. To the eye of your witness there was exhibited the heart of that poor seal. He read it through her eyes; and, in it, read a tale of sorrow that made his own heart sad, and caused him for a moment reverently to hope that even for the sufferings of the brute creation there may be some compensating good in store. He hoped this as far as might consist with romance, and it comforted him; for the eyes of that seal, their expression, and the capability of feeling which they seemed to indicate, haunted him as he left the place, and are before him now while he writes.

There is, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year, a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, which has been received somewhat unmercifully, and which yet—besides possessing many pictorial beauties of a high grade—is, in its dim suggestion of a hope that even the lower animals are not wholly excluded from a share in the scheme of Heaven's mercy, very beautiful. It is the work of one who, as has been said, suggests this rather than asserts it. The minds of those who feel deeply will at times stretch forward thus in a strong sympathy with the sufferings of creation, and will strain to get a glimpse beyond that glass through which we see so darkly.

The Talking Fish declined to talk. And yet to your eye-witness she *did* talk, and oh, how plainly! How plainly, as she worked herself round and round, and looked from face to face, how plainly she spoke, not with her mouth, indeed, but with her wistful eyes.

"What have I done?" she said—"what have I done, that this misery should have come upon me? What is this close and stifling room? What are these faces that gaze at me in my prison? Why am I here? Where is the sea that used to stretch around me further than my eyes could follow? Where the mighty river at whose mouth I lived? Where the sun, in which I loved to bask? Where is my mate? They have taken him from me, and killed him. Oh that they would kill me too, and deliver me from this dreadful place!

THE SECOND SITTING.

We left (at page 189) Monsieur Werdet successful, after some preliminary disappointment and humiliation, in his first literary treaty with Balzac. We left him, the happy proprietor and hopeful publisher of the second edition of Le Médecin de Campagne.

Once started, Monsieur Werdet was too wise a man not to avail himself of the only certain means of success in modern times. He puffed magnificently. Every newspaper in Paris was inundated with a deluge of advertisements, announcing the forthcoming work in terms of eulogy such as the wonderstruck reader had never met with before. The result, aided by Balzac's celebrity, was a phenomenon in the commercial history of French literature, at that time. Every copy of the second edition of Le Médecin de Campagne was sold in eight days.

This success established Monsieur Werdet's reputation. Young authors crowded to him with their manuscripts, all declaring piteously that they wrote in the style of Balzac. But Monsieur Werdet flew at higher game. He received the imitators politely, and even published for one or two of them; but the high business aspirations which now glowed within him were all concentrated on the great original. He had conceived the sublime idea of becoming Balzac's sole publisher; of buying up all his copyrights held by other houses, and of issuing all his new works that were yet to be written. Balzac himself welcomed this proposal with superb indulgence. "Walter Scott," he said, in his grandest way, "had only one publisher—Archibald Constable. Work out your idea. I authorise it; I support it. I will be Scott, and you shall be Constable!"

Fired by the prodigious future thus disclosed to him, Monsieur Werdet assumed forthwith the character of a French Constable; and opened negotiations with no less than six publishers who held among them the much-desired copyrights. His own enthusiasm did something for him; his excellent previous character in the trade, and his remarkable success at starting, did much more. The houses he dealt with took his bills in all directions, without troubling him for security. After innumerable interviews and immense exercise of diplomacy, he raised himself at last to the pinnacle of his ambition—he became sole proprietor and publisher of the works of Balzac.

The next question—a sordid, but, unhappily, a necessary question also—was how to turn this precious acquisition to the best pecuniary account. Some of the works, such as La Physio-

logie du Mariage, and La Peau de Chagrin, had produced, and were still producing, large sums. Others, on the contrary, such as the Contes Philosophiques (which were a little too profound for the public) and Louis Lambert (which was intended to popularise the mysticism of Swedenborg), had not yet succeeded in paying their expenses. Estimating his speculation by what he had in hand, Monsieur Werdet had not much chance of seeing his way speedily to quick returns. Estimating it, however, by what was coming in the future, that is to say, by the promised privilege of issuing all the writer's contemplated works, he had every reason to look happily and hopefully at his commercial prospects. At this crisis of the narrative, when the publisher's credit and fortune depended wholly on the pen of one man, the history of that man's habits of literary composition assumes a special interest and importance. Monsieur Werdet's description of Balzac at his writing-desk presents by no means the least extraordinary of the many singular revelations which compose the story of the author's life.

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its minutest ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labour and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on his work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house-door was now closed to everybody, except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing-dress was fastened round the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red-morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they came, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was all over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six; then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him up a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee. From one o'clock to six he returned to work. At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again; and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that, when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draught of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to an end, it had only begun for Balzac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the beginning of the manuscript, and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the beginning, or the middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing-office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgments of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in inde-

scribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were, his corrected proofs were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises"—that is to say, the proofs embodying the new alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, separate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work as a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was, in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said, "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done."

Looking back to the school-days of Balzac, when his mind suffered under the sudden and mysterious shock which has been described in its place; remembering that his father's character was notorious for its eccentricity; observing the prodigious toil, the torture almost, of mind which the act of literary production seems to have cost him all through life, it is impossible not to arrive at the conclusion, that, in his case, there must have been a fatal incompleteness somewhere in the mysterious intellectual machine. Magnificently as it was endowed, the balance of faculties in his mind seems to have been even more than ordinarily imperfect. On this theory, his unparalleled difficulties in expressing himself, as a writer, and his errors, inconsistencies, and meannesses of character, as a man, become, at least, not wholly unintelligible. On any other theory, all explanation both of his personal life and his literary life appears to be simply impossible.

Such was the perilous pen on which Monsieur Werdet's prospects in life all depended. If Balzac failed to perform his engagements punctually, or if his health broke down under his severe literary exertions, the commercial decease of his unfortunate publisher followed either disaster, purely as a matter of course.

At the outset, however, the posture of affairs looked encouragingly enough. On its completion in the Revue de Paris, Le Lys dans la Vallée was republished by Monsieur Werdet, who had secured his interest in the work by a timely advance of six thousand francs. Of this novel (the most highly valued in France of all the writer's fictions), but two hundred copies of the first edition were left undisposed of within two hours after its publication. This unparalleled success kept Monsieur Werdet's head above water, and encouraged him to hope great things from the next novel (Séraphita), which was also begun, periodically, in the Revue de Paris. Before it was finished, however, Balzac and his editor quarrelled, and the long-suffering publisher was obliged to step in and pay the author's forfeit-money, obtaining the incomplete novel in return, and with it Balzac's promise to finish the work off-hand. Months passed, however, and not a page of manuscript was produced. One morning, at eight o'clock, to Monsieur Werdet's horror and astonishment, Balzac burst in on him in a condition of sublime despair, to announce that he and his genius had to all appearance parted company for ever.

"My brain is empty!" cried the great man. "My imagination is dried up! Hundreds of cups of coffee and two baths a day have done nothing for me. Werdet, I am a lost man!"

The publisher thought of his empty cash-box, and was petrified. The author proceeded:

"I must travel!" he exclaimed, wildly. "My genius has run away from me—I must pursue it over mountains and valleys—Werdet! I must catch my genius up!"

Poor Monsieur Werdet faintly suggested a little turn in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris—something equivalent to a nice airy ride to Hampstead on the top of an omnibus. But Balzac's runaway genius had, in the estimation of its bereaved proprietor, got as far as Vienna already; and he coolly announced his intention of travelling after it to the Austrian capital.

"And who is to finish Séraphita?" inquired the unhappy publisher. "My illustrious friend, you are ruining me!"

"On the contrary," remarked Balzac, persuasively, "I am making your fortune. At Vienna, I shall find my genius—at Vienna I shall finish Séraphita, and a new book besides—at Vienna, I shall meet with an angelic woman who admires me—I call her 'Carissima'—she has written to invite me to Vienna—I ought, I must, I will, accept the invitation."

Here an ordinary acquaintance would have had an excellent opportunity of saying something smart. But poor Monsieur Werdet was not in a position to be witty; and, moreover, he knew but too well what was coming next. All he ventured to say was:

"But I am afraid you have no money."

"You can raise some," replied his illustrious friend. "Borrow—deposit stock in trade—get me two thousand francs. Everything else I can do for myself. Werdet! I will hire a post-chaise—I will dine with my dear sister—I will set off after dinner—I will not be later than eight o'clock—click-clack!" And the great man executed an admirable imitation of the cracking of a postilion's whip.

There was no resource for Monsieur Werdet but to throw the good money after the bad. He raised the two thousand francs; and away went Balzac to catch his runaway genius, to bask in the society of a female angel, and to coin money in the form of manuscripts.

Eighteen days afterwards a perfumed letter from the author reached the publisher. He had caught his genius at Vienna; he had been magnificently received by the aristocracy; he had

finished Séraphita, and nearly completed the other book; his angelic friend, Carissima, already loved Werdet from Balzac's description of him; Balzac himself was Werdet's friend till death; Werdet was his Archibald Constable; Werdet should see him again in fifteen days; Werdet should ride in his carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, and meet Balzac riding in his carriage, and see the enemies of both parties looking on at the magnificent spectacle and bursting with spite. Finally, Werdet would have the goodness to remark (in a postscript) that Balzac had provided himself with another little advance of fifteen hundred francs, received from Rothschild in Vienna, and had given in exchange a bill at ten days' sight on his excellent publisher, on his admirable and devoted Archibald Constable.

While Monsieur Werdet was still prostrate under the effect of this audacious postscript, a clerk entered his office with the identical bill. It was drawn at one day's sight instead of ten; and the money was wanted immediately. The publisher was the most long-suffering of men; but there were limits even to his patient endurance. He took Balzac's letter with him, and went at once to the office of the Parisian Rothschild. The great financier received him kindly; admitted that there must have been some mistake; granted the ten days' grace; and dismissed his visitor with this excellent and sententious piece of advice:

"I recommend you to mind what you are about, sir, with Monsieur de Balzac. He is a highly inconsequent man."

It was too late for Monsieur Werdet to mind what he was about. He had no choice but to lose his credit, or pay at the end of the ten days. He paid; and ten days later, Balzac returned, considerately bringing with him some charming little Viennese curiosities for his esteemed publisher. Monsieur Werdet expressed his acknowledgments; and then politely inquired for the conclusion of "Séraphita," and the manuscript of the new novel.

Not a single line of either had been committed to paper.

The farce (undoubtedly a most disgraceful performance, so far as Balzac was concerned) was not played out even yet. The publisher's reproaches seem at last to have awakened the author to something remotely resembling a sense of shame. He promised that "Séraphita," which had been waiting at press a whole year, should be finished in one night. There were just two sheets of sixteen pages each to write. They might have been completed either at the author's house or at the publisher's, which was close to the printer's. But, no—it was not in Balzac's character to miss the smallest chance of producing a sensation anywhere. His last caprice was a determination to astonish the printers. Twenty-five compositors were called together at eleven at night, a truckle-bed and table were set up for the author—or, to speak more correctly, for the literary mountebank—in the workshop; Balzac arrived, in a high state of inspiration, to stagger the sleepy journeymen by showing them how fast he could write; and the two sheets were completed magnificently on the spot. By way of fit and proper climax to this ridiculous exhibition of literary quackery, it is only necessary to add, that, on Balzac's own confession, the two concluding sheets of "Séraphita" had been mentally composed, and carefully committed to memory, two years before he affected to write them impromptu in the printer's office. It seems impossible to deny that the man who could act in this outrageously puerile manner must have been simply mad; but what becomes of the imputation when we remember that this very madman produced books which, for depth of thought and marvellous knowledge of human nature, are counted deservedly among the glories of French literature, and which were never more living and more lasting works than they are at this moment?

"Séraphita" was published three days after the author's absurd exhibition of himself at the printer's office. In this novel, as in its predecessor, Louis Lambert, Balzac left his own firm ground of reality, and soared, on the wings of Swedenborg, into an atmosphere of transcendental obscurity impervious to all ordinary eyes. What the book meant, the editor of the periodical in which part of it originally appeared never could explain. Monsieur Werdet, who published it, confessed that he was in the same mystified condition; and the present writer, who has vainly attempted to read it through, desires to add, in this place, his own modest acknowledgment of inability to enlighten English readers in the smallest degree on the subject of "Séraphita." Luckily for Monsieur Werdet, the author's reputation stood so high with the public, that the book sold prodigiously, merely because it was a book by Balzac. The proceeds of the sale, and the profits derived from new editions of the old novels, kept the sinking publisher from absolute submersion; and might even have brought him safely to land, but for the ever-increasing dead weight of the author's perpetual borrowings, on the security of forthcoming works which he never produced.

No commercial success, no generous self-sacrifice, could keep pace with the demands of Balzac's insatiate vanity and love of show, at this period of his life. He had two establishments, to begin with; both splendidly furnished, and one adorned with a valuable gallery of pictures. He had his box at the French Opera, and his box at the Italian Opera. He had a chariot and horses, and an establishment of men servants. The panels of the carriage were decorated with the arms, and the bodies of the footmen were adorned with the liveries, of the noble family of D'Entragues, to which Balzac persisted in declaring that he was allied, although he never could produce the smallest proof in support of the statement. When he could add no more to the sumptuous magnificence of his houses, his dinners, his carriage, and his servants; when he had filled his rooms with every species of expensive knick-knack; when he had lavished money on all the known extravagances which extravagant Paris can supply to the spend-

thrift's inventory, he hit on the entirely new idea of providing himself with such a walking-stick as the world had never yet beheld. A splendid cane was first procured, was sent to the jeweller's, and was grandly topped by a huge gold knob. The inside of the knob was occupied by a lock of hair presented to the author by an unknown lady admirer. The outside was studded with all the jewels he had bought, and with all the jewels he had received as presents. With this cane, nearly as big as a drum-major's staff, and all a-blaze at the top with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, Balzac exhibited himself, in a rapture of satisfied vanity, at the theatres and in the public promenades. The cane became as celebrated in Paris as the author. Madame de Girardin wrote a sparkling little book all about the wonderful walking-stick. Balzac was in the seventh heaven of happiness; Balzac's friends were either disgusted or diverted, according to their tempers. One unfortunate man alone suffered the inevitable penalty of this insane extravagance: need it be added that his name was Werdet?

The end of the connexion between the author and the publisher was now fast approaching. All entreaties or reproaches addressed to Balzac failed in producing the slightest result. Even confinement in a sponging-house, when creditors discovered, in course of time, that they could wait no longer, passed unheeded as a warning. Balzac only borrowed more money the moment the key was turned on him, gave a magnificent dinner in prison, and left the poor publisher, as usual, to pay the bill. He was extricated from the sponging-house before he had been there quite three days; and, at that time, he had spent over twenty guineas on luxuries which he had not a farthing of his own to purchase. It is useless, it is even exasperating, to go on accumulating instances of this sort of mad and cruel prodigality: let us advance rapidly to the end. One morning, Monsieur Werdet balanced accounts with his author, from the beginning, and found, in spite of the large profits produced by the majority of the works, that fifty-eight thousand francs were (to use his own expression) paralysed in his hands by the life Balzac persisted in leading; and that fifty-eight thousand more might soon be in the same condition, if he had possessed them to advance. A rich publisher might have contrived to keep his footing in such a crisis as this, and to deal, for the time to come, on purely commercial grounds. But Monsieur Werdet was a poor man; he had relied on Balzac's verbal promises when he ought to have exacted his written engagements; and he had no means of appealing to the author's love of money by dazzling prospects of bank-notes awaiting him in the future, if he chose honestly to earn his right to them—in short, there was but one alternative left, the alternative of giving up the whole purpose and ambition of the bookseller's life, and resolutely breaking off his ruinous connexion with Balzac.

Reduced to this situation, driven to bay by the prospect of engagements falling due which he had no apparent means of meeting, Monsieur Werdet answered the next application for an advance by a flat refusal, and followed up that unexampled act of self-defence by speaking his mind at last, in no measured terms, to his illustrious friend. Balzac turned crimson with suppressed anger, and left the room. A series of business formalities followed, initiated by Balzac, with the view of breaking off the connexion between his publisher and himself, now that he found there was no more money to be had. Monsieur Werdet, on his side, was perfectly ready to "sign, seal, and deliver," and was most properly resolute in pressing his claims in due form of law. Balzac had but one means of meeting his liabilities. His personal reputation was gone; but his literary reputation remained as high as ever; and he soon found a publisher, with large capital at command, who was ready to treat for his copyrights. Monsieur Werdet had no resource but to sell, or be bankrupt. He parted with all the valuable copyrights for a sum of sixty thousand and odd francs, which sufficed to meet his most pressing engagements. Some of the less popular and less valuable books he kept, to help him, if possible, through his daily and personal liabilities. As for gaining any absolute profit, or even holding his position as a publisher, the bare idea of securing either advantage was dismissed as an idle dream. The purpose for which he had toiled so hard and suffered so patiently was sacrificed for ever, and he was reduced to beginning life again as a country traveller for a prosperous publishing house. So far as his main object in existence was concerned, Balzac had plainly and literally ruined him. It is impossible to part with Monsieur Werdet, imprudent and credulous as he appears to have been, without a strong feeling of sympathy, which becomes strengthened to something like positive admiration when we discover that he cherished, in after life, no unfriendly sentiments towards the man who had treated him so shamefully; and when we find him, in the Memoir now under notice, still trying hard to make the best of Balzac's conduct, and still writing of him in terms of affection and esteem to the very end of the book.

The remainder of Balzac's life was, in substance, merely the lamentable repetition of the personal faults and follies, and the literary merits and triumphs, which have already found their record in these pages. The extremes of idle vanity and unprincipled extravagance still alternated, to the last, with the extremes of hard mental labour and amazing mental productiveness. Though he found new victims among new men, he never again met with so generous and forbearing a friend as the poor publisher whose fortunes he had destroyed. The women, whose strange impulses in his favour were kept alive by their admiration of his books, clung to their spoilt darling to the last—one of their number even stepping forward to save him from a debtors' prison, at the heavy sacrifice of paying the whole demand against him out of her own purse. In all cases of this sort, even where

men were concerned as well as women, his personal means of attraction, when he chose to exert them, strengthened immensely his literary claims on the sympathy and good-will of others. He appears to have possessed in the highest degree those powers of fascination which are quite independent of mere beauty of face and form, and which are perversely and inexplicably bestowed in the most lavish abundance on the most unprincipled of mankind. Poor Monsieur Werdet can only account for half his own acts of indiscretion by declaring that his eminent friend wheedled him into committing them. Other and wiser men kept out of Balzac's way, through sheer distrust of themselves. Virtuous friends, who tried hard to reform him, retreated from his presence, declaring that the reprobate whom they had gone to convert had all but upset their moral balance in a morning's conversation. An eminent literary gentleman, who went to spend the day with him to talk over a proposed work, rushed out of the house after a two hours' interview, exclaiming piteously, "The man's imagination is in a state of delirium—his talk has set my brain in a whirl—he would have driven me mad if I had spent the day with him!" If men were influenced in this way, it is not wonderful that women (whose self-esteem was delicately flattered by the prominent and fascinating position which they hold in all his books) should have worshipped a man who publicly and privately worshipped them.

His personal appearance would have recalled to English minds the popular idea of Friar Tuck—he was the very model of the conventional fat, sturdy, red-faced, jolly monk. But he had the eye of a man of genius, and the tongue of a certain infernal personage, who may be broadly hinted at, but who must on no account be plainly named. The Balzac candlestick might be clumsy enough; but when once the Balzac candle was lit, the moths flew into it, only too readily, from all points of the compass.

The last important act of his life was, in a worldly point of view, one of the wisest things he ever did. The lady who had invited him to Vienna, and whom he called Carissima, was the wife of a wealthy Russian nobleman. On the death of her husband, she practically asserted her admiration of her favourite author by offering him her hand and fortune. Balzac accepted both; and returned to Paris (from which respect for his creditors had latterly kept him absent) a married man, and an enviable member of the wealthy class of society. A splendid future now opened before him—but it opened too late. Arrived at the end of his old course, he just saw the new career beyond him, and dropped on the threshold of it. The strong constitution which he had remorselessly wasted for more than twenty years past, gave way at length, at the very time when his social chances looked most brightly. Three months after his marriage, Honoré de Balzac died, after unspeakable suffering, of disease of the heart. He was then but fifty years of age. His fond, proud, heart-broken old mother held him in her arms. On that loving bosom he had drawn his first breath—on that loving bosom the weary head sank to rest again, when the wild, wayward, miserable, glorious life was over.

The sensation produced in Paris by his death was something akin to the sensation produced in London by the death of Byron. Mr. Carlyle has admirably said that there is something touching in the loyalty of men to their Sovereign-Man! That loyalty most tenderly declared itself when Balzac was no more. Men of all ranks and parties, who had been shocked by his want of principle and disgusted by his inordinate vanity while he was alive, now accepted universally the atonement of his untimely death, and remembered nothing but the loss that had happened to the literature of France. A great writer was no more; and a great people rose with one accord to take him reverently and gloriously to his grave. The French Institute, the University, the scientific societies, the Association of Dramatic Authors, the Schools of Law and Medicine, sent their representatives to walk in the funeral procession. English readers, American readers, German readers, and Russian readers, swelled the immense assembly of Frenchmen that followed the coffin. Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas were among the mourners who supported the pall. The first of these two celebrated men pronounced the funeral oration over Balzac's grave, and eloquently characterised the whole series of the dead writer's works as forming, in truth, but one grand book, the text-book of contemporary civilisation. With that just and generous tribute to the genius of Balzac, offered by the most illustrious of his literary rivals, these few pages may fitly and gracefully come to an end. Of the miserable frailties of the man, enough has been recorded to serve the first of all interests, the interest of truth. The better and nobler part of him calls for no further comment at any writer's hands. It remains to us in his works, and it speaks with deathless eloquence for itself.

A CAR-FULL OF FAIRIES.

I was, knapsack on my back, with occasional lifts on jaunting-cars, making a tour of Ireland, hearing shillelaghs rattle, seeing whisky drunk, and listening to rebellious songs all about pikes and the *Shan van vocht*, or the old prophetess who, in '98, predicted the arrival of the French.

I was a tourist on my way through Connemara, determined to hear as much of the brogue, see as much of the big blue mountains called "the Twelve Pins," and pick up as many stories of banshees and Ribbonmen as I could in a few weeks. I had come from Killarney, where the spectre king, O'Donohue, mailed in sunshine, rides over the lake every May morning, and I was going to Donegal, the country of rock dwarfs, smugglers, and mine spirits. I knew if there was a fairy to be found in Ireland I should hear of it from Dennis O'Flanagan, who was to drive me in the jaunting-car between Ballyrobin and Ballynabrig, and so it proved.

The day had turned out wet, the rain fell in long slanting cords, and beginning first by covering the window-panes of the inn at Ballyrobin (where I was detained) with silver scratches like so many feeble attempts at autographs by some traveller possessed of a diamond ring, had at last come to a wide, washing stream that flooded the glass, and kept it dripping, like a thatched roof on a wet day, the bright drops matching each other in races to the bottom, as if they had determined to be merry, and to get up small Derbys on their own account. The car waited till the cushions got wet, and Dennis drove it back again under cover.

In my room there was not much to amuse a weather-bound traveller. The only books on the shelf over the illuminated tea-tray were a Catholic Testament in the Irish language, a dismembered volume of Tom Moore's Irish Melodies, and a History of the Irish Rebellion, black-greasy with thumbing. The mantelpiece was stuck with bagsmen's cards. There was nothing in the room peculiarly national except the peat fire and the peat basket, which, in Ireland, stands where the coal-scuttle does in England. There were the lumps of dried black turf, looking like small oblong cakes of chocolate, burning, or to be burnt. There is no blaze about a peat fire, but a quick, earnest, white flame, that slowly burns the sods (where once the snipe and wild duck fed and nestled; where the moping, bankrupt heron brooded over his irremediable misfortune; where the hooded crow watched the lamb, and the endless magpies strutted and fluttered) to a blinding pure crimson, so pure and intense, that it gradually alchemises into a bloom of colourless radiance, and then, lowering and sinking, lapses into white stillness preparatory to fusing into the mortuary ashes of old age and repentance. There is something primitive and savage in the tall basketful of dry turf, and I like to throw it on the fire, fancying myself Caractacus, or Phelim O'Toole, the first King of Munster.

The Three Salmons at Ballyrobin is not an hotel like the Hotel du Louvre at Paris. It more resembles an English village inn, with a dash of the English beer-shop. On the mantelpiece was the gresset (cresset), or rush wick in a pool of grease, that flared for me last night while I chilled my blood with stories of the Irish pikemen, and warmed it with sips of whisky-toddy. Then there is the rude deal table, which appears to serve the landlady's family for a sort of register or family Bible; for it is carved with hieroglyphic notches of past scores and initials of great men of the Joyce (landlady's family name) lineage now dead. O'Flanagan, when he came in to tell me that he thought there was a bit of blue showing over Benabola, and that the weather would hold up yet, was great in his commentaries on these initials. He said what I took for J for Joyce, was no J, bedad, at all, not a hap'orth of a J, but F for Flanagan, flaming O'Flanagan, his great-great-grandfather, who held the inn before the Joyces was born or thought of. He was of the O'Flanagans—the flaming, combustible, mad, burning-hot O'Flanagans—the ould Irish chiefs that the monks used to mention in their litanies, and pray specially against, chanting, as the candles twinkled, the incense smoked, and the bell tinkled, "From the wrath of the O'Flanagans—the flaming O'Flanagans—good Lord deliver us!" Well, but about the initials: there was M. F., that was Murphy O'Flanagan (rest his sowl!), that bet the big grazier at Ballinasloe, and was killed at last by a foul blow on the back of the head of him from a thundering stone in an old woman's stocking. There was D. F.—that was Dennis O'Flanagan, who, at Donnybrook, wopped Slippery Sam, the English drover, and was transported for so getting the better of him. P. F.—that was Paddy O'Flanagan (Dennis's father, rest his sowl!), who ended his life on the drop at Derry, for cutting the ears off of a "dirty blackgaird" of a Dublin land agent.

While Dennis, really trusting it will hold up, goes to get out the car, I turn over all my Irish stories, whether of banshees or ribbonmen, of leprechan, crock of gold, changeling, demon horse, croppy, fairy, or what not. I bethink me of how a Doolan tamed the demon horse, and of how the famous O'Rourke went up to the moon, and was left there by the "big thafe" of an eagle. Tired at last of my rumination, and finding no one coming, I rouse myself and go out into the kitchen to see what delays Dennis and the car. I find Dennis, totally forgetful of me and the journey, intent on teazing Mistress Joyce's eldest daughter, a little wicked, black-eyed colleen, who has her back to me, and is arranging her long hair, which looks something like a horse's mane, by means of a cracked three-cornered bit of looking-glass stuck on the second row of plates on the dresser, and singing like a mermaid as she weaves her tresses:

> "Sweet Molly Carew,
> It wasn't for you
> That I gave in the bams to the parson,
> Yet, for you I'd do murther,
> Yes, trayson, or further,
> Stale, felo de say, or rale arson."

On one side of the crystal triangle sacred to female vanity, was a truculent, black-browed, burglarious portrait of Dean Cahill; on the other, a fubsy caricature of Napoleon, who is still the idol of the Irish peasantry, though he never did anything for them; these impulsive, inconsequential Celts always like best those who serve them least. Three brown, smoky lumps of ham contributed by the deceased "gintleman who pays the rint," depended from a beam over my head, like swords of Damocles. In one corner of the earth floor rolled a heap of "pink eyes," mixed in brotherly union with the "baskets-full," the genus potato the Joyces especially affect. On the shelf near Dennis is a suspicious green bottle half uncorked, and as he hears my foot, Dennis drops his whip, cries "In a moment, your honour!" and is off to the stables, while Kathleen looks round, colours, and brushes a stool clean with her apron for me to

sit down on, then kneels down and puffs at the smouldering peat fire, which she had nearly let out while Dennis had been whispering soft nonsense in her little pink ear. I observe on the mud floor, which is scooped out in hollows, and is anything but level or clean, the shavings of an alpeen (shillelagh) which Dennis has been long seasoning in the dunghill, and which he has just now been shaping into a terrific mace, intended to thin the ranks of the base anti-Flanagan faction; a rope of onions, in their smiling, bronzed, red-yellow skins, dangle overhead, and a salmon rod, with its spear at the butt-end, rests in a corner of the room. Kathleen, her mermaid dressing over, is now sitting down at the back door, on a chair without any particular seat, with one eye on Dennis, who is putting-to the car, and flapping the blue cushions, and with the other on a she-goat, that feeds, tethered, near the stable, and is waiting for Mrs. Joyce to milk her. At Kathleen's feet, rolls, not over-dressed, young Teddy Joyce, playing with his mother's beads (the rosy darlint!), the very beads she counted as she went last week on her pilgrimage up that holy mountain near Westport, Croagh Patrick, which is as conical and nearly as steep as an extinguisher.

Dennis gives a howl of delight—one of those howls that you may still hear even in a Dublin concert-room—as the last buckle of the harness is slipped into place. He reappears in a large blue great-coat that reaches down to his heels, and with a rusty hat with a flapping lid that goes up and down, twined round with white shiny lines of gut, and studded, not with brooches, but with gaudy "maccaws" and "golden pheasants," as the best salmon-flies are called. Amongst these, like a gun from an embrasure, obtrudes the old Irish Adam, in the shape of a black dhudeen pipe, oily and odorous.

A truly Irish hubbub announces our departure. Mike Joyce emerges from some cellar, or secret distillery, red and rejoicing; men come out and shake hands with Dennis; Mrs. Joyce, with her white frilled cap and pleasant staring face insists on mixing me a "stirrup cup," in the shape of a glass of whisky-toddy: the sight of the sugar distilling down in a silvery shower in which, gives me quite a new impression of the charms of chemistry.

I shake hands with everybody, as if I was one of the Allied Powers in a popular print. I balance myself sideways on the shelf of the jaunting-car, feeling as an Englishman at first always does in that wild, erratic vehicle, as if I was on a side-saddle, or rather on a chair which was being drawn from under me.

I felt slightly qualmish, and clutched at the back rail as we started with a spurt and jerk that nearly unseated me.

"Hurrah!" called out the Joyce family. "More power to ye!" said Mrs. J. "Good luck to the worst of ye!" said Kathleen, looking up with a smile at Dennis from her stocking.

Off we were—that is to say, off I nearly was—but I managed to keep my seat, which is more than some M.P.s can say, and away we went in that headlong, reckless, generous, pelting way that Irish carmen, reckless of wear and tear, always do go in the south of Ireland. Ballyrobin faded behind us. Now, you who have laughed at the incomparable traveller who told you of coals being brought up on a china plate, guess what luggage we had in our car. Rats in a bottle? An elephant in a jam-pot? But you would never guess. A turkey in a band-box—yes, positively, a turkey sent in an old bonnet-box to Ballynabrog market by Mrs. Joyce the prudent. I have seen a few droll things, but never anything odder than that. A swan in a basket at Basingstoke, with his neck out and a parchment direction round it, is droll; but the turkey in Mrs. Joyce's bonnet-box was irresistible.

Dennis is a Connaught man, pale and whiskerless, but with straight black hair and good features, with a serious, earnest manner, changing rapidly to rollicking fun and drollery, and with a fine swelling low-toned voice, capable of much rise and fall, much in and out, and endless subtle gradations of feeling.

It is rather startling to a sober, cynical, sceptical Englishman, who believes what he sees and can handle, and little else, to hear, for the first time, an Irishman telling a fairy story with a quiet, almost sad, air of intense conviction and feeling; it is startling to one accustomed to see sham ghosts brought up at police-courts and sentenced to the treadmill, and accustomed to hear aërial voices and winking statues accounted for by spectacled men on scientific principle, to find a man soberly and calmly relating, with a voice thrilling with emotion, some narrative of a dumbly prophesying banshee, or a child stolen by the fairies. At once a great mist rolls away, and you see the centuries that roll between the Protestant and Catholic, the Saxon and the Celt. You feel that you are in a twilight country, where faith is still unreasoning and supreme; where miracles, and relics, and ghosts, are still believed in; where ghost stories are matters of life and death to men; and where the beautiful monsters of our nurseries still walk, even in the daylight. Dennis has heard the banshee in the blue cloak, with the grey dishevelled hair, wailing under the peat heap; he has seen the phooka, or demon horse, tear past at night, with fiery mane and phosphorescent eyes; he has seen the fairies in green, garlanding the mushroom; he has beheld O'Donohue on his white horse rise from the tranquil morning lake; he has stolen up and heard the cluricaun, or little dwarf in the cocked-hat and scarlet Hogarth coat, tapping at a shoe on the sunny side of a haystack; and here am I, who love everything Irish, quite an outer barbarian who has never been granted any of these privileges! The banshee I saw near Cork, turned out to be old Mary Burke, drunk under a hedge, crooning a croppy song to herself; my phooka near Ballycastle was a tinker's Kerry pony; my leprechaun an itinerant cobbler, mend-

ing a shoe under a bramble hedge outside Blarney Castle.

I was interrupted in these mythological reveries, and was prevented from coming to my final conclusion that more of the old Paganism remained in Ireland than in any other European country, by a tremendous split and crack of some part of the car.

"Be asy," said Dennis. "You get on the 'crow's-nest'" (the little nook for the driver in front of the car and between the two seats, where no Irish driver, if he can help it, ever sits). "I'll stand up by you, and it'll be all right. The car's not so young as it was, but it's——"

Here we gave a tremendous bump against a roadside post.

"Bedad! not many a car 'ud stand *that*, and be the better for it!"

Just then the rain began again—such rain! grape-shot and razor-blades—as we tore on—"slipping through it" Dennis called it—between walls of mountains capped with cloud. For more than an hour, head down, we butted through this, our shining yellow waterproofs glistening like gold.

At last it cleared up, out came the laughing blue. The bedrenched horse struck out sprightlier than ever. Dennis began to sing, and then to talk, and our talk fell on a certain mountain we were passing, called The Giant Mountain.

Now, Dennis was great in giants, being one of an old family who had numbered many giants in its ancestral roll.

"Did you ever hear of the giant who could hear the grass growing?" said I.

"No," said Dennis, "he couldn't have been a native of these parts. (Well, that's a good one, too.) But I have seen a giant's grave there away in Ennis, your honour. They say that he had the biggest bones of any man in those parts, but that his wife, falling in love with an ould haythen King of Clare, with the big gold crown on him, so that he looked like a walking jeweller's shop, *snigged* off his head with his own sword, for no other had any power over him. Many's the time I've sat making salmon-flies on that giant's gravestone. It wasn't twenty years ago that a party of the Green Horse came by that way, and stopped there, at the very stone, to water their horses. 'What's this?' says the corporal to a countryman, who was digging praties forneut it. 'It was the work of a big Irish giant in the ould times,' says the countryman, civilly. 'Well,' says the other, 'then it will be the work of a young Scotch giant, in these times, to remove it.' So he tries, and tugs, and tugs, and gives it a terrible howge, but he couldn't make anything of it. (Laughs.) Och! the giant was too much for them—it's there now."

"I suppose," said I, "the banshee is seen sometimes hereabouts."

"'Deed they are, your honour," said Dennis, seriously; "we generally hear them in the evening, or at twilight-fall, and we know that it is no human voice keening, because it is so sweet and mournful, like a sorrowing angel in purgatory (rest their sowls!) for all the world, your honour. The noise is just as if it was some old woman was sitting down under the wall yonder, and beating her thighs at intervals with the flat of her two hands, then flinging them up over her head and clapping them together, as the country keeners do when you hire them at a funeral to chant out the Ologaun."

"She dresses, I have heard," I said, humouring his belief, "in an old blue cloak, with her long grey hair falling over her white staring face, which is generally wan and famished. At Dunluce Castle they showed me a round room at the base of a tower overlooking the sea. It was once the prison of the Earls of Antrim, and some foul deed must have been done there in the black old times. The earthen floor of this banshee's tower is always kept clean and free from dust, and people say it is swept daily by the banshee."

"To think of that, now, your honour!" said Dennis, with intense interest, feeling his faith confirmed. "Well, a banshee was heard the night my mother died, and it was in an old Danish fort at the end of our praty ground; when my poor mother, and she in her death-struggles, heard that terrible wail that she knew was not human, and she down in the fever, she says to my father, says she, 'Dennis, I must go,' and sure enough she died that day week, at the very hour—and the same thing had happened to all her family, for she was of a good ould stock, your honour. A year or two after, what did she do but appear to Teddy, one of my little brothers. He come in one summer evening, and told us that as he was playing about with the yellow flowers that grow in the bog-holes, making them into necklaces and belts and what not, he feels a sort of warning, looks up and sees mother sitting on the stile just as she used to do, but very sad and pale. He ran to her, but just as he got near her, she melted away and disappeared. Then he got frightened, which he wasn't before, and run screaming home and tould us; and I remember it more, by token it was St. Dennis's day, and he is my patron saint, rest his sowl!"—crossing himself five times.

"Did you ever see a cluricaun, Dennis?" said I—"one of those little wizen fellows in red-heeled shoes, scarlet coats, and laced cocked-hats, who is seen hammering at a tiny brogue inside the ruins of a chapel, and who, if you gripe him, tells you where the crock of gold is?"

"No, your honour," said Dennis; "but I met a fairy man once when I was a boy. It was up a mountain, where I went to cut a stick, for it was all shaking with hazel-nut bushes, and I didn't care then for the story of the old folks that it was slap full of fairies, and what not, being a devil-me-care gossoon. I got up the hill, scrambling through the stones and dry fern, frightening rabbits, and startling thrushes, treading the swate breath out of the dry purple thyme, thinking of my girleen, as I always did when I saw anything specially bright, sweet, or in any wise purty; up I went and up, now

pushing through the thorn bushes, and now getting out of the green dark into the broad blue brightness and sunshine, till I got nearly to the top, and looking out clear over bog and river, thanked God for having made such a country as ould Ireland. Then, looking above, what do I see but, twenty yards off, as nate a stick as I ever saw in my life, and, by my sowl, I didn't forget to cut it, and just as I was stripping off the broad woolly leaves, singing, "Ould Ireland's native shamrock," I looks up and sees a common-looking, queer sort of ould man coming straight towards me along the path. 'What do you do, you spalpeen,' says he, angrily, 'cutting my trees?' And he spoke as if they all belonged to him. Well, though it give me a little tremble, I wasn't to be put down, and thinks I, I'll walk nearer to you, and see what sort of a man you are—for I was ready then with my hands, your honour, and I walked straight on—straight on. But when I got to the place, tare an' ouns, where he had stood, he was gone—gone. I looked everywhere, under the trees, behind the bushes, over the big stones, but no man. So, thinks I, it's a fairy, sure enough, and with that, as if I had been shot down, I ran like a fellow from a mad dog. Och! it was divil a time I run faster in my life but once. Sod, wall, stone heap, bramble-bush, water gap, nothing stopped me, till I got home, torn, wet, dirty, red-hot, and frightened."

"But did you keep the enchanter's stick?" said I.

"Och, faix did I," said Dennis, "for a year or two, and the old man never claimed it; still, I always felt rather quare with it in my hand, and thought it would get me a bating maybe at a fair, or bring me in some bad luck; so I never took it to a faction fight, but one night, getting drunk, I lost it at Westport."

"Didn't you tell me," said I, "your father died for grief at a bating he got at a faction fight?"

"True to you, your honour," said Dennis, clicking his whip, "or may I niver spake again. He was the champion of Knockmagee, your honour, and kept all the Joyces and the rest of them at bay, till one day twelve men of them got round him and beat him down when he was tired. I saw his shillelagh the other day over the chimney of a cousin of mine; it was twice as big as any other shillelagh. Och! he was a powerful strong big man, your honour (rest his sowl!), but they put him in gaol for the fight, where he was hurt, and it broke the heart of him not to be able to pay them out. That was a dreadful day to see the women with the stones in the stockings, and as for the loaded sticks clattering, you could hear them two hundred yards off. Och! but I owe it those Joyces, though Mike is my master. He had an extraordinary way of holding his stick, your honour, in the middle, and letting the end cover his arm and elbow, that has never been aqualled since. He had seen some ghost sights, too, had my fayther."

"What! more banshees?" said I, anxiously.

"Oh no, your honour, but fairy pipers—fairy pipers, your honour. He was one day near the fort, as we called it, at Ballyrobin, which is now little better than a grass hill with a hollow inside to it, when he heard, as he was driving the cows home, some sounds he thought was some neighbours staling his hay, which was making at the time, and lying about in dry heaps, your honour; so he goes home quietly, and gets an old rusty bagonet, and what does he do but lies down to wait for them behind a large hay-cock outside the fort. Presently, what should he hear with his two ears but a blessed sort of music oozing out of the fort, just like a thousand birds singing together on a May morning. Och! your honour, it was nothing but the good people dancing and figuring inside the hill. Well, before my father could make out where it came from he fell in a sort of swound, and when he awoke he was outside the fort, two fields away; it was quite dark, and as for the bagonet, where was it but stuck in some hay just behind him! Well, never a word did he brathe of it till his dying day, when I leant over to catch his last gasp. But I'm tiring ye, your honour."

"Not a bit, Dennis," said I. "It prevents me counting the milestones."

"Well, then, I'll be telling you how there was a young Scotchman who took the farm after we went, and who used to be always laughing at the humbug about the fairy piper. 'Pipe away,' says he, 'and be plagued to you! So long as I don't have to pay, its chape music is that same.' Thim's the words, or very near, he made use of at the markets and patrons, till one evening he was coming through the snipe meadow, and what does he hear but a piping just as if it was underground, and underground was heaven, and these were the sowls of baptised children making merry and dancing for joy. As it was, as soon as he got home, 'Ma lanna vicht,' says his mother, who was half Irish, 'saints in paradise, what's turned your blood, jewel?' Then they seized him, especially the girleens his sisters, till he recovered a bit, and up and tould them he had heard the Macarthy's fairy pipers."

"Those Protestants are very slow of belief, Dennis?" said I.

"Och, and you're right, your honour," said Dennis. "Penance, pilgrimage, cross, mass, it's all one with them. Faix! it puzzles me to say how the likes of 'em will ever find a back way to get into heaven without paying St. Peter's turnpike. But has your honour ever heard of how the fairies change the children in ould Ireland?"

"Of course I have, Dennis," said I. "Don't we all know how they pine and pine and get wizen, and knowing and say things any old men could say; and then the mother, after much praying, rushes at them suddenly in the cradle with a red-hot poker, which she has been getting ready for the hour past, and then, with a scream, the change comes, and she finds, instead of the little knowing dwarf, her own fine rosy child again, crying for the breast."

"Bedad! Your honour," said Dennis, "has got it all by heart, like a schoolmaster gets the Latin! Well, I heard a case of this kind the night of a birth only last Paschal. A friend of mine who drives a car was coming along the road, and see something white at the window of

his brother's house yonder, so what does he do but get out and creep up closer did Patsy, and what should it be but an ould woman, wrapped up in grey, handing a child out of the lattice to another ould creatur in grey, who held up her arms for it down below. 'Have you got it?' says she. 'I have,' says the other. Well, he thought it was all a witchery, and that, perhaps, it was a little owing to the whisky he had drunk at the fair; but, sure enough, next day, he found his brother's child had died at the birth. So he knew what had become of it, that what they buried was a mere trick of flesh, and that the real child was snug and safe in fairyland—which was a comfort to him, though he kept it to himself. So niver mention it, your honour, or it'll hurt the family."

"Why, Dennis," said I, "you are as full of old stories as an egg is full of meat."

"And fuller too, begging your honour's pardon," said Dennis. "I remember hearing a neighbour of ours at Kilmore tell me that the night of the great storm she and some other women were sitting round a fire in a cottage, listening to the pelt and drive of the rain, and the fluster and worry of the wind outside the cabin—crossing themselves, I'll be bail, and thinking of the forrior ganagh (bitter sadness) of those who had gone to Ameriky, and might be then on the broad say (rest their sowls!). All of a sudden there came a bigger roar than ever, as if a wild baste and the divil on it was waiting hungry at the thrashal, and bang the door flew open! Some of them saw nothing more but some windle straws (larsar lena) blowing round the floor, but she I spoke to saw distinctly troops of fairies riding round on horses no bigger than small birds. Then the door slammed again, and they heard a clash of swords outside, and a hurry as if there was a scrimmage going on in the air, which passed down the road, and gradually died away in the distance. The next morning, sure enough—and the woman who told me saw it with her own eyes—there come news of the battle of Salamanky, and there was drops of blood for a quarter of a mile down the causeway; so no doubt but that was a fairy battle.

"Which clearly accounted, Dennis, for the big wind and the ships that went down," said I.

"Not a doubt else, and hear me now. The only way in such perplexities is to go to the fairy doctor, who knows all about the blast and the changes and the meal cure. Try a drop of Parlemint (legal whisky), your honour; it keeps the cold out of the stomach and the heat in it. Good luck to thim who invented it (rest their sowls!) Well, as your honour sames so fond of these old pishogues (God between you and harm!), I must tell you about the fairy cow that used to feed every third night inside the ruins of Castle Ballynock, till the naygur who kept it, who was a relation of ours (third cousin) on my mother's side, kilt it, and laid the skin to soak in his dunghill. From that time everything went wrong with him: the cattle died, his sheep had the rot, and he got into a lawsuit (rest his sowl!). While he was puzzling his head to know what brought all this mischief on him—whether it was missing mass, or not going to St. Bridget's Well, or up Croagh Patrick and doing the stations, as his dacent father had done, or what—a fairy appears to him one night in a dream, and says she to him, 'Mr. Flanagan, that cow you killed was my grandfather, and that's my grandfather's skin, you spalpeen, you have got soaking in your dunghill. You black-gaird, if you have any manners, take and lay it in the fort to-night, and when the cow comes to life and runs round the enclosure, turn your back, you villain, and take care not to cross yourself, Mr. Flanagan.' This he did, and glad enough, and out come the cow; he heard a voice thanking him for returning the skin, and all went right with him ever afterwards."

After this, Dennis grew silent, and I fell musing. "The old superstitions of Ireland," thought I, "are dying out like the old language." still Munster has its cluricaun artisan, its Merrow and Duhallane, its O'Donohue and its Macgillicuddy. The islanders of Shark and Baffin have their Terence O'Flaherty, as the Connaught man has his Daniel O'Rourke, who rode on the eagle all the way from the moon to Munster, and May-day bonfires still redden the sky in remembrance of Baal.

The Irish philosophy of fairies is that they are fallen angels, who, being neutral beings not altogether lost, are sent to suffer a further probation on earth before they are raised again to heaven or sealed up for ever to perdition. The Ulster men think the "wee folk" live wherever they at first fell. The Irish fairies are generally old, ugly, lame, and wizen, but have a power of assuming shapes, as a witch can change to a hare or a cat. They use these shapes only to reveal themselves to men in. They haunt old ruins where they dance and revel, and, if possible, injure or allure men. Sudden deaths are generally attributed to their agency, merely from such deaths being unaccountable, and so, petitio principii, supernatural. The Derry and Antrim mountaineers have their brownie, who with Scotch industry labours for his "cream bowl" duly set; in other words, the brownie is a sly servant, working overtime. Still if on a summer's day, when the sky is burning blue and hot, the Irish labourer, going to the bog for turf, sees a whirl of dust twisting playfully in the air, he ceases to sing and laugh, holds his breath, looks down, repeats a prayer, and crosses himself, for he knows that that whirl of dust contains a flock of the "good" people.

These days of simple faith are, however, going for ever, even in Ireland. Fairies disappear before the red-whiskered bagsman, with his tin boxes and bundles of pattern cards; before the snort and tramp of the steam-engine; before fashionable tourists and fashionable guide books. O'Donohue no longer rises on his white horse from the lake on May-day morning. No longer the Antrim brownie, hairy and rude, sweats at his kindly task, more grateful than man; no longer fairies circle the mushroom, or minuet in and out between the rows of daisies.

The great granite mountains, scathed with thunder and furrowed by the lightning's stroke, no longer see the giant striding from peak to peak through the violet-coloured mist. No longer the banshee wails under the leafless thorn-bush; no longer the tap of the cluricaun's hammer is heard by the gold-seeker. The black bog pits have yielded almost their last gold chain and brooch of the old Danish king, slain long since, and buried amid gigantic elk bones blackened pine trunks, and stone axes, down far below the quaking surface, over which the snipe zigzags or the bittern booms. The tumbling waggon jolts by with its cargo of laughing revellers, where the croppy piper was buried under the sign-post during the troubles; or by the heap of stones, once a happy home till the red night that the Shanavests, or Carders, or Hearts of Steel, hemmed round its burning roof. No bleeding nun or ghost of the blaspheming fox-hunter, who chased the vermin to the very altar, appears now to scare the English pedestrian; even the ghosts have emigrated out of Ireland since the Union. Catholic ghosts, abhorring Repeal, will not take the trouble to scare Protestant land agents sneaking about in disguise, for fear of the flint-piece and the sight behind the wall. The good old days of female hangmen, and processions of corpses in crimson carts are gone by; the ribbonmen no longer flaunt their ribbons at night upon the Curragh or in the bawn; the gully, where the foxes are, no longer has its black peat water stained with the blood of Molly Maguire's children; the tullagh's slope is untrodden by the insolent hoof of the butcher yeoman's chargers; the tubber (spring) is left by the barefooted pilgrim to the snipe and the moor-hen; the sliebh is bluer than ever, because a brighter sun shines on its mountains of piled sapphire; the old stars shine cheerier over the scorched headland where the gull screams and the great droves of silver salmon still leap and swim; the Dane's rath grows greener, and the Druid's ghost lies on the grassy knoll by the sea, listening to the old ocean hymn.

Tide of Lough Erne, let thy floods rise and hide the ruins of dead men's graves, so that old wrongs be hidden away and forgotten; let the Croagh's peak point to a new heaven and a new earth, so that the crimes of the old blood-boltered Don and Donagh be forgotten! Round towers, where the squall-crow and starling only build, echo once more with the voice of the prophecy of a happier future! Shall we never see the day when the coast of Ireland shall be starry at dusk with the answering lustres of the warning light-houses; when her mountains shall be circled—not with black Phlegethons of bog, but with smiling fields and belts of cottages; when fleets of fishing-boats shall fill her bays, and her roads shall be crowded with merchandise? May the blessed day soon come when her cities shall widen and her commerce increase; when her fisheries shall become as numerous as her manufactories, the north be white with bleaching-fields, and the south be yellow with flocks!

Dennis here became uneasy about a seat-cushion he had lost. "We are sure," he said, "to meet the masthur. He'll want to get up just because it's dropped somewhere on the road. Now, if I had had them all right I shouldn't have seen the sole of his foot."

"What shall you do? The agent will be stopping your wages," said I.

"If I don't find it to-morrow, I'll just stale another," said Dennis in a low, quiet, voice.

"Who is that thin man in front, Dennis?" said I.

"Oh, that's a schoolmaster," said Dennis, "I know, by his cut, but I won't see him, or he'll be wanting me to take him to Clifden, and pay me with a writing lesson. Sorra a one that we meet but I know, yet they don't know me, that's the best of it. Here's the two Mr. Bradys. The top of the morning to you, Mr. Brady! They're brothers; you wouldn't think, your honour, there was a drop of blood between them, no more than there is between you and me" (abruptly, with true Irish discursiveness). "Do you see their oiled coats? It's better than any mackintosh; it's soaked three months in oil; it's better than all your mackintosh, with the soft soap and ingy-rubber."

We were now entering Ballynabrig, along whose suburb road was pouring a train of country people returning from the fair. Now, it was a primitive tumbling car, with its flat shelf and outrigger crowded with grey-stockinged farmers and laughing colleens; now, it was a cage-cart full of pigs, who looked out between the bars, with that calm, observing, friendly independence peculiar to the Irish pig; now, most amusing of all, it was a rough, conical-hatted, old, raw-boned schoolmaster riding a donkey, with his splay feet stuck in hay stirrups; now, we met rough graziers wrapped in frieze; countrymen of all ages in the constitutional tail-coat, gilt buttons, and knee-breeches, and the slip of a stick stuck under the arm. Every eye was bright with good-humoured whisky, some sang, all greeted us with a shout, a flourish of sticks, and a joke.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IX. THE GORGON'S HEAD.

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet, that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burnt as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night-air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for, it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms: his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the fourteenth Louis—was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but, it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the château's four extinguisher-topped towers; a small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone colour.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but, he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour, Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone colour.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke, had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while, he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present, no other word passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favour to recal that I told you so, long ago."

"I recal it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a letter *de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honour of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the Reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honour of families, these slight favours that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom), one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter—*his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be, of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high, is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But, when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways, with a stronger concentration

of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the château as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, for ever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honour and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"*We* have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honourable family, whose honour is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin-brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger—they were now standing by the hearth—"you will for ever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face, was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which, in delicate finesse, he ran him through the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but, is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow——"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—or twenty years hence——?"

"You do me too much honour," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honour, sir, is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly, through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my Refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly

manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the château, as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger:—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours, the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked, and the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men-poets. But, it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them.

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the château, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. The burial-place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another; the figure on the Cross might have come down, for anything that could be seen of it. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the château dropped unseen and unheard—both melting away, like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then, the grey water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened.

It grew lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the château fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and, on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bed-chamber of Monsieur the Marquis, one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this, the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed, and, with open mouth and dropped under-jaw, looked awe-stricken.

Now, the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some, to the fountain; some, to the fields; men and women here, to dig and delve; men and women there, to see to the poor live stock, and lead the bony cows out, to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross, a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at the Cross-foot.

The château awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar-spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; then, had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine; now, doors and windows were thrown open, horses in the stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life, and the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him

as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering softly, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them, were looking stupidly on, or were lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the château, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already, the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the château.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting; the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES."

REVOLUTION AT FLORENCE, EXACTLY DESCRIBED.

I. THE PREPARATION.

IN Italy, war means hope; and, at the beginning of the present year the celebrated words of the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador raised Italian hopes to seething point. Young men of all classes began to flock towards Piedmont in the hope of taking part in the contest, which was now considered certain, and which, it was hoped, would be a war of Italian independence. Many of these young men belonged to the upper and middle classes; but the majority were, of course, from the largest class; that which has no possessions but its labour. And, for the purpose of assisting them to perform the journey, a committee of Tuscan gentlemen was formed. No volunteers were accepted by this committee who did not present certificates, showing that the bearer had never offended against the law. Such certificates are ordinarily granted by the proper authorities in Tuscany to any asking for them. But they cost five Pauls—rather more than two shillings—and these five Pauls the volunteer, applying for aid, was expected to have paid for himself, as an earnest of the bonâ fide seriousness of his intention. Then the necessary means of reaching Genoa were supplied.

The Grand-Ducal Government also granted passports for Piedmont to all who asked them, without any difficulty. Moreover, papers which have been found in the office of the late Minister of the Interior show, that the Grand-Duke had been for some time past accurately informed of the state of the country by the various provincial governors. It was in no wise dissembled that the entire country was ripe for revolution if alliance with Piedmont, in the coming war, could be no other wise attained.

This exodus of volunteers continued on an ever-increasing scale; and one or two incidents occurred which show clearly enough the leaning of the military, as well as of the popular mind. A number of friends had accompanied one of the volunteers of good social standing to the railway station, and bade him adieu with shouting and other hearty and noisy demonstrations of feeling. Among these was a lieutenant in the service of the Grand-Duke Leopold. He was brought to court-martial for this manifestation of his sentiments, and acquitted. Again, a few days before the actual breaking out of the war, a body, some twenty soldiers, deserted, and got away with all their arms and accoutrements to Piedmont.

From the beginning of the year a greater degree of intimacy between the citizens and the soldiers might have been observed than usual, both in the rank of officers and of privates. Those who are acquainted with the habits of life in the cities of Italy, will understand how spontaneously and easily this would be brought about. No special appointments, no invitations to this or the other house, would be necessary. The universally frequented café would furnish an ever-ready place of meeting. A cup of coffee, an ice, or a "ponche," taken together, would be sufficient to perfect a mutual understanding; and—in a small city where everybody knows everybody, and everybody sees everybody at this or the other café every day—a very short duration of this sort of companionship sufficed to make the military and civil body perfectly well understand and reciprocate their political opinions and aspirations.

The same thing was going on in precisely the same manner among the privates. The habits of life differ much less in the different classes of society in Italy than with our more formal, stiffer, and richer selves. The artisans and journeymen of the city were taking their coffee, and their ices, and their "ponches," with the privates; and, in answer to my searching inquiries on this point, it was confessed (readily enough) that, after such feasts of reason and flows of soul, it *did* often occur that a party of private soldiers were told by the waiter that their reckoning had been mysteriously paid. Those who know Italy and its native habits well, will be aware how common this little

act of hospitality—if it may be so termed—is; that it is a compliment often paid even to strangers, and they will be able to appreciate at its worth the payment of the few halfpence. This constitutes the whole of the bribery that is said to have seduced the army of Leopold the Second from its allegiance.

These were the preparations for revolution.

II. THE TOMBOLA.

Things were in this state in Florence when the telegraph brought news that Austria had declared war against Sardinia. The tidings told plainly enough that, if Tuscany intended not to stand a quiescent spectator while Sardinia fought the battle, which was quite as much in Tuscany's cause as her own, now was the time to act. Up to this time it was thought not impossible that the Grand-Duke might yield to the wishes of his people and army, and consent to espouse the cause of Italy. And, had he done so any time before the close of the day—the 26th of April, namely—he might doubtless have preserved his crown.

The Grand-Duke and his ministers relied on the army, as a means of crushing the sentiments and aspirations of his people. But the utter failure of this reliance, and the result of the policy of keeping up a force monstrously out of proportion to the size of the country (some twelve thousand men drawn from a population of under two millions), might read a lesson to monarchs worthy of their attention. The army had been sedulously Austrianised, as well to prepare it to act with the Austrian troops, as to separate it from the people. The general-in-chief was an Austrian; the drill and discipline were Austrian. An amusing indication of the degree to which all this was loathsome to the Tuscans may be cited. Some special form of words, taken from the laboriously minute regulations on every smallest point of the soldier's conduct and manners in the Austrian service, had been ordered to be invariably used by every inferior to his superior, when he had occasion to address him on any point. This pipeclay oratory; which, in its original German, may possibly be very effective, was absurd enough when literally translated into Italian. And, one of the earliest uses of its emancipation from Austrian rule made by the army authorities was to abolish the detested form of address, by a general order, which declared (truly enough) that the Tuscan soldier did not require to be taught a courtesy, which was natural to him, by Austrian drill-masters. The Government and its adherents alone were deceived in their expectations of the effects to be produced by this denationalising of the Tuscan troops. For some years past Florentine liberals have comforted themselves under the pressure of the taxation caused by keeping up this large army, with the reflection that it consisted of soldiers drilled for the good cause, when the proper moment should arrive.

On the 26th of April last, the long-awaited moment arrived. On the Sunday previous there had been what Florentines call a "Tombola." Like the lottery, the tombola is an invention by means of which a paternal government turns its subjects' passion for gambling to its own profit. It is not necessary to describe the mechanism of the thing. Certain combinations of numbers are publicly drawn. Every player is furnished with a card bearing a variety of these numbers; and he who first finds on his card a number drawn, is bound, on pain of forfeiting the prize thereby accruing to him, to shout "Tombola!" The Florentines are extremely fond of this amusement. Whenever cash is wanted for any special object by the rulers, recourse is had to a tombola, and the erection of the huge white board with its rows of holes for the reception of the numbers drawn, invariably attracts a large concourse of people into the Piazza.

It had been ordered that the troops should be kept within their barracks upon this occasion. But they were not so kept. It was stated afterwards, that the order had been departed from "because the men remonstrated strongly against it!" And, although this may not sound so strange to the ears of a Tuscan as it would to those of an English disciplinarian, yet that such "remonstrances" should have been yielded to may be accepted as an intimation of the direction military opinion was taking among the officers as well as among the men. The men were let out. The uniforms mingled with the crowds of townsmen in great numbers. Many a soldier was deep in talk that day with some artisan of the better class; and, while the numbers in the game were shifted, and the thick crowd which thronged the old Piazza (which has witnessed in its day more popular action than any other spot of this earth) were shouting their "tombolas," and laughing and jesting in true Tuscan fashion and orderly good-humour, our civilised Tuscan revolution made one long step towards its consummation.

III. OR' SAN MICHELE.

Or' San Michele, which is Tuscan short for Orto San Michele (St. Michael in the Garden), is one of the most remarkable churches in Florence. The traveller in Italy will hardly have forgotten it. It is close to the great Piazza, in the large street leading thence to the Cathedral. The upper part of the walls is adorned by large medallions in the brightly coloured workmanship of Luca della Robbia. And, around the lower story of the building, are a series of statues and groups, by the great sculptors of the best period of Italian Art. For all the Florentine guilds vied with each other in providing a work of art for the decoration of this favoured building; and each employed its own sculptors. It was here that Michael Angelo apostrophised the life-like figure of the apostle by his great predecessor, with the often quoted, and well known, "Why dost thou not speak to me, Mark?" It was beneath that same all-but-speaking-marble that, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, an individual might have been observed surrounded by

a closely packed knot of men intently listening to him. The man held a paper in his hand, which he read. His manner, attitude, and earnestness indicated the interesting nature of the document he was reading; but the reading was received with thoughtful attention rather than with excitement by the listening group. There was no shouting, no noise, no disturbance. The traffic of the street—one of the most important thoroughfares in Florence—was not interrupted. Citizens passed up and down on their ordinary vocations; some joining the little crowd of listeners, some passing on their way, as if already acquainted with the contents of the document.

If the observer's eye had wandered down the street towards the Piazza, or up towards the Cathedral, he would have seen, in either direction, a precisely similar little crowd, similarly engaged. It might have been remarked, also, that as soon as each paper was read to an end, the hearers very quietly separated about their business; while the reader in the centre remained there about *his* business, which was to recommence reading his paper to a new audience, that failed not, in a minute or so, to replace the congregation just dismissed. The same constant succession of audience was kept up around the other two readers. And, if the observer had had patience to stand out a succession of some dozen congregations, he would have seen that the lecturer was then relieved. Another reader took his place, to whom the document was handed, and he proceeded as before. The constant succession of audiences was unbroken at all the three groups. This went on from between one and two to between five and six in the afternoon.

Meanwhile all the ordinary gay sunshine life of Florence proceeded precisely as usual. The ladies were driving out in the Cascine, our Florentine Hyde Park; the shops were doing their accustomed trade; and the only sign of governmental action was that the ministry were sitting "in permanence."

The document thus perseveringly published to the Florentine people was merely an announcement that the moment was come for a final struggle for Italian freedom; a few warm words, pointing out that Tuscany could never consent that the good fight for this holy cause should be fought for the common weal of Italy without her, and an exhortation to a careful avoidance of anything like riot, disorder, or intimidation of their rulers.

IV. PORCELLINO.

The "sweet hour of gloaming," the Ave Maria, as the Italians call the sunset hour, the poet's "hour of prayer and hour of love," is also the Tuscan trooper's favourite time for his stroll and drink, outside one of the gates of the city. And, just beyond that of San Gallo, leading to the Bologna road, there is a humble hostelry, where some two or three score of the warriors whose steeds drink of the Arno, may often be seen solacing their martial hearts with one-half of a water ice—price in its entirety twopence-halfpenny—with a thimbleful of rosoglio, or a tiny cup of coffee.

But, on the evening of the 26th—much about the time when those interminable relays of preachers and congregations under the shadow of Or' San Michele did at last come to a conclusion—it happened that not two or three score as usual, but about twice as many hundreds of soldiers were assembled outside the San Gallo Gate. And it did occur that a very large number of citizens of all ranks and classes took their evening walk also outside the San Gallo Gate. Printed bills were circulated from hand to hand, freely distributed, and placarded on the walls, addressed, "Soldiers, fellow-citizens, brothers!" This appeal to the army expressed the confidence felt by the country that the troops were as zealous for the cause of Italian liberation as any of their fellow-countrymen. But, far from seeking to excite, its chief scope seemed to be to moderate and restrain excessive enthusiasm:

> Let every man remain faithful to his flag; and never miss a single roll call. The Piedmontese army expects you; but not in small parties and in detail. It expects you as one entire body of twelve thousand brave fellows. In the mean time then, be models of discipline in barracks, as, when the great day shall have come, you will be models of valour and endurance on the field. When that day shall come, if your orders shall be, Soldiers of Italy, go to battle for Italian independence! you will go, and we will go with you. But if it should be intended to keep your swords in the scabbards when your country is in danger, let your answer be that such a course would be your and our disgrace; that they who order it are enemies of Italy, and allies of Austria; and that every compact is broken between you and them; that the Italian soldier is observant of discipline, but will not be made an instrument of tyranny. Let the shame and the mischief of such a course be theirs—not yours nor ours. Meanwhile, until the cannon of our Piedmontese brothers shall have given the signal, Prudence! Moderation! Order! Our word shall be, Brotherhood between the troops and the people! Let yours be, Order in the barrack! Courage in the field! No neutrality, and War against Austria!

The Porta San Gallo opens in the dense neighbourhood of the largest and longest street in the city, leading direct from the walls to the open space around the cathedral. Passing this, another principal thoroughfare continues the straight line to the great Piazza and the heart of old Florence. On that evening of the 26th of April the whole of the line was thronged by a close procession, in which every soldier marched arm in arm between two civilians. The numbers were great, and the occasion was in the highest degree exciting. But the most timid lady on foot would have met that procession unalarmed. Two or three of the Grand-Ducal carriages, returning from the Pitti Palace, did meet it. The mass of mingled uniforms, black coats, and brown jackets, opened for them to pass in peace, and no cry or word escaped from the crowd to indicate a feeling of animosity or a wish to insult. Englishmen and English soldiers may be inclined

to smile at the innocent, child-like refections, the syrup-and-water potations, and the small luxuries of water-ices, all but maltless beer, or light-brown coffee, with which Tuscan men and Tuscan troopers can make merry and be contented. But let them be assured that such a crowd as poured down the Via Larga that evening—steady, quiet, orderly, decent in manner and in apparel, with hope and well-grounded enthusiasm legible in their bright, large southern eyes and intelligent faces—contrasted very favourably with the bloated looks, sodden eyes, torn dress, and reeling gait, that too often have been the most striking characteristics of similar demonstrations nearer home. The events of these truly "glorious three days" manifested in a most luminous manner the immense advantages enjoyed by a nation, of which all classes are habitually and universally SOBER.

On came the crowd, soldier and civilian fraternally arm in arm, in friendly interchange of ideas, plans for the present, and aspirations for the future, to that most picturesque and historique Piazza where so often old Florence, "the most republican of republics," recovered its assailed freedom to the rallying cry of "Popolo! Popolo!" There, separating themselves into different masses, they filled the neighbouring narrow streets of the ancient city, and one band found themselves packed round the well-known and favourite statue of the "Porcellino." Porcellino signifies nor more nor less than "little pig!" But let us have no smile of scorn for this Florentine little pig. The Porcellino is nothing less than a magnificent bronze figure of a wild boar, by the hand of Donatello: a real chef-d'œuvre, which most travellers will remember in the position it has occupied for some five hundred years, in front of the colonnade under which the country men and girls sell their prepared bundles of Tuscan straw and plait. This superb bronze has always been a special favourite with the Florentines—a sort of Palladium; and the Italian habit of giving a caressing diminutive to every object of affection, has bestowed on Donatello's bristling and tusked monster the sobriquet of "Porcellino."

A compact mass of mingled citizens and soldiers were gathered round the Porcellino, when an incident occurred which might have led to ugly consequences among a less self-governed and civilised people. The soldiers were thinking about returning quietly to their barracks, and the townsmen to their homes, when, who should present himself to the crowd, advancing with haughty bearing, but the Austrian general of the Grand-Ducal army; probably at that moment the best-hated man in all Tuscany, and the most notorious enemy to the national cause. No military hand was raised to offer the wonted salute. And the general, with small discretion—unless, indeed, this was a last attempt on the part of the Government to cause some disturbance of the peace, which might make a plausible cause for imploring the assistance of Austrian soldiers to keep order, many similar tentatives having already during the last day or two wholly failed—the general began to speak threatening words, and a few popular voices were raised, indicative of the people's feeling, when a voice was heard above all: "Silence! silence! or you destroy the labour and the prudence of ten years!" The excited multitude obeyed immediately. Every voice was hushed. Two or three officers pushing forward through the crowd, selected, among those around, four soldiers, and bade them accompany the general to his quarters for protection. And, so escorted, the great man walked off, having signally failed to take anything by his motion.

The multitude, civil and military, quietly dispersed and went home to bed. The Grand-Ducal ministers remained like the idols we read of in Egyptian tombs, sitting "en permanence." But they did nothing else; and the Revolution had made another important, though perfectly tranquil step.

V. THE FORTRESS.

THE next morning—the decisive 27th—the venue of the revolution was changed from the old square in the heart of the city, to that new quarter of the city, which has been built within the last twenty years, and the handsome new square with its regular sides of spruce-looking modern houses. It is a very spacious area, just about large enough for the Leviathan to stand in, and, up to the morning of the 27th, was called after the late Grand-Duchess Maria Antonia. But, during the effervescence of popular enthusiasm on that morning, some spontaneous and unauthorised hand covered the inscription at the corners, which duly announced the obnoxious name, with placards bearing the new title of "Piazza dell' Independenza;" and the public will has since ratified the appellation. This quarter of the town is close to the fortress of St. Giovanni, built by the first Grand-Duke of Florence to overawe and coerce his unwilling subjects. There, its ugly range of big-throated cannon gape, ready to deal general and undiscriminating slaughter and destruction on the inhabitants and their dwellings at the bidding of one tyrant or another. No building in Florence has so evil a fame as this "Fortezza da Basso," or lower fortress, so called in contradistinction to a higher fort (the Belvidere) on the opposite side of the town, which also our story will have to visit. In it are extensive barracks, where the troops are lodged.

The soldiers were all in the fortress. The cannon were pointed upon the town; and the citizens were all outside, thronging rapidly, about nine o'clock, into the great Maria Antonia-square, close under the fortress guns. Quite quiet, rather anxious-looking, yet full of hopeful excitement, the crowd gradually but rapidly increased. Specimens of all classes, except soldiers and priests, were seen in it. Some men were more or less guiding the movements of the multitude. But they were, as subsequent inquiry showed, not previously appointed leaders, but merely captains of the moment, enabled to assume a brief leadership easily acquiesced in by

the docile crowd. Thus they were detained in the Piazza till near ten o'clock, when a general advance to the walls of the fortress took place. It was then the duty of our royal troops to fire into the mass and disperse them. Still the citizens marched bravely on. And it may be surmised that those tombola conversations, Saint Gallo Gate promenades, and fraternally consumed cups of coffee and "ponches," had not left the Florentines any grave expectation that they would be fired on. Still it was an anxious moment. The men and officers had been much talked to. It was generally supposed throughout the city that the army was unhesitatingly of the same mind as the people. It had been currently reported, many days previously, that the Grand-Duke's Austrian general had said to him, in speaking of the state of his army, "If your highness orders your troops to join the Austrians, your general will march, but he will not be able to carry a man with him. If you command us to join Piedmont, your army will march with alacrity, but your general would be obliged to decline accompanying them." So notorious was the disposition of the troops.

Great was the outburst of joy and enthusiasm when a huge tricolor flag, showing gaily, in the morning sunshine, the green, white, and red stripes of Italian nationality, was unfurled upon the walls, held up for the nonce, till some—not worthier—flagstaff could be prepared for it, by a tall soldier at either end. Then burst forth irrepressibly all the excitable enthusiasm of the demonstrative Southern nature. Men rushed into each other's arms. Tears ran down many a black-bearded cheek. Embraces, hand-clasping, and congratulations were exchanged on all sides.

So the flag of freedom floated on the stronghold of despotism. The revolution was near its final accomplishment; and the Grand-Duke's ministers, we were assured, had been still sitting "en permanence" all night.

VI. THE PITTI PALACE.

Hitherto our history has treated of the revolution as it showed itself in the streets; but the story cannot be completely told without some account of the results produced within the palace walls by the forces that were put in operation in the streets—the moral forces, be it understood. For, throughout this most notable demonstration of the will of a nation, the utmost precautions were taken to avoid the appearance even of physical force, or pressure from the menace of it. While the citizens were congratulating each other throughout the city, and the soldiers were, at all their various posts and quarters, hoisting the tricolor, emblem of undying hostility to Austria and her protégés, it will be understood that the present writer can no longer speak as an eye-witness.

Some of those who were principally engaged in that sort of ambassadorial mediation which transacted the business of the day between the city and the court, have seen fit to print accounts of their negotiations. These documents will assist in completing our little history. Prince Corsini, one of the court party, published a statement of his share in the events of the previous day, under the title of A History of Four Hours. This little publication was shortly followed by the Marchese Ridolfi's Short Note to the History of Four Hours. The Marchese Ridolfi was one of the small band who possessed much of the nation's confidence and esteem, without having wholly broken with the court.

The Marchese Lajatico had sent repeated warnings to the ministry, representing to them the state of feeling in the country, the fraternisation of the troops with the people, and the impossibility of maintaining matters in their then position. But the ministers were "sitting in permanence." The Egyptian idols would move neither head, hand, nor eye. And no response was vouchsafed to Lajatico's well-meant warning. When, on the morning of the 27th, they so far relaxed their permanence as to wait on their sovereign in his palace, far from representing to him the real state of matters, they assured him that the movement in the city was occasioned merely by a knot of vagabonds. A declaration from the chiefs of the army, that they could no longer keep the troops in control without a promise of alliance with Piedmont in the war with Austria, was, Lajatico tells us, the first thing that "revealed to the eyes of the sovereign the importance and peril of the situation." Thereupon a colonel of gendarmes was sent to him in all haste to summon him to the court. Having consulted some friends, it was determined, with the concurrence of the Sardinian minister, that an attempt to save the Grand-Duke be made. The Marchese hurried on to the Pitti. He was not admitted to the presence of the Grand-Duke. But Signor Baldasseroni, one of the ministers, who had been sitting so disastrously long in permanence, received him, and told him that the Grand-Duke was disposed to consent to the wishes of his people, to ally himself with Piedmont and France, and to restore the constitution, when things should be got into order. The Grand-Duke, he was told further, was then conferring on these matters with the foreign ministers whom he had called around him.

With these tidings Lajatico returned in all haste to his friends still assembled at the Sardinian minister's house; where he found many others who had now joined them. He laid before the assembly thus spontaneously formed, the promises and intentions of the Grand-Duke. It was at once replied, he says, that these promises and proposals were too late; that further guarantees were now required; and that things had reached the point at which the only remaining chance for saving the dynasty was abdication.

Lajatico was obliged, therefore, to return to the Pitti, as he says, "with desolation in his heart," to communicate to the Grand-Duke the ultimatum of his subjects. The conditions proposed were as follows:

Abdication of the Grand-Duke, and proclamation of his son as Ferdinand the Fourth.

Dismissal of the ministry, of the general, and of such of the officers of the army as have strongly expressed themselves hostile to the present movement.

An alliance offensive and defensive with Piedmont.

Active co-operation in the war with all the resources of the nation; and the supreme command of the army to be given to General Ulloa.

The regulation of the constitutional liberties of the country to be settled according to that of Italy generally.

On this second visit the Grand-Duke himself received Lajatico; who, with all respect and delicacy, laid these demands before him. The Marchese thought that the ministers would at least have let the Grand-Duke know what was the point of difficulty in granting them. But it seems that they were incapable of doing anything but sitting in permanence, until turned out of their seats. Lajatico, therefore, found the Duke quite taken by surprise at the demand for his abdication. He required time to consider his reply to so important a proposal, and returned to consult with his ministers and the corps diplomatique on the subject. "Three-quarters of an hour afterwards," says the historian of these four hours, "it was known that the Duke refused, and had determined on leaving Florence. It was then just one o'clock; and so ended the four hours, in which all might have been saved, and in which all was lost."

It is said that all the foreign ministers, including even the Austrian, concurred in endeavouring to persuade the Grand-Duke to accept the proposed abdication; but in vain. The dismay of the falling ministers, waked up at last from their permanence, was excessive.

"But this populace, eccellenza," one of them is reported to have said to a foreign minister, anxious about the fate of the sovereign rather than that of his servants—"but this populace demands *our* dismissal."

"Yes! but they have made no demand for heads," was the reply.

Meanwhile, the people were patiently waiting for the decision of the sovereign. A few persons, who had in an extemporary manner assumed the guidance of the shouting and banner-bearing, but otherwise tranquil, populace, sedulously kept them parading parts of the city at a distance from the palace, lest their noise, or condensation in masses in front of the royal residence, should be mistaken for, or construed into, an appearance of menace. Some of the military corps had sent out their bands, and these playing the '48 hymn, and other such popular melodies, were marching up one street and down another with all the proletariate of the town at their heels. All this time not a shop, not a banker, not a money-changer with the heaps of gold coin in his windows and on his counters, thought it worth while to put up a shutter. Many ladies walked and drove through the streets to see the humours of revolution. One lady sported a gay tricolor parasol, which assuredly must have been lying in some snug retreat ever since '48, biding its time. A few hundred people, chiefly of the professional, literary, and artistic classes, and several carriages, were assembled on the esplanade in front of the Pitti, anxiously awaiting the result of the negotiations known to be going on inside. It was about mid-day, when it was circulated among these groups that nothing could be made known till four o'clock; and the crowd thereupon dispersed as quietly and quickly as a church congregation goes home after the blessing.

Much before the hour named, however, it was definitively announced that the Grand-Duke declined to accede to the conditions, and would leave Florence with all his family that night. The news was very soon known throughout the city, and was received by the citizens with the most perfect quietude and indifference. They knew that their cause was won.

VII. BELVIDERE.

The Grand-Duke's admirers assert that he preferred departure from his capital to endangering the lives of his subjects. Yet the bloody repression of an insurrectionary movement at Leghorn two years ago, when much more violence was used and many more lives were sacrificed, than was needful for the end in view, lessened in some degree the confidence of the Tuscans in the merciful disposition of their prince. The troops who committed needless cruelties on that occasion were under Austrian discipline and drill, and commanded by an Austrian general, and the officers were rewarded for the butchery of their fellow-countrymen by Austrian decorations and approval. The Tuscans were still inclined to hope, therefore, that the Leghorn cruelties were not acceptable to the Grand-Duke. And it may perhaps be still possible by charitable supposition to avoid conclusions destructive of his character for humanity from the anecdote which it is now necessary to relate; but, even had the Duke been animated by vindictive feelings of the most Austro-Borbonic ferocity, it is clear that he had little chance of gratifying them, for no hands could be found to point a cannon or pull a trigger.

Between the Fortessa di Belvidere, or upper fortress, and the Pitti Palace, there are only the Grand-Ducal gardens, called the Boboli. When these gardens, therefore, are shut to the public—which is the case except on Sundays and Thursdays—any of the inmates of the palace may pass in privacy from the Pitti to the fortress.

Now, between nine and ten o'clock of the day when the Duke was taking counsel of the foreign minister—asking counsel which he was determined not to take—the Grand-Duchess and her second son thus passed from the Pitti to the Belvidere. This second son of the Duke was the colonel of the corps of artillery, and many of the officers of that body had their quarters in the fortress. Those who are anxious to explain away or mitigate the significance of this excursion, are eager to assert that the younger children also accompanied their mother, and that the object of this visit to the fortress was merely safety. It may have been that the younger children did go with their mother, but it is very

difficult to believe that there could have been, in any mind, the slightest notion that the family were in any personal danger in the Pitti.

Be this as it may, when the lady and her son arrived within the fortress, the young colonel of artillery, addressing the superior officer present, said: "There must be here a sealed paper of orders. Let it be opened and read." The paper was forthcoming, and its contents were read aloud by the major, in presence of the Duchess, her son, and a considerable number—some thirty or forty—of the artillery officers. It consisted of orders for the bombardment of the city in case of any revolutionary movement. These were detailed with so much precision and circumstantiality, that the reading is said to have occupied twenty minutes. It was stated by some of those who heard the paper read, that it contained orders for the perambulation of the city by triple files of troops, of whom one should clear the streets with the bayonet, while the other two should fire on either side into the windows of the houses. It is eagerly denied by the friends of the late dynasty that these latter orders were given. But it is admitted that they were the same as those which were acted on at Leghorn; when troops *did* act in the way specified. I am, however, particular in stating what is urged on these points by the friends of the deposed family.

When these terrible orders had been read, the officers present remained silent, with their eyes fixed on the ground. "Gentlemen," said their youthful colonel, standing by his mother's side, "you have heard your orders. They need no comment!"

Then, after a pause, one of the younger of the officers present spoke (with much apology for venturing to do so), to the effect that he feared his highness was not aware of the disposition of the troops, and of the certain fact that no officer could be found to command, and no gunner to execute, the directions which had been read to them.

Upon this the Grand-Duchess cried, "Are you all then traitors? Our lives, I suppose, are not safe in your hands?"

"Nay, madame," replied the senior officer, "we are ready to defend your life at need, at the risk of our own. It is our duty to do so. But to fire on fellow-countrymen is not our duty."

This incident of the speech of the Grand-Duchess is also denied by her friends, but the scene is detailed as I have written it on the authority of officers then present.

VIII. THE PORTA SAN GALLO.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of this eventful day that the last act and completion of the peaceful revolution was accomplished. At that hour a string of carriages—containing the Grand-Duke and the members of his family, his attendants, and the foreign ministers who had promised to give him the safeguard of their presence as far as the friendly Papal frontier—issued forth from the Porta San Gallo.

The streets had, during the whole day, remained full of people. The Southern loves any excuse for remaining in the open air; and numerous groups in every piazza and street were discussing the course events had taken: all were alike animated by an exuberance of joy, and excited by the mutual congratulations expressed on all sides at the happy accomplishment of a work which few nations have ever brought to a termination without bloodshed.

In this temper a considerable mass of people had assembled outside the Porta San Gallo; not so much to see the Grand-Duke go, as to satisfy themselves that he was unmistakably gone. It was known, therefore, to those popular leaders who had thus far so admirably prevented the revolution from being stained by an appearance of excess, that the Grand-Ducal carriages would have to pass through a dense crowd on leaving the city. The notable scene at the Belvidere had become known to the people by this time. The crowd around the carriages would be well aware that the departing prince, now impotent to harm them, had a few hours since been, if not by his own act, by that of his son, endeavouring to destroy the lives of their wives and children, and lay their homes in ruin. The provocation was great; and a few, therefore, of the "demagogues" hastened to the Porta San Gallo to prevent any demonstration of feeling which might have been a blot on so fair and truly glorious a day. But the precaution was unnecessary. The Florentine civilisation remained true to itself. The crowd suffered the carriages to pass in solemn silence. Not a word of insult, not a cheer of exultation, nor a cry of any sort was heard.

And thus the Grand-Duke and his subjects parted, never, let us hope, to meet again.

That night was a festive time in Florence. Immense quantities of tricolor ribbon, a profusion of tricolor flags, much singing of national hymns, but *no* drunkenness, were seen and heard in all parts of the city, for a few hours. But, at a very reasonable time, the free out weary city had gone home to bed.

X. THE MORROW.

On the morning of the 28th fair Florence woke to find itself in a condition of the most complete anarchy, inasmuch as government, by constituted authority, there was none. Yet no one of the evil effects which are supposed to be inseparable from such a condition were observed. The bakers baked their bread as usual, and no man attempted to partake thereof except on the usual terms. The Florentines, the "Codini" included, ate their breakfasts, went to their accustomed occupations, and looked out from time to time at the placard posting-places on the walls to see whether they had yet got a government. And many hours did not elapse before they were informed by the walls that the corporation of Florence had undertaken to name a Provisional Government,

in the persons of three good and true citizens, whose names were appended. The only noteworthy peculiarity about them was the well-known moderation of their views.

Florence accepted the new Government with perfect contentment, and has since been well satisfied with all its acts.

Much erroneous statement has been put forth in the English newspapers respecting the acts of the Provisional Government during its short career. Here, however, I have endeavoured to describe it exactly as it occurred.

DRIFT.

In the public Record-office, that vast block of would-be-mediæval masonry lying midway between Fetter-lane and Chancery-lane, rightly parallel are these two thoroughfares, and ending in Holborn, the old road to Tyburn, for are not Chancery and Fetters almost one and the same thing? Ay, in one of the iron cages of a stone walled room to which light and air have—being two requisites as needful for the existence and due preservation of records, as for the well-being of the Recorders who wrote them—the very sparest access, lies the warrant, which is copied hereunder, from King Richard the Third to his Chancellor, bidding him send the Great Seal to attest the parchment mandate which was to realise the important and famous exclamation, interpolated by Garrick, or Colley Cibber, or some of the meddlers into Shakespeare's play, "Off with his head, so much for Buckingham!"

The Duke of Buckingham, Henry Stafford, grandson and heir, aged four in 1459, to his grandfather the first Duke, who was slain at Northampton at that date, constituted Hereditary Lord High Constable in 1483, a K.G., was beheaded at Shrewsbury, without legal process or trial, and by the simple word of mouth of his master, on the 3rd November, 1483.

The deed, writing, instrument, or what you will, which authorised his execution might have been sealed with the seal alluded to in the following missive, though the Chancellor had no excuse for yielding to the extremely unconstitutional demand of the King for possession of the Great Seal of the kingdom, and most probably did not yield. Whether he did or did not is of no consequence here. The King wished him to overstep custom, propriety, and so forth, and this is the expression of his wish:

"By the King—

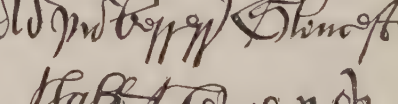
"Right reverend fadre in god right trusty and welbeloved we grete you wele. And in oure hertiest wyse thanke you for the manifolde presents that your servaunts on your behalve have presented unto us at this oure being here. Whiche we assure you we toke and accepted with good hert, and soo we have cause. And whereas we by godd's grace entende briefly to dvaunce us towards our Rebelle and traytour the duc of Bukingham, to resiste and withstande his maliciouse purpose as lately by our other lettres. We certifyed you our mynde, more at large, *ffor whiche cause it behoueth us to haue our grete sele here.* We being enformed that for suche infirmities and diseases as ye susteyne, ne may in your persone to your ease conueniently come unto us with the same, Wherfor we desir, and nathelesse charge you that forthwith upon the sight of thies, ye saufly doo the same our grete sele to be sent unto us, and suche of thoffice of our Chauncery as by your wysedom shalbe thought necessary. Receyuyng thise our lettres for your sufficient discharge in that behalve, yeven undre our signet at our Cite of Lincoln the xijth day of Octobre."

But to make assurance doubly sure, and to enforce legal formality itself with unanswerable authority, the King adds in his own nervous vernacular, written, as it were, with the dagger's point in a mailed hand:

"We wolde most gladly ye came yourselff yf yat ye may & yf ye may not we pray you not to fayle but to Accomplyshe in All dyllygence our sayde comawndement to sende our seale Incontenent upon the syght heroff. As we trust you with suche as ye trust & the offycers pertenyng to attend with hyt praying you to assertayne us of your newes there. Here loved be god ys all well & trewly determyned & for to Resyste the malysse of hym that hadde best Cawse to be trewe the duc of Bokyngam the most untrewe Creatur lyvyng whom with god's grace we shall not be long tyll yat we wyll be in that partyes & subdewe hys malys. We assure you ther was never ffalse traytor better purvayde for *As this berrer Gloucestre shall shewe you.*

"To the right reuerend fadre in god our right trusty and welbeloved the Bisshop of Lincoln our Chaunceller of Englaund."

The strong, bold, threatening words which make up this dread postscript, extended by me out of the abbreviated original, had best be left without comment, note, or corollary: all that I would add for the reader to muse upon, is this facsimile of the last seven words, that he may observe that the writing is as powerful and impressive as the language:



FOUR WILD STORIES.

The Samoyedes, whose country will readily be found in the northern extremity of Asiatic Russia, belong to that large family of the human race which comprises the Turks, the Mongols, the Tungusians, and the Finns, with all their subdivisions, and which is distinguished by ethnologists as the "Altaic." Their life is chiefly passed in the desert regions bordering the Arctic Ocean, which are sometimes of a rocky character, sometimes damp and marshy; and their principal property consists of the reindeer which convey them from place to place

when they feel it necessary to change the site of their encampments. Tents are their only dwelling-places, and so completely are they wedded to a nomadic life, that it seems probable they will rather be extinguished than benefited by the progress of civilisation.

Among these primitive people the great Altaic philologist, M. Alexander Castrén, found a set of tales, which for wildness equal the most fantastic dreams of the Hindoos. The heroes to which they refer are completely free from all law, moral or physical; virtue is by no means necessarily rewarded, nor is death an insurmountable obstacle in the way of an aspiring genius. With these tales, in a condensed form, we present our readers.

A tribe of Samoyedes, seven hundred strong, was encamped in as many tents, under the rule of seven chiefs, all members of one family, and all maintaining the dignity of their office by devoting their time, talents, and energies to the single purpose of dining out. Six of these great men were childless, but the other, the eldest, had a boy, who, far from sharing in the family propensity, never went out at all, but snored away his existence in bed. On one occasion, when a great festival was coming off, the father of this heavy youth asked him to join the party, but he refused with a yawn, alleging as an excuse that he had had a bad dream, which showed him that all the seven chiefs would perish miserably unless they appeased the higher powers by a sacrifice of fourteen reindeer.

The father laughed at the dream; but, when the next morning dawned, the horrible reality far exceeded the dismal prediction, for the youth, opening his eyes, found that not only the seven chiefs, but the whole seven hundred personages, with their reindeer and dogs, had come to an untimely end. The frightful spectacle aroused him to unwonted activity, and, having first cut all the cords of the tents, he set out on a long walk, which, at the end of some months, he found too much for his strength, especially as he was not fortified by a particle of food. At last he came to the site of a former encampment, where he found a bone, which had been already gnawed by the dogs, but which, in the present emergency, was not to be despised. Having regaled himself with this delicacy, he raked about the snow, in hopes of making more discoveries of the same kind, but he only found a pair of silver earrings, which he put into his glove, and then set out on another long walk, seeing nothing at all till his eyes were gladdened with the sight of a reindeer sledge.

"Have you found my earrings," said a woman, who was the sole occupant of the vehicle; "because if you have, you may as well hand them over."

"Yes, I have found them, and I've got them in my glove. You may take them, and welcome, if you'll only drive me to some place where I can find a little society."

To this very modest request the woman replied by giving the Wanderer (as we shall call him) such a blow with her spear that he fell senseless. She then took the earrings, and rode on as if nothing had happened.

The blow of the spear had a narcotic effect, and the Wanderer passed a long time in sleep. On resuming his dull journey across the boundless desert he came to the site of another encampment, again enjoyed the luxury of a gnawed bone, and seeking in the snow for more, discovered an iron shovel. This proved more serviceable than the earrings, for a finely dressed lady, who met him in a sledge shortly afterwards, and asked for her shovel, rewarded his good office in restoring it by driving him home to her tent. They indulged in pleasant converse on the way, the Wanderer talking about the inhabitants of the seven hundred tents, and their untimely end, of which the lady had heard somewhat already, but desired to hear more, till at last the dialogue took a new turn, through the lad's remark that the reindeer in the sledge were uncommonly like his late father's stock; for the elderly gentleman who had presented the lady with this fine pair of animals, and also with the iron shovel, had intended them for bridal gifts, in consideration of her approaching marriage with his son. This son was clearly the Wanderer, so that the happy lady had at once found her intended husband and recovered her lost shovel.

They lived together happily enough as man and wife, till the time arrived for removing the camp. Then the Wanderer discovered that, although he had agreed very well with his wife, he was far from popular with the inhabitants of the neighbouring tents. When the tribe commenced its march, he was provided with worse reindeer than the rest, so that he always lagged behind, and when at last a halt allowed him to overtake his comrades, one of them artfully contrived to run a spear through his body. The party then moved merrily onwards, as if nothing had happened, and though the bereaved lady remained behind, weeping in her sledge, her deer soon took fright and carried her after the others. Dead as he was, the Wanderer retained sense enough to be aware of the presence of an old man, who had but one eye, one hand, and one leg, and who, striking him with an iron staff, bade him hasten back home, where he would find his father and all his uncles alive. Thus admonished, he woke up and found himself alone, but, instead of following the old man's salutary counsel, he rejoined his wife and companions, who had again halted, and was rewarded for his obstinacy by being killed again, with the same weapon as before. This time his wife did not think it worth while to stop behind and weep, but continued her journey with the others, firm in the conviction that he who had got up once could easily get up twice. Nor was she wrong. The defective old man again resuscitated the dead Wanderer with a touch of his iron staff, again advising him to return home, and informing him that his father was not only alive, but had been alive for some time. As the

Wanderer had witnessed the destruction of his family with his own eyes, this last assertion considerably weakened his confidence in the old man's veracity, so he joined his wife and comrades, who had again halted, as before, and with a like result, for the same man killed him for a third time, with the same spear.

The old gentleman, whose patience was nearly exhausted, again revived the corpse with the iron staff, but took occasion to observe that he did not intend to repeat the operation. The Wanderer had now become a little—very little—wiser by experience. As the murderer had always artfully persuaded him to look another way while the mortal wound was inflicted, he had never been properly aware of his own death, but had regarded his one-eyed benefactor as one of the images in a strange dream. However, a man is not to be killed three times for nothing, so when he again joined the camp, strong in the suspicion that he would meet with foul play, he resolved to strike the first blow. Instead of entering his tent as before, he took all the bows and arrows out of the sledges while his comrades were sleeping, and then hewed down the tents with his wife's iron shovel. The sleepers, thus violently awakened, rushed from the tents, and, being deprived of their weapons, were easily despatched. Our hero had intentionally spared none but his wife's nearest relations, but when he surveyed the corpses, he was grievously disappointed at the discovery that the miscreant, who had slain him three times over, was not among them. The persevering villain had escaped. Still there were traces of his feet upon the snow, and these the vengeful shovel-bearer followed, till at length he overtook the treble assassin. Frightful and long was the single combat that ensued. It lasted through the whole winter, and just as summer set in, both combatants dropped down dead, affording a savoury repast to the wolves and foxes, who soon reduced them to a heap of fleshless bones.

The one-eyed old gentleman, resolved that the story should not end here, paid a visit to the bones about the beginning of the autumn, and collected those of the Wanderer into a bag, grumbling very much that his good advice had not been followed, and informing his piecemeal *protégé* that this was the *last* last time he meant to serve him. He would give the Wanderer one more trial, and now, he trusted, the wilful youth *would* go home, schooled as he had been by such very bitter experience.

With the bag on his back, the one-eyed old gentleman crept into a hollow, after rolling aside a stone that stopped the entrance, and found himself in a dark, dismal place, in which there was all manner of disorderly whistling and singing, while sundry hands sought to make a capture of the bag. When the old man's eye grew a little more accustomed to the situation, he could perceive by the light that issued from the other end of the room that the snatchers and whistlers were all fleshless skeletons; but as this was a matter of trifling moment, he walked up towards the light, and found a tent, within which a fire was burning, while an old crone, whose large eyes were placed vertically in her head, sat on the hearth with two unwieldy monsters for companions.

"Here's some firewood for ye," growled the one-eyed old man, pitching his bag at the old woman.

"Thank ye! We were sadly out of it," replied the crone, and threw the bones on the fire, which speedily converted them to ashes. On these the old woman slept for three whole days, at the end of which they produced a human form—namely, that of our friend the Wanderer, who could not make out where he was, and felt particularly awed by the aspect of the two monsters. These, the old lady informed him, had been very estimable persons in their time, but were now converted to stone; and she gave him to understand that if he did not take her for a wife he would be petrified likewise. Honestly avowing that he was married already, the Wanderer complied with her request, and the old dame, not to be behindhand in generosity, promised to drive him home. So, after a short honeymoon of three days, the reindeer were put to the lady's sledge, and bride and bridegroom rode merrily towards the mouth of the hollow, pursued all the way by the mob of skeletons, who tried to wound the stranger with their spears, but were rendered powerless by the counter charm of the reindeer. The stone at the mouth of the hollow was so weighty that the Wanderer could not restore it to its place, but this operation was gracefully performed by the old woman with a kick; and a little more journeying brought the loving couple to a tent, where they found the first wife and both her parents. These jumped into the sledge, which now proceeded with all speed to the Wanderer's first home—the old place with the seven hundred tents, in which everybody had been murdered when he was a little sleepy boy.

There were the dear old tents all erect again, not one of the seven hundred missing; there were the people, and their deer, and their dogs, just as if nothing had happened, and the Wanderer had a right to expect a little repose after his toilsome vicissitudes. There, too, was that good creature, the little old man with one eye, and, sad to say, behind the old man was the hateful villain who had so many times caused our hero's death. Of course, two such inveterate foes could not meet without fighting; and though the Wanderer soon despatched his adversary, his victory was immediately followed by insanity, and he killed his one-eyed benefactor into the bargain. Off like a whiff of smoke went the beautiful vision of domestic felicity. The existence of the people in the tents was manifestly contingent on the life of the old man, for when the Wanderer approached his boyhood's home, he found all dead, and his two wives instantly died likewise, leaving him in a state of hopeless solitude. Thus the story leaves off, as it began, with a heap of corpses, and, what is the strangest part of the matter, most of the

people who die at the end are those who died at the beginning.

Fully worthy of such a marvellous nation were two Tadibes, or conjurors, the heroes of another tale, who quarrelled on the subject of their skill. "You call yourself a Tadibe?" said the first speaker. "Why, the man is not worthy the name of Tadibe who can't balance the moon on the palm of his hand."

"You can't do that yourself," sneered the other; but his sneer was soon exchanged for a cry of wonder, when the moon came tumbling down and settled on the extended palm. The feat was, however, less agreeable than surprising, for the presence of the moon made the tent in which the disputants stood so exceedingly cold, that all the listeners heaped fresh fuel on the fire, wrapped themselves up in their thickest furs, and went on shivering still, till at last the defeated Tadibe implored the conqueror to send back the moon to its proper place.

His request was good-humouredly granted; but no sooner was the moon gone than he began to renew his boasts that he was the better man of the two. By way of refuting the idle vaunt, the charmer of the moon now brought down the sun, which made the tent so dreadfully hot that the dismissal of the larger luminary was urgently requested by the defeated boaster. The sun went up again, but as the conjuror who had done nothing still looked doubtful, the victor proposed that they should both turn themselves into geese, and in that new form make a trial of skill. The transformation being effected, they flew a long way, till at last they came to a river, where geese were abundant, and very sensible geese too, although they had not, like their visitors, been conjurors, for every one of them in turn acted as sentinel at night to guard the commonweal from danger. One night, when the less skilful conjuror, still with his "goose-look," was on duty, a Samoyede, with a three-legged dog, made his appearance, and committed terrible depredations. Not only did the hideous animal kill a great number of the base herd, but he caught the inferior conjuror by the beak three times, and three times was the better Tadibe forced to rescue his dull comrade. The usual stratagem of the geese, when pursued by dogs, was to duck under the water, but soon the flock found itself hunted into such a shallow part of the stream that ducking was utterly impossible. So the two conjurors (the stupid at the suggestion of the sharp) waddled on to the beach, and, making straight for the sea, swam to an island, where the inferior Tadibe devoured grass, while the better one nibbled moss. The grass-eater expatiated much on the superiority of his diet, showing how much it increased the size of his wings, and explaining how soon it would enable him to fly away. The wings of the better Tadibe did not grow, but he nevertheless went on eating his moss, without deigning a reply to the observations of his comrade. At last the stupid goose, finding that his wings had attained their proper growth, flew to another island, where he amused himself by changing into a duck, in which character he was soon knocked on the head by some idle children. As for the wiser goose, he betook himself to grass as soon as the blunderer had departed, till his wings were fully grown, and then judiciously flew home, when, resuming his proper form, he lived as a respectable member of Samoyede society.

Striking is the contrast between the mild wisdom of this moon-snatching, sun-catching, goosy sage, and the vicious cunning of an abominable old man, who figures in a third story, and who, in violation of every principle of dramatic justice, thrives uncommonly by his very wickedness.

First we find this Old Man living with his wife in a state of extreme poverty on the banks of a river. They are the only Samoyedes in the district; higher up the river are the huts of the Ostjaks, another branch of the large Altaic family, less nomadic than the Samoyedes. Of all their property, nothing is left but a hatchet, and it is in a desperate mood that the Old Man goes out one night a bird-hunting. The ptarmigans, finding that he is disposed to throw sticks at them, dissuade him from this useless slaughter, and advise him to go home and murder his wife as the best method of escaping from his present poverty. The evil counsel is readily followed, but the poor old dame is no sooner slain with the hatchet, than the murderer sets up a wail of grief, and laments his former happiness. All night he weeps bitterly, but his tears do not wash away his wits, and at dawn of day he sets his deceased wife in a dog-sledge, just as if she were alive, and proceeds down the river till he arrives at an Ostjak village. Taking care to leave his sledge close by a hole in the ice, he pays a visit to the chief of the village, and when he has been amply fed, observes with great coolness that his wife is outside, and probably feels the cold. The Ostjak chief, like a fine hospitable fellow, orders his two daughters to fetch in the old lady, and so zealous are they in attempting to move the sledge, that the corpse soon topples over, and tumbles into the hole. Hereupon the good girls run home with a long face, and ruefully report that the old lady is drowned. Long poles are poked into the ice by orders of the excellent chief, but the body is beyond their reach.

The old sinner takes up his abode with the chief, but so incessantly does he weep for the loss of his wife, that the mirth-loving Ostjak at last thinks his grief an intolerable nuisance, and gives him the hand of his eldest daughter, with a separate hut, to put an end to it. A son is the result of this happy union, and on the occasion of his birth a grand festival is held, at which all the Ostjaks get drunk, while the cool-headed old Samoyede remains sober, and indulges in vile reflections after this fashion:

"A miserable set of wretches these are; I drank as much as they did, and yet I am firm on my legs, while these are all lying here. I'm not so very good; I killed my wife; and yet I'm a better man than all these put together. Indeed, since I killed my wife I've been more prosperous than ever."

This wicked boasting is overheard by the chief's younger daughter, who by no means admiring the old man's account of himself, pops in her head and cries out, "Oh fie! did you yourself kill your wife?" The only answer to this impertinent question is a hearty box on the ear, that renders the maiden speechless, and brings her to the verge of death.

The chief is in despair, and not suspecting that the hard hand of his villanous son-in-law has wrought the mischief (for the poor victim can't utter a word), sends him to fetch a remarkably clever old woman, who lives in the neighbourhood with her seven sons. He undertakes the mission, but when the old woman is brought to the chief's residence, she evinces an unpleasant desire to know the cause of the young lady's malady, and for this purpose begins beating with great fervour one of those magic drums that are commonly used among the Altaic races for purposes of divination. While thus occupied, she rocks violently from side to side, and the old traitor, who would not have the secret discovered for the world, cuts some bits of stick to a point and fixes them in the wall, at about the height of the witch's head. Another rock or two, and the old lady in her magic ecstasy brings her head against the wall, when one of the pegs goes in at one of her ears and out at the other.

Aghast with horror is the chief when the witch falls dead at his feet. Not only is his daughter still uncured of her dangerous malady, but he has to dread the vengeance of the old woman's seven sons. However, he trusts to the superior shrewdness of his son-in-law, and promises him half his wealth if he will carry the deceased lady home to her sons and persuade them not to commence any hostile proceedings. Off sets the murderous old trickster, who adopts his former expedient of placing the corpse upright in his sledge as though it were a living body, and drives on till he comes to a forest, where he finds a couple of Samoyedes shooting at a squirrel. "You are very bad hands at this sport," says he, observing that they miss their mark. "Let me have a try." And stepping aside with their arrows, he sticks one of them in the old woman's ear. "A pretty business you have made of it with your bungling," he continues; "you have shot the cunning woman, the mother of seven stout sons, right through the head."

Penetrated with contrition for a fault they have not committed, the two Samoyedes betake themselves to the chief, and implore his pardon, which he readily grants, rejoiced to see the blame laid upon shoulders with which he has nothing to do, and then pompously orders the two dolts to carry the old lady to her sons, kindly recommending them to make the best of a bad job.

The Samoyedes, not greatly relishing their task, implore the old villain to undertake it for them, promising to remunerate him with all sorts of valuable articles. He agrees to their terms, accepts the responsibility of the old lady's decease, and, having appointed a meeting with them at the spot where he first found them squirrel-shooting, proceeds to the residence of the seven brothers. Before he announces his arrival, he takes the arrow out of the old lady's ear, and puts a twig in its place. "Hey-day! what's all this?" exclaim the brothers, when on coming up to the sledge they perceive the twig in the old woman's ear. "What do you mean?" says the base assassin, with the most perfect show of innocence. "Surely you can see that the old lady has been killed," was the wrathful reply. "Well-a-day, so she has!" exclaims the hypocrite. "I knew no good would come of our chief putting such very wild dogs to the sledge. You see the old lady ran against the branch as we were driving along." The brothers look incredulous, but they allow the old rascal to return, and when he comes to the spot where the two Samoyedes await him, he is rewarded with two sledges full of clothes and valuable furs.

Thus enriched, he again lives with his chief, heals the ailing girl, receives her as a third wife, and becomes the father of another son. Suddenly he is seized with the desire to visit his ancient place of residence, endeared to his memory by the murder of his first wife, and takes an excellent boat for the purpose. Presently he arrives at a village familiar to him in early days, where he perpetrates a piece of treachery that throws all his former crimes into the shade. The inhabitants of the village, once his neighbours, come out to greet him, whereupon he frightens them out of their wits with a story of a plundering horde, advising them to make two deep pits, and to put all their treasures in one and themselves in the other. This crafty counsel they too readily follow. In one hole they bury their possessions, in the other their false friend buries *them*, and to such good purpose that they never get up again.

The prosperous traitor lives again with the Ostjak chief, but after a while is seized with another fit of home-sickness. He takes his two wives, his two sons, and all his property in three boats, and when he has reached the spot where he buried all his old friends alive, he opens one of the pits and astounds his family with the sight of his enormous wealth. Most edifying is the pathetic address with which the tale concludes: "This, my children, is your inheritance. I am old, and shall soon sink into the grave; but I have collected this for you, and you may dea with it at your pleasure."

Seven brothers, who are heartless in the most literal sense of the word, figure in a tale that is distinguished from the others by something of a poetical tone. These seven brothers have murdered an old Samoyede lady and carried off her daughter, but there is a pious son, who has obtained a supernaturally gifted beauty for his wife, and hopes, with her aid, to repair the mischief that has been done. The great point is to get the hearts of the brothers, which they are in the habit of taking out of their bosoms every night before they retire to rest, and which they very imprudently entrust to the care of the captive girl.

When the Samoyede and his wife enter the tent belonging to the brothers, the lady is invisible, but the husband accosts his sister, whom he finds alone. The brothers, she informs him, are from home at present, but will return in the evening, and she gives him ample instructions how he is to proceed in his pious work. What these instructions were will be shown by the manner in which they were carried out, though we must premise that the hero slinks off to his own residence, and his wife undertakes the achievement of the adventure.

When the brothers come home, they eat their supper, and, spreading out seven deer-skins on the ground, lay themselves down to rest. The captive maiden then goes round to them all with a dish. In this they place their hearts, which are afterwards hung on one of the tent-poles by the treacherous attendant. The wife, securing her prize, returns with it to her husband, who, on the following morning, pays the brothers a visit, and finds them all in a wretched state. Six of the hearts he casts on the ground, and the six younger brothers immediately die, but the seventh is informed that if he will restore the deceased old lady to life, he may have his heart back. The desired resuscitation is effected by means of certain charms, but the seventh heart is nevertheless thrown on the ground, and the eldest brother perishes like the rest, while the Avenger takes his mother and sister home.

An important personage in the family of the Avenger is his father's sister. It was by her counsel that he obtained his gifted wife, detaining her garment while she was bathing with her six sisters, and refusing to restore it till she had promised not to leave him. In fairy tales all the world over this mode of ensnaring semi-supernatural personages is exceedingly common, and therefore we but lightly touch on this incident, as being less characteristic than any of the others.

The wise aunt, consulted once by her nephew, presents him with a knife, that he is to give to his wife, who will assuredly make a proper use of it. With these injunctions the nephew complies, and the wife no sooner receives the weapon than she cuts out the heart of every one in the tent, including her own and her husband's, and flings them up into the air. The aunt visiting the tent, finds every one alive, though destitute of the most important organ of vitality.; and, with a view of recovering the lost hearts, proceeds to a lake, where the six sisters of the wife are bathing, and weeping for the loss of the seventh. Detaining the clothes of one of the bathers, she will not restore them save in exchange for a number of hearts, found by the sisters in their aërial residence, and which may possibly be those recently extracted. Loaded with these hearts, which have been purified in a celestial region, the aunt returns to the tent, and all on receiving their hearts become *pure* and *holy*. The wife proposes that they should now join her sisters, and ascending through the air in a reindeer sledge, they penetrate a thick mist, and at last reach a warm, blissful place, in which they are living to the present day.

In consequence of missionary operations, the legends of the Finnish races not unfrequently show a curious mixture of the Christian with the national elements, the Apostles sometimes appearing as powerful allies of the ancient gods. We can hardly help suspecting that the Christian doctrine of regeneration is to some extent shadowed forth in this last and least savage of our Samoyede tales.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS. PART IV.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

It was my function in the last number to give the reader an account of my method of dealing with a damp bed. It was a chapter of china stoves, of mattresses, of French windows, and French politeness—topics, into the consideration of which we were drawn by the necessity under which we were placed of examining how far a temporary residence in the French metropolis may consist with the observance of the principles of economy.

My experiments in this matter were far from satisfactory. Though I am inclined to think that in the lodging department I was singularly unfortunate, and that all cheap lodgings must not be classed with that which I was unlucky enough to occupy in the "Rue de la Gouttière." It was a sorry crib and a squalid, and even when I got into that better apartment, for which I had to wait, as I have said, four days, even then there were circumstances connected with this place of abode which made one ever monstrous glad to get out of it. Why, take the smells alone. Nay, take *one* of the smells alone. There was always an odour of frying of the most violent kind pervading the whole house. It was so strong that it was as if this culinary process was going on in one's own room, and so rank and poisonous that when I was in a morbid or melancholy mood, as would sometimes happen, it used to suggest itself to me that the man with the lounging-cap and the wicked smile was in the habit of murdering his lodgers for the sake of what they might have about them, and of getting rid of the bodies by cutting them into very little bits, and frying them all day long.

Next to sleeping in one's clothes, I know of few things which seem to deprive one of all the benefit of a night's rest more completely than waking up in the morning to a powerful smell of fried lodger.

Night's rest! I think I spoke of rest. I am disposed to believe that I have alluded to waking up. How shall he wake up who has not been asleep? How shall he rest who has a night cab-stand outside his door, and a coach-house for voitures de remise under his window. Rest, with perpetual arrivals of hackney-coaches at the stand, and perpetual backings of carriages and horses into the remise. Eheu! what stampings and bangings, what swearings and growlings!

What long conversations, what arguments, what protracted and elaborate descriptions of the past day's exploits—of its cab fares, its extortions, its pour-boires. And I, a wakeful subject at best and one who knows all the ramifications of restlessness as well as any man in England. Does any man alive know as well as I do the different classifications of bad nights. There is the bad night total, the bad night partial, the bad night early, the bad night late, the bad night candid, and the bad night deceptive.

The bad night total is a night entirely without sleep, when not even in the morning, and just before the servant knocks at the door, does slumber come to mock the sufferer with a chance of rest. The bad night utter is rare, it is terrible: God help thee through it.

The bad night partial is one in which there are periods of sleep, but such intervals of wakefulness as render it still essentially a bad night. It is common enough, it is endurable. Lie still and be as patient as you can.

He who on going to bed cannot possibly get to sleep, but towards morning drops off into oblivion, has had a bad night early. It is, perhaps, on the whole, a trifle more refreshing than the bad night late, but he who experiences either will feel the effects next day. I am sorry for him from my heart.

The bad night late has this great disadvantage, that the period of wakefulness comes at a time when, for some reason or other, the mind is in a terribly gloomy and unsatisfactory condition. He who is going to pass through the sufferings which the bad night late brings with it will go to bed early, and will fall asleep on first lying down. At about half-past two or three o'clock, however, in the morning he will wake—wake completely, suddenly, unaccountably. Now, I am of opinion that at three o'clock A.M. the human mind is not itself. At that hour we are far from seeing things in their true colours, and from estimating them rightly. It is a bleak period. No words that the pen can write or the tongue utter will do justice to the chill and despondent view with which at that particular hour the mind is ready to regard its past history and its future prospects. Trust it not at such a time. Things are not so bad as then they seem. You don't see truly in the dark or in the dawn. Why should that lawsuit go against you? Why should that investment fail, and your children have to beg their bread? That book you are writing will not be the worst thing you have ever done. That picture you are at work on will sell—why not? Enough of the bad night late, let us get to the bad night candid and the bad night deceptive. I have much to say about the last.

It is a bad night candid when one feels, on going to bed, that one is not going to sleep, and when one finds, as morning approaches, that the foreboding has been amply justified. The bad night candid not uncommonly follows a hard day's work with the head, and is not a pleasant or refreshing termination to such labours, by any means.

But perhaps of all bad nights the most aggravating is the bad night deceptive. It is ordinarily preceded by a long walk in the country, undertaken with a view of improving the health, and is immediately ushered in by sensations of intense and overpowering sleepiness, and by outrageous fits of yawning, which make you long to feel your head upon the pillow. You deposit it there, but somehow or other you don't feel quite so sleepy as you did just now. You *are* sleepy, though, you say to yourself—oh yes, very sleepy—and you try to get up another yawn, but it is not a successful one at all. You become about this time a little deceptive yourself, and begin to meditate in a cajoling manner, with soothing promises. You draw bills, so to speak, upon sleep, and endorse them yourself. You say, dreamily, "How delightful to stretch one's weary limbs upon the downy couch" (for when you are humbugging in this way you will, ten to one, use poetical expressions)—"how delightful to be in bed at last! After that long walk too. How many miles, I wonder?"—an easy calculation is such a good thing to go to sleep upon; not that you require any elaborate process to send you off to-night, you are much too sleepy to need *that*, thank goodness. "How many miles?" All this time you are not going to sleep. You keep your eyes fast shut, though, and refuse for a long time to take "no" for an answer. At last you open one eye, and look at the reflexion of the gas-lamp outside upon the ceiling of your room. Then you turn round, and go through the cajoling process upon the other side. Then you begin to see through it, and the horrible thought crosses your mind that you are not so sleepy as you were. You fight with this idea, but it returns again and again. You get indignant, and say, in piteous tones, "Why, I am not going to sleep! And after all that walking in the open air, and with that terrible day's work before me to-morrow." After which you may bid good-by to sleep for many hours. You are in for the bad night deceptive, and I wish you joy of it.

There is another form of bad night deceptive, which is, perhaps, even worse than that already hinted at. More deceptive, more promising, more blankly disappointing. You go to bed, as already described, in a state of extreme sleepiness at an early hour. You go to sleep at once. Charming! Nothing like exercise to make a man sleepy. You wake, and say to yourself, "What a good night's rest I have had! Let me see, I went to bed about half-past ten, I suppose it is now about six in the morning. Perhaps even later, one never can tell these winter mornings. Stop! there's the clock striking now. One—two—three—four—five—six—ah, I thought so—seven—eight—what, and not light?—nine—ten—eleven—twelve." It is midnight, my poor boy, and all your troubles are before you.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A BREAK in the solitude of my existence. My Crusoe-like isolation interrupted; and in good time.

It is not when we *think* that we can bear a thing no longer that the relief comes. We underrate our powers of endurance in our laziness and in our shrinking from distress. It is when we really *can* bear no more that a change is at hand.

It was in the Louvre, which palace I had entered to have half an hour of my favourite Napoleon Museum—to stand awhile before that grey great-coat with which we have such associations, and to ponder over the huge hat that covered the huge brain of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Making my way to this museum of relics, and passing through the picture-gallery en route, my eye happened to fall upon the figure of one apparently lost in admiration of the Paul Veronese, for which the gallery is so justly celebrated. The individual who had attracted my attention was sitting, or rather reclining, upon the cushioned seat, which is placed opposite the picture in question in an attitude of profound and abstracted admiration. He had sunk so low upon the ottoman, that his head, forced forward by the back of the seat, rested upon his chest—his hat (a sombrero) lay upon the floor—his right hand was clasping his forehead, while his left arm, brought across his body for the purpose, had hold of the right elbow in a feverish grip. In a word, it was an action indicating either genius or stomach-ache—it would have been hard to say which. A quantity of long fair hair tossed wildly back from his lofty brow—a beard light and tawny, of the Vandyke cut, the sides of his face being closely shaven—a black velvet coat and a frown—all these things proclaimed, at the first glance, that this gentleman was an artist, and at the second, that he was my old friend Clipper.

Clipper is what may be called an artist, with a vengeance—a beau-ideal specimen of the class—a man who carries out to inconceivable perfection the character of a genius in every respect, except that of producing good pictures. He is the spoilt child and petted darling of that tribe whom my soul so keenly delights in—the art-loving ladies of Britain. Why, I have seen Clipper at Poet's-corner, Richmond, the residence of the Countess Komberwig, stretched upon the lawn under a tree, composing, while Lady Fanny Fauteuil, who is one of his greatest admirers, was seated by his side fanning his forehead, lest Clipper's genius should burn its way right through to the surface.

Yet Clipper is not a bad fellow at heart. There is a band of brothers, as poor as Job, who live upon him and suck the means of existence out of his ill-filled purse. Set aside his ridiculous affectation, and there are qualities in the man which command our regard, and make one weep at his absurdities.

I was very glad to see Clipper, and went up to him at once. "Hullo!" I said, commencing the dialogue with our noble British exclamation—from Charing-cross to Cochin-China that glorious word "Hullo!" is heard wherever English throats are found to give it utterance—"hullo, Clipper! how are you, old fellow?"

Clipper did not move. He merely turned his eyes from the Paul Veronese and brought them slowly to bear upon my countenance, which he surveyed with the air of one who looked straight through the face and skull before him into a vista, with the Temple of Fame at the end of it, and Paul Veronese standing at its altar beckoning Clipper on to join him.

"How are you, Clipper?" I said again, holding out my hand.

He took it, started slightly, and with a faint and vacant smile, said, speaking softly under his breath, and in awe-struck tones,

"Pardon me, my dear Fudge, pardon me—I am in dreamland. You know what I am, a poor half-crazy fellow at best. My fancies carry me away at times."

"A fine picture," I said, pointing to the Paul Veronese.

"Yes, Fudge," said Clipper, still speaking softly, and in mysterious tones—"yes, Fudge, it *is* a fine picture."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked, at this juncture. "You talk as if we were in the presence of the dead."

"We *are* in the presence of the dead," answered Clipper. At which words a little English tourist, who had been sitting close by and listening to everything we said, got up hastily, with terror in his looks, and made the best of his way out of the room. "We *are* in the presence of the dead," continued Clipper. "The shade of Paolo Veronesé has been with me, daring me to compete with that picture before us. It is a fine picture, Horatio—a fine picture. I will beat that picture, Horatio—I will meet that picture on its own ground. I will have it out with Paolo, as sure as your name is—is——"

"Fudge," said I, seeing that he hesitated.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"Come with me to my atelier," said Clipper, rising. "Mathews—you know Mathews, don't you?—well, he is in Paris with me, and we have taken a studio together."

This Mathews, whom I knew well, was about as great a contrast to our man of genius as could easily be found. In the first place, he was an accomplished, an admirable artist, but the least technical and the most common-place looking person conceivable. He was a little man, plump and brisk, neat in his attire, always dressed like other people, and with conventional whiskers and short hair. He talked little, and upon art, never—and worked like a lion. He was a rising man, and had the mystic letters A.R.A. attached to his name. How he and Clipper could have got together was to me an unfathomable mystery.

Well, to be sure, Clipper was a compromising man to walk with, and I must own that, though I had been so long without company, I yet found

him a bit of a bore. He was continually stopping to point out effects, to elucidate intricate theories of optics, or to call one's attention to "fine heads" that we met in the street. Con found his sketch-book, too; it was perpetually coming out, either that he might note down something he saw, or nail an idea which he was fearful might slip out of his brain. It is not quite so bad in Paris, where people never get stared at; but in a London street he's dreadful —is Clipper.

We found Mathews hard at work upon a small picture, painting a piece of drapery—a sleeve—from a model. He was all huddled together up in a corner, the main space in the room being completely filled up by a gigantic canvas of Clipper's, representing the assassination of Julius Cæsar, while a lay figure in a toga, which must not be touched lest the folds should be disturbed, reduced the sphere of action left to the unfortunate Mathews to still more narrow limits

After the first cordial greeting, Mathews quietly sat down, at my earnest request, to his work again, and Clipper, seizing an enormous palette, began to make ready for an attack upon the toga. It was always a fine and impressive sight to see Clipper paint. First of all he would retreat to the utmost limits of the apartment, would lean calmly against the wall, and gaze meditatively upon his work. Then, holding his palette, brushes, and mahl-stick in his left hand, he would, shutting one eye, hide with the thumb of his right every portion of his picture in succession, muttering to himself the while; then, with a slow and panther-like step, he would stealthily creep towards his canvas, mixing up the colour with his brush as he went; then he would stop half way, saying, in a deep, guttural tone, "No, that touch is too much for me now; I must do that touch when I have been without champagne for a week." Then he would rush back again to the wall, falling against it as if he had been flung there by a giant, staring wildly at the picture, and talking to himself still in the same low tone, with scraps of song, Italian opera, or low comic sentiments given out oratorically, and bits of slang, impartially mingled in his dialogue. "I must do that touch when I have been without champagne for a week—without champagne for a week—for a week. Confound those great people who will ask a fellow to dinner. A week without dinner parties, and I should do something. Ha! a good touch—a good touch that last, Horatio, and in the manner of the schools. 'With a cup of cold pizon all down by her side, and a billy-dux a-saying how for Villikins she died.' I'm not in cue to-day, Horatio—not in cue; but I'll fight it out—I'll have it out with that fold. 'Ah fors' e lui, ché l'an—i—ma—la ta tara ti i ra—a.' I am convinced, Mathews, that the great Italian masters must have had music going on while they were painting?"

"I should think not," said Mathews.

"And wherefore not? Perche, Signor Matteo?"

"Because I should think it would have put them out tremendously if they were minding what they were about," replied the matter-of-fact Mathews.

"Now listen to that fellow—il est assommant, cet homme. Mathews, you are insupportable—a man without sentiment. What can be said of a fellow who sits there pitching into a drapery perpetually, with the works of the masters at his elbow, among which he might pass the live-long day? You are unworthy, Mathews, of the name of an artist."

Here there was a pause, during which Clipper advanced to the stove, and taking out a piece of burning charcoal with the tongs, proceeded to light a cigar by the aid of the same; after which, retreating to a distant part of the room, he began to puff away in gloomy silence, glaring at his picture the while with a portentous frown.

I went and sat down by Mathews. He had paid and dismissed his model, but was still at work.

"Are you going to leave off?" I asked.

"Not just yet. I've got this bit of pattern to do in the background."

"Shall I disturb you if I sit here watching you?"

"No, not a bit. This is the kind of work that one can do and talk at the same time. How long have you been in Paris?"

"About a fortnight," I answered.

"Know many people here?" asked Mathews.

"Not a soul," was my reply.

"The deuce! I suppose you didn't come here alone, though?"

"Entirely," I said.

The conversation had got to this point, when it was interrupted by a groan from Clipper.

"I can't do it to-day," said that gentleman. "Mathews, come here," he continued.

"What is it?" said Mathews, doing as he was bid.

"That won't do, you know," said Clipper, with a deep sigh.

"What won't do?" asked the other.

"That toga," groaned the man of genius; "there's something wrong in the folds. That toga," he continued, "will drag me to an early grave."

"Why don't you get that line in?" said Mathews, pointing to a very important and beautiful sweep which the drapery took upon the lay figure.

"I shall do that line, Mathews," answered Mr. Clipper, in a low and mysterious tone—"I shall do that line when I *know* it. I've got my eye upon it, but I don't thoroughly know it yet."

"What do you mean by *knowing* it?" inquired Mathews. "You can *see* it, I suppose—can't you?"

"You don't understand me, Mathews. I am a man of ideas—you are essentially and painfully practical. When I see a beautiful line in nature, I require to drink it into my soul before I can reproduce it. These things can't be done by brute force, Mathews. You can't take the

fortress of Nature by storm, my friend—you must circumvent it."

"Well, I dare say it's all right," said Mathews, "but I don't know a bit what you're talking about."

"I know you don't, Mathews. Our missions in art are different ones. You paint bodies, I paint souls. You represent the outside of things, while I penetrate into the depths beneath. My path is chosen. What though its giddy heights may lead me into dangers, I smile at them even as you, my Mathews, smile at me. Enough, I am not in cue to-day. I shall go back to the Louvre, and, flinging myself down before the Paul Veronese, give way to my fancies untrammelled."

So saying, and casting down his palette and brushes, Mr. Clipper pulled his sombrero over his brow, and nodding gloomily to me, vanished from the apartment.

"Now what a fellow that is," said Mathews, when the door had closed upon him. "I happen to know (and so does he) that the Pontifex Pryors and Lady Fanny Fauteuil are in Paris, and are going to the Louvre this very afternoon, and Clipper has gone there to be discovered with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doing the artist with all his might. I've known him do the same kind of thing before. He has an especial partiality for being 'discovered' in this highly conscious state of unconsciousness, and whenever Clipper tells you that he is going to fling himself down under the trees in Richmond Park, and give way to the flights of his imagination, you may be quite sure that he will do so very near the main road, and that on that particular day Lady Suckbrains, or the Chumley Biggs, or some other admirers of 'unconscious' genius, will happen to be passing through the park on their way to the Star and Garter."

"I can't think how you and Clipper get on," I said at this point.

"Well, I hardly know how it is myself," said Mathews. "I think it's partly that he amuses me, and partly that we have got into a habit of being together. I had a studio with him before for a long time in London, when he used to go on very much as you have seen him to-day, and when he used to talk and act so extraordinarily like a genius that I remember a period when I got at last so confused by his goings on that I used sometimes to doubt the evidence of my senses as to his abilities, and say to myself, 'Surely there must be something in this man, after all.' Well, well," added Mathews, checking himself abruptly, as if he felt that we were getting too hard upon our absent friend, "we all have our faults, and this harmless vanity is the only one I have ever found in Clipper. Shall we go and dine?"

"By all means," I answered; "but where?"

"Let's go to the English tavern," said this thorough Briton. "I hate your kickshaws."

So to the English tavern we went.

It was a very good dinner. Plenty of joints, and plenty of English. These last all spoke to the waiter in French, while the foreigners who were present addressed that functionary invariably in the English language.

After dinner, we English, drawing our chairs together round the stove, began reading the newspapers and chatting as we felt inclined. I happened, unfortunately, to be placed next to a little man who, sitting with the Morning Post in his hand (an old number which I think he must have brought from England with him), presented a perfect specimen of the snob tribe, and bored me every now and then with genteel conversation in a very terrible manner, as the reader shall hear.

CHANGE FOR NUGGETS.

I HAVE done a very bold and sensible thing. I have thrown off the irksome tyranny of my currency doctor. It was only a few days ago that he felt my mental pulse, and declared me to be in a dangerous condition. My answer was, that I would take no more nostrums, pamphlets, tracts, and inky abominations; that I would listen to no more denunciations of rival systems; I would take nothing but the benefit of the waters of fact; and I went at once to the Mint, on Tower-hill, to get them. I went to the Master of the Mint. Before I accepted his kind offer to show me his establishment, I held a short conference with the shade of Ricardo, the great political economist.

"I am about to look upon currency from a mechanical point of view," I said to the shade, "and I want your opinion upon the fixed price of gold I have heard so much of."

"Gold fixes its own price," returned the shade of Ricardo, "because of its uniform steadiness of value. It is for this rare quality that it is chosen as the standard basis of our currency."

"But why," I returned, "is three pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny always to be given for an ounce of gold, when all other commodities are always rising and falling?"

"Coinage labour," he answered, rather evading the question, "is given gratuitously to the public: you take your precious metal to the Mint, and the Mint returns you the same weight in the shape of sovereigns, even adding the necessary alloy, without making any charge for the process."

"Then any digger," I asked, "may take his nuggets, however small, and exchange them immediately for money?"

"Theoretically, yes, but, practically, no," he answered, "for they receive no metal there, to save trouble, that is less in value than ten thousand pounds sterling. The Bank of England is their collecting agent for small amounts; being bound to purchase any gold that is tendered to it, giving notes or gold coin in exchange, after the metal has been examined and tested by the regular refiners."

"This is under the abused act of 1844," I said, "which is since your time."

"It is," he replied, "and there is no hardship

to the Bank involved in the compulsory purchase. They issue their notes at once to the amount of gold (whether in coin or bullion) in their cellars; and they charge three-halfpence an ounce commission to compensate them for the delay of a week or so that takes place in the process of coining."

"Thank you," I replied; "I feel considerably better; and I will now examine this mechanical process of coining."

The first place that I was conducted to was the central office, where the ingots of gold are weighed when they come in from the Bank of England, or from other sources, and where a small piece is cut off each slab for the Mint assayer to test the whole by. A nugget of gold may be of any shape, and is generally an irregular dead yellow lump, that looks like pale gingerbread; but an ingot of gold is a small brick. After the precious metals have been scrupulously weighed in the central office, they are sent to the melting-house down an iron tramway. All the account-books in the Mint are balanced by weight; so that even where there is so much money, there is no use made of the three columns bearing the familiar headings of £ s. d. The melting-house is an old-fashioned structure, having what I may call the gold kitchen on one side, and the silver kitchen on the other, with just such a counting-house between the two—well provided with clean weights, scales, well-bound books, and well-framed almanacks—as George Barnwell may have worked in with his uncle some years before he became gay. The counting-house commands a view of both melting-kitchens, that the superintendents may overlook the men at their work. Although the Mint contains nearly a hundred persons resident within its walls—forming a little colony with peculiar habits, tastes, and class feelings of its own—a great many of the workpeople are drawn from the outer world. Dinner is provided for them all within the building; and, when they pass in to their day's work, between the one soldier and the two policemen at the entrance-gate, they are not allowed to depart until their labour is finished, and the books of their department are balanced, to see that nothing is missing. If all is found right, a properly signed certificate is given to each man, and he is then permitted to go his way.

The gold kitchen and the silver kitchen are never in operation on the same day, and the first melting process that I was invited to attend was the one in the latter department. The presiding cook, well protected with leather apron, and thick coarse gloves, was driving four ingot-bricks of solid silver into a thick plumbago crucible, by the aid of a crowbar. When these four pieces were closely jammed down to a level with the surface of the melting-pot, he seasoned it with a sprinkling of base coin, by way of alloy; placing the crucible in one of the circular recesses over the fiery ovens to boil. The operations in the gold kitchen are similar to this, except that they are on a much smaller scale. A crucible is there made to boil three or four ingots, worth from four to five thousand pounds sterling; and where machinery is employed in the silver kitchen, much of the work is done in the gold kitchen with long iron tongs that are held in the hand.

When the solid metal has become fluid, a revolving crane is turned over the copper, and the glowing, red-hot crucible is drawn from its fiery recess, casting its heated breath all over the apartment, and is safely landed in a rest. This rest is placed over a number of steel moulds, that are made up, when cool, like pieces of a puzzle, and which look like a large metal mouth-organ standing on end, except that the tubes there present are square in shape, and all of the same length. The crucible rest is acted upon by the presiding cook and another man, through the machinery in which it is placed, and is made to tilt up at certain stages, according to regulated degrees. When the molten metal, looking like greasy milk, has poured out of the crucible until it has filled the first tube of the metal mouth-organ, sounding several octaves of fluid notes, like the tone of bottle emptying, the framework of moulds is moved on one stage by the same machinery, so as to bring the second tube under the mouth of the crucible, which is then tilted up another degree. This double action is repeated until the whole blinking, white-heated interior of the crucible is presented to my view, and nothing remains within it but a few lumps of red-hot charcoal.

The next step is to knock asunder the framework of moulds, to take out the silver, now hardened into long dirty-white bars, and to place these bars first in a cold-water bath, and then upon a metal counter to cool. These bars are all cast according to a size which experience has taught to be exceedingly eligible for conversion into coin.

From the silver-melting process I was taken to the gold-coining department, the first stage in dealing with the precious metals being, as I have before stated, the same. Passing from bars of silver to bars of gold, I entered the Great Rolling Room, and began my first actual experience in the manufacture of a sovereign.

The bars of gold, worth about twelve hundred pounds sterling, that are taken into the Great Rolling Room, are about twenty-one inches long, one and three-eighths of an inch broad, and one inch thick. As they lie upon the heavy truck, before they are subject to the action of the ponderous machinery in this department, they look like cakes of very bright yellow soap.

An engine of thirty-horse power sets in motion the machinery of this room, whose duty it is to flatten the bars until they come out in ribands of an eighth of an inch thick, and considerably increased in length. This process, not unlike mangling, is performed by powerful rollers, and is repeated until the ribands are reduced to the proper gauged thickness, after which they are divided and cut into the proper gauged lengths.

Having undergone one or two annealings in brick ovens attached to this department, these fillets may be considered ready for another process, which takes place, after twelve hours' delay, in a place that is called the Drawing Room.

In this department the coarser work of the Rolling Room is examined and perfected. The fillets, or ribands of gold, after being subjected to another rolling process, the chief object of which has been to thin both ends, are taken to a machine called a draw-bench, where their thickness is perfectly equalised from end to end. The thin end of the golden riband is passed between two finely-polished fixed steel cylinders into the mouth of a part of the concrete machine, which is called a "dog." This dog is a small thin carriage, travelling upon wheels over a bench, under which revolves an endless chain. In length and appearance this dog is like a seal, with a round, thick head, containing two large eyes that are formed of screws, and having a short-handled inverted metal mallet for a hat. Its mouth is large, and acts like a vice, and when it has gripped the thin end of the golden riband in its teeth, its tail is affixed to the endless chain, which causes it to move slowly along the bench, dragging the riband through the fixed cylinders. When the riband has passed through its whole length, the thin end at its other extreme coming more quickly through the narrow space between the cylinders, causes it to release itself with a sudden jerk, and this motion partly raises the mallet-cap of the backing dog, which opens its broad mouth, and drops its hold of the metal badger that it has completely drawn. A workman now takes the fillet and punches out a circular piece the exact size of a sovereign, and weighs it. If the golden dump, or blank, as it is called, is heavy, the dog and the cylinders are put in requisition once more to draw the riband thinner; but, if the weight is accurate (and perfect accuracy at this stage is indispensable), the smooth, dull, impressionless counter, looking like the brass button of an Irishman's best blue coat, is transferred to another department, called the Press Cutting Room.

The Cutting Room may claim the honour of being the noisiest place in the building. The finest oration, or the most melodious song that ever came from human lips, would be utterly thrown away in this department; and if any disciple of James Watt took to instructing pupils here in the mysteries of shafts, presses, and fly-wheels, it would have to be done through the medium of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

In this room, twelve cutting-presses, arranged on a circular platform, about two feet in height, surround an upright shaft, and a horizontal revolving fly-wheel; and at the will of twelve boys, who attend and feed the presses, the punches attached to the presses are made to rise and fall at the rate of a stroke a second. The ribands, cut into handy lengths, are given to the boys, who push them under the descending punches, as sliding-frames are pushed under table microscopes. The blanks fall into boxes, handily placed to receive them, and the waste—like all the slips and cuttings, trial dumps, failures, &c., in every department—is weighed back to the melting-kitchen for the next cooking day.

Vigilance, as my guide impressed upon me, is necessary at every stage of gold-coining. If the rolling be not carefully done, the draw-bench will not rectify all its errors; if the draw-bench be not nicely adjusted, the thickness of the metal riband will not be equal, and the cutting-punches, however properly turned and tempered, would produce pieces of varying weight.

From the noise and clatter of the Cutting Room I was conducted to the elegant calmness of the Weighing Room, a department handsomely fitted up, and looking like a show-room for elaborate chronometers. Here is performed one of the most interesting and delicate operations throughout the whole Mint. Upon the counter, on ornamental iron stands, is a silent council of thirteen automaton balances, who pass judgment, individually, upon the work in the foregoing departments, and decide with unerring exactness upon the weight of the golden dumps. These automaton judges sit under glass cases, to preserve them from damp and dust, and they have the appearance of being a row of French skeleton clocks. The golden dumps that are passed into the Weighing Room, still looking like the aforesaid Irishman's brass button, are distributed amongst the balances, passing down a receiving slide on to a strip of steel. This strip of steel is made to advance and recede at certain intervals, perhaps of a quarter of a minute, and at each advance it pushes a blank on to a beautifully poised scale-table, sensitive to the slightest variations of weight. For a few seconds the machine appears to reflect, and then the golden dump is gently pushed off the scale by the arrival of another piece on the steel slide for judgment. The first, if "heavy," disappears down the outer one of three flattened tubes; if "light," down the inner one; and, if quite correct in weight, down the centre compartment. By careful manipulation, much of the work is now made to fall in the medium boxes, thereby effecting much saving in the annual expenses of the Mint—a reform that is attributable to the present working master and his superintendents.

From the Weighing Room I followed the dumps that were declared to be in perfect condition to a department called the Marking Room, where they received their first surface impression. This room contains eight machines, whose duty it is to raise a plain rim, or protecting edge, round the surface circumference of the golden blanks. This is done by dropping them down a tube, which conducts them horizontally to a bed prepared for them, where they are pushed backwards and forwards between two grooved "cheeks" made of steel, which raise the necessary rim by pressure.

From this department I am taken by my guide to a long bakehouse structure, called the Annealing Room. Here I find several men cooks very busy with the golden-rimmed blanks, making

them into pies of three thousand each, in cast-iron pans covered with wrought-iron lids, and closed up with moist Beckenham clay. These costly pies are placed in large ovens, where they are baked in intense heat for an hour, and then each batch is drawn as its time expires, and is not opened before the pans become cool. The grey plastic loam which was placed round the dish is baked to a red crisp cinder, and the golden contents of the pie are warranted not to tarnish after this fiery ordeal by coming in contact with the atmosphere.

I next follow the golden annealed blanks to the Blanching Room, where they are put into a cold-water bath to render them cool; after which they are washed in a hot weak solution of sulphuric acid and water, to remove all traces of surface impurity. Finally, after another wash in pure water, they are conveyed to a drying-stove, where they are first agitated violently in a heated tube, then turned into a sieve, and tossed about out of sight amongst a heap of beech-wood sawdust, kept hot upon an oven. After this playful process they are sifted into the upper world once more, and then transferred to trays, like butchers' trays, which are conveyed to the Stamping Room.

The Coining Press Room contains eight screw presses, worked from above by invisible machinery. Below, there is a cast-iron platform; and above, huge fly arms, full six feet long, and weighty at their ends, which travel noisily to and fro, carrying with them the vertical screw, and raising and depressing the upper die. In front of each press, when the machinery is in motion, a boy is sitting to fill the feeding-tube with the bright plain dumps of gold that have come from the sawdust in the Blanching Room. On the bed of the press is fixed one of Mr. Wyon's head dies—a perfect work of art that is manufactured in the building; and the self-acting feeding apparatus—a slide moving backwards and forwards, much the same as in the delicate weighing machines—places the golden dumps, one by one, on the die. The boy in attendance now starts some atmospheric pressure machinery, by pulling a starting line; the press and upper die are brought down upon the piece of unstamped gold that is lying on the lower die, along with a collar that is milled on its inner circumference, and which closes upon the coin with a spring, preventing its undue expansion, and at one forcible but well-directed blow the blank dump has received its top, bottom, and side impression, and has become a perfect coin of the realm. The feeder advances with steady regularity, and while it conveys another dump to the die, it chips the perfect sovereign down an inclined plane; the upper machinery comes down again; the dump is covered out of sight, to appear in an instant as a coin; other dumps advance, are stamped, are pushed away, and their places immediately taken. Some sovereigns roll on one side instead of going over to the inclined plane, others lie upon the edge of the machinery, or under the butcher's tray that holds the dumps, and the boys take even less notice of them than if they were so many peppermint drops; the heavy mass of black iron-work all over the room keeps moving steadily from ceiling to floor; a second, and all that a Dorsetshire labourer is worth in a year, is sent rolling carelessly about the platform; a dozen seconds, and all the same Dorsetshire labourer will ever earn in this world is following the treasures that went before; five minutes, and the purchase-money is created of a landed estate; a quarter of an hour, and you may form some idea how easily fortunes are made; an hour, and any banker would give a partnership for the sweepings of the trays; a quarter of a day, and Daniel Dancer would have danced about in the madness of joy; a day, and he would have had to have been removed by the soldiers on duty at the point of the sword.

The workmen collect these different heaps of sovereigns, and brush up the scattered money, that the joint product of metal, advanced mechanism, and careful art, may pass its last examination before it is sent into the outer world for circulation as perfect, unexceptionable coin. The metal has passed no locked doorway in its progress without being weighed out of one department into another, and it undergoes yet one more weighing before it is placed into bags for delivery to the Bank of England or private bullion holders, and consigned to a stone and iron strong-room, containing half a million of coined money, until the hour of its liberation draws nigh. As I saw the workmen tossing the precious burden about in copper scales, and taking pinches of bright new sovereigns in their hands with no more respect than if they were white-heart cherries at twopence a pound, I could not help thinking that familiarity must breed contempt, and that the weighers will run through their property, when they come into it, with quite as much spirit as the most celebrated bloods about town.

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CHAPTER X. TWO PROMISES.

MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In this age, he would have been a Professor; in that age, he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers, to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation, he would not have prospered. He had expected labour, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this, his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-house. The rest of his time he passed in London.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful, as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But, he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted château far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone château which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigour of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, as he had at first been in the exercise of his other recovered faculties; but, this had never been frequently observable, and had grown more and more rare.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him, now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor. "Miss Manette——"

"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short, "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from

home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes?" said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here, and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not——"

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back!

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her, at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined:

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay hesitated.

"Shall I go on, sir?"

Another blank.

"Yes, go on."

"You anticipate what I would say, though you cannot know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart, and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The Doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words, he stretched out his hand again, hurriedly, and cried:

"Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recal that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain, that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, after some moments. "I do not doubt your loving Lucie; you may be satisfied of it."

He turned towards him in his chair, but did not look at him, or raise his eyes. His chin drooped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face:

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but, his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully, "how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day, that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child. I know, Doctor Manette — how can I fail to know — that, mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman, there is, in her heart towards you, all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know that, as in her childhood she had no parent, so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervour of her present years and character, united to the trustfulness and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her. I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life, you could hardly be invested, in her sight, with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her. I know that when she is clinging to you, the hands of baby, girl, and woman, all in one, are round your neck. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age, loves her mother broken-hearted, loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this, night and day, since I have known you in your home."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down. His breathing was a little quickened; but he repressed all other signs of agitation.

"Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always seeing her and you with this hallowed light about you, I have forborne, and forborne, as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love—even mine—between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, mournfully. "I have thought so, before now. I believe it."

"But, do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harboured in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if it ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch this honoured hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a

voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future; I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be."

His touch still lingered on her father's hand. Answering the touch for a moment, but not coldly, her father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference. A struggle was evident in his face; a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None. As yet, none."

"Is it the immediate object of this confidence, that you may at once ascertain that, with my knowledge?"

"Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I ask none, sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well, that a word from her father in any suitor's favour, would outweigh herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette," said Darnay, modestly but firmly, "I would not ask that word, to save my life."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love, as well as out of wide division; in the former case, they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the state of her heart."

"May I ask, sir, if you think she is——" As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest.

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here, yourself. Mr. Stryver is here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either, likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me, as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have an undoubted right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you. If there were—Charles Darnay, if there were——"

The young man had taken his hand gratefully; their hands were joined as the Doctor spoke:

—"any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, anything whatsoever, new or old, against the man she really loved—the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me——Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

He was at a loss how to answer, until he remembered having spoken of a condition. Relieved as his mind reverted to that, he answered:

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop!"

For an instant, the Doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home

directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone—for Miss Pross had gone straight up-stairs—and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed, to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI. A COMPANION PICTURE.

"SYDNEY," said Mr. Stryver, on that self-same night, or morning, to his jackal; "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver arrears were handsomely fetched up; everything was got rid of, until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring grist to the mill again.

Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet-towelling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling; and he was in a very damaged condition, as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry."

"*Do* you?"

"Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?"

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess, at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess, you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing boastfully, "though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance (for I hope I know better), still, I am a tenderer sort of fellow than *you*."

"You are a luckier, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more——more——"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is that, I am a man," said Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, "who cares more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver, shaking his head in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your moroseness there! Your manners have been of that silent and sullen and hang-dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney!"

"It should be very beneficial to a man in your practice at the bar, to be ashamed of anything," returned Sydney; "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off in that way," rejoined Stryver, shouldering the rejoinder at him; "no, Sydney, it's my duty to tell you—and I tell you to your face to do you good—that you are a de-vilish ill-conditioned fellow in that sort of society. You are a disagreeable fellow."

Sydney drank a bumper of the punch he had made, and laughed.

"Look at me!" said Stryver, squaring himself; "I have less need to make myself agreeable than you have, being more independent in circumstances. Why do I do it?"

"I never saw you do it yet," muttered Carton.

"I do it because it's politic; I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on."

"You don't get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions," answered Carton, with a careless air, "I wish you would keep to that. As to me—will you never understand that I am incorrigible?"

He asked the question with some appearance of scorn.

"You have no business to be incorrigible,"

was his friend's answer, delivered in no very soothing tone.

"I have no business to be, at all, that I know of," said Sydney Carton. "Who is the lady?"

"Now, don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, preparing him with ostentatious friendliness for the disclosure he was about to make, "because I know you don't mean half you say; and if you meant it all, it would be of no importance. I make this little preface, because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms."

"I did?"

"Certainly; and in these chambers."

Sydney Carton looked at his punch and looked at his complacent friend; drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensitiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, Sydney, I might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. You want that sense altogether; therefore, I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression, than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music."

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

"Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't care about fortune: she is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself: on the whole, I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man already pretty well off, and a rapidly rising man, and a man of some distinction: it is a piece of good fortune for her, but she is worthy of good fortune. Are you astonished?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I be astonished?"

"You approve?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I not approve?"

"Well!" said his friend Stryver, "you take to it more easily than I fancied you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know well enough by this time that your ancient chum is a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it; I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it (when he doesn't, he can stay away), and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to *you* about *your* prospects. You are in a bad way, you know; you really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think about a nurse."

The prosperous patronage with which he said it, made him look twice as big as he was, and four times as offensive.

"Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, "to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face, in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property—somebody in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way—and marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for *you*. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney.

DRIFT.

The early Plea Rolls or Judgment Rolls of the Court of King's or Queen's Bench, preserved in the Public Record-office, contain not only the general proceedings in causes: that is to say in private suits of law: but indictments, informations, and such-like matters, wherein the offence concerned the King, or the Crown's authority in some direct or indirect fashion.

Part of the very curious Plea, which I am about to quote, I have taken from one of these King's Bench Plea Rolls in the time of King Richard the Second, of the year 1393; all the entries are written in Latin, and their title or heading runs thus:

"Pleas, before the Lord the King at York, of Easter term, in the sixteenth year of the reign of the King Richard the Second." The plea before us is from among the second numbers, membrane 37 (each roll contained so many skins or membranes of parchment sewed at the head, about two feet and a half long and ten inches wide, as the business of the term when digested and written down required):

"York.—John Tomesson, of North houses; Richard Jonesson, of the parish of Cotyngham; John Berwold, of the same, senior; John Berwold, of the same, junior;" and others, some eighty or more in number, on the Tuesday after the feast of St. Peter in Cathedra (February 22), in the fifteenth year of King Richard the Second, were presented by the district Jury for Assault, &c., on the Close, or dwelling-place of Roger Whithose, &c. They are also charged with extortions, violent aggressions, and other offences, and with wearing a livery of one suit or character, and of illegally allying or confederating themselves for mischiefs innumerable. But the strangest degree of their misdemeanour lies in the following extract, which I have, as honestly as I can, set before the reader: "And they [the Jurors] say that the aforesaid John Berwald [*sic*], junior, of Cotyngham, and others, made a certain rhyme in English, and caused the said rhyme to be publicly proclaimed at Beverley on the Sunday next before the feast of St. James the Apostle [July 25th], and at Hull on the Sunday next following, and at other divers

places within the county of York, on divers occasions, in the sixteenth year of King Richard the Second's reign, after the Conquest, which same rhyme follows in these words:

In the Contre herd was we
Yat in our soken schrewes shuld be } wit al for to bake

Among this frers it is so
And other ordres many mo } Whether ye slepe or wake

And yet wil ikkan hel up other
And meynteyn him als his brother } Both in wrong and right

And also wil in stond and stoure
Meynteyn our neghebour } With al our myght

Ilk man may come and goo
Among us both to and fro } I say you sikyrly

But hethyng wil we suffre non
Neither of hobbe ne of Johan } Wit what man he be

For unkynde we war
Yf we suffred of lesse or mar } Any vylans hethyng

But it were quit double agayn
And acord and be ful fayn } to byde our dressyng

And on yat purpos yet we stand
Who so dose us any wrang } In what place it

Yet he myght als wele
Als have I hap and hele } do again us all

Before the reader tries to dissect the corpus of this quaint old song and divine the cause of its creation, we must remark the poetical exuberance which insists that the two first lines shall rhyme together in the slip-slop fashion peculiar to bucolic sing-song, and that the third line shall entice an answer on its last syllable from that of the third line of the adjoining stanza.

It is also as well to remember that Beverley, one of the scenes of the outrage, enjoyed a reputation even at that early period for its rhymes and its music. One of the earliest charters to the town during the Heptarchy, ran in these expansively liberal terms:

> As free make I thee
> As heart can think, and eye can see.

And in the Church of St. Mary of Beverley there is a pillar which was furnished by the musicians of the neighbourhood, whose munificence was recorded by the inscription, "This pillar made the Minstrels;" and, if I mistake not, a plaster cast of "this pillar" is to be found at the Crystal Palace.

I cannot undertake to give the precise and exact meaning, word for word, of this purely rustic Marseillaise: it was a local riot-song, I take it, with allusions to matters exclusively belonging to the soken, district, or parish, where it was composed and sung; but the general interpretation is, as I fancy, this: Certain friars had been calumniating the poor people; "this frers, and other ordres"—*i.e.* these friars and other orders, each one holding up the other in wrong and right, so that in return the common folk vow that in peace or war *they* will maintain their neighbours. "Every one among us is free to come and go, I can assure you," but "neither Hobb nor John shall calumniate us. 'Twere unkind to suffer calumny either from rich or poor, small or great." And in this resistance they are determined to stand, wherever they be, for what is done to one is done to all.

CASTLES IN THE SEA.

It is many years ago—perhaps more than I care to name—since I first saw that amphibious, dripping, flopping performance at the Polytechnic Institution, which was intended to enlighten the visitors upon the manners and customs of divers and mermaids. I had the honour of being introduced to the principal performer. I remember the show-diver as well as if it was only yesterday: a middle-aged, moody man, who presented the appearance of a sulky actor heartily tired of his monotonous work, or a worn-out, jaded pedestrian, who had got about half way through a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. As he sat upon a short stool in a dark corner of the building, between the periods of his immersions, I felt that he was brooding over the uselessness of his life, and my young heart offered him its unsophisticated sympathy.

"How would you like to be pitted agen an electrical eel?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir," I answered.

"Very well, then," he returned, "that's what they're doing with me. They're advertising me agen that brute at the Adelaide Gallery."

"Indeed, sir," I said.

"I don't like it," he continued, "and I wish I could get out of it."

Many months after this, I visited the same place again; and yet I found him sitting on his stool, as if he had never moved from the moment I had left him. I came this time with a party of youths from the academy where I was being educated, headed by our master, who taught us science amongst the extras, and lectured us on certain days, in public places, like the Polytechnic, under some arrangement which he had made with the proprietors. I saw my friend the diver come forward in a curious, puffy dress, with his head done up in a goggle-eyed metal helmet, like a giant in the pantomime. When he rolled slowly and clumsily over the edge of the pond-basin into the water, like an unwieldy fish, there were many of the children who thought he was a bogie, and especially the boy who stood next to me, whom I tried to comfort by telling him that I knew the performer.

After the usual pennies had been thrown into the pond, and the diver had brought them up above the surface, and had tapped them on the top of his helmet, like an intelligent whale that had just learnt some juggling trick with coins, and was rather proud of it, our master took us aside, and began the lecture of the afternoon upon diving and diving bells.

He told us how Aristotle had mentioned divers' kettles, and Lord Bacon divers' bells, and how the first-known use was made of them by two Greeks at Toledo, in 1538, before the

court of Charles the Fifth, and ten thousand persons. He told us how the first idea was taken from a drinking-glass immersed in a basin, and how the diving-dress was no more wonderful than the diving-bell, being supplied, in the same manner, with air through a tube. He told us many other things of the same kind, which we took very little notice of, at the time, being more interested in the wet swimming of the live diver than in any dry histories of the invention. We forgot them all, long before the picture of the goggle-eyed, floating bogie in the pond had faded from our minds, and found them, when we grew older, in the Penny Cyclopædia.

I seized an opportunity, on this occasion, to slink away from my companions, behind the scenes (which, in this case, were garden-pumps and electrical machines), and have a few moments' conversation with my friend the diver.

"Here you are agen, young 'un," he said, as soon as he saw me; "does it rain outside, as usual?"

"No, sir," I answered, "it's quite a fine day."

"Oh, is it," he replied; "it's always wet with me, that's all I know."

"I dare say, sir," I answered.

"He's been pitchin' it into you pretty strong about me, ain't he?" asked the diver, alluding to my schoolmaster's lecture.

"Yes," I said, "he told us when you were invented."

"Look here," he returned, bending towards me in a confidential manner, "I don't mind telling you; that greasy pond ain't the sea, mind that."

"Indeed, sir," I said.

"No," he continued; "I don't say any more. This here ain't divin', and that 'ere ain't the sea."

I was summoned away, with the other boys, immediately after this mysterious communication, and I kept my secret. The desire to see a real diver strengthened with years, to give place, at last, to a desire to go down in a real diving-bell. The last words of the sham-diver were always in my ears; the form of the show diving-box was always in my eye; my reading seemed to carry me among pearl-fisheries, ship-raising, engineering operations, and places where divers and diving were always mentioned, until, upon growing out of the bondage of youth and academies into the freedom of manhood and the world, I lived for no other purpose than to descend in a sea diving-bell.

I have a theory, founded on experience, that what a man has steadily set his mind upon doing, he is sure to do. He may have to wait some years before the opportunity arrives, but if his mind remain fixed in the same direction, that opportunity will assuredly come.

The theatre of my diving-bell experiment grew upon me by degrees: it was the Admiralty pier works off Dover. It must have been ten or twelve years ago, when I saw the first signs of that work on the south coast, which has now resulted in a projecting pier-arm of firm masonry stretching half a mile towards France into the stormy Channel sea, and which in twenty years more, perhaps, will be finished as a breakwater and a harbour of refuge. Sometimes the workmen leave their chains, their scaffoldings, and their blocks of stone, on a calm summer's evening, to come back and find that a storm in the night has swept away many costly months of hard, patient labour.

It was at the farthest end of this half-mile roadway into the Channel (thanks to the kind exertions of my friend Mr. Smiles of the South Eastern Railway, Mr. Wey the station-master at Dover, and Mr. Lee the contractor) that I was allowed to make my first acquaintance with the bottom of the sea.

I arrived at the works, on the sultry afternoon of the second of June, and was conducted, at once, down a wet muddy lane of iron tramway, between what appeared to be solid blocks of masonry, raised on each side, like the walls of some fortification. These were square granite boxes, made to a certain thickness of stone, and filled with a concrete mixture of sea-sand, pebbles, and lime. This composition, which takes several months to ripen or harden, is used from motives of economy, and when the boxes are fit for use, they are piled one upon another, and form the roadway into the sea. They are marked with a number, a date, and a price—the latter being three pounds sterling—which partly show the progress and cost of the work. Near the sea end of this lane, standing upon one side, under the heavy overhanging scaffolding, and between the concrete blocks, was a small wooden hut, not unlike a fisherman's hut in shape, but presenting the appearance of a rude early store in Australia for the sale of boots, coats, and Guernsey shirts. A large old cracked lantern was among the apparent stock in trade; but seven-league boots, such as are worn by men who go down the sewers, formed the staple. Most of these boots were hanging up against the wall of the hut, like specimens of some well-greased black and unknown beast; the great nails in the heavy sole, grinning like a hundred teeth. One pair were lying in a bandy-legged posture on a heap of rubbish at the door of the hut, looking like the limbs of a fierce horse-soldier, whose body had been blown away in battle.

This was the haunt of the mermen-stone-masons, where the dry clothes of earth were exchanged for the soddened, pickled, salt-stiffened clothes of the sea; and here I, as an amateur merman, was disguised, so that I might have deceived my own mother as to my identity.

It appeared that I had undertaken to do something which, if not very desperate, was very rare. No "amateur," as I was called, had ever been down in a bell during the whole twelve years the works had been in progress. Princes of the blood, I was told, had exhibited a desire to see something of the lower mer-

man-life, and had been courteously but firmly refused. I thought that princes of as little blood as possible, were the best persons to descend in diving-bells, because of the determination of that vital fluid to the head. Any way, the hour's dip to the bottom of the sea that I had asked Mr. Lee, the contractor, to give orders for me to receive, was a luxury, apart from its rarity, that would add ten pounds to the cost of the pier.

I put on a blue Jersey fisherman's shirt, a pair of long, dark, rough, grey leg-bags—I cannot call them stockings—which made me look as if I were made up at that extreme to perform the part of a man-monkey; and after this I drew on a pair of loose brown frieze trousers. At this point I felt very apoplectic and puffy, and experienced a difficulty in stooping, which compelled me to call for assistance in getting into my waterproof seven-league boots. When this defensive toilet, this human fortification, was completed with a waterproof sou'-wester cap, I stood up a perfect merman, allowing for the dash of the amateur which I have before alluded to. My attempts at walking were heavy, dignified, and slow. There was no springiness, no dancing-master elasticity, about me. My frail, but once active body, was like a mummy encased in many solid folds; and at every step I took, I felt a resisting weight, as if I were walking through a thick bog.

A few paces out of the hut, and up the lane towards the sea, and I found myself among my fellow-mermen. Some were trudging towards the shore, having finished their day's work, while others were sitting on the sea-washed stone steps, which formed the termination of the pier-work, as far as it had reached, waiting for the rising of the bell which was to take them down below. They were all dressed very nearly in the same style as myself, except that my clothes had the proper amateur quality of being perfectly new.

Beyond this wet, slimy, iron-bound pyramid of steps, stretching some little distance further into the sea, was a heavy and solid scaffolding, reaching far above over our heads, and supported upon strong piles more than one half in the water, and with the other part out.

These piles, which cost about fifty pounds each, and which are often washed away in a storm, like straws, are strongly shod with iron. The part of them which appears immediately above the water is hung with rich brown seaweed, tipped with a deep border of green moss above. Standing upon some of the stone blocks which have already begun to peep above the surface of the water within this framework, were several of my fellow-mermen, who looked like Arctic voyagers among the ice.

At last my diving-bell (which was one of six on the works, four employed and two unemployed) pushed its slightly convexed iron head above the waves, as it was drawn up by several firm chains, that were worked by windlass carriages on the scaffolding above. Slowly it rose, like a square rusty iron column, being dragged, like a tooth, out of the sea, until its lower edge broke away from its suction of the water, and it looked nothing but a huge, dripping, weight. When it had reached some three feet above the surface, a boat rowed underneath it, and then a seven-league boot, followed by another seven-league boot, and again by two more seven-league boots, dropped slowly into the boat: looking, in connexion with the body of the diving-bell from which they came, like the legs of a tortoise, which that animal sometimes condescends to put out. The illusion was instantly destroyed by seeing the two mermen, who had been at work in the bell, following their legs, and dropping into the boat, to be rowed towards the wet and slimy pyramid of steps.

They had been down for the second five hours' period of their two daily dips (their day's work under water being about ten hours), and they looked muddy, wet, heavy, and tired, and flushed in the face with a reddish-olive brown. They go to work in couples at daybreak, and their wages are a little higher than they would get on land, being about one hundred pounds a year.

The diving-bells that are used at these works seem to be the ordinary engineering bells, or boxes, first employed by Mr. Smeaton in repairing the foundations of Hexham-bridge in 1779, and afterwards in 1788, when he was engaged in constructing Ramsgate harbour. The air, in this instance, is pumped down a conger-eel-looking tube from the scaffolding above; another tube runs up to the same machine, containing an endless chain, by which anything can be drawn into the bell while it is under water; another tube is placed in the same position, through which the diver below, can signal to those above to shift the bell from place to place; finally, the whole structure is suspended by strong chains, fastened to nutted rings in the top of the bell. The tubes are elastic, and prevented from closing by a metal framework which runs up the inside.

I dropped clumsily down the pyramid of steps towards my boat, putting my heavy boots in the water that dashed over the stone, and my hands in slimy, blanched seaweed, that had clung to the masonry and looked like maccaroni. In stormy weather, I was told the mermen are sometimes washed off these steps; but as I descended in what was considered fine weather, I was merely washed on them.

A few minutes, with a few bounding pulls of the mermen's special waterman, and I found myself under the dripping dome of my allotted diving-bell. Seizing a large iron ring which hung from the roof of the bell, I drew myself up into the chamber, placed my feet upon a muddy narrow board that went across from side to side and rested upon two small ledges, and seated myself upon another board, similarly supported, that went across one end of the bell, like a seat in a four-wheeled cab. My companion merman—a regular diver, who had directed my movements—followed me, and placed himself on the opposite side. The boat glided away, and we were left suspended over the water.

Our apartment had something of the bathing-

machine about it; something of the condemned cell in Newgate; something of the coal-mine; and something of Robinson Crusoe's hut. It was about four feet and a half high, four feet broad, and six feet long. Its walls were of cast-iron, about three inches thick, and its roof was slightly concave from the interior, containing six thick circular bull's-eye windows, about the size of tea-saucers, which, being covered outside with four crossed and recrossed bars of thin iron as a protection from falling stones, presented the appearance of open-worked tartlets. On one side of the bell were hanging a heavy pickaxe, a thick shovel, a crowbar, a hammer, a billhook—all of solid make—and a bundle of dirty tow that looked like a doll. On the other side-wall of the bell was a short length of iron sausage-work, reminding me very forcibly of Jack Sheppard in the strongest cell of Newgate, Baron Trenck in prison, or the lowest dungeon of the castle keep. This chain, for chain it was, was carried to be attached to a strong nutted ring in the roof of the bell, dropping into the water with a hook at its other end: which hook, when fastened to the ring at the top of every stone block that had been lowered by machinery to the bottom of the sea, would raise or move the stone by the simple raising or moving of the bell. This, in substance, was all the heavy work that was performed with the diving-bell machinery; the divers going down to attach and detach the chains—to place the blocks by directing the motions of the bell through signals given to the men above—and to dig out and level the foundations amongst the sea-anemones at the base.

We are let down, almost imperceptibly, by two men at the windlass machinery. As two fundamental principles in the management of diving-bells are, that they shall descend so that the four sides of their lower edge may touch the water on a level and simultaneously, and that the downward journey through the water shall be gradual and slow, any rapid paying out of the lowering chains would be instant death to those in the bell, by filling it with water. This accident is provided against by a checking "crab" of complicated structure, but of simple self-acting operation, which, the moment it is required, immediately comes into use.

By degrees, the square patch of thick milky fluid beneath our feet appears to rise towards us, and we are made aware of the bell having bitten the sea by a flopping, sucking noise, and the swelling up of the water to the narrow plank across the centre, near the bottom, on which we rest our seven-league boots. At this moment I become conscious of the measured beat of the watchful air-forcing pump, which sounds like the bumping of a heavy footstep in a moderate-sized house, two floors overhead; it is followed by a gentle snorting, like the respirations of a horse, the struggle of the air through the valve at the bottom of the conger-eel-looking tube. This valve is in the centre of the roof of the diving-bell, and cannot be interfered with by the men in the cell. If the bumping of the pump ceases, or the snorting is no longer heard, it is the duty of the diver to pull the raising signal, as the supply of life is no longer coming in, and five or six minutes may exhaust the existing stock of air.

Our destination is sixty feet below the surface, or twice the depth of the street seen from the top of an ordinary house; and very slowly we proceed to reach it. The thick water below us is now stationary, and we have no guide by which to measure our progress except the different gradations of light. I am first made aware of the whole bell being under water by having my attention drawn, by my fellow-merman, who wears a cap, and looks like Robinson Crusoe, to a few pinches of sand that are washed about on the top of the bull's-eye windows. There is a calm silence, only broken by the flapping of a chain against the outside of the bell; the glittering sunlight, toned down as it has been by the thick glass, immediately changes to a bright green twilight; and the water casts off its milky thickness, and looks like green lamp-oil. This green colour was caused by the yellow sand still mixing with the blue water, as we were not far enough out from the land to get into the deep blue sea. At this moment I felt a sharp pain shooting through my head, which, scientifically speaking, was caused by the pressure of the condensed air in the bell, but which, popularly explained, to use the words of an old writer on the subject, was like having a couple of sharp quills thrust forcibly into each ear.

"Rinse 'em out with a little sea water," said Robinson Crusoe, who sat opposite to me, and whose face became more swarthy every foot we sank; "it did me good when I first went down, some two year ago."

I followed Robinson Crusoe's advice, paddled in the water between my legs, and poked my wet forefingers into my ears; but I cannot recommend the remedy as a perfect cure.

As we got a few feet lower (we sank about two feet a minute) the twilight deepened, and looking upward through the green bull's-eyes into the sea above us, it reminded me of watching a large space through a very small window that was covered with an impenetrable fog. Robinson Crusoe now began to provide for contingencies, by hauling in a candle with the endless chain. When it came at last through the water at the bottom of the bell—a messenger of light from above—it was a small composite dip, that did not seem much injured by its passage down the tube.

A few feet deeper, and the water became clearer — more like glass, and less like green lamp-oil—while the pain in my ears went off to a great extent, as Robinson had predicted it would. The twilight in the bell-chamber deepened, and the water beneath us became even more clear, until we at length sighted our promised land—the bottom of the sea. The water being calm, we had no occasion to light our candle (a light being a very common necessity), and we saw the lumps of chalk and flint lying side by side, like atoms that were magnified in a large microscope. The sea was

as clear as some spirit thrice refined, and it swayed to and fro over its stony bed, like a pond of liquid quicksilver.

Another foot lower, and we slipped off our muddy seats, to stand fairly at the bottom of the sea.

Here Robinson, very kindly, went through a variety of performances, with the view of enlightening me as to the manners and customs of mermen-stonemasons while at work in building under the sea. He took the loose plank upon which I had been sitting, and placed it against the other plank upon which he had been sitting, in an horizontal, but upright position; he then reached a couple of wedges from a small ledge at the side, with which he made this structure firm, until it was turned into a perfect trough. He then took the pickaxe, and dug out a few stones at the bottom of the sea, which he shovelled into this trough, and then we stood upon the lower centre plank, while he gave the sign to those above to move us.

"Now," he said, pulling the signal handle, which was like a syringe handle, a preconcerted number of times, "we'll go over the mud-box."

In a few seconds, with a slight roar as we left the bottom, we found ourselves rising slowly, like a very heavy balloon. The chalk and flint, after shaking about in the liquid glassy microscope for some little time, grew, by degrees, more misty, and, at last, disappeared.

"Now," said Robinson, giving another pre concerted number of pulls at the signal handle, "We'll hold hard:" and in a few seconds the bell was motionless.

"Now," said Robinson, acting as before, except with regard to the number of pulls, "we'll go to France;" and in a few seconds more, we were moving in a forward direction, away from the English coast. A few paces brought us to the spot where Crusoe knew the mud-box to be, and another series of pulls caused the bell to stop, and assume a downward direction. Casting my eyes in the water, I soon saw the dim outlines of an oblong shape, which gradually developed into a long open iron coffin, with heavy chains stretched tightly across its surface, and secured in the middle with a large iron ring. A few more seconds of descent, during which this chest of water seemed to rise slowly towards us, and I found that it was full of flint and chalk. The trough in our bell was soon knocked to pieces, by taking out the side wedges, and the rubbish which it contained was swept down into the mud-box beneath. This box, when full, is attached to chains communicating with the machinery above, and is hauled up to any position that the work may require. As a rule, it is drawn up full on the Ramsgate side of the pier, and emptied on the Folkestone side, as a protective embankment against the constant and partial washing of the sea.

These operations, with the block-raising and block-placing before alluded to, constitute the chief work of Robinson Crusoe and all his merman mates. Occasionally, to save time, excursions are made with the protection of the diving helmet, under the edge of the bell, out into the deep sea. The air is then supplied to the labourer under water, from the chamber of the bell, by means of a tube; and he looks, as he walks upon the flinty uneven pathway, in heavily weighted clogs, to keep him steady and to keep him down, like some curious half-human monster employed in smoking a gigantic hookah, the bowl of which is the bell, and the pipe of which is the elastic communicating tube. "This here is divin'," as my old friend at the Polytechnic would have said, "and this is the sea."

Robinson, having put the bell through all the paces of which it is capable, lifting and dropping, backwards and forwards, and right and left, at last gives the signal—according to my desire—that we shall be raised once more to the upper world; and five men, as I am informed, now work the windlass which took two men to let us safely down.*

We rise, even more slowly and imperceptibly than we descended, because of the pressing weight of water above our heads; the light gradually changes from the black twilight of the bottom, through the green fog of the centre, up to the yellow sunlight higher still. The water over the bull's-eye windows becomes thinner and thinner, until it dashes backwards and forwards, like molten silver. The face of Robinson (who still sits opposite to me, the mud trough having been broken up and once more distributed as the two end seats) participates in all the changes of light, until it passes from a dark shadow to a bright, open, copper-tea-kettle countenance. A thin white mist, or steam, has floated between us all through the upward journey, which the learned tell us, somewhat obscurely, is generated by the water having overcome some portion of the air, in consequence of a slight tilting of the bell while we were at the bottom. No practical merman, or landman, can give any common-sense explanation of the mysterious vapour.

The water got thicker and thicker as we drew near the surface, until it assumed the appearance of a thin white paint; and all the way up, my ears were musical with a cracking, buzzing noise, as if a couple of bees had taken possession of my brain, and were striving to converse with each other across the passages.

At last I saw the silvery water fall off from the bull's-eyes, and in a few minutes our wet glistening iron chamber released its hold upon the sea. The fresh air rushed upward, tingling in my head, like a sniff of smelling salts; the boat came under us once more, containing another merman to take my place, provided with a tin bottle of tea (the chief refreshment the divers are allowed to carry down), and after wishing Robinson good day, I went on shore amongst a gang of mermen, who were still

* The writer has not only to thank these men, but the superintendents of the works, for their courtesy and attention on the occasion of his visit.

sitting patiently on the pyramid of dripping steps, awaiting the arrival of the slow and heavy carriages that were to take them to their building at the bottom of the Ocean.

SMALL SHOT.

TRAP ADVERTISING.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

An amusing article in the first number of your periodical exposes certain traps which are set in the advertisement columns of the newspapers, and the folly of persons who are caught in them by their own credulity.

But there is a melancholy side of the subject. There is a class of persons victimised by these mock advertisements who, I think, deserve pity. I am one of that class.

I am the wife of an Assistant-Surgeon. My husband has the entire charge of a branch practice, with a salary of 80*l.* a year. His employer is anxious to extend this practice amongst the better class in the neighbourhood, and we are expected to keep up a genteel appearance. The clergyman and his wife, our rich neighbour and his wife, and a few of the gentry, call on us occasionally. We return their calls, with an eye to business, and we must be *comme il faut* on all occasions.

I must not do our household work, or carry my baby out, or I should lose caste. We must keep a servant, my husband's professional suit of black must be always in funereal order, his trousers must not wear out too soon with riding, or his boots with walking.

None but those who have tried, know how difficult it is with all this to keep out of debt: to say nothing of providing for a rainy day, which is simply impossible.

"How can we best reduce our household expenses?" "What is to be done with the next quarter's salary?" are questions often asked with anxious hearts, and seldom satisfactorily answered.

My husband works hard, night and day, for our support, and it grieves me to think that I can do nothing to help him. I am living a lady's idle life upon his hard-earned narrow means, and it often makes my heart ache to know that I am in one sense a useless burden upon him.

This is my constant trouble, and how to remedy it is my ever-present thought. In such a mood I take up a newspaper, and read several advertisements offering employment to females in any rank, in town or country. My reason tells me that these offers are a fraud and a deception, but I cannot help thinking how pleasant it would be to be able to earn a little to add to my husband's hardly-earned salary; how useful even a few shillings weekly would be. I ponder and hesitate: "It is but a few postage stamps; I will write and inquire particulars."

The letters are written, and, as soon as they are despatched, I begin really to hope for some useful result, and look eagerly for the answers by return of post. The answers arrive. The first contains a betting or racing paper; the second is a great improvement upon betting, but hardly suitable for me; it is an invention for a new process of staining glass. The third answer is plausible but secret. The employment has nothing to do with photography, betting, papier maché, flower-making, &c. It is chiefly reading and writing, and is very lucrative. "It can be practised by any one in any station of life, at their own homes," &c. Eighteen stamps must be sent before particulars can be obtained.

"Reading and writing!" just what I should like. What can it be? If I could follow it profitably, what a relief it would be, and baby could have her new clothes. "I think I will send the stamps." The stamps are sent, and now I really hope and hope on until, before the answer comes, my hope has become faith. I am almost afraid to open the letter, and when I do open it, what a disappointment!

I am told to keep a registry-office for servants, and to have a black board outside the house, on which I am to copy advertisements from the local papers. The profit of this latter direction is unintelligible to me. And this is the return for my eighteen postage stamps; this is the downfal of all the castles in the air.

Many persons would say to me, you are rightly served, and deserve no pity. But I think we are all prone to believe what we much wish for, particularly in times of difficulty or distress.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT-COURT.

The article entitled Dr. Johnson's Ghost, in our fourth number, has evoked an expostulation from Mr. Bensley, son of the worthy printer, the contemporary of Richardson, and who succeeded to the house after the great man's death. Mr. Bensley writes, with generous solicitude, to remove the slight spot of blame we cast on the "ruthless printer" who; several London guide-books incorrectly assert, pulled down the house that Johnson's residence had, in one sense, consecrated.

The corrections, sifted and summed up, come, we find, to this: Mr. Bensley, senior, never removed a brick of the venerated house. He guarded it with all the loving care that men keep the faded yellow letter and the folded curl of some dead love; but Time was as watchful for destruction as the good printer for preservation, and in 1817 he found it necessary to re-roof and generally "do up" the premises.

There was a fire on Mr. Bensley's premises in 1807, but it did not injure the Johnson rooms. In 1819, however, the imprisoned demon that is always planning our destruction broke out with victorious fury, and totally destroyed Johnson's house in Bolt-court—the room he worked in and the room he died in—leaving only its shadow, eternal for us all, in the pages of Boswell. No building (and let us strongly emphasise this for the sake of the compilers of future London hand-books), no building has since been erected on the exact site of Dr. Johnson's house. We conclude with Mr. Bensley's own words, which are touching in their simplicity, as well as from some of the facts they embody:

"I was born, a few years after Dr. Johnson's death, in a room only separated from that in which he died, by a party-wall; and three of my own sons were ushered into the world in the same room—for the premises have been the property, and mostly the residence, of my family from 1783 (when my father succeeded Allen the printer there) to 1858, when the freehold of what was in my childhood four houses and "a large garden," was sold by us to the Stationers' Company, who are about to erect a school there. I spent my childhood there, was engaged with my father in business, and succeeded him at Bolt-court in 1819, myself rebuilding the office, &c., as it now stands. Thus I have the best means of knowing all about it of anybody living —for father, mother, elder brothers and sisters, all old servants (but one), and a numerous circle of literary acquaintances and family friends who frequented our reading-room (once Doctor Johnson's back-parlour), are all, all gone! and I alone am left to tell the tale."

TOTTY'S CONSOLATIONS.

AN ART STORY.

Our little Tots, just six years old,
Was living in an age of gold,
  Till three o'clock to-day;
Her cousin Fan had been her guest
Since Tuesday last, and all was blest:
Ne'er was the dreadful truth confess'd,
  That Fan must go away.

Some threat, but dimly understood,
And scarce believed, that they for good
  Must part at three o'clock,
They cared for much as you and I
Prepare us for Eternity:
At half-past one, they hung to dry
  Their newly made doll's frock,

And plann'd innumerable games,
When lo, the nursemaid Fate proclaims,
  "Miss Fan, 'tis time to dress!"
'Twas as the roll of Tyburn's cart
On ears condemned: salt tear-drops start;
Each look'd the question, "Must we part?"
  Child's Reason answer'd "Yes."

But bedtime's far till lamplight comes:
A cheery tune Miss Totty hums,
  And runs to dress with Fan;
'Tis plann'd that she shall walk a mile,
Past many a hedge and brook and stile,
With me and Fan, to meet Mat Lisle,
  Her uncle's farming man,

Who has to fetch Miss Fanny home;
But oh! the fields we have to roam,
  The lambs and flowers to view,
Ere comes the separation's pang!
The darlings romped, and laughed, and sang.
(Poor rogues, an hour before they hang,
  Will breakfast—stoutly, too!)

I led them through the meadows green,
These maidens, each to each a queen,
  All life and prank and smile.
They noticed every flower in view,
Ran, loitered, kissed—ay! quarrelled too—
Until the cross-roads hove in view,
  And there we saw Mat Lisle.

He sat within the old gig there,
Dozing behind the sleepy mare:
  Miss Fan set up a shout,
Those well-known forms to see again—
That pink of drowsy serving-men,
That gig of twoscore years and ten,
  That pony old and stout!

All thoughts, save those of home, adieu!
Impatient to my arms she flew,
  Nor seemed an insect's weight,
As her I placed by Matthew's side:
A parting kiss, almost denied—
All things lost sight of but the ride
  Home to her father's gate.

The gig drove off, its jangling sound
In Fan's unceasing chatter drowned.
  Lord help us grown-up fools!
I had supposed the child would grieve
Her playmate and her sports to leave,
Nor recked the spells home-thoughts can weave
  In palaces or schools;

And so pretended I was glad
To find she had not left us sad—
  A sorry sophist Job!
Soon jealous pangs within me stirred,
That she was gone without a word
Of grief, when at my side I heard
  A bitter, bitter sob.

'Twas Totty, with her large blue eyes
Distended to unusual size,
  Left in the world alone!
The flowers dropp'd down she late had nursed,
Her twitching cheeks in tears immersed,
She sobbed, as if her heart would burst,
  "My cousin Fanny's gone!"

I clutched her up within my arms,
And strove to hush her young alarms—
  Her Fan she'd see again!
No! Hers the poet's fearful power
That grasps all woe within the hour,
Nor sees beyond: the tiny flower
  Quivered and shut with pain!

I bore her home: she sobbed and cried,
A mother's looks her eyelids dried,
  She kissed us all around:
"She would be good!" She kept her word;
The little staunch, courageous bird
Shed no more tears; but still was heard
  That stifled, shuddering sound!

'Twas sacred grief we dared not blame.
(Alas! she can but feel the same
  When Death her path shall cross.)
With sad respect we could but view
The brave young spirit bent in two,
Yet gulping tears and murmurs due
  To a loved playmate's loss!

We dared not offer sweets or toys,
Insult her grief with vulgar joys;
  In anxious care we lurked,
To watch the first glad symptom shown
That the poor heart had overflown.
No care had we; but soon her own
  The little maiden worked!

A gentle tap—its sound I knew—
Came to my door, which open flew:
  My little girl I saw.
Still shivering in her sorrow's brink,
She sobbed, "Papa—some pen and ink—
And—paper—if I had—I think—
  That I should like—to draw!"

I seized the chance with ardour keen:
A sheet of cartridge, vast and clean,
Fit for a shipman's chart,
I spread before her on a board,
With pen and pencil amply stored,
Brushes and colours—in a word,
A stock in trade for Art.

The bait was tempting; down she sat
To draw her cousin Fan and Mat,
The pony and the gig.
The sorrows lulled beneath the charm
Of Art, the sheet became a swarm
Of living stock, for field and farm
Duck, donkey, horse, and pig.

Her uncle's house (she'd never seen)
She pictured on its village green,
In wild perspective traced;
With every sketch her heart grew strong,
And bit by bit its load of wrong
Cast off, until a humming song
The bitter sobs replaced.

The pencil sped, the sighs were stilled,
The hieroglyphic sheet was filled
A-blaze with blue and red,
Orange and purple, green and lake,
Till, finding head and fingers ache,
She gently asked, "Please, may I take
My drawings up to bed?"

I've kissed her, smiling in her sleep:
Her jealous fingers firm hold keep
Still on the pictured scroll;
The little breast keeps heaving still,
The parted lips yet start and thrill;
But pleasant, soothing memories fill
The embryo artist's soul!

"O Goddess Art!" I cried, alone,
"Who hast such saving comfort shown
To this my little child,
Thy gifts, that I have thrown away,
On her bestow, nor let her stray
From thine, the path of Wisdom's ray,
The pure and undefiled!"

VIVA L'ITALIA!

Two years ago I (a City man, sir) set out alone from Balham Hill to spend my autumn in Italy.

I took the nearest way over the Simplon, after a short, cooling, icy glimpse of Switzerland, to Milan, the great capital of Lombardy, and whence our first bankers and pawnbrokers, as my excellent friend the editor of Notes and Queries assures me, first came. From the barren snows round the Simplon hospice we tore down the passes, our diligence horses crowned with chesnut boughs, to Duomo d'Ossola, where, when I saw brown, half-clothed men munching melons at street corners, I exclaimed with rapture, "I am in Italy!"

The next night, viâ Lago Maggiore, I got to Milan, through fat dark plains starry with fireflies, and through a night air hoarse with frogs. As the diligence swept into Milan through clouds of powdery white dust, I caught, on my way to the hotel, moonlight glimpses of the great white marble cathedral, with its pinnacles fine as so much goldsmith work, stretching up towards heaven. * * *

And now, from the dark hush of the outer square, with its sky full of all violet depths of dimness, and spangled thick as the imperial robe of Charlemagne with jewel stars, I turned into the Caffè (always double f in Italian) del Duomo, in the great square of the cathedral. A moment ago I stood in the square looking up at the blue darkness above me, as a diver might view the sea above his head, the stars standing for such phosphorescent sparks as light the surf of the Mediterranean when it breaks in harmless flame along a midnight shore. I was communing with the spirits of the sky. Merely by passing through the open glass folding-doors of the caffè, my eyes were suddenly dazzled by a jangle of light, my ears by a Babel of voices. The waiters—Pierrots—were every one in their black evening dress, or in their tight-fitting black ballet dancing-trousers and their yellow jackets. The place was full of Austrian officers in their spotless white uniforms, faced and turned down with mazarin blue and cherry colour, their heavy steel-sheathed cavalry swords, tasseled and knotted with white pipe-clayed leather, rested on chairs, hung near them on the wall beside their cocked-hats, or clashed as they moved insolently along the white-and-black tiled floor of the caffè. It was a wonderful change from the darkness and almost mournful hush of the outer square, roofed by the black blue sky, where the white marble Duomo showed only by ghastly glimmers through the darkness.

I threw myself on a long settee that lined the wall, within convenient reach of the little immovable round marble table on which some empty coffee-cups stood, and fell to study the Milanese. I soon forgot the outer darkness, where the great white shrine of marble, pale and wan, heaped up its little clear-cut casket pinnacles, fine-leafed and sharp, unto the lingering stars, that seemed to burn like angels' watch-fires on their highest cresting peaks, and plunged myself, with the relish and abandonment of a traveller courting forgetfulness and pleasure, in the maze of crystalled lights that the great mirrors on the walls echoed and repeated till they seemed to lengthen into avenues and corridors of yellow lamps, repeating, too, the white uniforms, and the plumed hats, and the fair flaxen moustaches, and the swords and the mazarins and cherry colours, till the place seemed the banquet-hall of the whole white-coated Austrian army: the waiters who moved about among the crowd standing for orderlies or aide-de-camps. Glimpses of side rooms showed groups of patient subalterns with small ground-plans of black-and-white dominoes before them, and each with his small redoubt of conquered pieces thrown up behind his line of battle; and from other doorways leading into inner rooms I heard the roll and clashing dry rattle of the red and white balls on the green cloth, luminous in the orbing lamplight.

It was some time before my pleased eye could take in the various elements of this animated scene; but, as my eye grew calmer, I found that the occupants of this caffè—like all the Milanese

caffès I had seen—could easily be divided into three sections: Austrian officers, Milanese citizens, and the landlord (the padrone) and his busy staff of waiters.

There—at a sort of idealised bar built up with ice tins, massy coffee-cups, trays for change, lemonade bottles, little receptacles for the sugar, and silvery clear tumblers of water, which the Italians drink to correct the biliousness and heat of coffee—sat the landlord, playing legerdemain tricks with silver coins, hauling in and dealing out copper change; and there were the waiters in perpetual ebb and flow, bringing in empty cups, or loading trays with smoking cupfuls for some expectant sour-faced Austrian captain. The padrone looked like a male Fortune, distributing gifts and favours, as he tore asunder rolls, or filled up small decanters of clarety Chiavenna wine. The Milanese citizens there was no mistaking, with their gay, flippant, uneasy manner, and dark pale faces, rather effeminate in character. Each had his little paper flag or newspaper fastened to a strop handle; each his smoking fragrant coffee-cup, tray of sugar, and tumbler of water. Some, on their marble circles, were excavating the strawberry ice's melting rose; some discoursed with frivolous enthusiasm about the last song or the opera; others, with bows of greeting or departing, courteously meant for the entire company, worked in and out the swinging door. Amongst them, however, I saw a few of our own brave English, honest red-and-whites, contrasting with the pale olive of the Milanese. Then there was a Dutchman, in white hat, and with vacant, light blue eyes; there were some couriers, with side letter-pouches; some spies and bearded Americans; some Prussians, bearded and all a-stare.

But, in all the Milanese I saw one predominant, irrestrainable feeling of alarm, distrust, and concealed hatred for their conquerors. They sat away from the officers; who eyed them with contemptuous defiance, which, though only conveyed by the eyes, was as insolent as if a sword-hilt had been touched or a pistol cocked. Yes, here I was seeing the old story—the old quarrel from the old cause—the injured hating because they were injured, the injurer hating because he knew that he was hated. Here were the Saxon and Norman, the Russian and Circassian, the Tartar and the Chinaman, over again. Let a drunken man shout out a word, and death in a moment would be in our midst. There was not a gesture or motion of either the black-coated Milanese or the white-clad Austrians but was significant of hatred. If the glass door opened and an itinerant blind guitar-player came in, led by a ragged boy, and groped about each of the tables for alms—for "qualche-cosa," for "the little money," for "the very small money, for the love of Heaven"—the surly Austrians would go on in their knots of guard-room talk and pay no heed to the old man's misery, unless some young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen moustaches and throw a curse—a "Potztausend" or "Henker"—at the old grey head: or a fat general, padded and stiff with pride and insolence, twist round his ponderous steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and warned him off; and as sure as this happened, when the old man, completing his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat with a kindly "God be with you!" If an Italian accidentally knocked a sugar-tray off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or kept a paper too long, there were instantly a dozen fierce Austrian eyes turned devouringly upon him: not for long, for that would have implied interest, but with a hasty, insolent, martinet scornfulness that seemed to augur danger to the citizen whom insult or threat could goad into a duel or into some overt act of rebellion.

Nor were the Italians one whit behind in demonstrating their scorn and hatred for the Tedesci—the Goths. If a white-coat entered with a more than usual swagger, or with any tendency to vinous gaiety, there was no defying laugh, or hiss, or circulating joke. Still the Italian heads would certainly bend closer together, and when the heads separated, there was a very malign and vexatious smile on the features of them all. If an Austrian dropped his hat, or swept off a glass with his heavy white gloves, out came the stinging smile again. On neither side was there an absence of restraint, though the Austrians bore the surveillance defiantly, the Italians apprehensively. The landlord inclined to neither party; but, perhaps, on the whole, he was a little too obsequious to that truculent, heavy-jawed Austrian general, alone at the table to the left, balancing his spoon on the edge of his thick white coffee-cup; from which a soft fragrant steam rose like the smoke from a gun around his close iron-grey hair, and lined and stubborn brow.

All these signs of the antipathy of races I took in very slowly, refreshing myself at times with the kindly scraps of Italian greetings that kept flowing round and round me. I liked to hear the "Buona notte," the "Grazia" of the waiters, and the solemn "Addio." I had got tired of the fops, the fools, and slaves, who keep Italy enslaved, prating away of the Scala news, and of how many hearts Piccolomini had won or lost since yesterday; and I was glad to see some sheer human nature, though it might be an unpleasant aspect of it.

My eyes had nearly worked through every covert in the room, when I heard a stern cough—a severe, martinet's cough—drowning for a moment the waiters' high-pitched, mechanical, abbreviated cries to the idealised bar of "Una tazz', col lat!" "Caffè nero, Numero Tre!" "Una tazz'!"—I found it proceeded from a cruel-looking, hard-featured Austrian general sitting by himself as "Numero Due," in a quiet corner lying at my back. It required no great discernment to see he was an officer in high command, for there was a buzz among the subalterns as he entered; and now, as I turned

again to look at him, I saw a private soldier go up to him and deliver him an official-looking sealed packet.

"Some Italian fellow's death-warrant," said a young officer near me, who, chalking the end of a cue, had just come in from the adjacent billiard-room to exchange a joke and chat with a friend of another regiment who was laughing, with two or three more flaxen-haired Austrians, over the Scala play-bill.

"Look how he signs the beast's dismissal to heaven," said the theatre-goer, turning round towards the general.

The general, who had called for pen and ink, was signing his name slowly a letter at a time, with sips of his coffee and a petit doigt of cognac between each stroke. The fact was, this thick-headed tyrant of the mess-room, who was now with such nonchalance signing the death-warrant of a poor Italian, had been promoted from the ranks for his severities in Hungary, and could not write with any very great facility. The Italians scowled when they saw him write, for the rumour had gone round the caffè that poor Luigi was to be shot to-morrow at ten o'clock in the Piazza della Fontana. The general, who did not do things without a reason, had probably some motive, known only to his own dark stern mind, in thus insultingly and openly signing this death-warrant of a brave man. The neatly-dressed citizens in black, with their varnished boots, spotless gloves, twirling canes, and paper flags, grew more silent than ever, and talked in even a lower whisper.

Yet, now and then, a tongue more daring than the rest would shoot out as if merely at some waiter's carelessness; or one, biting his red lip white, would call angrily to the waiter for some chocolate, with a voice that seemed to want the accompaniment of a blow to give it full effect. I knew well all these symptoms of suppressed rage; being of a smouldering nature myself.

Besides, did I not know that in this very city, not more than a year or two before, the streets, the wide squares—such free breathing places for bloody whirlwinds of grape-shot—the shady, narrow defiles of streets—such snug passes for barricades of riflemen—had been swilled with Austrian and Italian blood, meeting and uniting after death? Had I not been shown the quiet little street with the grated windows, looking so peaceful and calm in half sunshine, half shadow, where, but a few short months before, there had been a belching volcano of fire, the delicate, tender women throwing their children out of their arms to drag out their very pianos and harps on the heads of the cruel Austrian soldiers? Had not these white coats fired at the crowds in churches, chopped down inoffensive children, bayoneted old men, murdered women with lacerating whips: in a word, committed all the cruelties of the old Croat and the modern Cossack? Had not the very streets outside echoed with their bullying cannon, and the insolent trample of the horses of their hussars? Had not these quiet, subtly feeling Italians—so passionate in love and hate, so retentive of kindness, of injury, with such a great past behind them to rouse their rage, and such a great possible future before them to excite their hope—had they not had fathers shot, and mothers cleft down, and children piked, and brothers trodden to bloody mud, by the very men in white who sat yonder with all the defying pride of conquerors, sipping their coffee and burning away their reed cigars with all the idle luxury of soldiers resting from their toil of blood? Why, I could see now in every face a smile of pleasure at the vexation the coming fate of the Milan patriot Luigi seemed to give the loungers in the caffè of the Cathedral square. Every now and then the constraint of silence, so deep that you might almost hear the grey ash of the cigar fall, and that the spirt of a match sounded in it like the click of a rifle, was broken by some handsome young Austrian hussar sweeping his fingers through the great curving flaxen moustache, which, soft and golden, swept up nearly to his cheek-bone, and hoarsely whispering, with a husky laugh, something about the "verdammter spitzbube," by which I knew he meant Luigi, even if he had not, as he spoke, given a sneering and sweeping look down the opposite row of sullen Italian faces, across whose brows you could see the glance passing, as if it was a sabre slash and had left a wound.

I was thinking of leaving Milan, being off to Verona on the morrow to meet the celebrated Two Gentlemen; I was, on my way, to call upon Shylock in Venice, and Petruchio in learned Padua, hoping to get round by Milton's Vallombrosa, and not to leave Italy without seeing poor Keates's grave, out by the walls near the old Appian Way at Rome. I had stared till my eyes were tired, the caffè was getting blue and vapoury with smoke, and I felt so anti-Austrian that I longed to get to my quiet hotel bedroom, and there spout Smollett's fine Ode to Liberty, and rail at the Austrians at my ease, when, glancing into an angle of the room to the left of the general, in the nook formed by the entrance to the billiard-room, perhaps the quietest and least obtrusive spot in the whole caffè,

I saw a face—

Such a face! Good God! what a living open-air Hell Earth must be to some men!—to men who walk with graves gaping round them, to whom every wall is a mosaic of tombstones, to whom the sun seems black, and flowers and blue sky are hateful, and loving women and tender angel children are things to shake the fist at, in the hopelessness and bitterness of unchanging misery and despair! This was the face of such a purgatorial man—a living heart dumb: his eyes were rayless; his pale, bloodless lips were clenched together immovably, like those of a strong, stoical man under the surgeon's knife; no part of his waxen face moved but his eyes—his eyes! shall I ever forget them? His restless, bloodshot eyes, that swept over the room and prowled about suspiciously round every head: angrily on this one, indifferently on the other: but at last ever coming and focussing down with

basilisk, burning-glass power, on the same spot, the spot where the Austrian general sat writing, by the second lamp to the left, where a waiter, new to the place, with frightened hurry, was watching, as he pretended to hover round the next unoccupied table, wiping away a recent coffee-stain and some grey cigar-ash, and bowing to the ground as he chanced to tread on the general's sweeping white cloak lined with red—a condescension for which the satrap repaid him with a stabbing look, which contained the venom and cruelty of ten courts-martial.

The general had finished his despatch to Vienna, probably describing with cold official exultation the successful arrest of the ringleaders of the thirty-fourth conspiracy in Milan that year; he had with a flare and melting blot duly sealed the imposing document with a heavy black sepulchral seal, when an officer, stepping with a bow from the next table, advanced and took the despatch, and, as he took it, turned to the corner where the mysterious man I have mentioned sat, and pointed him out with his white glove to his commanding officer. I was so near that I could hear what he said:

"General Hassenpflug, that miserable dog you see there in the corner is the brother of the rogue we shoot to-morrow."

"Indeed," said the general, smiling condescendingly, and twirling the glove he had not yet put on by one finger. He then tapped his shelving grey brow, bit his glove, and whispered to the orderly, who, taking off his shako, passed round the tables, and, with a whisper, handed it, as if for some charitable collection, to the various groups of officers. Some laughed, and threw in a cigar or a libretto book; others tossed in half a dozen lire; one gave two gold pieces; others three or four silver crowns. The orderly bowed as each put in his contribution, and brought the jingling hatful, back to the general, who, humming "Buona Sera," the good night song from the Barber of Seville, waited, beating time with his foot, impatiently. I could see that he detected the character of every contributor by the alms, and by the manner in which it was given; I could see the sneer and smile alternating light and shadow in his face. He did not change a muscle as the orderly brought him the hat, but he quietly lighted a cigar with a match that shed an orange glow on his fingers, and then, turning to the orderly, ran his hand through the money contemptuously, dropping the handful he raised back into the hat. His face seemed to say, "This is, perhaps, a foolish bit of charity of mine, and is rather hard on the young subs, who have given a quarter's pay to win my good-will; but perhaps it is well saved from billiards, vingt-et-un, taverns, and lorettes." He beckoned the orderly with his finger.

The orderly came, he whispered in his ear. The orderly instantly stepped forward in a dignified way, to show that he was not accustomed to run errands, and asking the waiter for a handkerchief, poured the coins into it, then, without knotting the ends, simply griped them together; and now with every eye in the room, including the imperturbable general's, on him, he advanced to the poor Italian in the corner, who lay heedless of everything, with his head on the table hid in his cloaked hands, and with a few curt military words that did not reach my ear, flung down the money before him on the table. He could not have said with clearer contempt, "This is an alms," if he had struck the man as he gave it.

In the hush that followed this unusual act of generosity in the general (the general, by-the-by, gave nothing), I could hear the landlord say to his head-waiter:

"Poor Giacomo, this Austrian money will be useful to him; for all the family farm was confiscated when Luigi was found guilty."

The man did not lift up his head. He must be asleep.

"Wake him!" said the general, gruffly, as if he was giving orders to fire a battery.

The orderly shook him. That moment, sudden as a fire, the man leaped up, and, with demoniac rage, flung the money on the floor. How he stamped on it, spitting as he stamped! Then kicking, so that the money flew in a running and rolling mass about the room, clicking against sword-sheaths, or jarring against iron-legged tables, he sat down as before, gazing vacantly at the opposite wall. There was a buzz of angry voices, and one or two swords were half drawn; but the colonel, waving them back, advanced alone towards him. There was a dangerous revulsion from vacancy to a deadly serpentine intelligence in the eyes of the Italian as he advanced. It seemed to me that he could with difficulty restrain himself from rushing forward and stabbing the Austrian; but he only bit his lip harder than ever and waited for his arrival, rolling himself up in his cloak.

"Gentlemen, silence," cried the colonel; "this is a case for the hospital, not for the guard-room." Then (advancing and laying his glove on the shoulder of Luigi's brother) he added, in a rough whisper, that passed through the whole room, "We have our eyes upon you. Take care!"

The man spurned his shoulder from him. The colonel merely smiled cruelly, paid his reckoning, and strode to the door. "These," thought I, "are the fruits of oppression. These are the crimson blossoms of one bad man's ambition." At that moment, as the colonel's thick-gloved hand touched the brass knob of the door, a distant but swift growing crescendo of military music made us all forget the sullen Italian, and drew our attention to the Cathedral-square.

Every night those hated white coats defiled through the conquered city of the Viscontis and of Leonardo da Vinci, with drums and music, and great gilded lanterns borne on poles, and half a mile of glittering, slanting bayonets—half a mile of bronzed, defying faces, knowing they were scowled at and hated—half a mile of drilled Austrians, with flaxen moustaches and white coats. First down the side street by the cathedral a spot

of white and yellow—then, dashes of red feathers or flowing flags lighted by swinging lights—then a racing mob, widening, widening to broad lines of stern white men, with a bristling roof of bayonets, marching defiantly, with that peculiar rigidity and stern forward look that is so insulting and so self-conscious — nearer, through clouds of dust, nearer, with tramp even and measured, as of one vast many-footed machine, tramp, tramp, the one end of the half-mile, with feet rising as the feet of the other half come to the ground, the half-mile of white men moving on with a strong vermicular motion, like that of some white poisonous caterpillar escaped from a fat flour-bin, and passing on to some more dangerous form of existence—what a contrast to those gay opera tunes and opera marches, the stern faces under the bayonets lighted by fitful gleams of lantern light; the scowling faces of the crushed-up citizens who cower, driven up in doorways, to look!

I went home as the colonel took horse at the door for his suburban barracks, and, just as the procession faded away down a side street, playing a beautiful fairy waltz by Strauss, I got my key from the porter, undressed quickly, said a short prayer for England, and threw myself under my gauzy counterpane. I fell down into a dream as into a well. I fancied myself in a cathedral, strewn with kneeling Italians, bowed before the cross under the coloured shade of those giant windows of the Duomo. Suddenly the priests threw off their cloth-of-gold robes and appeared as Austrian generals, the chorister boys with the censers were as quickly transformed to drummers, muskets were handed over from behind the great silver cross and jewelled altar, and the slaughter began. The people rushed to the doors; the bullets ploughed through them; then a darkness rose, and a chilling, stifling dread mingled with my dreams—a sense of rage, and yet more of fear, of struggle, of dread and apprehension. My heart beats so loud I can hear nothing else—beat—beat—it pulses like a parchment drum. It comes upon me—there are drums somewhere below. The windows are open—it is an early review. I look at my watch on the table—just six. I rise—drums nearer. I throw back the green Venetian blinds—the sun pours in as I look out over the balcony. Austrian drums!—here they come! A great shining slant of glistening bayonets and white coats defile past. Drums, drums, drums! vibrant and threatening—fainter—fainter—out of sight—fainter.

I ring the bell; I hear my boots clumped down outside, and call the waiter.

"What are these drums?"

"Austrian demonstration," he says, "signor mio. Terrible news. General Hassenpflug was found last night, at about eleven and a half, just outside the Porta Vercellina, on the road to his Vercelli villa, stark dead, shot through the heart, and on the white vineyard wall, over his battered head, was written by a bloody finger, 'Viva l'Italia!'"—Immediately I thought of those watchful eyes. I dressed, and thought.

When I came down stairs into the coffee-room, I asked the waiter, who was tripping about adjusting the breakfast-tables, if there were any suspicion of the murderer, and if he knew at what hour the murder was committed.

"They say, signor mio, that the murderer is the brother of Luigi who was shot this morning at six; I believe the body was found at a quarter-past eleven."

I had left the caffè at ten.

It was last December, about Christmas-time. I had plunged again into the vortex of City business, and had almost forgotten Milan. One night, when I returned to my country-house near London, a policeman came to tell me that a poor Italian musician had just been found frozen to death in one of my field sheds.

I went with the policeman till we reached the shed. He led me in, and, holding his bull's-eye to the head of the dead man, showed me a shrunk, worn face, that I recognised as Giacomo's—the face I never could forget.

"And the curious thing which is, sir," said the policeman, lighting me out again to the back of the shed, "that we found him, as if asleep, outside in the snow, just where I stand. He had written some foreign words on the snow, that you still may be able to read, if you know foreign languages, for I took care not to draw the corpse over them. Here, where my light is, sir."

I looked down and read—

"Viva l'Italia!"

It was of course a mere coincidence the poor man coming to my field to die, but still it was strange—coincidences *are* strange. *Viva l'Italia!* Poor fellow!

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS. PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"Who's that says he doesn't believe in presentiments?" said a dark, bony man, who was sitting in a corner where I had hitherto not observed him.

A young man seated opposite me answered modestly that numberless instances in which he had himself experienced forebodings which had proved utterly groundless, had led him to be less apprehensive when full of anticipation of coming evil, than when an unusual gaiety was upon him, as he had oftener noted this latter sensation to be the forerunner of evil than the former.

I dare say there are few persons who read these pages who do not know what it is to be involved in a conversation which bores them to an excess, while some one is talking within earshot upon some subject of extreme interest, which it would be very pleasant to listen to. Those who have passed through such an experience will be ready to corroborate my statement that the effect of listening and answering while you are trying to catch what is going on elsewhere, is a great and unpleasant one.

It was in this position that I now found myself. The little man with the Morning Post

was troubling me with his small chatterings, while the bony man, who was a believer, I found, in presentiments, was narrating something in defence of his belief which I wanted very much to hear. As far as I can remember, the effect of what these two personages—the little Snob and the Presentimentalist—were saying was something to this purpose—a desperate jumble, as the reader will see:

SNOB.—I can't say I know him personally, but he's one of those people whom one has met, you know, in society. He married a niece of that man——

PRESENTIMENTALIST.—It occurred in my own experience while travelling in the East, and——

SNOB.—The family have large estates in Somersetshire; and, indeed, my brother, whose property extends some miles in the same direction, and who is intimate with all the county families——

MYSELF.—Yes, so it must——

PRESENTIMENTALIST.—I had had a bad time of it with the Arabs that day, who, as usual, wanted to rob me——

SNOB.—So when these people came down to settle there, the question became important whether or not they would be received into society——

MYSELF.—(Silent.)

PRESENTIMENTALIST.—Till at last I was obliged, very reluctantly, to pull out my six-barrelled revolver, and pointing it at the man who appeared to be the ringleader, I informed him, in my best Arabic, that there were, besides the barrel he saw, five others ready——

SNOB (who must have been going on all this time).—So much so, indeed, that very few of the county families had called upon the new comers at all. Of course, it placed my brother in a very unpleasant position, and——

PRESENTIMENTALIST.—Luckily enough—for more reasons than the great one that bloodshed was avoided—luckily enough the threat was quite sufficient, and I was able to get away——

SNOB.—It became a question of great importance what course my brother should adopt, whether, in short, he should call upon them or not. Now, what should you have done under the circumstances?

MYSELF (dreamily to Snob).—I should have let fly the revolver amongst them.

SNOB (touchily).—I am afraid, sir, I have not been fortunate enough to secure your attention.

MYSELF.—I beg your pardon—I meant to say that you did quite right. I agree with your view perfectly—yes—oh, decidedly.

It wouldn't do. Snob was offended. He entrenched himself behind the Morning Post, and I was left in peace to listen to the Presentimentalist, who had seduced me into a breach of manners of which I was heartily ashamed. The believer in presentiments had, by this time, got into the thick of his story, and it was curious to observe my neighbour with the Morning Post trying not to listen to it. His eye wandered perpetually from the sheet before him, and at last he was obliged to give it up, and give his whole attention, as the rest of us did, to what was going on.

Having lost the good opinion of this little gentleman, do not let me lose the Presentimentalist's story as well. Where has he got to now?

"I got over my difficulty with the Arabs," said the believer in presentiments, "returned to my temporary abode at Jerusalem, and went into the little garden at the back of the house to fire off the revolver, as I have an excessive dislike of keeping fire-arms by me loaded. It was well I had not been driven in my affray with the Arabs to the necessity of *using* my revolver as well as showing it, for I found, on pulling the trigger, that it was a fixture, and that, owing to some derangement in the lock, I could not stir it with all my force. As I never went out without being armed, it became necessary to have the pistol looked to at once. So I went to a friend of mine, a resident at Jerusalem—an Englishman and a surgeon—to ask him if he could tell me of any mechanic in the place who was likely to understand the piece of machinery which required repair. There was only one man, he said, who could be trusted in such a case. He was a German locksmith, who had been living a year or two at Jerusalem, and who was the most intelligent workman in the town. He could do what I wanted if it could be done at all, and my friend the surgeon would go with me to his house at once. It was a dark and miserable place, this locksmith's shop, dirty and inconvenient for the purpose to which it had been applied. It was surrounded by the implements of its owner's trade, an unpleasant one enough in a climate where the necessity of using a fire is so distressing a thing as it is in the East. But the locksmith! Who could observe anything else in the place when that man was there to fix the attention, to attract the eyes which shuddered while they looked? If ever I saw a man with a great sorrow, a heavy anxiety, a deadly expectancy, gnawing at his heart, he was before me when I first caught sight of that German locksmith. He was a tall and powerfully built man, but attenuated to a shadow. His hollow eyes, sunk deep in his head, were full of an indescribable horror. His hair was long and grey, but his beard was black as jet.

"But what a doomed look—what a fatal aspect!

"And yet, to a physiognomist, the mark that had been set upon this man's brow had not been left there by a deed of crime. It was the ghost of some sight of horror that haunted his past—it was the apprehension of some impending misery that hung over his future. Briefly explaining to him what was wanted, I left the revolver in his hands, cautioning him that it was loaded in every chamber. The locksmith shuddered as he took the weapon from my hands.

"'What, in Heaven's name, is the matter with that man?' were my first words as I left

the shop with my friend the surgeon; 'there is some sad history attached to that man's life, I know.'

"'There is,' said the surgeon, 'and it so happens that the circumstances connected with it are, perhaps, better known to myself than to any other person you could apply to.'

"The story," said the believer in presentiments, looking round at the company assembled at the English tavern, "is a short one, and if you feel interested in hearing it, I will narrate it, partly as the surgeon told it to me, and partly (for at last I had some share in it) as the facts came under my own observation."

We expressed our anxiety to hear more, and the believer in presentiments went on as follows:

"About four years ago a party of travellers arrived at a certain convent in Jerusalem, at which you can be put up for the night and entertained very much, as European travellers who are crossing the Alps are received at the Great St. Bernard. Amongst the party who had newly arrived was one who—as had been the case with myself—had got the lock of his pistol so deranged that it was impossible to stir it, and as he, like myself, and most other Eastern travellers, very much disliked the idea of proceeding on his journey unarmed, he was anxious to have the defect in his weapon attended to at once. It was easier to feel this want than to get it supplied, there being no one at that time in Jerusalem who would be at all likely to understand the pistol in question, which was a revolver, and furnished with all the latest improvements. At length, however, after much consideration and casting about as to what was to be done, one of the lay brothers of the convent suggested a way out of the difficulty which seemed promising enough. There were, he said, a couple of German travellers sleeping that night in the convent who were locksmiths by trade, and he had little doubt that one of them would be able to do what was necessary to the pistol, if anybody could. The weapon was handed over to the lay brother, who at once took it to the room which the two Germans occupied, and, explaining to them what was amiss, asked if they would undertake to set it right. The traveller, he added, would pay them liberally for their trouble.

"The two Germans were sitting at supper when the lay brother came in with the pistol in his hand. The elder of them, whose name was Max, getting up from table, took the weapon from the monk, and carried it to the window (as the light was fading), that he might examine it more completely. His friend remained at table sitting with his back towards Max, finishing his supper in a philosophical manner enough. The German who was examining the pistol had not been so occupied for a couple of minutes, when it went off with a loud noise. At that moment, the poor fellow who was sitting eating his supper at the table fell forward without uttering a sound. The charge had entered his back.

"He fell upon his face on the ground, and when my friend, who told me the story—and who as surgeon to the embassy was sent for at once—when he arrived, it seemed to him at first as if two men had been killed instead of one, for both the Germans were stretched upon the floor, and he who was to be the survivor, holding the other locked in his arms, wore upon his ghastly countenance the deadlier look of the two. It was quite a difficult thing to separate them. The wounded man had got the other's hand in his, as if by that to reassure him, and to show him that he loved him all the same.

"The surgeon caused the wounded man—it was but too evident that he had not long to live—to be removed to the infirmary and laid upon a bed to die. It was a bed that stood beneath a window, and across which, when the sun was setting, the shadow of a cypress fell. A very brief examination showed that any attempt to relieve the dying man would be useless, and they could only stanch the blood that flowed from his wound and watch him with that breathless eagerness—there is none like it—with which men watch their brother, when each short breath, drawn less and less often, seems as though it were the last. As for the other German, he was sunk in a heap upon the ground beside the bed in speechless stupefaction. One of his hands was on the couch, and the expiring effort of the dying man was to take this passive hand in his. Those who were around him seeing then a change upon his face, leant hastily over him, for they heard him whisper faintly.

"'Poor Max,' he said—'poor Max.' The last act of the man who died was to pity the man who lived.

"And well he might.

"For some time it was very uncertain whether the man who had thus slain his best and dearest friend would not speedily follow him into another world—so fearfully was he affected. For a still longer period it was doubtful in the last degree whether he would retain his reason. And, indeed, at the time when the story was told me he could hardly be said to be altogether of sound mind. At that very time the man was haunted by a fixed presentiment that he should die one day as his friend had died. No reasoning with him had the least effect, the presentiment had taken a hold upon his mind which nothing could shake. Those who wished him well—and there were many—had often tried to lead him to a happier frame of mind, and to make him take an interest in his own future. They had urged him, since he had taken up his abode in Jerusalem, to settle there more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and, since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry. For they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow would be of the greatest possible service to him.

"'The day will come,' was his invariable answer to all such advice—'the day will come when some one will shoot me with a pistol through the back, just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come; what have I to do, then, with a

wife, or children—with a wife whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort, or a home?

"'I shall have a home when the pistol-bullet sends me to my grave beside my friend.

"'I shall go home then,' said the German locksmith."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

"So much," continued the narrator of this sad story, "for what I learnt from my friend the surgeon concerning the past life of the singular man by whose appearance I had been so powerfully struck. Of the remaining portion of his history the particulars came under my own knowledge, and with the circumstances of its termination I myself was to a certain extent mixed up.

"My revolver was sent back to me repaired, and as I was just about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and was in some haste, I set off without trying it.

"In the course of the day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, apparently within pistol-shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him.

"The weapon missed fire.

"On examination, I found that the defect this time was precisely the reverse of what it had been before. The lock went so loosely now, and had so little spring in it, that the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless, sent it again, on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to explain to him its new defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done myself on the former occasion.

"Mark how that pistol played with the man's life! Mark how it returns to him again and again! Why not have done its work at once?

"The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state, as I was told, of perfect repair.

"This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but at the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pull at the trigger as I might.

"'There is something radically wrong here,' I said. 'I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it, without delay.'

"'That pistol again,' said the locksmith, looking up, as I entered his miserable abode.

"What would I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that haggard countenance. But it was impossible. I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt that even if these had not proved (as they did) wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service. Our conversation, then, limited itself to the matter in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands as he told me so, and placed it carefully on a shelf at the back of his shop.

"'Above all things,' I said, as I left the house—'above all things, remember that the revolver is loaded.'

"'I shall not forget it,' he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile.

"This, then, was the third time that that pistol was taken back to the German locksmith for repair.

"It was the last.

"I can see," continued the narrator of this strange story, looking round on us, after a pause —"I can see that you all know what happened, and that I have only to tell you *how* the fatal termination of my story was brought about.

"The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the simple and more mechanical parts of his trade. He was not much use. A stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day, soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and, standing idly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver.

"The locksmith, turning round from his work, saw the lad thus occupied, and hastily told him to put the pistol back in the place he had taken it from. He had not had time, he said, to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having said this, the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, *with his back towards the lad* whom he had just cautioned, and who, he naturally supposed, had restored the pistol at once to its shelf.

"The boy's curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and, instead of doing as he was bid, he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

"The poor German was going on with his work, muttering to himself, 'Strange, how that pistol returns to me, again and again.'

"The words were not out of his lips when the fatal moment, so long expected, arrived, and the charge from my revolver entered his back. He fell forward in a moment, saying as he fell, 'At last.'

"The foolish boy rushed out of the shop with the pistol in his hand, screaming for assistance so loudly that the neighbours were soon alarmed, and hastened in a crowd to the house of the poor locksmith.

"My friend the surgeon was instantly sent for, and from him I gained the particulars which follow:

"Turning the poor fellow over on his face, and cutting open his garments to examine the wound, the surgeon said to those who were standing around: 'The ball has entered his back; if by chance it should have glanced off and passed round by the ribs, as will sometimes happen, this wound would not be fatal.'

"'It *is* fatal,' said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. 'Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fail to do its work when it comes? It is fatal,' he gasped again, 'and I shall die—but not here.'

"I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true.

"The German locksmith started up from where he lay, pushing aside all those who stood around him with an unnatural and inconceivable strength. His body swayed for an instant from side to side, and then he darted forwards. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He tore along the streets—the few people whom he met giving way before him, and looking after him in horror as he flew along—his clothes cut open at the back, blood-stained and dripping, and with death in his regard. Not one pause, not an abatement in his speed till he reached the infirmary, passed the man who kept the door, and up the stairs he flew, nor stopped till he came to a bed which stands beneath the window, and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to sink.

"It was the bed on which his friend had breathed his last.

"'I must die here,' said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. 'It is here that I must die.'

"And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death was justified. The presentiment had come true at last; and when the thunder-cloud, which had hung so long over this man's life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were then lighter, for the shade had passed away.

"Is death the name for a release like this? Who could look upon his happy face, as he lay upon that bed, and say so?

"It was not the end of a life—but the beginning."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The discovery of my friends Clipper and Mathews, which would have made my stay in Paris all the pleasanter, was made, as is often the case, just too late. It was time for me to be off. I was getting weary of my holiday, and, having spent my money, was anxious to get back and make some more. Two days after hearing the story of the German locksmith, I got up one morning at half-past six, and taking a hasty breakfast at Paris, was in London and at home in time for supper.

And now—back among the mean and ugly streets, the dull monotonous miles of shabby brick and mortar, of our huge and melancholy capital—what are my sensations? what do I find now? This: that the friendly faces which those screens of brick and mortar hide, the doors so gladly opened to admit me, the hands stretched out to bid me welcome, the daily interchange of thought and observation, the social meal, the fireside group, the thought that there are among those who greet me daily some who, in the midst of those cares of their own, which naturally must have such a hold on every human soul, have yet a corner in their hearts where an interest in what affects me finds a place—these things, do they not compensate for all the gaiety and charm of the beautiful and brilliant town in which I have lived a month alone?

Indeed they do. It was a selfish thought that wish to be alone, lest the plans of a companion should clash with mine, and I should fail to have my way in everything. Besides, did I get my way after all? Not always. Nor was it always a pleasant one when I did.

Who is free? Who is independent? Who does as he likes? If friends and associates do not interfere to change our plans, are there not fifty other ways besides in which they may be overthrown and dashed aside? Better a thousand times to be bored by others than to bore oneself. Better anything than for man to be alone.

APPALLING DISCLOSURE FOR THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

England has the happiness of knowing that the new Ministry has been set in working order at last. If the representation of almost all the contradictory forms of political opinion, and the official union of statesmen who have been hitherto remarkable for their capacity of disagreeing with one another, be the secret for forming a permanent Government, the new administration may look forward to a long life, and the free and independent electors may shut up the vote-markets all over the country for some time to come. To the Ministry, generally, a patriotic private individual has nothing particular to say. They have their lessons to practise in fitting themselves for their new places. The Premier has to learn the necessity of treating the House of Commons (as purporting to represent the small nation who take the liberty of occupying Great Britain) with some little respect and civility. The Foreign Secretary has to steer the British nation carefully through the shoals, quicksands, and whirlpools of existing continental complications—no more spirited or honest man than he, could try to do it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to collect all his powers of persuasion, with the object of reconciling his countrymen to some few additional figures on the tax-collectors' bills. Other minor members of the Ministry, in and out of the Cabinet, have other responsibilities to confront.

The one exceptional person of quality, so far as I can see, whose official occupations are not likely to be at all affected by these stirring times, is the noble lord who presides

over the administration of our places of theatrical amusement. At a period when all his fellow-potentates of the governing classes are called on to exert themselves with special activity, it must be a humiliating reflection to the Lord Chamberlain to think that his peculiar office, in connexion with the drama, is now more than ever likely to be little better than a species of vexatious sinecure. If I have rightly interpreted his lordship's sensations—and my deep respect for his office and himself, although I have no idea who he is, assures me that I have done so—I feel great pleasure in coming forward with a proposal for specially employing this minister's dormant energies, and for presenting his office in a prominent position before the eyes of the whole country. In plain terms, I have hereby to request that the Lord Chamberlain, on the ground of common humanity, will be pleased to shut up all our theatres forthwith, and to erase the Stage henceforth and for ever from the list of English professions.

I rest this proposal solely on the ground of common humanity. I have no objection whatever, either of the fanatically sectarian or of the severely critical sort, to set up against my theatrical fellow-citizens. I oppose the continuance of their professional existence purely for their own unfortunate sakes; precisely as my philanthropic predecessors opposed the employment of climbing-boys in foul chimneys; precisely as civilised Europe still opposes the buying and selling of African negroes. The case of the climbing-boy was, that he underwent tortures; the case of the negro is, that he undergoes tortures; the case of the equally miserable and equally uncomplaining actor and actress is (as I shall presently show), that they undergo tortures.

I live in the country, in a position of happy retirement. Everything that happens inside our snug little town, interests me deeply. Nothing that happens outside of it, is of the slightest importance to me. If there had been a theatre in our snug little town, I should have been long since familiarly acquainted with the British Stage. As there is no theatre in our snug little town, I know nothing whatever about the British Stage. Until yesterday I never gave the subject a thought, because it was not a subject connected with our town. Actors and actresses will please not be offended at this; we treat all other eminent people and national subjects, when they are unfortunate enough to be out of our town, with precisely similar neglect. Popular characters in London would find themselves total strangers among us. We never know anything about a new book, a new picture, or a new play, until it has obtruded itself by main force on our attention; even then, I would not give much for its chance of absorbing us, for five minutes together, if our two rival doctors happened to have a new quarrel at the time; or if our High Church clergyman omitted bowing to our dissenting solicitor when they passed each other in the street; or if the town-council met on that day with only the average amount of wrangling in the course of their parliamentary debates. It is hardly in the power of words to do justice to our immense capacity for ignoring everything that does not happen to be locally connected with us, in our snug little town.

Well, as I have said: until yesterday I never gave the British Stage and the unfortunate persons who practise on it so much as a thought. On that memorable day, however, a certain small pamphlet, descriptive of the training that actors and actresses must go through to practise their profession, fell into my hands by pure accident. I took it up with perfect indifference; but the moment I opened it, the moment my eyes fell upon one of the pages, I felt my flesh creep. By the time I had read the thing through, I was cold all over—my hands were elevated in sorrow and amazement—generous tears of sympathy and indignation started to my eyes—stern resolution to expose unheard-of barbarities, and to vindicate a hapless race, fired my mind. I seized pen, ink, and paper in the cause of suffering humanity—and here I am.

The pamphlet to which I refer is dated 1858, and is entitled, "The Amateur's Guide to the Stage; or, How to become a Theatrical: Pointing out the certain way to Eminence and Distinction in this lucrative, honourable, and pleasant Profession: describing the points in Love, Grief, Despair, Madness, Jealousy, Remorse, Rage, Hatred, Revenge, Tyranny, Humility, and Joy; with all the varied phases of Villany, Hypocrisy, &c. &c."

My present business is not with the moral aspect of this extremely painful subject. Let me proceed at once to the physical side of it; let me show, from the pages of the audacious publication now under notice, the precise species of suffering which is habitually and officially inflicted on patient human nature by the profession of the Stage.

At the ninth page of this pamphlet the disclosures open partially to view, in one of the sections of the subject, which is entitled, with shocking flippancy, "Making up the Face." I find it here laid down as law, that "every one on entering the theatre at night should wash his face." Thus far, there is no objection to be made. If people who have business in a theatre go to that business with dirty faces, it is of course highly desirable that they should be washed at the first opportunity. Well, the dirt having been, most properly, removed, is the face of the washed man or woman thereupon mercifully let alone? No. A powder-puff is passed over it; over that again, a mixture of carmine and Chinese vermilion, boiled in milk and then suffered to dry, is smeared with a hare's-foot. If the character to be represented is required to appear with moustache and whiskers, hair made of Crape is next glued—glued—to the cheeks and upper lip. If the personage is to be a Moor or a negro, his persecuted physiognomy is treated with still greater indignity. Lard—horrible to relate—lard, with which our nice roasted capons have made us all pleasantly familiar at the social board, is daubed over the much-enduring face which the victim has just

washed; and Spanish brown (in the case of the Moor), or burnt cork powdered (in the case of the negro), is daubed over the lard; carmine, in both instances, is daubed over the Spanish brown and burnt cork, to "throw up the impression." Let us not stop to inquire what this mysterious phrase can possibly mean, for the subject is too greasy and too painful to be dwelt on. Let us rather follow the unfortunate person whose face has been powdered, painted, and larded, to the point at which the exercise of his or her profession begins on the stage—to the point, also, from which the disclosures of bodily suffering burst on us in their full terror.

At page twelve of the pamphlet, the instructions for expressing the furious passions, enumerated on the title-page, begin. On reckoning up these passions, together with some of the milder affections of the mind which are added to them on the list, I find that they amount to forty-four in number, and that they are by no means exhausted even when they have reached that figure, on the confession of the writer himself, who declares that he has merely selected them from many others. We will, in our turn, select a few examples of what the actor or actress is expected to undergo in order to earn the means of subsistence. Persons who may not have prepared themselves for what is now to come, by reading past disclosures in connexion with slaves and climbing-boys, are strongly recommended not to proceed any farther with the perusal of this article.

Here, literally and exactly copied, are the directions for performing a passionate character on the stage:

"Rage, or Anger, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, rant, harshness, and trepidation. The neck is stretched out, the head forward, often nodding, and shaken in a menacing manner against the object of the passion: the eyes alternately staring and rolling, the eyebrows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds; the nostrils stretched wide, and every muscle strained; the breast heaving, and the breath fetched hard; the mouth open, and drawn on each side towards the ears, showing the teeth in a gnashing posture; the feet often stamping; the right arm frequently thrown out and menacing, with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body."

If these frightful directions have not altogether prostrated the proverbially gentle reader, two additional specimens may perhaps be endured. They relate to Grief and Despair.

"Grief, sudden and violent, expresses itself by beating the head and forehead, tearing the hair, and catching the breath, as if choking; also by screaming, weeping, stamping, lifting the eyes from time to time to heaven, and hurrying backwards and forwards."

"Despair bends the eyebrows downwards, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes, and sometimes bites the lips and gnashes with the teeth; the heart is supposed to be too much hardened to suffer the tears to flow, yet the eyeballs will be red and inflamed; the head is hung down upon the breast; the arms are bent at the elbows, the fist clenched hard, and the whole body strained and violently agitated."

I ask any reasonable being to reflect, first of all, on the exquisitely intricate, tender, and delicate construction of the nerves and muscles in the human face; and then to consider what must be the effect on those nerves and muscles, of the terrible epileptic contortions here insisted on, when habitually practised for hire, by men and women, night after night. Here are strainings of the neck, starings and rollings of the eyes, wrinklings of the forehead into clouds, stretchings of the nostrils, distensions of the mouth, gnashings of the teeth, beatings of the head, tearings of the hair, catchings of the breath, bitings of the lip, and inflammations of the eyeballs, all coolly enumerated as a species of physical stock-in-trade without which the miserable stage performer cannot so much as start in business with a prospect of success. I protest my own forehead begins to wrinkle into clouds as I trace these terrifying lines; my own eyes begin to stare and roll; my own placid features feel in some slight degree the torture that is nightly self-inflicted by the devoted wretches condemned to this direful profession,

There are people in this world who will endeavour to excuse everything and to make light of everything. Such people will tell me that the heart-rending directions here quoted, only apply to the performance of Tragedy, and that when Comedy has its turn the distorted faces of the actors snatch a brief repose. I meet that assertion with a flat denial, on the authority of the pamphlet. The directions for impersonating the milder and lighter affections of the mind simply involve a new set of contortions. For instance, "Joy is expressed by clapping of hands and exulting looks; the eyes are opened wide, and on some occasions raised to heaven; the countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. Modesty, or Submission, levels the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet of the superior character. In Boasting, or Affected Courage, the eyes stare, the eyebrows are drawn down, the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts out, the voice is hollow and thundering." Where is the repose, here, for the tortured theatrical face. Joy cannot smile without aggravated features. Modesty cannot express itself without levelling its eyes at other people's feet. Even Boasting—jovial, thoughtless, comically mendacious Boasting—must draw down its eyebrows, swell its face, pout its mouth, and thunder with its voice. The system I denounce is at least consistent. There are always physical convulsions of one kind or another at the bottom of it, survey it where you will.

But, why dwell on the sufferings of the actors' faces only, when their limbs and lungs are assailed as mercilessly as their features by this barbarous profession? The passion of pride, for example, when it gets on the stage, stretches the legs "to a distance from one another, and

takes large and solemn strides." Remorse "bends the knees;" Hatred "throws out the hands;" Threatening "brandishes the hands;" Acquitting (a passion I never heard of before, out of the jury-box) "waves the hands;" Fear "draws back the elbows parallel with the sides;" Hope "spreads the arms;" Denying (a passion to which we are all subject, especially when we are asked for money) "pushes your open right hand from you, and turns your face the contrary way." As for the lungs, the vocal contortions prescribed for them equal the contortions imposed on the face and limbs. The victims of the stage are expected to speak on a system of impossible modulation, comprised under the following heads: "High, loud, and quick; Low, loud, and quick; High, loud, and slow; High, soft, and slow." And when they have accomplished these preliminary vocal gymnastics, they are condemned to get on next to "Pauses of Reflection, and to Pauses of Confusion, filled up with Hesitative Pantings." I pledge my word of honour to the correctness of these phrases, as being exactly copied from the pamphlet.

On the stage. I have considered these atrocities, hitherto, purely with reference to the public life, or business existence, of the sufferers. But suppose we now follow them, men and women, into private life? Here, the prospect is hideous. When people have accustomed themselves to the practice of contortions, night after night (it may be for years together, assuming that the bodily energies of theatrical individuals are of peculiarly robust fabric), those contortions must become habitual, and must cling to them as a kind of second nature in their brief moments of retirement by their own firesides. What is the necessary consequence? This unhappy race must be unspeakably portentous and terrible to the humanity that surrounds them. Conceive the effect of stretched nostrils, distended mouths, clouded foreheads, inflamed eyeballs, and hesitative pantings, within the sacred circle of home, and before the scared tribunal of the neighbouring tradespeople! Let me take two instances only in support of the lamentable considerations here suggested. When I relieve a meritorious and miserable crossing-sweeper, my emotions of pity are simply expressed by my putting my hand in my pocket and giving the man a penny. What actor, in a similar position, could be expected to conduct himself in a similar manner? He has been learning to express the emotion of Pity on the stage; he has practised his art so often, that the actions connected with it have become a habit and a second nature to him; and, as a necessary consequence, when he relieves his necessitous fellow-citizen, his emotions of Pity (as I find from the directions in the pamphlet, under that head) mechanically lead him into looking down on the crossing-sweeper "with lifted hands, eyebrows drawn down, mouth open, and features drawn together." His voice (when he says, Here's a penny for you) is "frequently interrupted with sighs;" and his hand (when he has presented the penny) is "employed in wiping his eyes."

Again, when my own beloved wife enters the butcher's shop, a little anxious and perplexed about what she shall order for dinner, she taps her pearly teeth with the handle of her parasol, and looks with smiling uncertainty at the rosy murderer of sheep and oxen who awaits her orders knife in hand. In a similar position, how does the actor's own beloved wife, who is on the stage, and who has performed Anxious and Perplexed characters so many hundreds of times that she has become part and parcel of those characters herself, necessarily and inevitably behave before the butcher? Guided once more by the pamphlet (see "Anxiety or Perplexity," in the list of passions), I find that the unhappy woman enters the shop with "all the parts of her body drawn together; with her arms either crossed upon her bosom, or covering her eyes, or rubbing her forehead; with her head hanging on her breast; with her eyelids close shut and pinched, and with her whole body vehemently agitated."

With this impressive picture I close the case I have undertaken to prove. More disclosures might be added, but they would only prolong to no purpose this painful and serious subject. The nervous systems of our governing classes are precious to their country; and I decline to proceed any farther, after the shocks which I must have inflicted, by this time, on the impressionable nature of the Lord Chamberlain. I have shown, on printed and published authority, what the effect of the stage profession is on the lungs, limbs, and faces, on the public and private lives, of actors and actresses; and I have surely established my claim, in the eyes of all friends of humanity, to call for the peremptory and merciful suppression of playhouses and players. The decision now rests with his lordship. I will allow him a brief interval for Pauses of Reflection and Pauses of Confusion; and I await his answer—either High, loud, and quick, or Low, loud, and quick, which he pleases—with Hesitative Pantings, on my own part.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XII. THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.

MR. STRYVER having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation. After some mental debating of the point, he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term, or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary.

As to the strength of his case, he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way to the verdict. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds—the only grounds ever worth taking into account—it was a plain case, and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff, there was no getting over his evidence, the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief, and the jury did not even turn to consider. After trying it, Stryver C. J. was satisfied that no plainer case could be.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh; that unaccountably failing too, it behoved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Towards Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Anybody who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of all weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank, and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So, he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and everything under the clouds were a sum.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, sir?" and shook hands. There was a peculiarity in his manner of shaking hands, always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who shook hands with a customer when the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self-abnegating way, as one who shook for Tellson and Co.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Stryver?" asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

"Why, no thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the House afar off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk: whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him: "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh dear you, sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning?" answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it does you the greatest credit, and—in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But—

really, you know, Mr. Stryver——" Mr. Lorry paused, and shook his head at him in the oddest manner, as if he were compelled against his will to add, internally, "you know there really is so much too much of you!"

"Well!" said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, "if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means towards that end, and bit the feather of a pen.

"D—n it all, sir!" said Stryver, staring at him, "am I not eligible?"

"Oh dear yes! Yes. Oh yes, you're eligible!" said Mr. Lorry. "If you say eligible, you are eligible."

"Am I not prosperous?" asked Stryver.

"Oh! if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing, you know," said Mr. Lorry, delighted to be able to make another admission, "nobody can doubt that."

"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

"Well! I—— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "Now, I'll put you in a corner," forensically shaking a forefinger at him. "You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn't you go?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n me!" cried Stryver, "but this beats everything!"

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Here's a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—*in* a Bank," said Stryver; "and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there's no reason at all! Says it with his head on!" Mr. Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off.

"When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady; and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good sir," said Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, "the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing Fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I knew any man—which I hope I do not—whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

The necessity of being angry in a suppressed tone had put Mr. Stryver's blood-vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry; Mr. Lorry's veins, methodical as their courses could usually be, were in no better state now it was his turn.

"That is what I mean to tell you, sir," said Mr. Lorry. "Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying:

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself—*my*self, Stryver of the King's Bench bar?"

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it, is," laughed Stryver with a vexed laugh, "that this—ha, ha!—beats everything, past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry. "As a man of business, I am not justified in saying anything about this matter, for, as a man of business, I know nothing of it. But, as an old fellow, who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. The confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. Now, you think I may not be right?"

"Not I!" said Stryver, whistling. "I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense; I can only find it for myself. I suppose sense in certain quarters; you suppose mincing bread-and-butter nonsense. It's new to me, but you are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I claim to characterise for myself. And understand me, sir," said Mr. Lorry, quickly flushing again. "I will not—not even at Tellson's—have it characterised for me by any gentleman breathing."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you. Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say:—it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken, it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you, it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honour and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be

dissatisfied with it, you can but test its soundness for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! It is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterwards."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver: "I won't go up there now, I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank, causing such a concussion of air on his passage through, that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks. Those venerable and feeble persons were always seen by the public in the act of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down. "And now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general, when it was down, "my way out of this, is, to put you all in the wrong."

It was a bit of the art of an Old Bailey tactician, in which he found great relief. "You shall not put me in the wrong, young lady," said Mr. Stryver; "I'll do that for you."

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock, Mr. Stryver, among a quantity of books and papers littered out for the purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he saw Mr. Lorry, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

"Well!" said that good-natured emissary, after a full half-hour of bootless attempts to bring him round to the question, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho?" repeated Mr. Stryver, coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of!"

"And I have no doubt," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father's account. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't. Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense, and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a good thing for others in a worldly point of view; in a selfish aspect, I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and, between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls; you must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it. I tell you, I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback, that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him towards the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and good-will, on his erring head. "Make the best of it, my dear sir," said Stryver; "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XIII. THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but, the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind. Of late, the neglected bed in the Temple court had known him more scantily than ever; and often when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a few

minutes, he had got up again, and haunted that neighbourhood.

On a day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying to his jackal that "he had thought better of that marrying matter") had carried his delicacy into Devonshire, and when the sight and scent of flowers in the City streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worst, of health for the sickliest, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney's feet still trod those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless his feet became animated by an intention, and, in the working out of that intention, they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown up-stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good. Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much, worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recal you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation, I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? O Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away."

"Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me——"

"Don't say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse."

"Since the state of your mind that you describe, is, at all events, attributable to some influence of mine—this is what I mean, if I can make it plain—can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good, with you, at all?"

"The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realise. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe, again and again, most fervently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. I distress you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recal this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you!"

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again. If I were dead, that could not be surer than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance—and shall thank and bless you for it—that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries, were gently carried in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy!"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions and low habits that I scorn but yield to, will render me less worth such tears as those, than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But, within myself I shall always be, towards you, what I am now, though outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me. The last supplication but one I make to you, is, that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton."

"My last supplication of all, is this; and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn—the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. O Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said "A last God bless you!" and left her.

PIEDMONT.

The Sardinian States are, altogether, composed of the insular and the continental dominions of the house of Savoy. We have already glanced at the island portion. On the continent, Savoy is a cluster of mountains, whose monarch, the famous and used-up Mont Blanc, has been crowned long ago with a diadem of snow. Piedmont, whether we derive the name from the French, "le pied des monts," or the Italian, "il piè del monte," is, both actually and etymologically, the foot of the mountains. Still, a great part of Piedmont is not yet quite the sole of the foot, but rather the instep. It is not wholly in the plain, though it is all on the slope which conducts to the plain. The valleys of Aosta, of the Orco, of the Cervo, and the Sesia (the last fed by Monte Rosa), are naturally the outskirts of Switzerland, stretching southward to bask in Italian sunshine. This geographical character does not belong to Piedmont alone. The whole of Austro-Venetian-Lombardy, and a portion of Parma and the Papal States, are physically and geologically the same, or similar. They are, in fact, vast plains formed by the wearing down of the grand Alpine chain, with a little help from the Apennines. Nevertheless, there is more of the mountain's foot in Piedmont than elsewhere in Northern Italy.

At some awfully remote date there uprose on the earth's surface from out the waters, a lofty wall, running in the direction of from east to west, and joined at its western extremity by another similar mighty wall, running from north to south, and so forming a right-angled corner. Those two broad, solid walls are the Alps. From the southern end of the second wall, there started a third and lesser wall (but still of respectable dimensions), the Apennines, running from west to east for a time, and then starting off south-eastwards to follow their own independent course, and afterwards form the backbone of Italy. The foot of the walls, whose mass extended backward over what is now Savoy and Switzerland, was doubtless bathed by the primeval ocean. So that the enclosure formed by these three boundaries, till the Apennines took their decided bend, was a vast arm of the sea, or estuary, open to what is now the Adriatic, at the eastern end. Then came earthquakes, and steam explosions, and cataracts of rain, splintering the tops of the walls, rolling their fragments into the estuary, and so helping to fill it up. As yet, Frost had not appeared on earth. Afterwards he came: and then his glaciers brought down innumerable boulders, great and small; and the chips, and

fragments, and dust from his winter's work were carried by spring floods down to the circumscribed bay, until at last its bottom rose to the surface by the accumulation of worn material, and dry land appeared. First, Piedmont partly raised herself and partly slipped down from the mountain-side at the head of the bay, where the two opposite angles formed by the walls favoured the more speedy heaping up of their dilapidated fragments. Secondly, came the great plain of Lombardy, composed of the finer washings from the giant mass; lastly, were deposited the marshy lands where the self-choking Po struggles hard to find an outlet, and where ever-growing marshes will continue to creep onward and onward, long after the deeds of the present generation of men shall be forgotten.

This tracing of the birth and pedigree of Piedmont is not foreign to the events of the day; for the difficulties of modern warfare, and consequently the balance of power in Europe, are dependent on the natural formation of a country. The convulsions of nature, and her wear and tear, continuing for centuries after centuries, form valleys, and brooks, and finally rivers. When the mouth of a deeper valley than usual is blocked up by an impediment, the brooks, still pouring in, form a lake; the lake, when filled to the brim, finds an outlet, whence issues a full-grown river. The rivers that burst from the lower extremity of lakes are almost all remarkable for their volume, force, breadth, beauty, or other notable characteristic. Witness the Niagara and the Rhône. Scotland, on a minor scale, is adorned with a number of like examples. To this class of streams belongs the Ticino, the boundary between Piedmont and her invaders, born of the lovely Lago Maggiore;—the Greater Lake, as compared with others not far off. Neither soldier nor civilian in Piedmont and Lombardy will be wise in forgetting the watercourses that are fed by the Alps. The ramification of tributary streams, all intent upon joining the Po by a more or less tangled and tortuous course, form a combination of almost-islands, which seriously hamper the progress of large bodies of men, in whatever direction they may desire to move. All war in the plains of Piedmont is necessarily a peninsular war, in consequence of the natural constitution of the whole locality. Austria may threaten fire and sword; but fire, and sword, and angry threats can neither dam the stream of the Piedmontese watercourses, nor fill up the gaps which prevent skipping from one division of the military chess-board to another. Consequently, bridges play an important part in the strategy of Northern Italy. For instance, Marengo has a celebrated bridge. At the historical battle of eighteen hundred (prepared by the local engagement of Montebello, repeated on the twentieth of May last), the Austrians streamed on to the plain where they were to meet their doom, by means of this most fatal bridge. The whole of this grand Italian battle-field is remarkable for its memorable bridges; thus, there is the bridge of Lodi, and the bridge of Arcola. Finally—would it were really the last!—the world is now ringing with the bridge of Magenta.

Verdure, everywhere verdure, as we follow the movements of armies that have gone before us. The road from Alessandria to Tortona (passing in front of the Château of Marengo) traverses a country as smooth and as green as a meadow in spring, and runs straight before us, direct as a plumb-line, till it tapers off to a needle's-point and disappears over the horizon. The children are taking the morning dust-bath which seems indispensable to the health of every little Lombard rogue, and which has the effect of changing the hue of their complexion from dingy soot-colour to ashy grey. The luxuriant vines, festooned from tree to tree, contrast with the mournful and winterly aspect of the mulberry-trees stripped of their leaves, which the women carry off by aprons, to feed silkworms. Some two years ago, an idea was started, either in Paris or Turin, of presenting the Emperor of the French with this Château and estate of Marengo. The project fell to the ground, and the property now belongs to Count Castaldi, a Genoese nobleman, who rarely visits it; which is not much to be wondered at. Although the environs may be rich and verdant, and the park (not quite an English park, nor even a French garden) abounding in shade, the mansion itself is a ridiculous absurdity, daubed outside with architectural frescoes of the order adopted by fair-going theatres, combining Gothic arches with Moorish domes overtopped by battlements, and based by colonnades, forming altogether a pictorial Babel enough to break the heart of a professor of perspective. Fresco-painting, which has frighted your soul on the front and sides of the house, still pursues your bewildered eyesight in-doors. A room on the ground floor, where General Bonaparte signed the armistice, is transformed into a museum. Whatever they could find on the field of battle—sabres, guns, bayonets, spurs, cannon-balls, bullets, helmets, lance-heads, scabbards, swords, pistols, bridles, bomb-shells, and a hundred other relics—have been collected, to the edification of the tourist, and the profit of the porter. The green-house had served for a temporary bivouac; voltigeurs took the place of lilies and roses. In a sort of ugly, vulgar-shaped cenotaph are exposed to view a heap of bones and skulls gathered on the plains of Marengo which seem to be begging hard for a little whole some earth to cover them. A footpath, winding between clumps of trees, leads you to a rustic pavilion, from which you behold the vast extent of the plain, covered with interminable fields of wheat. The mulberry-trees alone betray that you are not in some corn-growing district of Central Europe. The yellow waters of the Bormida make a narrow chink in the unbroken level, and then the plain stretches out and away without visible limit on this side of the horizon.

Although a difference exists in the aspect of Piedmont as compared with Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, there is no actual or natural line of demarcation between them. The Ticino,

full-fed stream as it is, is only a conventional boundary for the separation of Austrian from Sardinian territory. There is a gradual transition from the upland to the dead level flat; as you proceed eastward, the framework of mountains opens wider, and at last disappears from view; the panorama ceases to be encircled by a chain of hills, or is encircled only by blue and misty hill-tops peeping up in the distance here and there; the Po, swollen by ever-increasing contributions, grows bigger, deeper, and heavier in his pace, but nowhere handsomer. Nowhere does he answer to his title of the "king of rivers," which should be changed to that of the monster drain, highly valuable to agriculture, but useless as regards the picturesque. The Po himself adds to the oneness and continuity of the land. Call the western half of Northern Italy Upper Piedmont, and the eastern half Lower Piedmont, and every geographical exigence is satisfied.

What Upper Piedmont lacks, to complete its beauty, is a fair sheet of water; for Lago Maggiore is only a frontier lake. But the wide, wide plain, visible from every brow and cliff of the hills, is itself by turns a lake, a sea, a forest, or a garden; and when the light, gauze-like, ash-coloured morning mist lies gently heaving and subsiding upon it, no stretch of imagination is required to fancy that it hides the surface of a broad expanse of the purest water. The plain is wide; but, unlike the even flats of Lombardy, the level land of Piedmont is nowhere too wide. From the terrace of Castellamonte—a castle perched scarcely five hundred feet above the level ground, on the very toe of this great mountain foot of Piedmont—you can behold Turin and its eminences, backed by the endless range of the Montferrat hills, as if they were only an hour's short walk away, though the nearest distance across is full five-and-twenty English miles. You see the craggy pinnacle of Monte Viso, with all the stupendous jagged ve[illegible] of the Maritime Alps, distinctly carved ne[illegible] dark deep azure of the Italian sky, a[illegible]nanced, heightened, and made weird and spectral, by the almost imperceptible film of the summer haze. You walk round to the other platform of the castle, and look to the north and west, and behold the broad valleys of the Orco, the Locana, the Soana, and the Ceresola, teeming with a luxuriance of unbroken green, closed in by the brown, bare, bleak mountain-walls, encompassing the rugged shield of Italy—all ragged, and steep, and precipitous, tipped here and there with the snowy crests, the prodigious maze of bold outlines, heaped up in mighty confusion, laid out like stage decorations, dotted with hamlets, castles, and convents at great heights; and, higher still, the white walls of lonely chapels or sanctuaries, where, on spots once sacred to the god Pan, pilgrims now pay their yearly worship to our Lady of the Snow, or to St. Bernard of Aosta, the Apostle of the Alps.*

* See Antonio Gallenga's spirited and graphic Country Life in Piedmont.

The exuberant fertility of both Upper and Lower Piedmont is due to the alluvial soil brought down by the mountain brooks, of which soil in fact, the whole of the level country is composed. It is the mud of the Nile, not annually deposited in a scanty layer, but long ago stored in cubical and substantial solidity, so that the staple, as farmers call it, is of a depth to be measured by yards, if it can be measured at all. Plants notorious for exhausting the land grow here, year after year, without check or stint, or any necessity for manure. Hemp attains a stature whose altitude we know, because we have seen it, but which we will not mention, because to be suspected of exaggeration is unpleasant. But even the luxuriant vegetation tends to make warfare more difficult and dangerous. Tyrolese riflemen, crouching amongst the wheat and other growing crops, have done more mischief to the French and Sardinian troops than the cannon of the Austrians, by picking off the officers and decimating the ranks, while they themselves offer no mark to be aimed at.

In such a country, and on such land, military movements are dependent on the weather in as great a degree as agricultural operations would be. On a rich, deep, adhesive, alluvial soil, when the barometer obstinately points to "Much Rain," marches become impossible, which would be easy if it rose to "Set Fair." Artillery cannot stir in mud. Rain raises obstacles which no courage or perseverance can conquer: not to mention rivers overflowing their banks in consequence of the melting of Alpine snows, or roads purposely broken up and encumbered by the enemy. An army, above all, must travel prudently; and not set one inconsiderate step in a country where, or at a time when, it may stick fast in the mud, and may be hemmed in and entrapped by the sudden rise of rivers.

The very richness of Lombardy produces a certain monotony in the landscape, which in time becomes wearisome to the traveller. Everywhere the picture is composed of the same elements, slightly varying in their arrangement only. You are obliged to excite your attention by an effort, in order to notice some insignificant town which has been rendered famous by some deed of arms. Again; some deed of arms is done, after you have passed through an insignificant town, and your memory fails to discriminate it from half a dozen other small fellow-towns. The confusion is rendered worse confounded by their all being sure to be towns with bridges. But the deep, muddy, weedy stream—which is, to the military man, what ditch and rail are to the Leicestershire hunter—has left no distinct impression on the retina of your palled mind's eye. You cannot remember whether it ran green pea-soup, or yellow pea-soup, or brown gravy-soup, or unclarified veal-broth. Was it the stream where you saw the blue lizard run up the tree? Or the stream where you heard grasshoppers chirp so loudly? Or the stream which sent to market such plentiful bunches of edible frogs which you saw

while purchasing fruit in the market? You cannot tell, for the life of you. Casteggio (on the high road from Genoa to Milan), Montebello, and many other much-mentioned names, would be dismissed by the unstrategetic tourist, who has had his fill of better things, as country towns unworthy of note.

Tortona is screened by magnificent chesnut-trees. A river runs through a verdant valley, a little capriciously, a little vagabondishly, here nibbling a bit off a meadow, and there leaving a bank of gravel and sand. The banks are fringed with trembling willows and upright poplars. Tortona, once fortified, commanded the road from Alessandria to Piacenza. Founded by Brennus, it was burnt by Frederick Barbarossa, and sustained several memorable sieges, now forgotten. At present it is an open unfortified town, which has no other importance in a military point of view than what it derives from its bridge (of course), situated on the Serivia—for all these troublesome streams have names. When the Austrians retreated from Tortona lately, they tried to blow up this bridge, in order to arrest the march of the allied troops; but, whether they were pressed for time, or whether their mine was badly managed, the only injury done was to a portion of the parapet, which has since been repaired. Of course the gates of Voghera also are overshadowed by magnificent chesnut-trees. It is a town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, is lighted with gas, and has a bridge over the Staffora. Same landscape as before; glorious country; a perfect garden; a little river, in which the soldiers perform their ablutions, and thick-foliaged beech-trees, under which they repose half-dressed, without repeating, as they ought, Virgil's "Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."

War gives life to what is otherwise dull, when it does not deal death to what would otherwise continue lively. Alessandria is generally inclined to be most horribly dull. Note that squares in Italy are called Piazzas. The Covent-garden Piazza is a sad misnomer. The Grand Piazza of Alessandria is a vast square, with a double row of handsome trees running round it. On the side opposite to the Strada Larga (Broad-street) is the Royal Palace, an immense and sombre edifice of brick and stone. When you face the Palace, the large red building to the right, with green shutters, is the Theatre. Under the trees, a multitude of shopkeepers have pitched their tents, for the sale of all sorts of little necessaries, indispensable to people going to the wars: such as paper, scissors, cutlery, thread, needles, braces, brushes, combs, and other useful travelling companions. The cafés are thronged (temporarily) with customers, and have made enough in a fortnight to keep them a year. In the morning, the Piazza (temporarily) is a market-place; at noon, it is a military parade; in the evening, it is a rendezvous for all the soldiers of all the French and Sardinian troops. As at Casale, the churches are taken possession of for the regiments of the service. One is converted into a storehouse for hay; another is full of tubs of coffee (ready roasted) and boxes of sugar; another has its nave and choir replenished with biscuit; another is a manutention, or general depôt. When a hundred and fifty thousand men are out campaigning it is not a little that will keep them going. They must have mountains of clothes, food, utensils, carriages, and arms, which must be husbanded carefully when there are projects of entering an enemy's territory. Alessandria has a bridge over the Tanaro.

Casale, reached by rail from Alessandria, has been refortified in modern times, in accordance with its military importance, and is situated on the right bank of the Po, at the junction of the roads from Milan and Piacenza, respectively, to Turin. The right and the left banks of rivers are distinguished by turning your back on their source and facing the point where they discharge themselves into the sea. Supposing the Thames to be the river in question; you stand on Westminster-bridge and look towards Margate: Lambeth will be on the right bank, the city of Westminster on the left. In the sixteenth and seventeenth century, Casale was one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and the possession of which, with that of Mantua and Pignerol, gave the possession of Italy. It has stood many sieges. Its fortifications were destroyed in 1696, at the peace of Ryswick. Casale has a bridge over the Po. Vercelli is a town of no more than twenty-one thousand inhabitants, with a bridge over the Sesia. The reported brutality of the Austrians during their occupation is unfortunately no calumny. Besides the contributions of war levied on the population, comprising such articles as wheat, rice, meal, barley, hay, straw, and so on, they were compelled to perform manual labour; those who dared to show signs of refusal were immediately maltreated by the soldiery, who were complete masters of the place. The inquiries made at Vercelli, after the departure of the Austrians, have shown that the amount of the requisitions they made, in the course of their stay, is no less than a couple of million francs, or eighty thousand pounds. Gyulai took up his quarters in the archiepiscopal palace of Vercelli; at his departure, Napoleon III. succeeded him, occupying the same apartments, eating at the same table, and in all probability sleeping in the same bed. It would be satisfactory to know which of the two had the pleasanter dreams or the frightfuller nightmares.

The battle, or rather the affair, of Montebello (the first engagement of the present war, but the second battle of the name, and which has already conferred a ducal title), appears to have arisen from a casual incident. Some National Guards belonging to Casteggio had barricaded themselves in the village, and so repulsed with fire-arms a strong patrol of Austrians, who sent a column to punish the refractory Piedmontese. The Piedmontese cavalry then came up to help their fellow-countrymen, who, attacked by an infinitely superior force, were in turn supported by the French division of General Forey. By an

apparently insignificant spark was thus lighted up, in a short space of time, a terrible conflagration. It was a fierce struggle from house to house. There was fighting, foot to foot, in the crowded streets. Houses were left filled with Austrian dead. Every garden and orchard was the scene of a deadly fray. The contest ended in the cemetery; over the native inhabitants of the place, who had long since departed in peace, was left a thick stratum of invaders slain with the bayonet—all of which will be quickly hidden beneath the verdant pall of Piedmontese vegetation. It was at Montebello that an Austrian soldier, after the battle, remained four days in a cellar, behind a cask to which frequent visits were paid. All that while, he never stirred. His foot was wounded, and a bullet had gone through his thigh. His was the courage and the resolution inspired by fear. The cask had to be removed before he could be persuaded to come out. The poor wretch is in a fair way of recovery, and, in the French hospital, has no need to regret his cellar.

Death leaves little trace behind him. After drownings, which suddenly sever the dearest ties, the murderous stream flows on as smooth as ever. The sea, which has swallowed whole ships' crews at noon, will at evening glance and smile in the setting sun with all apparent innocence; even by land, the trace of carnage disappears with marvellous rapidity. At first, the very next day after a battle, the contested ground may offer a terrible and affecting aspect. You will see, lying amongst the wheat, stretched by the roadside or fallen against the trunks of trees, corpses still contorted by the agonies of death. This is the brief interval when the scene is still strewed with waggons smashed into chips and the mutilated carcases of cavalry horses. But, in three or four days it is all cleared away. A passing stranger, unenlightened by a guide, would never suspect that the fiery tempest of war had so lately burst over that verdant spot. The battle of Montebello began near Voghera. Here and there, along the road a few mulberry branches have been cut off by the bullets. A circular cut on the trunk of a tree tells you that a cannon-ball has flown in that direction; the corner of a wall is shattered; the plaster of a cottage has fallen off in scales; a square of glass is broken in a window, or a shutter is pierced with two or three round holes.

Meanwhile, the cow peaceably grazes the wayside grass; the washerwoman rinses linen—not her own, but shirts of strange fashion—at the edge of the brook; the ploughman drives his slow-paced oxen; the housewife spins her flax, her children are merrily rolling in a corner; at the door of the inn the beggar stretches out his hand, whining his accustomed nasal petition. The energies of earth rapidly screen, beneath a luxuriant garment of emerald green, the temporary mischief caused by man. While admiring the picturesque coquetry of Nature—her clumps of trees mingled with scattered buildings, her wide-extended plains, whose horizon is guarded by the phantom forms of Mont Cenis, Mont Genèvre, Mont Blanc, and Monte Rosa; her rows of poplars fringing the Po, a reach of which starts forth from its bowery hiding-place to glance in the sunshine—who could believe he was treading the theatre of war? Of the deadly struggle of Montebello scarcely a trace will soon remain. Here and there only the wheat is trodden down over considerable spaces; the trampled corn betrays the passage of artillery; the trained vines are broken with gaps, or the stem of a young tree has snapped asunder. A gaiter, a collar, the wreck of a soldier's cap, lie half hidden in the grass; sundry clods of earth, by the side of a furrow, are stained with an unusual tinge of red; you examine them more closely; they are soaked and saturated with blood. There, amidst the vine-leaves, wet with dew, hang the tatters of an Austrian waistcoat; its cloth is stiffened in places with brick-red spots. In a shady corner, lie the remains of a horse. And that is all; except that in the cemetery are a couple of large graves containing the bodies of the Austrians who fell in their last retreat. Patches of fresh earth indicate the spots where sundry soldiers are laid to take their final rest. But, goats and sheep bleat around as if nothing had happened; and laughing girls fill their sacks with mulberry-leaves, for the rearing of silkworms, which, whether in peace or war, must still be fed.

Poor Croats! They are led to the slaughter, almost in the ignorance of beasts that perish. Up to the very last minute, the Austrian generals, in obedience to superior orders, made their soldiers believe that the Brigade of Savoy and Garibaldi's troops had disguised themselves in French uniforms to frighten them! Such was the persistance of this falsehood, joined to the impossibility of a letter or a newspaper getting into Lombardy, that many Austrian officers long retained the persuasion that the French army had not yet departed from Algeria or Lyons! The Gazette of Venice treated the presence of the French in Italy as a pleasant joke. Garibaldi, however, is everywhere an object of terror. The Austrian soldiers regard him with superstitious awe. His very name is a bugbear. As long as he remained at Caviglia the enemy were very discreet in their reconnoitring parties; as soon as they were sure he was gone, they pushed out bravely. Garibaldi's courage is acknowledged by friend and foe. Loyal in conduct, and of unimpeachable integrity, he will not overlook the slightest breach of the discipline which he has instituted. In this respect his severity is excessive. When he was at Savigliano, organising his little corps, there was great difficulty in preventing the execution of a volunteer who had stolen a ring worth half-a-crown. The Duke of Wellington did once, it is said, cause a private soldier to be hanged for stealing a turnip. Without such severe examples, it is not always that the discipline of an army can be maintained.

The highest possible compliment to Garibaldi is incidentally recorded by Mr. Gallenga in his account of the carriage-horses in and about Turin, which are worse than indifferent. The

custom in Italy, even in the army, is to stuff horses with hay, and stint them in corn: so that even the best teams, when compared with like animals in England, have always a languid, shuffling gait, and a hang-dog, lackadaisical look. The waste of whipcord is prodigious, and the handle is almost invariably laid upon the poor brutes' backs before the journey is over; so that a few miles' drive with a Piedmontese coachman would fill a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with indignation. Luckily the tempest of blows is relieved by an occasional oath; and it would be impossible to describe the awe these wretched four-legged creatures stand in, of the Madonna and the saints. A Swiss-Italian postilion, in the Canton Ticino, had recourse to a still more formidable name. It was in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and the country was full of the exploits of that stout-hearted condottiero whose defence of Rome in that year will rank amongst the greatest military deeds of modern Italy. Whenever the man's cattle flagged in their exertions, down came the whip, and with it a roaring, rattling shout of "Gar-r-r-ribaldi!" Away the poor fagged jades would tug and strain and pull as if the arch enemy of man himself were at their heels.

INEXHAUSTIBLE HATS.

Most persons are familiar with a trick that conjurors perform, in which a truck-load of feathers, a few score of tin cups, and a clothes-basket full of flowers, are brought from an apparently empty hat. They must recollect how the mysterious fountain seemed never tired of welling up, and how, when it had ceased for a few seconds, it was again set flowing at the request of a lady or a child. This trick is popularly known by the title of the "inexhaustible hat," and has many imitations in the legerdemain of trade.

A "calamitous fire" at some large wholesale City warehouse, especially if it be in the clothing trade, is an inexhaustible hat, from which there is an almost ceaseless flow of "salvage stock." Almost before the damp hose has ceased playing on the smoking sky-roofed building in Wadding-street, or Fustianbury, there is scarcely a retail slapperdasher from Blackwall to Hammersmith, and from Highgate to Norwood, whose shop has not broken out in a dreadful rash of placards, notes of admiration, and damaged goods. As in the antiquarian market you will always find the supply of Oliver Cromwell's skulls to be equal to the demand; as in the superstitious market you can get the holy coats, and blood, and teeth of saints in any quantity, sent any distance (on the receipt of a post-office order), carriage free; so in the pushing, cutting, puffing slapperdashers' market, where we are compelled to go for the adornment of our bodies, there is no limit to the material that has been liberally bought, after it has been providentially saved. Dingy old nightmare patterns, belonging to an age before the existence of schools of design, are dragged, once more, in fearful quantities, before the light of day. Like Othello, they cannot be loved for any beauty of colour or form, and only for the dangers they are supposed to have passed through, while the devouring element was striving to secure them as its prey. The rolls of calico that (according to advertisement) have been damaged by water at a single fire are only equalled by one of those cities that have been suddenly swallowed up by the sea. The miles of gaudy ribbon that (according to advertisement) are unrolled from the mouth of the charred and blackened ruin, are as endless in reality as that other ribbon seems to be which comes from the mouth of the mountebank at a fair.

An important bankruptcy is another inexhaustible hat, as bountiful in its yield of bargains and sacrificial goods as any calamitous City fire. The Anglo-Saxon energy—the keenness and activity that make commercial capital out of these commercial disasters—are still chiefly confined to the clothing trade. A glance at the slapperdashing shops in any thoroughfare or principal by-street of the metropolis and suburbs, will show what a number of enterprising traders have speculated in the bankrupt stock of Messrs. Strawboy and Rag. Though the muslins may be rotten—the colours fast to go, not fast to stay—and the prints of the same barbarous outline and colour as the stock that was foolishly saved from destruction by fire—yet each enterprising slapperdasher has not only bought them all, but, more wonderful still, has got them all, as the ready-money purchasers of London are invited to see and judge for themselves. Our wives and daughters are first clothed in salvage stock, that has been desperately torn from the embraces of the flames; and then they are invited to adorn their lovely persons in garments of miraculous cheapness, that have been bought in a hundred places at once by the sanction of the official assignee. The inexhaustible hat of bankruptcy will overflow with every kind of textile fabric (except those for which the manufacturer is supposed to have been honestly paid) as long as the performance seems agreeable to the public taste.

A sale by auction, where the household gods of the bankrupt are brought to the hammer, is an inexhaustible hat of an equally marvellous and deceptive kind. A few passes of the auctioneer's magic pen, and the old motto is proved to be wrong, for out of nothing comes almost everything. The home of insolvency is transformed into a horn of plenty, and the bankrupt, in the hour of his adversity, finds himself the apparent possessor of a variety of luxuries, each one of which is sufficient to prove that his private expenditure must have been of the most reckless kind.

The bill that announces the forthcoming bonâ fide sale has long been recognised as a work of literary art. It begins with the legal heading of "In re Richard Jones, a bankrupt," though it omits to state that Richard Jones was

conducting a small business as a draper in an eight-roomed house (including the shop) at Somers Town. It soon passes from the dry, unimaginative, unelastic phrases of the law, into the rapturous vocabulary of the auction mart. A little way down the bill, we come upon a prominent ridge of type, describing, in glowing terms, a magnificent-toned, full-sized walnut piano. (The piano used to be of rosewood, but walnut is now your only fashionable wear.) Passing over a valley of small type, which contains a brief mention of breakfast, dinner, and tea services, easy chairs, matting, bedding, kitchen utensils, &c. &c., we come upon another series of large and small ridges devoted to exquisite drawing-room suites in silk and velvet, large-sized brilliant plate chimney-glass in richly gilt carved wood frame, portfolios of prints containing the choicest specimens of the early masters, Arabian bedsteads, dining-room suite in Spanish mahogany covered in the best morocco leather, marble-slab and plate-glass chiffonier, china vases, cut-glass lustres, spring stuffed settees, noble telescope dining-table, papier-mâché occasional chairs, superb ormolu fourteen-day striking clock, fine oval loo-table, and rich three-thread tapestry Brussels carpets. Other ridges of type are devoted to other similar articles, including oil and water colour pictures, and a small cellar of well selected wine; until Richard Jones, the small bankrupt draper in the eight-roomed house (including the shop) at Somers Town, is transformed into a fraudulent Sardanapalus, feeding upon the property of his creditors.

If the sale were of that extensive public character which auction-mart proprietors always lay claim to in their advertisements, it might, perhaps, be worth the while of Richard Jones, a bankrupt, to protest against such a gross misrepresentation of his private life. As these sales, however, are confined to the small business connexion of a particular auctioneer, who has a special reputation for selling furniture, as other auctioneers have a special reputation for selling books, or house property, or works of art; and as two-thirds of the frequenters of these sales are brokers, and professional purchasers (chiefly Jews) who fully understand the trick of trade legerdemain by which the furniture of an humble eight-roomed house at Somers Town is swelled into the contents of several well-appointed family mansions; there is no occasion for Richard Jones, a bankrupt, to trouble himself about his damaged reputation, even if he follow his lost household gods to their final place of sale. He will see his well-worn chairs and couches; his table on which he carved his children's dinner; his looking-glass in which he shaved himself before his bankruptcy; his sofa on which he slept over his weekly paper on a Sunday afternoon; his pictures of a stage-coach in full swing on a country road, and a kitchen-table containing a loaf of bread, a cut cheese, two onions, and a glass of ale, which specimens of art were given him, as a marriage present, by an uncle who was formerly in the public line; he will see all these things, and many others, that have cast off the familiar household faces they once wore, and have put on such a dusty, tied-up, packed, and lotted look, that he will almost pass them by as utter strangers amidst the crowd of console tables, toilet services, Circassian cloth curtains, winged wardrobes, and marble washstands that bewilder him on every side. He will have no recollection of ever being the possessor of a sweet-toned harmonium, containing ten stops—clarionet, flute, sourdine, bourdon, cor Anglais, grand jeu, expression, tremulo, and two fortes; and yet he will find this complicated instrument figuring in the catalogue under the cover of his bankrupt name. He will see the eager and careful Israelite, who knows a good deal of guile, going over the articles, one by one, with the catalogue, the day before the sale; punching beds that are not his beds, jumping upon sofas (to try the springs) that are not his sofas, turning up loo-tables (to examine the hinges) that are not his tables, looking at the backs and fronts of pictures that are not his pictures, and pinching all kinds of solid articles (as if they were made of india-rubber) that never had a place in his domestic castle, although his commercial calamity has, in some way, forced them to a premature, and bonâ fide sale.

When the hour arrives for the rostrum to be mounted, he will find himself alluded to as a person of considerable taste and judgment in furnishing a house, although unfortunate in conducting the ordinary operations of trade. He will find that the two-thirds of professional purchasers, including the eager and careful Israelite who know a good deal of guile, are not in the habit of paying the slightest attention to the preliminary remarks of the auctioneer, and only awake to a sense of business when the bidding for the first lot has actively commenced. He will find himself amongst an outer crust of private, inexperienced bidders—bargain-hunters, furnishing housekeepers, lodging-letters, and persons about to marry. He will find that when this outer crust of auction visitors is not tempted to make any offers for the particular lot which the auctioneer is dwelling upon, the inner circle of professional purchasers—a banded society of brokers and brokers' men—obtain, in most cases, an easy bargain as their prey. When, however, the outer crust of amateur bidders is moved to enter into competition with the regular professional hands, there is a murmur of savage opposition heard running through the Israelites in front, and a combination of brokers and purchasers upon commission prevents the outsiders getting the coveted article below the regular high broker price. When the sale has reached the half-way house—the small cellar of well-selected wine—and tasting samples, with bread-and-cheese, are being handed round for the refreshment of the visitors, the bankrupt will have found that, to purchase back even his own household gods in the cheapest way, he must place himself in the hands of a buyer upon commission, a broker, or a broker's agent, generally one of the Israelites, who know a good deal of guile. Trade-

conjuring has brought things out of his house that were never in it; and only trade-conjuring can replace those things that were once really there.

MEMORY.

A WAIL of a child at midnight,
The chime of a minster-bell,
The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul,
And the sound of a passing knell.

An old worn book, on a corner shelf,
And a spray of faded yew,
A locket with hair all golden and fair,
And a ribbon of faded blue.

A needle-case, both empty and old,
And a case with hidden spring,
Wherein two golden watch-keys lie,
A heart,—and a wedding-ring.

I take the book from the corner shelf,
And the ribbon of faded blue,
And before me stands the form I lov'd,
With hair of a golden hue.

And I gaze so long in those earnest eyes,
That my soul grows weak with pain,
Then she fades away—and I gently lay
The old book down again.

OUR EYE-WITNESS WITH HANDEL.

A SMITH'S anvil, rusty and broken.

An old jingling spinet, or harpsichord, brass bound, and with a pious Latin inscription on its lid—"Donum Dei."

What of these things?

A summer evening—a country church. The door is left half open, and the fresh warm air invades the building, and, stealing in, remonstrates gently with the somewhat earthy atmosphere of the place, and the close but not unpleasant odour of old pews, and leather binding of huge Bibles and Prayer-books. "These smells are not so bad," says the sweet pure air, "but I am better—so let me in."

Through the open door, borne in upon this perfumed air, come sounds that breathe of peace. The sound of rustling leaves that quiver in the summer breeze and rattle pleasantly against each other, and some against the old church windows. The sound of distant cattle, of sparrows in the church roof, of the cuckoo far away, of rooks subsiding for the night in the elm-trees near at hand. Is this all? No, there is one sound more that seems to bind the rest together, and measure out the time to them—a sound that, though it tells of labour, gives yet an added measure of repose to the rest of him who listens to it, a sound clear as a bell, and true in time as the progress of the village clock. It comes from the blacksmith's hammer ringing on the anvil, and every inch of air through which that sound must pass adds its tribute of tune as the note goes by, and sends it into the church at last in matchless ringing melody.

And how does it happen that the church door is open to admit it at such a time as this? There is no priest in the building, no service going on. Yes, there is a priest of Heaven's choir in the place, and a service going on, such as men are placed in this world to do. For the German gentleman who plays upon the organ has come there to practise, and is sitting in the church alone.

The German gentleman has come to practise, and yet the organ is silent, and no sweeping wail of harmony is heard to challenge those evening sounds with which the air is loaded. Why, how is this? The German gentleman is idle. Let us softly draw aside the curtain of the organ-loft and look.

The German gentleman is seated before the organ in an attitude of perfect rest. He stirs not, except that now and then the fingers of one hand pass over certain of the keys, touching them lightly, but not pressing them down. His eyes are turned towards the light—it is to the light that men look when their work is right and honest, and when they would drink in more force for their labour. His eyes are turned to the sky, but he sees not what he looks at. His ears are at work and not his eyes—he is *listening* and not *looking*. Listening—and to what? Is it to the cawing of the rooks, or the song of the birds, or the rustling whisper of the leaves. He is listening to none of these. He hears them, indeed, but only as we faintly hear the accompaniment to a lovely song. He is listening to that other sound of the smith's hammer falling on the anvil, and as the notes drop singly on his ear he shapes them into a chord of melody that has lived for a hundred years and more, and gained, with every added year of life, an added ring of glory.

That smith was the Harmonious Blacksmith, and the German gentleman was Handel.

From this passage of quiet pastoral life, from this episode of a country church and a village organist, let us now turn to a widely different scene. The Handel Festival is in all its glory. The sun is blazing down on the glass roof of the Crystal Palace, glancing among the leaves of the shrubs, penetrating to the glittering scales of the gold fish in the water, extracting more and more wealth of overpowering perfume from the orange-trees, and finally descending in a genial glow upon the head of him who writes these lines, or in other words, upon the Eye-witness.

He has examined the smith's anvil spoken of at the beginning of this report, and which was appropriately brought to the Crystal Palace for the Handel Festival. He has heard the faint tinkling note of the harpsichord at which Handel composed, exhibited in the Handel Court, and he now proceeds to take the place assigned to him in the building, and prepares to listen to the music, which, beginning at the faint source of that poor spinet, has now reached its full development in an orchestra, the force and number of whose instruments would almost extort an echo from the very sky itself.

From the seats that rise on an incline, oppo-

site the orchestra and at the furthest extremity of the transept from it, your Eye-witness looked over the vast space between him and the musicians, and was impressed to speechlessness by the extraordinary scene before him. It was like being upon a hill and looking over a plain of flowers. Bonnets of every shade, but chiefly of white, with tender mixture of brighter colour in ribbons or other adornment, all by the vast numbers and by the grouping of chance arranged in lovely agreement and concord of tint, and made, perhaps, to sparkle all the more by the black admixture of men's heads scattered about among them. Bonnets near, bonnets far off; back views of bonnets close at hand, their owners looking down in study of programmes or books of words, so that one saw disastrously near the backs of lovely necks that looked like cream, and heavy lumps of hair, so dexterously plaited, so mercilessly entwined, so purely clean, so shaded with soft pent-house muslin, adorned with such culture and cleansing of each separate hair, that when the selection from Samson came, one was almost ready to excuse the strong man for falling a victim to charms, which those can resist alone whose hearts are girt about with threefold brass of heroism, or else with the ice of a base insensibility.

Acres of bonnets—and, underneath each one of them, the separate cares, desires, hopes and fears, that make up each one's own identity. Each one responsible; each one with power to add to the happiness or misery of many others. Bonnets upon foolish heads, upon vain heads, upon peevish heads, upon dissatisfied heads, upon envious heads, upon disappointed heads, upon petted heads, upon neglected heads. Bonnets upon wise heads, upon humble heads (not many these), upon cheerful heads, upon contented heads, upon the heads of ladies who write; ladies who are musical, ladies who act, ladies who paint, ladies (bless them!) who can do none of these things, ladies who rule, ladies who submit, ladies who can conduct a household well, ladies who can do the same ill, ladies who come to hear the music, ladies who come to show themselves—bonnets diminishing in the vast distance, till the furthest off are not so large as the lily of the valley's smallest bud, upon those that are near at hand, and some that are further still and can hardly be seen at all.

Immediately about and around the position occupied by your Eye-witness were to be found specimens of almost all the different classes of visitors of which a musical audience is composed. Here were Germans in endless numbers. Grave men, these, with light hair and moustache, with long legs and short frock-coats. Men who brought books of the music with them, and checked it off as it advanced. Here, too, were provincial clergymen, numbers of choral societies, who had large families of daughters plainly dressed, and every one provided with the score, to see that it was all done correctly and properly. Knowing people these to a fault, spectacled to excess; good subjects, though, who will never upset dynasties or join in revolutions; people who get up Handel among themselves, and are very good, and happy, and uninteresting. Here, too, were the fashionable clergy—gentlemen with hair parted at the back, with well-made clothes, with lavender gloves, men who take pupils, and who become absent and excited when a bishop comes in with a lady on his arm, who is got up in the quietest (and most expensive) of costumes, who goes about to district meetings, and is very humble to the poor, and prouder in her heart than even her lordly husband, and he is not humble altogether either. Here, too, are the honest, open-mouthed, staring part of the public, who don't know a polka from a chant, but have come to stare, and because their next-door neighbours, who are here, would triumph over them if they stopped at home; and here, also, were some of the men who came down in the same train with your Eye-witness, and who brought their gloves wrapped up in paper, and put them on in the carriage; and here is Mr. Costa, advancing to his place in the orchestra, looking no bigger in the distance than an ant creeping along the side of a molehill, and received, as well he may be, with a storm of approbation.

Coming early in the day, when all one's faculties were fresh and unjaded; coming upon a brain not fagged with a day's work, as it generally is, when at operas or night concerts the music will hardly bite upon the ears' palate at all; coming in the full splendour of its own magnificence, and set off by every vocal and instrumental aid that could heighten the glory of its loveliness; the Te Deum of the great German composer seemed to your Eye-witness the greatest work he had ever heard, and the time which it occupied, which was not inconsiderable, went by unnoticed, like the time we pass in sleep, or in such happy labour as will make the hours seem as minutes.

The scale, too, of everything about was so grand. The mighty orchestra, the rushing wind of the stringed instruments, the outcry of that army of brass, the pyramid of drums, at a distance so great that the eye *saw* them struck the fraction of a moment before the sound reached the ear, the black chorus of the men, and most beautiful of all, and never to be forgotten, the distant women's choir—never to be forgotten in the perfection of its colour, a combination of the rich, warm white of the dresses, of the various ribbons, primrose colour, rose, marsh-mallow, or apple-green, and, more glorious than all, the great pervading hue of a thousand women's faces. The rising of this choir to sing, and its sinking down again when, during solo parts, its services were not required, were, in the gentle uniformity of the action spread over so large a surface, infinitely gratifying to the eye, and inexpressibly touching and gracious. Indeed, the eye found a resting-place in that part of the orchestra from which it did not seek to wander, and was perfectly satisfied with what it saw, as the ear was with what it heard.

The eye requires to be thus comforted in the Crystal Palace, for surely the effect of the

colours employed in the building itself are very far from satisfactory. That very cold blue and that dull earthy red go wretchedly together, and the experiment of trying them has answered so ill, and the effecting of a change would be so possible and almost easy, that there seems no harm at all in calling attention to the desirableness of some alteration in this matter. The effect here complained of is especially apparent in the panels—which occupy a very large surface—on each side of the orchestra. Nothing could be imagined more cold and unpleasant or, in a climate like this, more inappropriate. When listening to a concert at the Sydenham Palace all this is particularly remarkable; at other times, when wandering among cool Pompeiian courts, among flowering shrubs, and by water reflecting the colour of the lovely plants that grow in it, and not that of the building itself, the eye has nothing to complain of.

Is it that every entertainment is too long, or is it that there is a disadvantage in second parts? After the break that divided the first portion of the performance from the second, your Eye-witness enjoyed the music less. People do not come back after a rest of this kind in the enthusiastic state in which they were before it. The musical clergy did indeed return manfully to the charge, but their rows of pale daughters sat less upright, and turned over the leaves of the score with less vigour of rustle, while the German connoisseurs, who did not leave their places during the "interval," glared vengefully around, and looked as if they would be prepared to resent the omission of a single note of recitation. Now, your Eye-witness would resignedly have put up with the withdrawal of a great deal. Nay, in the course of the selection from Samson he collapsed altogether, and found himself looking with great animosity upon the Germans in his immediate neighbourhood, who, during all the dull passages when there was no hint of a tune, would look from one to another with expressions of admiration, and give many indications of seraphic happiness. It appeared to your Eye-witness, also, that these gentlemen set their faces in a very aggravating manner against all the more popular portions of the compositions to which they were listening, and that they actually wore a disparaging aspect upon their countenances when anything in the shape of an air was introduced. There was something so irritating about this, that your Eye-witness felt at times a wish that the orchestra would suddenly punish these connoisseurs with a tune of Verdi's, and so finish them on the spot. What is this disparagement of tune on the part of musical people? Is it not something like an undervaluing of story in art? Your Eye-witness is of opinion that all these amateurs were utterly disgusted when the Dead March from the oratorio of Saul, and the See, the Conquering Hero comes, from Judas Maccabeus, rang through the building, and made every uninitiated heart in the place to leap for joy.

The effect of both these compositions, but especially of the first, was infinitely striking. There is in the Dead March an element of discord imparted by the peculiar note of the drum which is almost horrible in its harsh grandeur. The honest Public—such members of it as were awake—the honest Public which was getting all abroad during many parts of Saul, and which was "nowhere" throughout the selection from Samson, woke up to a hushed rapture at its favourite Dead March, and to almost more than rapture at the Sound the alarm, in Judas Maccabeus. And well it might. A more glorious song, or an air more gloriously delivered by the singer who undertook it, could hardly be found. And here the Eye-witness feels it to be a positive duty to call the attention of such readers of this periodical as were not present at the Crystal Palace on the twenty-second of June, and to *re*-call the attention of those who were, to an instance of a want of fitting respect for the Public on the part of the favourite Tenor Singer just spoken of. Upon entering the orchestra, this gentleman was received, as his talents deserve, by a great storm of applause. Instead of gratefully acknowledging this at once, he turned his back to the Public, and made very slowly a succession of profound bows to the performers in the orchestra. Several of these obeisances—perhaps seven or eight—having been executed with immense deliberation, and the Public beginning to tire of the eminent Tenor's back, the applause slackened, and then this gentleman, apparently just discovering that there were one or two people present, turned round, and, slightly saluting the audience, took his seat.

An audience less lenient and less enduring than an English one would have resented such a want of consideration for the Public. Your Eye-witness would like to be the eye-witness of such behaviour as this to a French audience. It would not occur twice, he thinks.

These Handel Festivals are not altogether such new things as we imagine. In 1784, Handel's centenary was celebrated in Westminster Abbey by a jubilee that lasted four days, and at which five hundred performers assisted, under the direction of the illustrious Cramer. Indeed, Handel appears to have been always highly appreciated in this country, from the time when the musicians who were playing his music used to watch the back of his periwig to see whether he was satisfied or displeased with their performance. This is admirably touched on in an old and quaint French life of the composer. "Handel," says the biographer, "was in the habit of wearing an enormous white perruque, the *vibratory* movements of which used to announce to the musicians whether he was pleased or disgusted with their execution of his music." From that time to this Handel has never lost his position with the English, who, from his residence in this country, look upon him almost as a national institution, and seem half inclined to give to this nation the credit of his compositions. Just Heaven! how would that "white perruque" have vibrated if Handel had lived to hear his music executed by an orchestra and chorus of Three Thousand

Performers?' It was impossible not to think of this during the finer parts of the Te Deum and the Judas Maccabæus; and one friend of the Eye-witness who was present, and whose own professional achievements have quickened his imaginative faculties, declared that as he looked at Handel's portrait, hanging in front of the orchestra, it almost seemed to him that the painted likeness started into life, and that the *hand was beating time.*

That white perruque! What thoughts would have passed through the head that it covered, had its owner been present at the festival of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine! Would that head have been raised in joy and elation, or would it have sunk forward, overpowered and crushed down by emotion? Would the head have triumphed or the heart? Surely the last.

And this, thought the Eye-witness—as once again at the end of the day he stood where he had stood at the beginning, by the side of the old harpsichord—this is what it all came from! On these wretched wires were tried the sounds which since here they had their birth men have paid away money by tens of thousands to hear. At this instrument, too impatient to wait till he could try it at the organ, the great composer must have heard the first sounds of his own Hallelujah, and of the Hymn of Adoration which rang through this place to-day. At this instrument, in his house in Brook-street, he must have sat and played to many who thought that harpsichord a mighty musical achievement, and who admired the poor tinkling machine itself almost as much as they worshipped him who played upon it. And lastly, at this instrument, he must have sat when old and blind (as he was for many years), recalling ancient melodies and shaping new ones, and wishing for yet more years of life in which to put into form the many thoughts of harmony which he could hear with his soul's ear, and which descended upon it like sounds from heaven.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

A REPUBLIC of teachers and learners, having its own laws, appointing its own ministers, and conferring its own titles of honour, is the essential idea of a university. Subject only to the supreme law of the nation, it is a state within a state, which, in the old days when universities were most valued, knew nothing of political boundaries, but received its citizens from all countries of Europe, and recognised within itself no dignity of count or duke but the sole dignities of laurelled bachelor or doctor in one or in all of the three faculties.

There was a time when this independent constitution of the universities of Europe served them as a breakwater against the flood and storm of war. Sometimes there was a breach made in it. When in the sixteenth century the King of France fought with the emperor from Vienna, as their several representatives are at this day fighting in North Italy, the tumult of strife caused study to cease in the University of Pavia; but, in the main, the universities were left to do their work for the advance, or at least the maintenance, of scholarship. In those days of rough weather for politics, when the work-a-day business of the world was done by men who counted themselves scholars if they could write or read, it seemed that the temple of the world's knowledge would have been blown down and tossed into ruin if there were not the universities to serve as props, and catechisms to serve as pins, by which the walls were to be kept from cracking. A crack was, in the language of the schools, known as a schism, and was, very naturally, dreaded. The simple fact reads in our day like a mere caricature, but it is simply a fact that the strong feeling of the need of these aids to the maintenance of knowledge once caused learned men to teach that there must have been universities before the Flood, because without them the human race could not have been held together; and there was a scholar who propounded in good faith what he supposed to have been the chief points of an antediluvian catechism.

It was always, and it still is, the highest duty of an university to maintain all the tradition of knowledge. Original speculation upon any subject should begin where extant knowledge of it ends. It is no part of the purpose of an university to prosecute discoveries. Its duty is to see that the men of each generation who come under its discipline shall go into the world as far as possible informed as to the state of knowledge in their day, free to apply or enlarge it as their wits may give them power.

A few centuries ago it was quite possible for an attentive student to master in half a lifetime the whole round of known literature and all the sciences as far as they were understood. But what was once a rather barren field of knowledge has by this time become a fertile continent. It is not in the power of one man, although he had fifty lives, to see and measure all that it contains. Therefore, the old days of doctors 'utriusque juris'—doctors in everything—are at an end. The doctor in one faculty is master of the fullest knowledge in a part only of that. A man may be a great classical scholar, or a great physiologist, or a great chemist; or a great master of one half of chemistry, organic or inorganic, a perfect mastery of both being beyond his grasp. In other things he can be more or less well informed, and may have profited by university discipline, but he cannot have come up to the true university standard, cannot be master of the whole received tradition.

The natural position of the universities as the maintainers of tradition, has often brought them under censure. There is, under free contact with life, a growth of spirit correspondent with the growth of substance, in a science or an art, as in a child. Call a child's nursery its university, confine it there, cram it with meat and with maxims: it may grow to be as tall as other men, but yet, for want of active exercise, it

will have a cumbrous body, and a mind incapable of understanding any current of ideas counter to that which has been flowing through it unimpeded from the first. The very constitution which in stormy times served to throw back from the walls of universities the storm of the world in its conflict, broke also its natural waves, changed the direction of its currents, and hindered the full action of its tides. Wickliffe, teacher himself in an university, felt all that the true heart of England in his day was throbbing for, and he was tempted even to declare a wish that there were no universities and no degrees. More or less, in every nation and in every century since that old time, the republic of the university as a maintainer of tradition, more or less shut up in itself, has lagged behind the spirit, where it has been equal to the knowledge, of the day. But it has not always run level, even with the forward march of knowledge. New sciences have started into being, and have even arrived at maturity before, in our own old universities, their bare existence has been recognised. Some sciences are not yet recognised at Oxford.

Oxford or Cambridge University training, as we know it now, is highly to be valued. Doubtless, the entering to either these universities is now regarded mainly as the joining of an expensive club for young men, chiefly of good family, in which frank and high-minded fellowship is learned, while the profession of a student and the high place given to the honour of the scholar, temper with intellectual refinement the gay spirit of youth. Classical and mathematical studies may be pursued there to the utmost by those who wish to discipline their minds for the exact study of literature or science, and honour without grudge and without limit is there paid to the successful worker. The multitude leave with degrees, which simply are brief testimonials that they have been members of such a society, and that they have quitted it without discredit. The simple degree testifies to very little knowledge, as men reckon knowledge in the nineteenth century.

We do not underrate training like this, although, it is not, in the truest and oldest sense, university training. It may very well be that the form now taken by our old English universities is one that adapts them well for our own time. There may be an untamed eagerness in the pursuit of wealth, or of knowledge for the sake of wealth; there may be a battle of keen wits, instead of swords, raging among us; against which it is good to set the repose of a college chamber with an outlook on an empty quadrangle. It may be well for youth to undergo the toil of competition for an honour that secures nothing in life but a lazy college fellowship or a quiet living. It is wise training also, for the purpose to which these universities are now mainly devoted; namely, the provision of a body of true gentlemen to represent the Church of England in our parishes. But it is not to be denied that the true meaning of an university is something more than this. The college system has, in fact, choked the university system. College endowments have led to the reposing more and more of the trust of education in a few college tutors who are clergymen, and who can teach only the little round of knowledge in which is supposed to consist liberal training for their own profession. They have no interest in observing, to say nothing of keeping pace with, the growth of sciences which are now contributing enormous help to the advancement of the world. By the university systems, ciences are recognised, and of old time all knowledge was taught. But, the college system as it has been maintained at Oxford and Cambridge, supersedes the original design of the university.

In the earlier half of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, certain scholars active in the world—Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Grote, Mr. James Mill, and others—formed the council engaged in setting on foot a matured plan for a new University of London. They issued to the public two explanatory statements before opening, in October of that year, as the University of London, the building in Gower-street now called University College. The design was, to teach within the walls of this building, as far as possible, all branches of science, and to open the doors to all comers, whatever their creed or nation, leaving each to select those courses of study which he wished to follow, although duly pointing out how much was indispensable to a sufficient general education, or to the obtaining of licenses in medicine. The scheme did not include residence under university jurisdiction, and it did not include—though it was meant to include when a charter for that purpose could be obtained—the granting of substantial degrees in Art or Science.

The new institution, which in fact was a college, lost its apparent right to independent action as an university, by the steps that were at once taken for the establishment in London of a second college, carrying out the same plan of a liberal and enlarged education, but demanding that it should be closely bound to a religious training, placed under the direction of the Church of England. University College, then known by its first name of the University of London, was opened last October thirty years. Four months before its opening, it was resolved by a meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, that, upon the principle just stated, and with the Archbishop of Canterbury for its visitor, King's College should be founded. In August of the following year King's College received its charter. In the next month, the building was commenced, and in October of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-one, King's College was opened. The two colleges competed with each other, and supplied to the young men attendant on their courses, steadily extending opportunities of study.

When King's College was opened, the law officers of the Crown had approved a charter for the college in Gower-street: establishing it as a London University, with no other restriction than against granting degrees in divinity and medicine. A charter giving power to this in-

stitution to confer degrees, twice received the sign manual of the Crown, and each time was stayed, at the last stage of passing the great seal, by memorials from Oxford and Cambridge. There was, in fact, a five years' battle on the subject. King's College, founded in connexion with the Church and under the shadow of the ancient universities, desired no power of conferring degrees, but referred those of its students who needed them to Oxford and Cambridge.

At the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, government had been proposing to found a distinct Board of Examiners, who were to represent impartially the University of London as a degree-conferring power. There was much question whether this body should admit to competition for its degrees "candidates from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from every seminary of education, whether chartered or unincorporated," or whether degrees in Arts should in the first instance be granted only to students of the two colleges we have named, with power reserved to the Crown to admit to the same privileges any other institution. The degrees in medicine were to be open to the students in all well-appointed medical schools. It was in accordance with the last-named plan that, in the seventh year of the reign of William the Fourth, the first charter was given to that body which is now known as the University of London. The institution in Gower-street gave up its name, and thenceforth became University College.

The present University of London, thus established, fulfils on an enlarged scale the intentions of those liberal statesmen and scholars by whom the establishment in Gower-street was planned and founded. The principle on which they based their labour, had been, for half a dozen years, hotly contested, and during that period the name of "London University," which they had given to their institution, had been incessantly before the public in connexion with it. When the contested points were settled by the founding of a separate degree-conferring body, and when the teachers in Gower-street gave up to that body the name of University, under which they had worked themselves, taking in exchange for it the name which was proper to them of a College, there was peace established. The public heard little more about the matter, and a large part of the public, not having occasion to make active inquiry, has so far preserved the old impression of things as, even at this day, to confound University College with the University of London: though the names have meant two perfectly distinct things throughout all the years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

This journal is not the place for a minute detail of the steps by which the University of London has advanced to the position it now holds. Our purpose is, to show what part it has been playing in the story of our day, what it has achieved, and what its meaning is. Its powers were enlarged by a supplemental charter after the first dozen years of its existence. King's College and University College were then less exclusively considered its affiliated colleges. Many colleges in various parts of England trained students for its degrees. Last year, the charter was again revised, and again every change tended to increase the value of the people's university. The new charter is so worded that, in fact, every hard worker who can prove his competence, may come for a degree to the University of London; and there is allowed to graduates in convocation, a free voice in its affairs as well as the right of appointing certain men of their own choice to assist in its government as members of the senate. In the same spirit, the University of France, which ten or eleven years ago was limited to a certain set of lyceums and ex-colleges, now includes none but the ignorant who come for its certificate of knowledge. Perhaps, also, there will be found no better solution of a certain Catholic difficulty than to throw open in the same manner to students of all schools and creeds the Queen's University in Ireland.

The Oxford don may smile over his old port at an university that will extend her hand and offer a firm grip even to the young shoemaker who studies in his garret. He may feel a little scornful of an university that, to the poor as to the rich, gives to the man with few opportunities, as to the man with many, a free chance of obtaining, at the cost of hard toil and years of self-denial, the name and rank of a scholar. That is not the way of our old universities; but, of the universities of old, that was the way. If a scholar of the sixteenth century, to whom the universities were all in all, were to come back to earth and travel into England for the sake of posting up his knowledge to the latest date, and carrying back to Hades a trustworthy certificate that he had done so—in which of our towns would he find the men foremost in every science, teaching it publicly and demonstrating it to the utmost by experiment? Where would he get the opportunity of putting his wits to the surest trial for the sake of satisfying men on earth, or ghosts below, and specially himself, that he had really mastered fairly what he came to learn? If that knowledge-devouring old doctor, Cardan, were to come up for a second course of study, would he ask for the renewal of his degree of physician, from the University of Oxford, or the University of London? Revive and bring among us all the old thirsters after knowledge who lived in the heyday of the true university system, and where would they be? As they used, poor and rich, to crowd, for law to Alciat at Bourges; or to demand that Vesalius should be professor of anatomy in three or four places at once; always athirst for the latest and the amplest knowledge of all kinds; so, we should find them here in London haunting the dissecting-rooms, following our great physicians round the hospitals, flitting about the Kew Botanic Gardens, attentive to their scientific studies at the School of Mines in Jermyn-street, following that chemist and this physiologist, while they rubbed up their classics by reading authors who had been unearthed since their own departure from

the world. Cambridge would tempt many to devote themselves to mathematics and astronomy, but it is in the schools, museums, and libraries, of London, that they would find the opportunities of study which they hold to be essential to life in a true university town. There are no public disputations here whereby poor scholars can show their learning; but, there is opportunity as good, of proving competence, by facing the examinations, strict and long and frequent, theoretical and practical, through which, and through which only, in the People's University an honour can be won.

For, that is really the essential fact. Nobody ever ridiculed the test of intellectual competence through which only, men can arrive at association with the University of London. Having passed by a light examination to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in one of our old universities, the graduate may advance without any examination at all through the series of higher terms of honour. They belong to a question of little more than time and money. In the People's University every degree has to be stoutly fought for.

At the outset, there is a Matriculation, which entitles those who pass it to be entered on the books of the university as undergraduates. When the London University began its work, the general standard of school education in this country was very low, and this examination, which was to be considered as a test of the proper school training of candidates, might not be made too difficult. But the university asked as much as it dared—asked indeed, enough to make a certificate of having passed its matriculation test, desirable evidence of good school training. It was a little degree, in fact, which schoolmasters were proud to see their pupils earn with any honour. Much school teaching was expressly adapted, therefore, to meet the requirements of this test. And then the trial was made stricter; evidence of a wider and more liberal school cultivation was from time to time demanded. Whenever the test was in this way made more severe, the number of the candidates in that particular year would decrease. The schoolmasters were not prepared. But, in the year following it was invariably found that they had again adapted their work to the higher demand made on their exertion, and there was a full return to the old growing pressure of new candidates.

This morsel of firm help to an assured position, has been free to all. There has been a Welsh miner, to whom, by reason alike of his place in life and place of residence, few aids to study were accessible. He struggled with the strong will of a Stephenson, and conquered knowledge enough to endure the test. There has been the hard-worked and ill-paid master of an elementary school, poring over his books at the close of every day of weary toil. He was compelled to drudge at his schoolkeeping, without rest to his anxious and overburdened mind, up to the very day on which he presented himself for examination. Then, he was plucked. But, he went back to his work, not in despair; still fighting against difficulty on and on, still able to take no rest from daily drudgery, again compelled to toil at his schoolkeeping to the very day when he presented himself for examination, and a kind physician gave him medicine to calm his palpitating heart. And so he passed. Surely the noblest and the wisest may be proud to be affiliated to an university that has a helping hand and a firm grasp to give to men like these.

It might have been thought that the recently established examinations of young men for the title of Associate in Arts, of Oxford or Cambridge, being less stringent, having the credit of the names of the old universities to recommend them, and also giving a sort of visible rank, as A.A., would draw away some of the men who seek in the London University only to matriculate. This has not been the case. The Oxford and Cambridge work—excellent work it is—proves to be all additional, and the London matriculation lists maintain their annual increase. Having matriculated, it has hitherto been necessary that the student who is candidate for a London degree should produce certificates of attendance at one of the affiliated colleges. The virtual abandonment of this demand by the terms of the recent charter, hurt the dignity of some of the existing graduates. The senate was, in fact, more liberal than the majority of graduates, and held to its belief that it was governing an university which is to keep pace thoroughly with the requirements of the time. The graduate has no just and true respect for himself who thinks that, because he was sent to some sort of a college in his youth, he is too good to sit beside a labourer who has done all his work with half the help.

The college certificates meant little, and the colleges themselves differed a good deal in their views of discipline. One student, bringing a certificate of two years' attendance from a midland or northern college, honestly told the registrar that he had never seen the place. Another, bringing up a similar certificate, was therefore questioned, and acknowleged that he had just shown himself at the place, and that was all. The authorities of this college being written to on the part of the university, justified their course by one of those pious evasions which make wrong right in the eyes of men who strain at gnats and swallow camels. There was true security in nothing but a thorough test. The gentleman who frankly confessed that he had received his certificate without having gone near his college—for he lived in a remote county—turned out to be undeniably, in the particular examination he came up for, the best man of the year. His degree was held in suspense for about a fortnight, but was not refused him; it is now open to all men who are in any such way unable to go through the mere external formalities of study.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of London is obtained only by passing—after matriculation—two strict examinations, each of them lasting four days, or four-and-

twenty hours. Between these two examinations, an interval of at least a twelvemonth must elapse. But, all this, represents the pass examination only. For those who pass with all the honours, each examination lasts eight days. After the lapse of at least another year, another examination of four days' duration must prove or disprove the candidate's right to the title of Master of Arts. One plan in this, as in all courses, is distinctly traced. In the first, or matriculation examination, the intention is to test general knowledge by questions covering a good deal of the groundwork of study. In each subsequent examination, there is care taken at once to contract and elevate the demand on the student, until in the last he is tried only, but tried to the uttermost, in two or three of the subjects that require the longest study and maturest thought. The practical use of the London degree of M.A. is not great, and it is, therefore, less regarded than the medical diplomas; yet barely to pass, in seeking it, the candidate has to fight his way through ninety-six hours of unusually strict examination.

The degree of Doctor of Medicine in this English People's University, is even more difficult of attainment. The tests are so strict and continuous, that there is no degree in Europe comparable to it as a certificate of professional competence. In the medical profession, this fact is entirely recognised. Nobody can be M.D. of London by a happy accident. He must have studied, more thoroughly, than ninety-nine young men in a hundred can endure to study for any smaller prize than a degree that absolutely testifies to their attainments. From the first, the medical degrees of the University of London have been marks of competence compelling recognition throughout the profession and wherever their significance was fairly understood. They have raised also, the standard of the teaching in all good medical schools. A Bachelor of Laws in this university must have become a Graduate in Arts before getting his first degree in law, and he cannot hope to get a Doctorate in Law until after long and close study in chambers.

There could be in our day no maintenance, in such a republic, of the complete tradition of knowledge, unless it would distinctly admit the necessity of special, and to a certain reasonable extent exclusive, pursuit of particular lines of investigation. The foremost place of modern science in the knowledge of today, and the immense extent of it, has to be recognised in any university that shall endeavour to be truly national. By some of the most famous men of science resident in London, the claims of pure science were first represented two years ago, and again in a second memorial last year, to the senate of the University of London. A committee was appointed by the senate to collect the opinions and evidence of such men as Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Sharpey, Dr. Hooker, Dr. Carpenter, and other chiefs in the several subdivisions of the science of the day. The result is that the university is resolved to comply with this demand upon its energy, and to mature plans for a degree of Doctor in Science, which shall be given (like the Ph.D. of the more respectable German universities) for proficiency in some one branch of scientific research, and in its collaterals. Probably, it will add to the evidence of general good education furnished by passing the matriculation test, the usual two examinations for the degree of Bachelor, requiring higher evidence of general attainment with especial reference to scientific training, and will then concentrate all its available force in a test of competence for the degree of D.Sc., which will assure the credit of its graduate as one who is truly a master in the single branch of science to which he devotes his energy.

HER MAJESTY'S IRISH MAIL.

I was on a Wicklow jaunting-car that was climbing one of those steep hills that lead into the mountain country, that you see blue and tempting, smiling to you with promises of fairy-land, from the pleasant green deer-walks of Phœnix Park, Dublin. The car was the old Irish car, with the two hanging shelves back to back, and the little iron-bound crow's-nest in front, but where the carman never sat, preferring to sit sideways and drive, sharing in the gossip of the passengers, be they priest, labourer, quarryman, or black-eyed girleen, we picked up by the way.

My temper clarified as we slanted up the blue billiard-board, dry, hard roads peculiar to the mountain districts of Ireland. Not an hour ago I had been in a dreadful state of rage and indignation. They had told me in Dublin, at my hotel opposite the College, that the Wicklow car started at two o'clock. At two o'clock, therefore, the vanguard of the army moved on O'Grady-street, where the car was reported to start, and was deposited there, with "the blessings of the Lord" upon it, by Tim, the incomparable boots. If I waited in that dirty street opposite that little spirit-shop—where they also sold herrings, biscuits, and candles—ten minutes, I waited two hours. I reconnoitred all the neighbouring streets, looking at prints of the last ill-favoured saint, Doctor Wiseman, Napoleon, and Daniel O'Connell. I became the scorn of the adjacent clothes-shops, where the faded regimentals dangled in the wind, and the very red painted Gorgon masks over the doorways lolled out their tongues at me. I was the butt of a select clump of greasy beggars from the slums of the Liberty. The carmen leered at me as if I was the first invading Saxon that had set his foot on Erin's shore. The boys, striped with rags, walked round me suspiciously, as the street dogs at Constantinople do round a stranger, as if they suspected his creed. No signs of the car in spite of all the anathemas I heaped on the inconsequential, harebrained, reckless Celtic race.

All I got was ridicule. For instance, when I asked a woman who was driving about coals in a cart, with a bell jingling in front, if the car was not punctual,

"Punshill!" says she, showing all her yellow teeth, and flinging up her hands with a laugh as she drove on—"punshill is it? What, Jack MacGan punshill! Away wid ye!"

"Did ye ever hear the likes of him?" said a woman, passing with a square of brown cat's-meat on a skewer.

Some thought me cracked, others foolish, but the majority shrugged their shoulders and said, "Can't ye see, Biddy, he's an Englishman, the cratur!"

Then a horrid crowd of armless, eyeless objects surrounded me, baring their stumps and thrusting out their snuffy, lean hands. One said "he had a family of ten orfins to maintain, your honour;" another, turning up his pulpy, opaque eyes, said, "I've been dark these twenty years, your honour." It might have been so, but the dirty rascal looked scarcely nineteen, which rendered the optical delusion a difficult feat.

At last, innocently, shambling, calm, and resigned, came Jack with the rickety car, which he proceeded to build up with parcels. Touching his brimless hat to me with an air of consequence, business, and authority, he drove off the beggars, as a village cur would have chased away a flock of geese. The man was one of those wild-eyed, reckless-looking fellows you seldom see among the dull-blooded Saxons. He caught up the reins, more like Phaeton out for a mad day, than one of those steady English coachmen who sit as if they had grown to the box, and are immovable till some operation had been performed with a head-stall or splinter-bar.

At last we got under way, Jack running into the spirit shop, to exchange half a dozen jokes, and to toss off a glass of some shining quicksilver, which I suppose was whisky, for he went in laughing and came out singing. We drove off from that squalid side street on our side seat, with our feet on that swinging leather shelf which is at first so fickle, unstable, and unpleasant. We bumped against a post, which rather tickled Jack, tied up the harness, which subsequently gave way with a snap, and got into the more fashionable streets, where, by dint of pounding along in defiance of everything, a screech on a battered horn, and a crack of Jack's whip, we produced rather a sensation among the fashionable loungers and graceful loungers of Grafton-street.

Once between the whitewashed villa walls, and climbing the hard blue road of the suburb, Jack was happy and talkative. Now he gave each of his parcels (including her Majesty's mail-bag) an adjusting kick—leaped out and pulled his horse's buckles tighter, tied a fresh knot in his short whip, caught up the lash in a knowing way, after flipping a fly off his horse's left ear; then shuffled his coat easier, and rubbed his brimless hat round with a twirl of his elbow. Jack was anything but an hypochondriac; in fact, his spirits, in comparison with those of any ordinary Englishman, were the spirits of inebriation.

But Jack had not "a hair turned" with the whisky. We soon began to pick up passengers, but from Jack's uneasy and sideward eye, I could see he still waited for some special addition to his load. Could it be some colleen bawn (fair-haired girl) he expected? or was it some police sergeant, tithe proctor, or notice server whom he dreaded to meet?

"Sir to you," said Jack, suddenly snapping round on me, ceasing to mechanically flog his horse, "it's the Doctor I'm waiting for; we were to take him up at the Knockmadown four cross-roads, and we are within a ha'porth of them now. It's perhaps one of the pleasantest gentlemen you ever spoke to, the best shot and rider and fly fisher in all Wicklow, so quick with the tongue, and always his reply as pat——Och! here he comes: and it's pretending I don't know him I'll be. Saints above us, how he's running!" And Jack slapped his thigh to express supreme delight, looking away from the coming man, and driving slowly on.

However, to Jack's great vexation, the runner turned out to be only Mr. Plunkett's man, with a parcel for Rathdrum. I wouldn't miss Mr. Saul for forty pounds," said Jack, pulling up at the cross-roads; "it does me good, like medicine, seeing him; besides, I want to see him about Crazy Jane——"

"Some poor insane relation," I thought.

"—for she can't take her grass."

"A vegetarian," I said to myself.

"Millia murder!" which means ten thousand murders in English, cried a passenger, "will the Docthor never come?" We were waiting at the cross-road for the take up.

"Here he comes!" cried a bagsman, who was stamping at the delay, "looking like a ha'porth of soap after a long day's washing."

"Och! the mummy of a monkey. Look at him!" cried a third passenger—"look how he pulls his legs after him, as if they were only borrowed for the day!"

"If you don't make haste, sir, we can't be waiting," said Jack; and Mr. Saul, with "Don't you know me, Jack?" tumbled up. "Cross about us! Don't you know me, Jack, ma bouchal? Give us a light. Haven't I been running like a madman to Bedlam to catch the bit of blood there you're driving three miles an hour to the knacker's! Give me the whip!" He was at home with all of us in a moment.

"Och! is it you, Mr. Saul? And how's somebody's sweetheart, the black-eyed widdy's daughter at Rathdrum, Doctor? When's the banns to be up?" said Jack, with a bit of fine acting.

"Och! be asy, Mike, get out of that," said Saul, colouring and flogging the horse.

"Who is this?" I said in a whisper to the man next me; "he does not look like a doctor?"

Said Jack, sotto voce, "A cow-doctor, your honour, but we call him 'the Doctor,' out of respect to his father, who is the great farrier in Rathdrum; and sure hasn't he got the brass-plate and the knocker, and the red and green bottles and the pounder for the salts, and what would a rale doctor want more? And a tidy bit of land, too, foranent us."

Jack, our driver, was a bugler in the Wicklow Rifle Militia, and he was now driving bare-headed and in an easy undress, consisting of a dirty, ragged, red militia jacket, much the worse for stable practice. In his military capacity, Jack was pugnacious and talkative, brusque and abrupt, but in his civil and Augean province, silent, stolid, quiet and social.

Our new passenger, Mr. Saul, the doctor, was a wiry young man of some five-and-twenty shooting-seasons, fonder of salmon-fishing than farriery, and of giving himself whisky than of giving invalid horses drenches. He wore a soiled green shooting-jacket, a loose, untidy velvet waistcoat, and a red rope of a handkerchief strangled round his neck, giving him at first sight the appearance of having unsuccessfully attempted suicide. As for his face, it was thin, pale, and I must confess rather debauched-looking; his eyes were wild, excitable, and bloodshot; his cheek hollow and hectic; his mouth wide, wavering, and witty. He was always mercurially shifting his seat: now he was on this side, now on that; now driving, now leaping out to walk; now singing, now shouting.

"Jack's a soldier; you should hear him on the bugle; bedad he's powerful," said Mr. Saul, patronisingly looking at Jack.

"Get out of that, doctor," said Jack, colouring.

"A purty regiment it is, too," said Saul, becoming ironical suddenly. "Divil a one of 'em could hit a tree at twenty paces. They might rifle the inimy—bedad if they'd shoot 'em!"

"You ought to know, Mr. Saul," says Jack, reprovingly and hurt, "how many feet off we were when you saw us firing with the rifle at the butt—was it twinty?"

"None of your brag, Jack," said Saul, laughing him down, "or I shall have to thrash it out of ye. Why don't you learn to box, Jack? The fist never misses fire."

"Last time as ever I went to Dublin, didn't I box a porter and two carmen before I got to the end of the first street, little as I am, say now, Mr. Saul?" said Jack.

"Weren't you rejected twice as a soldier? What did the old sergeant at Rathdrum say of you?" said Mr. Saul: "'I wish the Rifles luck of ye!'"

"Oh, this sergeant's nothing!" said Jack, "or why does he take to black clothes?"

"Bedad," said Saul, "get out of that. He's a brave man, Jack; and I'll knock down any one who says he isn't. You know as well as I, Jack, that the sergeant was of the Seventy-eighth formerly, who they stripped the colours of because they would beat to mass against government orders.

Here we came to a shibbeen, and for the third time the young doctor got down and called for whisky. Mr. Saul was not a teetotaller, no more was Jack. We all got down.

"I hope you won't care, Mr. Saul, but here's some of the crathur we haven't had time to get christened," said the widow landlady, evidently knowing her customer.

"All right, widdy; bring two dandies," said Saul, seizing a glass, "and some cordial. Faix! an' this is rale Innishowen" (smacks his lips), "divil a bit else to me! The beer's bad about here—all" (learnedly, and with chemical authority) "because of the sulphurous vapour, and having no elixir of oxygin in the centhre of the wather. Widdy, soda-wather! I had too much stuff last night at the fair, and I'm still thirsty, though I drank four jugs of cold pump-wather this morning, besides two bottles of porther. Take a dandy—there's no headache in Irish whisky. Well, then, I'll take it to prove to you. By all the Byrnes and O'Tooles in Wicklow—and that's saying something this side the Scalp—you're the best fellow I've seen for many a day!"

A scene more intensely Irish and more intensely un-English could scarcely be conceived. Here was a mail-cart reckless of delays; a consequential, drunken, sporting farrier passing for a real doctor, and a driver quite indifferent to punctuality, parcels, passengers, or nightfall, stopping at the bidding of a half-drunken cow-doctor at a roadside whisky-shop. I saw it was no use to lose my temper. There was nothing to do but to observe the humours of Saul, the cow-doctor, snipe-shooter, and salmon-fisherman.

As for Saul, when he was not bragging of the reputation he might have attained in medicine but for his fondness for snipe-shooting, he was tossing off burning thimblefuls of whisky, rallying Jack about his regiment, courting the landlady, singing snatches of songs, or enlightening me on Irish customs.

Mr. Saul was just one of those reckless, idle prodigals who, with much good-nature and many social companions, become, when squireens with a little money and a little land, the special curses of this improvident country—just the man who, in Ninety-eight, would have been beguiled into a secret club, and have headed a clump of red pikes at Vinegar Hill; who, later, would have floated his friends in claret, ridden over his hall-table on his spanking mare, or got up, on true Lever principles, some wet day, a fox-hunt inside the old house at Tubbermore. Impulsive, quick blooded, he would be led about by cunning priests, and die of delirium tremens before thirty. At a fair dance, at a faction fight, at a race, Saul was, I could see, the leader of the Wicklow hot-bloods.

As for Jack, who sat there perfectly merry and at his ease, with no trouble about his passengers, parcels, or her Majesty's mails, with his whip-lash serpenting about the hard trodden mud floor, his dirty red jacket open, fluttering in the draught, he was quite a type of the southern Irishman, choleric, generous, thoughtless, impulsive, with all the materials for a soldier or a poet burning within him, a man who, now laughing from ear to ear at Saul's songs and local jokes, and telling stories of his Dublin fights, with the widdy's child dancing on his knee, might, under certain provocations, have been to-

morrow night, pike in hand, lurking round some Protestant farmer's burning homestead, stabbing at a slashing English dragoon in a rebel fight, or waiting with clenched teeth behind a stone wall, where the ferns grow, for the hard landlord quietly ambling home from the sessions meeting.

I got so tired of the noise and delay, at which I saw it was no use grumbling, that I suppose I fell asleep over the red peat fire, for when I awoke after many nods and uneasy twitches, I found Mr. Saul, Jack MacGan, and three other passengers, joining hands round the whisky bottle, and singing a croppy song from the Nation newspaper, evidently not unpleasing to them. The only bit of it I remember is:

Croppies, arise! Croppies, arise!
Let the old angry light burn in your eyes;
Rig the old scarlet drum; banner of green,
Now shall thy dusty folds once more be seen.

Croppies, arise! Croppies, arise!
Once more the green flag of Liberty flies;
Now by the stone walls, and long level dikes
Shall glitter bright ranks of the bayonet and pikes.

Dragoons may rush down, with their sabres abroad,
Tory statesmen may come with their prating and fraud,
But we'll scourge them away, and their tricks and their lies,
When the brave croppies shall once more arise.

"Now thin, jintlemen all," says Jack, with an air of a punctilious man of business, "I think it is time to be moving."

"Glasses round!" roars Saul, "d'ye hear, widdy? not forgitting the Saxon jintleman who has this day honoured us with his company amongst us. Glasses round, and we'll be off."

And off after that we went, Saul driving like a madman to make up for lost time, but no accident happening. Indeed, a jaunting-car is a very safe vehicle, for if it upsets it only disperses its passengers into roadside bogs, dikes, or rush bushes, with now and then a concussion against a stone wall or the roadside post, that foolishly and unluckily does not get out of the way.

Saul, elated with the whisky, grew laudatory of himself, and said: "If it hadn't been for the cock-shooting I should have stood as high, I think, in docthoring as the best man in Dublin; but some time ago I had a fever from checked perspiration and the bile—biling over!—and ever since that I've lost my retention of memory. Before that I used to be a grate dab at Pope:

Order is Heaven's last law, and this redressed,
Some are, and must be, smaller than the rest.

Do you remember that? You see I'm down upon ye." (Awhisper.)—"I've got a bill for jaundice, bedad, in my resate-books that will cure it in any stage"—(pauses solemnly)—"except the stage of *daycomposition*." (Abrupt breaking off.) "The man who isn't sociable is a fool, and if he likes I'll box him."

"Give us a song, Mr. Saul," cried Jack, looking round. "The Cup of O'Hara, or the Black-haired Rose."

"Why not Leading the Calves, Jack? or The Twisting of the Rope? But now come, I'll give you a snap of my own, written under whisky on a frosty morning to the old tune of Cormac Oge. You've seen Nelly:

O little Nelly Connellin,
Gra machree, my soul, my beauty!
Loving ye is just a duty.
Don't say kissing is a sin
Little Nelly Connellin,
Begin.

Little Nelly Connellin,
Gra machree, colleen asthore!
But one kiss? Ye've plenty more.
Kissing never was a sin,
Little Nelly Connellin,
Begin.

Widdy, give us another dandy, and put it down to me—that makes three. Och! there's no widdy! we're driving, I see. Hurrah! we're driving. Larrup 'em, Jack!"

"Is there much snipe about here?"

"Is it snipe?" said Mr. Saul, angrily. "I believe you, and salmon too. If you'll come and stay with us next year, we'll show you as pretty shooting and fishing——It's that takes me away from medicine, or I should soon be a match with those fellows in Dublin; but, och! I'm always on the blue gravel, or up to my armpits wading after the heavy twenty pounders for hours without coming to land. Then there's the races——Stay awhile, Jack, how often can you load in a minute?" (Abruptly, as usual.)

"Three times," said Jack; "but the buglers don't have gun exercise."

"Why, heart of faith!" said Mr. Saul, fervidly, "what use is bugling when a man should be——I've a good mind to go on with you and have a wake's diversion in Dublin. What I do is drink, and eat, and sing — that's what I call real happiness. The man who is not sociable is a fool, I say. Put me on a horse, and I'll go anywhere and over anything. This isn't my best hat, this is a disabil beaver" (rubbing it round with his sleeve). "I'm a nice young fellow, and I've got a little property, and I want to see the world. Sit forard, Jack." (Takes the pipe out of the coachman's mouth and puts it calmly in his own.)

At the next stage Mr. Saul got down.

"Good-by, Mr. Saul; mind you remember me," said I.

"Remember ye!" said Mr. Saul; "yes, till the day of my death; 'While memory,' &c."

What a look his wild whisky-and-water, religious, poetical, random eye gave me as he squeezed my hand blue.

Here I parted with the Wicklow bugler, and Darby Doolan, a quiet, buttoned-up, moody man, taking the reins, our conversation fell on dress, upon which subject Darby had very serious and esoteric opinions.

"Gentlemen," said Darby, gravely, "don't wear stays now as they used to do. Oh! it was dreadful! Sure if I was a lord's son I shouldn't like to wear any more than my own bones about

me, let alone a big baste of a whale's. Did you ever see those dolly pegs they use in washing in England?"

Somewhat confused, I asked what a dolly peg was. "No—yes—no. I think not."

"To see how my wife slaves," said Doolan, "while them ladies sits at home all day curling their hair, not thinking of the dirt in their yesterday's gown-tails, nor caring for all the grinding and the elbow-grease it takes to clean them."

"What does that mean over the grocer's shop, there," said I, pointing to a shop we were passing, "Top Tay? What's top tay?"

"Top tay," Doolan said, with a long look of pity at me, "why it means topping tay, of course—tay as tops all other tays."

A drunken sailor, who had got in at a turn of the road, now, by various marine eccentricities, amused me, but disgusted Doolan.

"Skipper" (that was Doolan), said the sailor, "let me get in the head (that was in front). What is that woman dancing bare-legged in the tub, there?"

"Oh, she's treading flannel," said Doolan. "Bedad, if she had but a partner in a tub opposite, there would be a pair of 'em."

"Have you been always on the road, Doolan?" said I.

"No, your honour," said Doolan, "I was ten years at Barbadoes with the Ninety-first. I used to mind the colonel's horses, and ride them to exercise. Many's the thing I've seen there among the niggurs, particularly the Johnnie Canoe riots, when they used to take to the bush and slap at us from behind the trees."

"I remember once, your honour," Doolan went on, "I went out in the bush to cut supple jacks, and before I had gone half a mile, what should I see on a flat rock under a sand box-tree, but a great brown snake with his flat head up ready for me. So I makes no more to do, but raps at him with my stick, and never stops wopping till he's dead as Pilate. Then I puts a bamboo in his jaws, and carries him home on my back, eight foot of him."

Here the sailor became troublesome.

"Drunken baste, where's his manners?" muttered Doolan.

How Doolan bit his lip and swore inwardly, talking it out of the horse, which he flogged viciously—how our maritime friend and brother would stand up to see if the tackling was all safe—how he wanted to drop anchor at every whisky-shop—how he cried out alternately, with the voice of a boatswain in a storm, "Belay!" and "Reef!"—how he rolled and sang—how he wanted to cry "Starboard!" at every turnpike, and to board every rival car that passed us—I leave for other chapters. At the next change of horses he got down, and I left him fast asleep at the shebbeen fire. My Barbadoes friend now resigned his throne to a brisk dare-devil Connaught lad, with a slight squint and a weak chin, warping and otherwise handsome face. Tom Reilly's peculiar hobby was a fondness for practical jokes, and an admiration for O'Connolly, a famed barber at Wicklow.

"Och! he has such a tongue," said Reilly; "you should hear him. I do like a turn with that barber; it bates cockfighting, and there's sport in that, too. I'll just tell you a thing he did only the other day. Bedad! it bangs Banagher, and Banagher banged the divil, your honour. I'm ready to burst when I think of the fun of that barber. There were two countrymen, with their sickles wrapped round in haybands, comes into his shop, on their way home from the harvest with those nasty foul people the English, and says they, 'Barber, we want a shave for a halfpenny.' 'I don't shave for less than a penny,' says he, 'my bouchals.' But at last, after a dale of higgling, he agrees, and both of them sits down. The barber froths both the chins and the two months' beards, and says he to me, 'Tom, run for my Ballysader razor,' for he kept this for tough jobs, and when he gets it he shaves half the chin of one and half the chin of the other. 'I fear I'll never level it now,' says he. 'I fear it was not a man of business cut your hair the last time.' Then, after dancing round them and figuring about for some time, he washes off the lather, whips off the cloth from under their chins, and gives them the hand-glass to see themselves in. 'Why, you've notched us like forks; we're only half shaved,' cried both of the reapers. 'That,' says the barber, with a grin and bow, 'is what I do for a halfpenny.' Well, you'd have killed yourself with laughing to have seen the two Munster men look at the glass, and then at each other, turning the pence over in their pocket, then rubbing their chins, till at last they out with twopence each (twice the usual sum), and sat down and were shaved like Christians.

"And this reminds me of the trick I played the Dublin bagman at Galway once. There was a lot of us at the Malt Shovel Inn, where the Clifden coach, which I then drove for Bianconi, stopped, and the loudest talker was a tailor bagman, who you'd think was made on the eighth day; all by himself he was, so swelling with his pudding-bag sleeves and peg-top breeches. We fell a talking, and he bet me a quart of ale that I could not smoke a pipe of tobacco while he walked once round the green. Well, I took care to pack it very loose, and away he went; but I beat him, and brought it all to ashes before he returned. Then he must do the thing again, to give him his revenge, for he swore he had been so sure of beating me he had taken no trouble to walk fast. I was determined to play him a trick, so I challenged him again, and away he went. In the mean time I sent out and got a rapping dose of tartar emetic, and slipped it in his quart of ale, that was ready frothing for the winner on the bar. Presently in comes my gentleman as proud as ninepence, puffing and blowing. 'Well,' says he, 'have I won?—have I won?' 'Yes,' says I, 'you have; there's your ale: drink it. I am dead bet this time, anyhow;' and off he drinks the whole pot, without resting his elbow. Wasn't he sick; faix! his worst enemy wouldn't have wished a better sight than to have seen him holding his sides, as blue as the devil when St.

Patrick took him by the nose with the red-hot pincers."

"Are you fond of driving, Reilly?" said I, lighting a cigar, and giving him one.

"Not over and above, your honour," said Reilly. "Put me on top of a hot chesnut and I'm at home; but this rolling on a rickety coach-box spiles the digestion. Och! there's no greater diversion now to my mind than to sit on a hill and hear the music of the beagles down in the valleys. Och! the echoes talk and jangle to each other: it's mighty divarting, and the purtiest thing in life of a bright blue June morning. I had two beagles when I was a young man; I called one Fly and the other Bird. I should say, in all Ireland there was no two better dogs to turn and wind a hare; faix, they played into each other's hands just like two players at trumps."

"And what became of your beauties?" said I.

Reilly sighed. "Why, Bird was killed leaping over a cliff, and Fly ate a poisoned lamb they'd set for these carrion-crows that kill the game on the hills. He swelled up as big as a barrel, and died while I was carrying him home."

"Poor Fly," said I, lighting a sweet-scented fusee.

"By the powers, your honour," said Reilly, "as a boy, I should have got down from a gibbet, I think, if I'd heard the dogs' tongues and seen the scarlet topping the stone walls in little lines of red, till they all joined into one great red sea at the black thorn covert side. Blood-and-ouns, that makes the blood bile and the pulse go like a steam-ingine. One day, when I was a boy, I and five other boys were going to school with two sods under the arm for the master (that's how we paid him in the poor parts of county Mayo), and presently we saw the hounds coming up in full cry after the bushy tail. Now mother had said, 'Patsy, whatever you do, don't go after the hounds.' But she said nothing about going before them, so away we went, hedge and ditch, barefoot, splash through the black bog-holes, and tip-tap over the hard blue roads, and hop-and-hop over the plough, and skim and drop over the stone croppers, till the fox was run into. May I never hear mass again if we weren't some ten miles from home, and we without our dinner. Well, just as we were looking about for berries, mushrooms, or anything, what should we see but a dish of smoking maly potatoes, laughing, themselves out of elbows, at a cabin door. Sorra guide me, but before I knew what I was about, I had it under my arm, and was a mile off under a bush counting them out, and trying if the sort could be spoken well of. At the next turn of a road, what should the great tempter show us but a large flat-head cake cooling in a window, and that one of the fellows took and ran off with too. So that's the way we made out our dinner. Do you see that house yonder, sir?"

"Yes; you mean the white one, with the slate roof," said I.

"Yes," said Reilly; "that belonged to a magistrate that they tell a good story of. He was always in debt and being watched, but he kept himself so close, that divil a *fy far* or a *car sar* could the bailiffs serve, till one day a Bray man, one Phil O'Shaughnessy, determined to be up to him, so what does he do but sham drunkenness outside the magistrate's door, when he saw the man he wanted squinting round the window-blind; out rush two policemen, and take him to the station-house, and presently before the magistrate. 'Who are you?' says the magistrate. 'Read this,' said the bailiff, handing in the latitat, 'and you'll see.' And so he grabbed him. Mighty nate it was, anyhow."

"Whose is this cottage, Reilly?" said I.

"Oh, that's," said Reilly, "the priest's, Father O'Dwyer; and there he comes, in his Hessian boots, on his little cob. He's not so poor as Father M'Guire, in the next village, who lives in a little *boreen*, in a cabin with only two whitewashed rooms. It's as much as he can do to live, though he's the *sogar tharoon*, the darling of everybody; and just over again him is the Protestant clergyman's, with his snug glebe and lawn, and the divil knows what not."

"What a crop of grass there is on that cottage roof," said I.

"Sure," said Reilly, strongly agreeing, "the man might keep a cow there, and no hurt to the crop."

It was, indeed, such a sluggard's roof as one only sees in Ireland; a century old thatch, long brown, and jagged, sunk into deep clefts, and hollows, and furrows, covered with clumps of nettles and tufts of long shaking grasses, tall enough to hide a man in. There was here the antiquity of decay, the pride of sluggardness, the triumph of corruption. When we got nearer, I saw that the gable end had fallen, and that one window was a blind heap of stones.

"Why it's a ruin, Reilly?" I said, inquiringly.

Reilly, looking away, said, in a low voice, "That's the house of the degraded priest; and about this priest I have a terrible story, too long for to-day, your honour."

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIV. THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet-street with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. Who could sit upon anything in Fleet-street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down!

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilotage of timid women (mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore. Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honour of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him towards the execution of this benevolent purpose, that he recruited his finances, as just now observed.

Time was, when a poet sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place but not being a poet, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs. Cruncher must have been "flopping" in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet-street westward, attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried Young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill, that he watched his opportunity, and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"What dy'e mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to conwey to your own father, you young Rip? This boy is a getting too many for *me!*" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Him and his hooroars! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. Dy'e hear?"

"I warn't doing no harm," Young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of *your* no harms. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out: "Yah! Spies! Tst! Yaha! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited, when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"*I* don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"*I* don't know," returned the man: clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardour, "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spi-ies!"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, tumbled against him, and

from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was He a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant. "Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the Trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him. Dead, is he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there! Spies! Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach doors, the one mourner scuffled out of himself and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scouring away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hatband, white pocket-handkerchief, and other symbolical tears.

These, the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestions being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies; but, the river being alarmingly near, and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion in bringing refractory members of the profession to reason, the protest was faint and brief. The remodelled procession started, with a chimney-sweep driving the hearse—advised by the regular driver, who was perched beside him, under close inspection, for the purpose—and with a pieman, also attended by his cabinet minister, driving the mourning coach. A bear-leader, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand; and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at every step, and all the shops shutting up before it. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in course of time; insisted on pouring into the burial-ground; finally, accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself, another brighter genius (or perhaps the same) conceived the humour of impeaching casual passers-by, as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengeance on them. Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives, in the realisation of this fancy, and they were roughly hustled and maltreated. The transition to the sport of window-breaking, and thence to the plundering of public-houses, was easy and natural. At last, after several hours, when sundry summer-houses had been pulled down, and some area railings had been torn up, to arm the more belligerent spirits, a rumour got about that the Guards were coming. Before this rumour, the crowd gradually melted away, and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps they never came, and this was the usual progress of a mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports, but had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place had a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighbouring public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophising himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Having smoked his pipe out, and ruminated a little longer, he turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose, as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—on his way back.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported No job in his absence. The bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my wenturs goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been praying again me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face!" said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

"I am saying nothing."

"Well then; don't meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether."

"Yes, Jerry."

"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! It *is* yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say yes, Jerry."

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these sulky corroborations, but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

"You and your yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so. I believe you."

"You are going out to-night?" asked his decent wife, when he took another bite.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a fishing."

"Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head; "that's questions enough for you; I an't a going out, till you've been long a-bed."

He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view, he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoutest person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in this distrust of his wife. It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost story.

"And mind you!" said Mr. Cruncher. "No games to-morrow! If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in providing a jinte of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you, if you don't. *I'm* your Rome, you know."

Then he began grumbling again:

"With your flying into the face of your own wittles and drink! I don't know how scarce you mayn't make the wittles and drink here, by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your boy: he *is* your'n, ain't he? He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out?"

This touched Young Jerry on a tender place; who adjured his mother to perform her first duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected, above all things to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affectingly and delicately indicated by his other parent.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing-tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, Young Jerry, keeping as close to house-fronts, walls, and doorways, as his eyes were close to one another, held his honoured parent in view. The honoured parent steering Northward, had not gone far, when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting, they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here—and that so silently, that if Young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and Young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall, the three turned out of the road, and up a blind lane, of which the wall—there, risen to some eight or ten feet high—formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that Young Jerry saw, was the form of his honoured parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then, they moved away on their hands and knees.

It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate: which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass; and all the gravestones in the churchyard—it was a large churchyard that they were in—looking on like

ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade, at first. Presently the honoured parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified Young Jerry, that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But, his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but, now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their bent figures were strained, as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it, and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but, when he saw it, and saw his honoured parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, being new to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then, for anything less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side—perhaps taking his arm—it was a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too, for, while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its coming hopping out of them like a dropsical boy's-Kite without tail and wings. It hid in doorways too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears, as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time, it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him, so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him, but followed him up-stairs with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, Young Jerry in his closet was awakened, after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least, so Young Jerry inferred, from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the headboard of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honour and obey; why the devil don't you?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, with tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honouring your husband to dishonour his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honouring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You have no more nat'ral sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames river has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you."

The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and terminated in the honest tradesman's kicking off his clay-soiled boots, and lying down at his length on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under his arm at his father's side along sunny and crowded Fleet-street, was a very different Young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude from his grim pursuer. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night—in which particulars it is not improbable that he had compeers in Fleet-street and the City of London, that fine morning.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along: taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them: "what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is somethink of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself: "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

THE TRACK OF WAR.

One moonlight night in the middle of the month of June in this present year, I found myself on the top of Mont Cenis, trudging along ahead of the diligence, in company with a band of extremely hirsute French soldiers, bound for the Italian wars. These gentlemen constituted the first symptoms I had encountered of the strife now raging in Italy, and it was only on falling into their company that it occurred to me that I was now, for the fourth time in my life, without intending it, on the traces of war.

What upon earth took me to Schleswig-Holstein at the only time (during the fight with Denmark) when those provinces could not be peaceably examined, I cannot remember, but I have a distinct recollection of learning from General Willisen that everybody there being supposed to be "in earnest," it was imperative that I should either take my musket and fight for something or other, or evacuate Rendsburg without delay. As the general's first suggestion was not even accompanied by the "twenty scudi," which, combined with the ecstasy of marching to a popular tune, should, according to Sergeant Belcore, possess irresistible charms, I adopted the second alternative. As little do I remember wherefore I should have selected Varna, and the stagnant pools of Aladeyn, as an agreeable resort for the hottest period of ever-memorable eighteen hundred and fifty-four; nor why I should have absolutely embarked in the Europa at Suez, last July, with the fixed intention of proceeding to India, when every discreet person was coming away, my project being only defeated by the luckiest accident in the world.

Thus, as I have said, for the fourth time on the track of arms, I yield to an inevitable destiny, and move steadily upon Turin, seeing nothing of military aspect by the way excepting only a small body of horse artillery at Susa, but expecting I know not what of excitement and hostile preparation at the so-lately threatened capital.

In this I am disappointed. Turin is tranquillity—one might be permitted perhaps to say dulness—itself. It is obviously suffering from the languor succeeding a period of intense excitement. Scarcely a soldier to be seen! One wounded Zouave, strolling on the Corso, is so marked a man that he attracts a crowd, who follow him in a diminishing tail, terminating in a small boy with cherries and ballads. The hotels are half empty, the theatres half closed; that is to say, open thrice a week (soldiers and children half-price), and then confining themselves to purely occasional pieces, whereof Gli Austriaci in Italia, Commedia, and L'interessantissimo Dramma, I due Zuavi, seem the favourites, while the young poetry of the nation makes itself heard in chamber recitations, and the street chorus comes swelling up with peculiar fervour:

Dì di lutto, dì di guai,
Sarà quello, o buon Giulai,
Che in Piemonte arriverai.

Ma già sento un suon di tromba!
Il cannone già rimbomba!
Ah, Giulai!—t'apri la tomba!

Excepting that every third man has a newspaper, or bulletin, in his hand, there is no visible token of public anxiety. The wave of war has rolled away and away to the plains of Lombardy, carrying with it every grain of apprehension and uncertainty. This great page of human story is fairly turned: the results are for another page. One thing, at least, may be accepted as certain: the name of Italy is inscribed—the God of Nations grant!—for ever in the records of the free.

Passing one of the hospitals, I meet my friend Dr. Pound. He has been visiting the wounded Austrians, who, to the number of three hundred, are distributed, with French and Sardinians, among the general hospitals. Most of the former (Dr. Pound adds) are wounded in the back; but let that be no reflection on their courage. Their enemies, to a man, admit that they fought admirably—"perfectly." They stand well, and even if broken, can be rallied; but the bewildering rush of the French infantry is too much for them. The bayonets once crossed, all is over. They resist cavalry better. An Austrian square withstood six desperate home-charges of the Piedmontese horse, and retired at last in perfect order, having emptied two hundred of the assailants' saddles. As for the admitted want of enthusiasm in the Austrian soldiery, it is no doubt fully compensated for by that other species of esprit de corps, which is the result of isolating each regiment to such a degree as to render it in some sort the home and family of every man belonging to it.

To remain in Turin is impossible. A visit or two, an agreeable evening at the house of the accomplished gentleman by whose hands—under seven successive home-governments—British interests have been ably administered here, and armed with a safe-conduct (due to his good offices) commending the bearer, "caldamente," to every description of protection, I depart by railway for Novara, frankly warned, by-the-by, that the said safe-conduct may prove of no greater service than to prevent my being shot without the opportunity of preferring a few re-

marks in the form of protest, in the event of my being arrested by the French Carabiniers.

The jealousy on the part of the French of the presence of strangers, especially English, within their sphere of operations, is carried to an extreme. Being in the remotest manner connected with the press, is a fault understood to entail upon any one a danger similar to the fate of the unlucky gentleman convicted by Jack Cade of clerkdom, and ordered to be hung with his inkhorn round his neck.

As I advance, appearances become more warlike: I overtake French officers and Sardinian recruits—the former for militia, the latter for Alessandria and Genoa, to be drilled. Three months will train these willing lads, and send them to their soldier-king fit for any work he may require of them.

Our train, with the delightful irregularity which governs such matters at such a time, halts for the day at Alessandria, a place swarming with national guards and fleas.

Guilty of the absurdity of deeming it necessary to be punctual, I am at the station at eight in the morning. Here, for two hours, the crowd and the confusion are indescribable. Trains seem to arrive and depart every ten minutes, yet mine, for Novara, neither comes nor goes. There is a long train of French twelve-pounder brass guns and some mortars, intended, the men say, "for Mantua," perpetually intruding itself, first at one end of the station then at the other. Now we hope it is at last fairly off. Now it comes whizzing and shrieking back into the very heart of the crowd which has long since filled the platform, and boiled over. There is a body of several hundred French and Sardinian pioneers, another body of Austrian prisoners, and at least a thousand miscellaneous travellers. But all are at last disposed of, in one way or another, and we are off. Stopping an hour at Valenza, nobody knows why—apparently, however, to purchase cherries—we reach Mortara at two and Novara at three.

Here, although the railway, partly destroyed by the Austrians, has been relaid and reopened to-day, I prefer the slow, but certain, progress of a carriage to Magenta—about fifteen miles—and two hours of a flat and dusty road bring me to that henceforth celebrated field. Just beyond Trecate the defensive works thrown up by the Austrians begin to be visible, and presently we are on the granite bridge that spans the rushing Ticino, passing gingerly over the temporary arch that supplies the chasm made by the enemy, but pausing to admire the beautiful bridge of boats—a perfect model of neatness and solidity—constructed by the French in two days.

From the deserted custom-house buildings—terribly scored with shot—to Buffalora, and thence to the village of Magenta, there are constant traces of the battle. The crops, gardens, and vineyards, however, seem to have escaped surprisingly, considering the immense bodies of troops that have manœuvred and fought in the neighbourhood. With the exception of these strips of land immediately bordering the road, no material damage has been suffered.

The alternative originated by the celebrated Hobson induced me to take refuge at the Hôtel de la Poste, at Magenta, whose pretty landlady immediately proceeded to point out, as one of the objects best worth notice, the little corner chamber in which she—the padrona—took shelter on that terrible day of battle, till—the fight drawing nearer—she descended, as did every other wise inhabitant of the place, to the cellar. That large house, with the ten window-places (there is not an inch of glass left in Magenta), is, she tells me, likewise her property. It is pierced and scored with glancing shot from roof to ground; and in it more than five hundred Austrian soldiers were either killed or made prisoners.

It is too late to view the field to-night—but the evening is tempting—and I stroll back in the direction of Buffalora, intending to examine a remarkable wooden cross I had observed by the roadside in coming, which seemed to denote the death-place of one of the fallen.

From Magenta to Buffalora are two good roads, diverging in a broad arc towards the centre; a cross-path, winding through the vines and orchards, and connecting the two. Strolling as far as Buffalora, from whence, literally,

> Swang the deep bell in the distant tower,
> And the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft—

for the entire village, on their knees within and about the grey old church, were engaged in prayers for the success of the national cause—I returned towards Magenta by the other road. Entertaining, however, at that time, some doubts of its leading direct to Magenta, I deemed it safer, on arriving at the cross-road, to follow *that*, and so regain the road by which I had come. This part of the walk was melancholy enough. It led directly across what had been one of the most fiercely contested portions of the field, and none but the dead were near. Scores of knapsacks, shakos, canteens, and battered objects, such as the growing darkness forbade to classify, huge black graves heaving up in every direction, and a horrible scent, not unlike, and yet perfectly distinguishable from, that of a decomposing body, which, on recognising it the following day in a place where the wounded had been collected, the peasants affirmed was the smell of blood. In this Aceldama—in the vicinity of which, ten days since, fourteen thousand gallant hearts were laid to their eternal rest—I lingered till it suddenly struck me that I had lost my way. The perpetual twistings of the path had entirely confounded my ideas as to its general direction, and I was on the point of retracing my steps, when a friendly flash from a thunder-cloud that had been brooding all the evening on the Alps, showed me the white line of the road to Magenta close ahead.

Early next morning, accompanied by an intelligent native of the place, I set out to take a more extended survey. My guide, who had

been for two days employed in assisting the burial parties, pointed out some excavations like gravel-pits, just beyond the village, at the bottom of which, in broad and deep pits, the greater part of the fallen had been interred, dressed as they fell. One of these graves contained two hundred and eigthy-three bodies; but the hole being not sufficiently sunk, some corpses were piled up, and covered with soil so shallowly that, in several places, arms and legs were visible. My guide declared most positively that on the two days—Sunday and Monday—succeeding the battle, fourteen thousand bodies, whereof nearly five thousand were French, had been buried between Buffalora and Magenta. This was the lowest of the many estimates I had heard, and certainly the most likely to be correct.

As we proceeded towards Buffalora, the traces of the fight augmented. Although more than twenty-five thousand knapsacks had been collected and sent to Milan (where they are burned for the sake of the oil obtained from their calf's-hide covers), many hundreds yet strewed the ground, while at Cascina Nuova, a large old farm-château, the Hougoumont of the fight, there was a pile of hats, caps, cartridge-boxes, &c., as high as a little house.

The unlucky owner of this much mishandled dwelling, who was tending silkworms with his whole family, including the grandmother (every family in Italy has its grandmother), talked bitterly of the treatment he had experienced at the hands of the Austrians, who had impressed him and his cattle into their service, and had wounded him severely in the person of a favourite cow. "The French doctor," he said, "had paid a cursory visit to the cow, and made light of the injury; but he would feel obliged if the signori would examine the damaged brute," the which we did, and comforted him with the assurance that the cow would certainly survive, though with a limp in her gait for the remainder of her days. There was a broken brick in the window, and he told us how, while engaged with his bullocks, under the eye of an Austrian soldier, a Frenchman had approached within three steps of the window, and, firing in, smashed the brick, killing the Austrian on the spot.

All agreed in indicating the spot, near the custom-house buildings, where Gyulai stood during the heat of the action, enraged, a wounded Austrian officer averred, at his defeat, and furiously upbraiding the officers who represented to him the imminent probability of his positions being forced.

Under the wall of a pretty little cemetery, a part of which, including some rich monumental tablets, had been ruthlessly torn down to admit of the working of a gun, we came upon the first grave distinguished with the name of the fallen: "Jean Mincent, aux Zouaves de la Garde. Tué à l'assaut de Buffalora, le 4 juin."

Not far from hence we discerned the wooden cross that had attracted my notice the previous day. It stood at the corner of an orchard, half a mile from Buffalora, and bore a pencil inscription, thus:

"Ci-gît Bouisson, Jean-François, Adjudant à la 3me Batt. du régiment d'artillerie à cheval de la Garde Impériale. Tué le 4 juin d'un coup de baïonnette en défendant sa pièce.

The crosses are not many; but, a few hundred yards further, near a much-trampled garden, we see two large dark mounds bearing respectively the intimation:

"Gren. de la Garde. Ci-gisent douze braves tués le 4 juin." And, "Quatre-vingt-trois sold. autrichiens ont été enterrés le 4 juin."

Crossing the railway line, we encounter a column of Austrian prisoners, eight hundred and thirty-two in number, as one of their escort of fifteen informs us. They are mostly fine young men, and march gaily enough along, though some bandages and pale faces show that certain of them have but recently been discharged from hospital.

The old church of Magenta, a very large building, has not escaped in the conflict. Innumerable bullets are imbedded in the walls. We dug out two as memorials, which, being above easy reach, had evaded the perquisitions of the "signori del paese," who, we were told, had carried off almost every available souvenir of the fight. Three cannon-balls had struck the church, one of which, entering above the principal door, traversed the building and struck off a large mass of masonry beside the pulpit. Through the grating of a crypt might be seen a pile of a hundred and fifty skulls, carefully arranged upon a solid substratum of thigh-bones, the skull which formed the apex being moreover adorned with a clerical hat. These were a few of the hamlet's forefathers, who, with their pastors, had been exhumed after nearly a century's repose, to make room for more recent generations.

After a visit to the cemetery, the scene of an obstinate struggle which cost the Austrians six hundred men, and in which the pioneers have made sad work with the Pinettis, Berrettas, and other noble houses who had therein set up their rest, we bid adieu to Magenta, henceforth renowned in story, for Milan—for Milan, all flag, and flutter, and triumph, and talk, and tears—for there is a dark page to every book of glory—and within forty miles of which then hovered the defeated foe.

On Thursday, the twenty-second of June, rumours of a battle likely to occur on the next day but one, between Brescia and Peschiera, determined me, after one final and unsuccessful effort to obtain a French pass, to set off for the scene of expected operations without one. The French consul, however, polite but powerless, intimated that an application to General Castel Borgo, commanding at Milan, might be happier in its results, and so indeed it proved.

Thus provided, and accompanied by an English lady resident in Italy, who with her servant had been engaged in administering to the needs of the sick and wounded in the crowded hospitals of Milan, and desired to extend her cares

to those of Brescia, I started at once for the latter place. The journey, however, proved too much for my companion to perform within the day. We therefore halted at Bergamo, and only reached our destination in the afternoon of Friday the twenty-fifth.

Scarcely had we set foot in the place when reports of a great battle began to circulate. General action—terrible struggle—loss greater than Magenta—no result—the king wounded—three generals and twenty thousand Piedmontese killed and wounded—fight still continuing,—such were the progressive rumours. The whereabouts was equally uncertain. Ten miles off, towards Montechiari—no; more than twenty, near Rivolterra—at Lonato—at Peschiera!

Presently the wounded began to appear. We selected a party of six Piedmontese officers, three of whom were hurt in the arm, and three in the leg, and, appealing to him who seemed to be suffering least, we learned that a fierce battle had commenced not far from Rivolterra, at three o'clock that morning. The account this gentleman rendered was not upon the whole very clear, but the general impression it conveyed was that the Piedmontese had been the subject of a surprise, and that the conflict, though bloody, was without advantage on either side.

As the evening advanced, and more wounded men came halting in, the excitement increased to fever height, and each arrival became the centre of a little crowd of eager listeners. As all these, however, had quitted the field early in the day, such information as they were able to give was more calculated to augment than allay the general anxiety.

Presently came in from Milan a Piedmontese officer of rank and his aide; and the former, having heard from us the first news of the battle, proceeded at once to the intendant, and in a few minutes brought back what purported to be the emperor's despatch, as follows:

"The entire line has been engaged—enemy repulsed with heavy loss. Particulars to-morrow." And with this, which certainly had not a highly victorious relish, we were fain for the present to be content.

Brescia did not go much to bed that night. At, and even after, eleven o'clock, the ramble and creak of bullock-carts announced the arrival of the wounded. There was no longer any doubt concerning the locality. The Sardinian portion of the fight had occurred eighteen miles away—at Saint Martino—and the bullock-carts, according to their usual rate of progress, had occupied more than six hours in transporting the poor fainting fellows to the hospitals. But these were not the worst cases. Those most severely hurt had been cared for nearer to the spot, and but too many had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For it now began to be generally understood that the struggle had indeed been of a most desperate character, and that the strong position of Saint Martino had only been carried by the Piedmontese after a series of repulses and the loss of eighteen hundred men. The king had pledged himself to the French to take the heights, and have them he would! After the third failure, a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and hail half obscured the contested position. "*Now* is our time! En avant, tous!" was the cry. And, this time, it was won.

At dawn, next day, we started to view the field. I had a companion in the person of a major in the United States regular army, who had popped over from America expressly to see a battle on ground sacred to so many former triumphs. Although provided with letters to a distinguished marshal, he had not been more fortunate than myself in obtaining access to the front. Nevertheless, with the pluck and perseverance of his country, the major had not ceased for many days to harass the army of France, infesting its rear, threatening its flank, skirmishing with its patrols; and on one occasion, by a very brilliant manœuvre, contriving to be found, on the emperor arriving at Montechiari, in his very front. As this, however, was a position of considerable danger, being in equal peril from the advanced posts of both armies, the major, content with his success, retired in perfect order with his baggage upon Brescia, and effected a junction with me.

Long trains of wounded met us as we quitted the town; six or eight pale, blood-stained, disordered creatures stretched upon each car, and partly screened with green boughs from the rapidly increasing heat. Every imaginable vehicle that had wheels appeared to have been pressed into the service, while many poor fellows toiled wearily along the road, as if they had walked the entire distance. Soon, we encountered about a hundred prisoners, escorted by half a dozen lancers. Stopped for a moment in front of a large house, we saw that the whole of the ground-floor rooms were occupied by badly-wounded men. Of those whom we subsequently passed on the road a large proportion were Bersaglieri, and we learned that they had suffered most severely, one battalion losing *ten* captains.

At Dezenzano, sixteen miles from Brescia, we touched the pretty lake of Garda, and, turning to the right, in a few minutes reached Rivolterra, from whence the heights of Saint Martino were plainly visible. Here we were stopped by a patrol, but, on appealing to an officer of rank who stood near, and exhibiting my pass, we were directly permitted to proceed, the colonel only requesting that if we chanced upon any wounded officer requiring the means of transit, we would give him a seat in the carriage, a proposal to which it is needless to say we heartily agreed.

More wounded, in horse-litters and other conveyances: and now we reach the battle-ground, and begin to see the dead. The first body was that of an Austrian, probably a wounded prisoner, for the Austrians never descended the heights. After this, as we passed up the road leading through vines, Indian corn, and an oak copse, towards the crown of the position, the slain lay thick enough. Muskets, scabbards, and all the equipments of the soldier

were scattered in every direction, the trees were torn with round shot, and a large château, Casa Bianca, the property of the Signora Angelina P., of Dezenzano, which had been in course of repair and decoration, had undergone a terrible pounding. I entered this house with a Piedmontese officer. It was filled with dead, dying, and prisoners, and presented a scene of suffering and desolation not easy to describe, and yet no worse than many a chapter of war. While talking to the Piedmontese, a deputation was sent to him from the prisoners, requesting that they might not be hanged—but that they would much prefer being shot! I may add, here, that some of the prisoners at Brescia, on being asked why they had sometimes defended themselves in situations that admitted of no hope, declared they had been told that, in the event of being made prisoners, they would inevitably be either hanged or burned alive.

On the crest of the position there must have been about seven hundred dead, among whom were many officers, distinguishable by their white hands and feet, rather than their dress, which is made to assimilate as much as possible to that of the men. Most of the bodies appeared to have undergone a hasty search; the chief part of the contents of the knapsack being removed. In other respects they remained as they had fallen. I picked up a letter lying beside the body of a fine young soldier, who had been a volunteer from Genoa. It was from his wife, beautifully and touchingly written, with all the fervour of her impassioned native tongue. It drew a little domestic picture for the comfort of him who was the light of their dwelling: there were the sayings and doings of Felicia and Brigida; that a pretty dress was being secretly made for his dear mother; "I pray for you night and day; pray that you may be restored to live in health and peace; I have no consolation but in your dear letters. I send you embraces and kisses from my innermost heart." Alas, poor wife! a Tyrolese bullet had stilled for ever the throbbings of that which should have been the reply.

It was noticeable among these young soldiers of freedom how fondly the recollection of the mother seemed to be cherished. In their letters and on their tongues "la mia madre" was always the prominent theme. One poor fellow, who was severely wounded in the side and head, had come from the neighbourhood of Padua, and had, consequently, been separated from his family during the whole time of his service—thirteen years; he talked incessantly of his mother, rejoicing that, if he lived, he should now see her, and present himself to her, a captain!

The prisoners informed us that the Emperor Francis Joseph had been close at hand during the fight. He had spoken kindly to a Piedmontese officer who had been taken, and kept him beside him; but we also gathered from them that the Austrian soldiers had treated their prisoners—of which in the three repulsed attacks they made nearly a thousand—with much brutality.

A Piedmontese captain, who was present when the King of Sardinia viewed the captured position, told me his Majesty was sensibly affected at the heavy loss. It appeared that he had been somewhat deceived by false information, and had found the enemy in far greater force than he expected: the odds were, in reality, thirty-five thousand to fifteen. A court-martial was held at the inn at Dezenzano, at which we stayed, on the day after the battle, upon one of the treacherous spies; but, though he was sent away under a guard, I believe that he had been acquitted. It is a fact that, in spite of the general hatred of Austrian domination, Austria is yet not without zealous adherents in *this* part of the country.

I asked an old Piedmontese officer what the battle would be called:

"It *ought* to be Saint Martino," he replied; "for it is the strongest position on the line—and God knows it has cost us dear—dear. But it is the French who give the names, and they will most likely call it Solferino, or Cavriana.

Before quitting the ground, we had a fine view of the French columns as they moved round our left, preparatory to the general advance upon Peschiera and the Mincio. Presently, the Piedmontese divisions likewise got under arms, and, with bands playing gaily, and followed by their guns and matériel, marched down the heights, leaving them tenanted only by the dead, and those who were engaged in the duty of committing the dead to their last repose.

That day there had been a terrible alarm at Brescia, originating, as some affirmed, in a "tradimento" conspiracy on the part of the Austrian prisoners, now about four thousand in number, who had contrived to spread a report that the Austrians, by a totally unexpected movement, were advancing upon the town. Barricades were thrown up, roads broken, trees cut down, and the wildest confusion reigned. A battery of French guns that had advanced some distance on the road on their way to the front, turned back, and getting mixed up with a train of wounded, some of the bullock-carts were upset, and more than one of the sufferers they carried left dead upon the road.

At Dezenzano we found great numbers of the worst wounded receiving in the church and private houses such care as they might. But the resources of the neighbourhood were quite unequal to the constantly increasing demand. Linen was especially wanted; lemons and sugar—so necessary for the fevered men—were not obtainable at any price, and not a surgeon was to be found. One poor fellow, with his arm fearfully shattered, told us he had been creeping about for many hours in search of a doctor, who he hoped would take it off. The casualties, in fact, had exceeded all calculation; and we now learned, in addition, that more than four thousand wounded French were requiring the attentions of the doctors and kind volunteer nurses of Brescia. My friend, Mrs. C., resolved to remain at Dezenzano, sending to Brescia for some of the things most needed for the sufferers, for which our carriage was placed

at her disposal; and here, within sight and hearing of the guns of Peschiera, my friend the major and I also fixed our head-quarters, to be ready for any chance that might offer.

ROUGHING IT.

Mr. Marbell had a theory: a theory that, by night and by day, he propounded to his friends, and to which, again and again, he endeavoured to convert Mrs. Marbell. But the good woman was not to be convinced. Her nature warred against Mr. Marbell's logic; her tenderness replied to his first proposition; her motherly instincts rebutted his second proposition; her unfeigned indignation put down his third proposition. Mr. Marbell was a cold man; Mr. Marbell was a cold father; Mr. Marbell was a brute—more, Mr. Marbell preached what he never practised, what he would never have the courage to try in his own person. Mr. Marbell was as fond as anybody of his warm slippers by the fireside, his port feathered with beeswing, his hot shaving water, and his eider-down quilt.

Then why should dear little Augustus rough it? Mrs. Marbell wanted to know this—as, indeed, according to her husband, Mrs. Marbell wanted to know many things. It was the belief of Mr. Marbell that to argue with a woman was to exhibit weakness almost unpardonable; this, when Mr. Marbell found himself in that position which is popularly described as being in a corner.

Mr. Marbell being, however, the better-half, could extricate himself from his corner by the use of his natural authority. If he could not subdue and conquer Mrs. Marbell's reason, he could command her obedience. Augustus *should* rough it.

The coarsest porridge was provided for Master Augustus; the hardest bed; a nursery without a fire. Augustus must keep himself warm by exercise; exercise would make him hardy. The mother would carefully cover him with warm clothing, wind a woollen comforter about his throat, enfold his mottled legs with gaiters, protect his little dimpled hands with gloves; but the father would indignantly remove these effeminate guardians against the cold, and send the boy forth to the east wind, almost naked. Crying was put down by solitary confinement; a whimper produced a premature despatch to bed. No sweetmeats; no fruit; no happy admissions to dessert; no visits to the pantomime; no nursing upon the parental knee. Winter and summer, in sickness or in health, cold water baths without mercy. Augustus is to be brought up to fight the world manfully. His flesh is to be hard as any mariner's; he is to breast the storm with naked bosom; to be content with the coarsest fare, and to flourish upon it. Here are a few of the regulations which are to govern the physical growth of Augustus, the Camberwell Spartan.

But his mind is to be under iron rule also. His nature is to be as hard as his flesh. With tearful eyes the mother looks up into Gussy's face, and pouts her warm mouth to meet his. She would throw her arms about his neck, nestle his little head upon her shoulder, examine fondly, finger by finger, his infant hands—hands that, according to Mr. Marbell, are to forge thunderbolts, and, easily as a pattern duke handles the ribbons, to guide the destinies. And the logic that to Mrs. Marbell lay in all this wealth of love, she would have extended to her child, to soften the adamantine laws of her fierce lord—had she lived. The darkest day in Gussy's life was that on which his mother's feeble hands held his young head for the last time, and drew his fresh mouth to her own poor, bloodless lips. The boy was left alone in the world, to bear all the rigour of a father with a theory.

Most veracious is the history of young Gussy. We saw the miserable little Spartan day by day, roughing it. On bleak November mornings, when the leaden clouds swept past close to the earth, and an icy rain drove almost horizontally down our road; on days of broiling heat, when the milk which the milkman dropped upon the pavement hissed, and went angrily away in vapour; on frosty days, when the tread of tripping girls upon the ice-bound earth rang musically; on sloppy days of dreary thaw, when the snow had fallen to the thickness of ice-cream, and served up pieds glacés to all who ventured upon it. Marbell had become ferocious in his theory. There was no Mrs. Marbell now to pester him with tender counsel, nor to put a comforter about Gussy's throat. Gussy was now bound over to him hand and foot—most fortunately for the boy. There were no foxes in the neighbourhood of Camberwell, or one had been stuffed under the shirt of Gussy, that his parent might see whether the boy could let the animal take just one bite at his stomach without wincing.

"It is a hard world," said Mr. Marbell, over his port, speaking with a friend, "and men should harden their children to meet it, as we harden steel, that, with a spring, it may bear any weight. Now, I have resolved to make my boy razor-steel at the very least. He shall be able to live where others would die—to flourish where others would fail. His constitution shall be equal to the mountain-top or the valley—to an Arctic expedition, or a secretaryship under Dr. Livingstone."

"The brute!" said (sotto voce) Rachel, the maid, who had just appeared, bearing to Mr. Marbell and his guest a plate of olives.

"The boy is not a clever boy; he is even dull. The better reason, I say, for hardening him. For with moderate abilities only to recommend him to the world, how can he make his standing good if he be not prepared to support incessant buffeting. His wants must be so humble that he may be able to save—ay, part of a crust. A mountain plant, sir, he must flourish upon the dry rock. I, sir (and Mr. Marbell glanced through his glass at the dancing beeswing), am the architect of my own fortune. I once swept the office of which I am now the principal. I met men on their own ground. I set my shoulder firmly to my work, and I found that I had need of all my strength to conquer. My boy shall have a tougher skin, a firmer muscle than I had. He shall learn to rough it."

Mr. Marbell emptied his glass, and with two delicate fingers dropped his first cool olive into his mouth. The oracle had spoken.

An east wind was curling the autumn leaves, and compelling cabmen to draw their horse-cloths tightly about their legs, on the evening when the oracle held forth from his cosy temple, with a beechwood fire happily mingled with sea-coal upon its altar.

Master Gussy was up-stairs. He was in bed. Six o'clock was his bedtime. In a corner of an empty room was a hard straw palliasse upon the naked ground; two rugs covered it—sufficient, in the opinion of Mr. Marbell (below, now, eating his olives), for the covering of a boy destined to rough it. There the little Spartan lies, sleeping with all the grace of ten years: his arms under his cheek, his mouth parted, and his white teeth glancing through. There are two red patches upon his cheeks; around, the flesh is milky white. We glance about. There are his coarse blue clothes; there is his little canvas shirt, buttonless at the throat. But we look in vain for socks or shoes.

"Dear me, sir," chimes Rachel, "Master Gussy doesn't wear none, please, sir."

On these bitter days—through this frigid mire of our London roads—under these watery skies—fronting this sharp sleet of ours, to go barefoot!

"Master says he's to be a Sparting; but it's my belief they'll kill him—so there, I've said it."

Rachel assumed a daring attitude, as though she had chanted the "Marseillaise" under the Tuileries windows—and more, had fully intended it for the ear of the master within.

"Then the child has breakfasts, as no dog what respected his-self would so much as look at; and for his dinners—why, they make my heart break to see his poor little teeth a tussling with 'em."

Rachel looked tenderly upon the sleeping boy, drew the coarse rugs (saying, "Here's things to cover a child!") about his limbs, and kissed him.

Surely Gussy's mother is looking down upon you, gentle, uncouth Rachel. Looking down, and hoping that you see her; and that you will still, again and again, kiss Gussy for her. Slave at ten pounds per annum, we believe that, as you say, you would not stop another hour under Mr. Marbell's roof if it were not for Gussy. But then—we trust you know and feel it—how sweet it is of an evening to come into this empty room, and know that as you watch this little sleeper, and cover his bruised and hardened feet, somebody far above this garret is watching you, and thanking you. Not that this goodness of yours seeks reward; but there must be comfort in the faith that you are doing a double good here in your humble way—to Gussy, and to Gussy's mother. We were by, good Rachel, though you saw us not, when those big, red hands of yours drew with a tenderness of heart that made them light as any lady's, the thorns from poor Gussy's feet. But there will be thorns in them again to-morrow, and again the day after, till the flesh has hardened, and can resist them. As Gussy's soul is to harden, as Gussy's muscles are to harden.

We call Gussy to mind years after we glanced into his dreary bedroom; after Rachel had been discharged for giving a slice of bread and sugar to her little master; after the neighbourhood in which Mr. Marbell lived rung with shouts of indignation against Gussy's father.

Mr. Marbell had retired from business at length, in order to devote all his energies to the hardening of Gussy. That he might superintend the icy coldness of his nursery; the scantiness of his bed-covering; the plainness of his food; his isolation from other boys. Day after day, Gussy, barefooted, without hat or cap, his throat open, and his hair cropped close to his skull, passed our gate, walking, or rather ambling, behind his father. We fail to call to mind an occasion on which we saw father and son exchange a syllable. Mr. Marbell, with a solemn expression, to which the brandishing of a substantial crab-stick gave intensity of an unpleasantly suggestive kind, walked rapidly ahead always; and Gussy, looking at the parental coat-tails, and never removing his eyes from them, ambled, as we have written, after him. The throat of Gussy was milky white still, the cheeks red as a carnation. Old women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed; young women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed, and spoke passionately—the nature of their womanhood overbearing their sense of propriety. Nicknames of most offensive import were showered upon Gussy's father. He was a child-killer; he was "Old Tombstone;" he bore, successively, the name of every remarkable murderer known to the street-folk about his neighbourhood. He was hissed, hooted at, and greeted with a gymnastic arrangement of little boys' fingers, the thumb acting as a fulcrum against the little boys' noses. But both Mr. Marbell and Gussy passed through the fusillade, without glancing to the right or left.

We were standing at our gate one day, on a glowing summer morning. There was a pale heat film over the deep blue sky. The heat struck us under the chin from the burning earth. We felt that we could not bear the situation many minutes. Lazily, heat-oppressed, we were about to turn from the dusty prospect without, when Mr. Marbell walked past, at his usual pace, and Gussy was behind him—still ambling—his eye still fixed upon the parental coat-tails. The blazing sun was scorching Gussy's uncovered head, we were certain; his lips were white, and we thought the blood almost oozed through those two red spots upon his cheeks. We were tempted to dash through the gate, and seize Mr. Marbell by the collar, and take his hat and boots off, and drag him to a barber to have *his* head shaved. But (how prudent we become at five-and-thirty!) we turned homeward, and left Gussy to be scorched by the sun, and still, with starting eyes, to follow the coat-tails of his father.

On the following day a sweet little friend of ours, whose voice makes us twenty again, whom there are "few to praise," and whom there shall

be, if we have our way, very few indeed to praise—this little friend came tripping along to the gravel walk from the gate to the house, and trying to look over the mignionette-box at our open window (at which we were proving, by statistics, that the ruin of Manchester was only a question of years, unless we built our houses flat for the future, and reared cotton crops, under glass, upon them), called to us. We dropped all our figures within, to look upon the neatestand most convincing little figure without.

Mr. Marbell had just passed, walking as fast as ever, but little Gussy was not with him. To work went the brains of both us. We called to mind, looking very seriously indeed at each other, the dry lips and the hectic flush of yesterday. The little figure had a very grave head upon it now. We watched anxiously on the morrow; on the third day more anxiously still. On the third day Mr. Marbell passed, walking slower than usual. There was some heavy, bulging object in his coat-tail pocket—the very coat-tail upon which Gussy's eyes had been fixed so long. We jumped to the right conclusion—the bulging objects were bottles of physic for little Gussy.

Upon that straw palliasse in the empty room lay Mr. Marbell's little Spartan. Doctors' grave, pale faces were shaken over the thin limbs, and watched the weird brilliancy of the boy's eyes. He was hardened—hardened against all the iron trials Mr. Marbell had provided for him in after days. Those little shoulders would never overbear a neighbour. The soul lying here, still in bondage, was not, we know, steeled yet. The outstretched arms of an invisible, dead mother were over this straw palliasse, and were about to clasp little Gussy. Little Gussy, who repines not; whose glassy eyes fall kindly upon the rude parent, whose brutal theory has cast him upon a child's death-bed; the rude parent, who, within his memory, has never kissed him.

We shall never forget little Gussy's funeral. It is well the police were there, or Mr. Marbell had not been alive now to tell any friend, who may drop in to take a glass of wine with him, how his theory of making children "rough it" failed in Gussy's instance.

The baby's place is upon its mother's knee; the child's place is between its father's knees, whence it may look up into his eyes, and sun itself in their kind glances. There are theories without number developing elaborate systems of juvenile culture. There are gentlemen in white neckcloths we know of, who believe that model men may be built up like any engineering models, by strict rule, by hours of study exactly measured, by the reading of ponderous moral treatises. So Mr. Marbell believed Gussy might be made a hard, successful man (and a successful man was Mr. Marbell's beau-ideal of humanity) by rough usage, a beggar's cupboard, and a tramp's out-door experiences. But, we own, as it is our pleasure to believe many will own with us, that we are rather with Mrs. Marbell, and with Rachel also. Our theory is that of making ourselves the familiar friends and most tender counsellors of children. The world will harden them soon enough, but the less the better, in our humble opinion.

A FRIEND IN A FLOWER.

The Tasmanian Veronica is a beautiful shrub, growing from two to five feet high, with spikes of true Speedwell blossoms, identical in appearance with the blue Bird's-eye Speedwell of hedge-banks in England. It frequents wild rocky places and the borders of mountain streams.

What joy it is in distant climes to meet
Some dear old Friend!
How the heart bounds the well-known face to greet!
Whilst crowding memories, both sad and sweet,
Their discords blend
In our soul's harmony of gladdest tone;
And gasping forth
The bliss-drowned words, we cry, "My dear! My own!"
Almost so felt I, when before me shone,
On foreign earth,
The blue-eyed Speedwell of my childish days,
As blue, as bright,
As when on hedge-row banks it met my gaze;
Although my darling here a form displays
Of growth and height
Maturer in their loveliness, as though
The baby-flower
I left at home, beneath its guardian-bough,
Had grown up since, and won but even now
Her beauty's dower
In its full wealth and glory. Thus, whene'er
I meet those eyes,
So blue and bright, a breath of English air
Seems wafted o'er me, and a landscape fair,
'Neath chequered skies,
Comes, like a vision, veiling out the truth
Of bare, gaunt trees,
Harsh rocks, deep glens, and dark ravines uncouth;
And in forgotten haunts of early youth
The exile sees
A girl—her hands and basket over-brimmed
With blossoms fair;
Foxgloves, and fern; white daisies, rosy-rimmed;
Lake-lilies, with their inner light undimmed;
And, on her hair,
Wreath'd bindweed's graceful leaves and silver bells,
With Bryony.
Each loved Home-flower some pleasant story tells,
Till one dear voice the whole fair dream dispels,
Recalling me
From English girlhood to the matron life
Of later years,
With change and trial, shade and sorrow rife,
Yet bringing, to the Mother and the Wife,
More joy than tears.

IN CHARGE.

During the course of a tolerably eventful life, it has frequently been my luck to be "in charge." Looking back through a vista of ten intervening years, the words occur to me in connexion with the Vine-street station-house and the discoloured eye of a drunken and pugnacious cabman; but that was in my salad days. Since then, I cannot count the number of my

charges: I have been in charge of old ladies, maiden aunts, and such-like antique virgins, whom I have uncomplainingly escorted to Exeter Hall oratorios, scientific lectures, and other uproarious dissipations provided for the pleasure-seeking feeble. I have been in charge of pretty cousins, and pretty girls not cousins, at the Zoological and Botanic Gardens, at pic-nic parties and aquatic excursions. I have been in charge of a man with a letter of introduction from a friend in the country, a dreadful person.

But now, at seven o'clock on a March night, I have a charge of great responsibility. As I stand upon the platform of the London-bridge station, looking upon my interesting charge, which is arriving in relays, I begin to feel its importance, and a slight inward qualmishness lest anything should go wrong. Let me lose but one of these square tin boxes; and the war-worn soldier, who for months has manfully baffled the attacks of an insidious climate and a bloodthirsty enemy, and whose long watches, forced marches, and protracted exposure to heat and damp, have been cheered by the thought that those loved ones at home still wore him in their hearts and remembered him in their prayers, will droop and pine at their supposed neglect. If I even be retarded in my mission, it may chance that the senior partner in the great Calcutta house of Roupee, Anna, Pice, and Company, finding that his pressing letters to his English correspondents remain unanswered, and that no advices of remittances have arrived, will retire to his elegant house at Ballygunge, where thirty crawling servants tremble at his frown, and, putting a pistol to his head, will terminate a career of fifty hard-working, anxious years. I am "Messenger in the service of her Britannic Majesty, charged with the despatches and mails of her Majesty's Post-office, proceeding to Alexandria, viâ Marseilles;" and, if the wearing of a cap with a red band and a V.R. and crown, worked in gold twist, and the slinging round my body of a black leather despatch-case, adorned with the aforenamed V.R. and the words "Officer in charge of Indian Mail"—if these, I say, constitute an official "swell," that swell am I.

The London-bridge station is so familiar to me, that my presence there seems quite an ordinary matter, and scarcely helps me to realise the object of my mission. I have seen my interesting charge, consisting of seventy-eight boxes, addressed to various parts of the Eastern world, securely locked in a van, and have settled myself comfortably in the corner of a first-class carriage, when I find my costume and equipments begin to make an impression. Two young ladies sitting opposite to me are evidently hit by the military cap and the gold twisted V.R. and crown, coupling which with the fact of my wearing a moustache, one of the girls, in a stifled, but audible whisper, communicates to her friend her belief that I am an "officer." Knowing this to be the grandest earthly position in girlhood's dream, I feel proportionately proud, but immediately sink horribly in my self-esteem, when the friend, after a critical scrutiny, pronounces in the same whisper the word "Militia!" In the mean time, an old gentleman, sitting at my right, has been taking stock of me, under cover of his newspaper, and has been going through a course of acrobatical evolutions in his endeavours to make out the gilt letters on my despatch-case. At last he hands me his newspaper with a benevolent smirk, remarking, with a sweeping and comprehensive glance which takes in the top of my cap and the soles of my boots, that "it will probably be some time before I see another English journal!" He takes me for a Queen's messenger. "Wonderful profession; here, there, and everywhere; quite realises the motto of the marines, Per mare, per terram; I may almost say, Hic et ubique." I then fall asleep, and am aroused by the guard's asking for my ticket at Dover.

Scarcely have I set foot upon the platform of the Dover station, before I am seized upon by an active gentleman, who informs me that he is the postmaster, and, clapping a pen into one of my hands, and a printed time-bill into the other, begs me to make an entry of the number of my boxes. Propping the document against the wall, I comply, and, on turning round, see a dozen men flinging themselves into the van containing the sacred deposit, and bearing it off piecemeal. I follow in their wake across the dark road, at the corner of which the Lord Warden stretches out his broad arms hospitably, and invites me to linger, past the line of harbour-skirting, white-faced hotels, and down to the Admiralty pier. Here lies the Ondine, her passengers on board, her steam up, nobody but me waited for.

The importance of my charge has no effect upon the Channel passage, which is exactly the same as usual. Having seen my boxes piled round the funnel, I descend, for refreshment purposes, to the cabin, already filled with groaning black bundles, containing the bodies of foreigners. I eat my sandwiches and drink my brandy-and-water in the steward's sanctum, surrounded by rattling glasses and clanking plates, and return to the deck to smoke my cigar. There, huddling under the lee of the chimney (for the wind is blowing stiffly by this time), I find a French lady and gentleman in that dreadful stage of forced mirth which, on board ship, is the immediate precursor of violent illness. At every roll of the little boat the gentleman laughs in an ecstatic but unnatural manner; at every pitch, the lady screams with terror, not entirely feigned. But they both bear up bravely, lastly profess themselves entirely unincommoded by my cigar, and when I, with the practical humour of my nation, suggest that a taste of Cognac will quell all internal disturbance and restore them to their wonted health, the gentleman takes such a pull at my proffered travelling-flask that he is immediately incapacitated from speech or action, and, commending Madame to my care, retires to the vessel's side, over which he hangs like Punch

over the front of his theatre, and is deadly ill. On Madame the act of brushing her lips with the cup of the flask has had a much more pleasant effect; she no longer fears the motion of the vessel; and, except when a roll of extra power causes her to clasp my shoulder tightly, she has her "sea legs" on, and maintains her equilibrium excellently. She is good enough to entertain me with elegant extracts from her family history, and narrates how she was born at Lyons, educated at Paris, married a professor of the cooking art, who bore her to London; how she is established as a milliner in our own metropolis; how she finds her life there excessively "triste;" and how rejoiced she is at the holiday she is now about to spend in Paris, under the convoy of her husband's brother—who is seen in the distance sacrificing to Neptune.

This family history is only checked by our arrival at Calais pier, between the two jetties of which we paddle slowly on, and is brought to an abrupt termination by our further arrival at the Calais quay, seen through a drifting snow-storm which has just commenced. Here my importance is duly acknowledged! No sooner do the illustrious cap and crown gleam in the feeble lamplight, than the shrieking, wrangling porters who have cast themselves upon the boat and the luggage from the moment we came alongside, burst forth into a demoniac chorus of "Hé, donc! là, donc! v'là M'sieu le Courier Anglais! Place là pour M'sieu le Courier Anglais!" and I, Mr. the English Courier, am handed up the treacherous, sea-soaked, slippery ladder, first, of all the Ondine's passengers. Her Britannic Majesty possesses at Calais a mail-agent whose duty it is to attend to the proper landing of the bags and boxes, in the person of an old gentleman remarkable for nothing but speaking the worst French ever heard, so that Mr. the English Courier has nothing to do but to follow the thin porter who bears aloft his portmanteau, and to declare to the innocence of its contents at the custom-house. The custom-house officers are civil; they merely repeat the phrase concerning the English Courier, open the box, and immediately close it again; but it is not until I enter the passport-office that I know how great a man I really am. He is there, that old man with the square, parchment-skinned face, the skull-cap, the deep bass voice, he, before whom I have trembled a score of times, as with a searching glance through his spectacles he asked me my name, my age, and the place of my destination; and then, skimming some sand over my passport, handed it to me as though it were my death-warrant! But the cap and crown have their charms even on him! He looks at the passport, utters a guttural sound which by a happy chance I divine to be intended for my name, relieves me from the necessity of mentioning my age before some twenty bystanders by not hinting at the odious subject, but boldly, though supergraphically, dashes at my destination: "Pour Constantinople, m'sieu?" "Non, m'sieu!" I reply, with a tinge of shame at not being bound for the Golden Horn, "pour Alexandrie et Le Caire." "Bien, m'sieu." Rhadamanthus approves: "bon voyage!" This courtesy overcomes me, and I take refuge in the restaurant and a cup of bouillon.

This refection is half over (that is to say, I have eaten the grease and am arriving at the broth), when a gentleman hurries up to me, and addressing me as Mr. the English Courier, introduces himself as Mr. the French Courier and my fellow-traveller and comrade. He is a portly gentleman, of middle height, and middle age, with a pleasant frank face, wearing the imperial moustache and beard, and buttoned to the throat in a tight frock-coat, on the breast of which is—I need scarcely say—the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He orders a glass of brandy, and as he sips it, tells me that our boat is much behind its time, and that he fears we may miss the Marseilles express: in which case we shall have to take a special train and endeavour to catch it on the road; then he politely conducts me to the carriage which is to be our home for the night. This carriage is a large van—perhaps twelve feet long by six broad, and divided into two compartments, in one of which I find my mail-boxes already stowed away; the sides and roof are painted a bright sky blue, which is well known to be a good business colour, and one which will bear rough usage; and though the van was expressly built for the conveyance of these mails, and has probably never been used for any other purpose, on each side is a large inscription, "Emplacement des Caisses"—place for the mail-boxes. The other compartment, which is seen through a doorway, over which hanging curtains are looped back, seems, by contrast, a perfect little bower, and it keeps up its character on closer inspection. On either side is a large, well-cushioned, broad, comfortable seat, which would be a sofa for a dwarf, and affords a pleasant lounge even for a person possessing the length of limb allotted to the present writer; the floor is covered with a fleecy rug; and on a bracket screwed against the wall, stands a handsome moderator-lamp. After the dismal voyage, the dank pier, and the solemn dreariness of the custom-house and passport-office, there is a warmth and cosiness in this little nook which is inexpressibly reviving. When I am inducted into its recesses by my new-found friend, who does the honours with all the courtesy of a host, for the first time since leaving home I experience a sensation of comfort.

With much shrieking and whistling; with bows and "good journeys" from the attendant porters, to whom I have administered drink-money; with "God bless you," and other affectionate wishes from the British mail-agent whom I have never seen before, and may, perhaps, never see again, and who yet addresses me as his "boy," and bestows on me much paternal affection; we start forth into the night. No sooner are we in motion, than my comrade proceeds to make himself comfortable. As is the case with all Frenchmen, his toilet is a sacred mystery; but, far away in the dark recesses of the other compartment amongst the quivering

iron mail-boxes, I discern him denuding himself of his shining boots, and donning easy slippers, casting aside the tight buttoned coat and replacing it by a loose gaberdine, running a pocket-comb through the Napoleonic beard, and finally fixing the well-fitting wig. When he reappears, and is again within the focus of the garish eye of the moderator, he drags with him a curious looking bundle, which he leaves on the confines of outer darkness, and bears in one hand a Lyons sausage: in the other, a bottle of Médoc. Bidden to his hospitable board, I propose a pic-nic, and produce from my own portmanteau a cold fowl and some sherry; we have no knives nor forks, and no glasses, but the fowl is tender, and recollecting an old German student experience, I indoctrinate my companion into the right method of taking a long and deep "schlug," or draught, from the mouth of the bottle, which at once establishes me in his good opinion. Supper over, we each light pipes, and my friend exhibits, in the curious-looking bundle, a perfect well of sheepskin with the wool inside, in which he steeps himself to the waist, looping the end over his head. The night is bitter cold, and I heap all my rugs round me, and sit peacefully smoking, wondering how long ago it is since I left home, and watching Mr. the French Courier, whose pipe gradually slips from between his lips, whose beard spreads out into a shapeless fan under the pressure of his fallen chin, and who is soon fast asleep.

So, on through the dark night we rush: I in a state of semi-excitement through the novelty of my situation, of semi-somnolence through my extra fatigue, dropping off into vague sleep-snatchings from which I am aroused by sudden stoppages of the train, by lamp-flittings, foot-patterings, and demoniac shouts of foreign names, rendered doubly frightful by prolonged howling and rapid iteration. He is a bold man who, roused from an unquiet sleep, can look upon a Judas-like bearded face at his carriage window, and listen to a yell of "Dou-*ai!*" or "Ar-*ras!*" in the dead of night, without fear and trembling! So, on through the leaden dawn of morning, when I rouse myself, cold, numbed, and unrefreshed, with a horrible consciousness of dirt and travel-stains and unkempt hair, and blear through the clouded window at flitting white-faced stations, sat hivering blouse-bedecked pointsmen, at the whole tribe of guards, porters, and wheel-greasers who come like shadows and so depart, leaving me, my slumbering comrade and my seventy-eight clattering, rocking, self-bruising mail-boxes as the only entities in this phantom journey. So, on through the growing light and sunshine, through rapidly increasing suburbs and places known to me in old times as holiday resorts and good localities for outside the barrier fêtes, past Franconville, Ermont, Enghien, Epinay, past Saint-Denis, where at Easter and Whitsuntide so many even to the present day disport themselves without their heads, in laudable imitation of the presiding genius of the place, until, with a protracted scream which awakes my companion and brings him in an instant to his bearings in the matter of dress and equipment, we rattle into Paris.

Agitel lil Shaitan—Hurry is the Devil's—says the Arabic proverb; to which I firmly subscribe, when I find that my stay in my much-beloved Paris is not to exceed half an hour; when I find that the wheels of our travelling-van have no sooner ceased revolving than the door is thrown open, and a stalwart lithe-limbed porter in a blue blouse, springs upon the outworks of the mail-boxes, and, after a rapid greeting of "Good morning, Mr. the Couriers," commences hurling chest after chest into the arms of a similarly-attired individual, who in his turn transfers them to a third, who deposits them in a magic circle round him on the ground. My comrade and I squeeze through the door and past the flying boxes, and count each off, as it whirls from the nimble hands of Eugène, brushes against the broad breast of Adolphe, and is finally received into the out-spread arms of Pierre. To us, presents himself a man of great authority, dressed in sombre and official black, but whose dignity is somewhat lowered by his wearing a schoolboy's round cap, who, with many gesticulations and few words, informs us that we have missed the regular Marseilles express, but that a special train is in waiting at the other terminus, and that if we hurry we may overtake the fugitives at the station, where they stop for dinner. The tale of the boxes is complete and verified, I have rewarded Eugène and Adolphe with "for-drink" money, and am pressing francs into the waving hands of Pierre, who is telegraphing maniacally to some distant object. It approaches: a yellow waggon on springs, driven by a man in jack-boots, with a shiny hat and a red cockade, and drawn by four splendid wild grey horses. With a volley of execrations of such strength that they seem to rattle against his teeth as they rush out of his mouth, the driver brings his plunging, kicking team round to the side of the train, and in almost less time than it takes to write, Eugène, Pierre, and Adolphe, supplemented by others who have joined us at the arrival of the waggon, have flung into it the seventy-eight mail-boxes, piling them one on the other in reckless confusion; have pitched me on to a small wooden seat immediately inside the door; have assisted my comrade to clamber up beside the driver; and are seen in the distance in paroxysms of courteous bows. The horses, urged to the top of their speed, rattle at a tremendous pace through the streets, gazed after and cursed by the scattered population, and the waggon is so swung and jolted and banged about, that to remain on my seat is impossible, and I consequently fall on my knees, in the midst of a shower of mail-boxes which descends around me. Pressing my back firmly against the foremost pile, and spreading out my arms to the widest extent, to restrain all I can from falling, jerked off my balance at every rut, and suffering from temporary concussions of the brain at two-minute intervals, I am not sorry when, with one final bang, we grate up against the portico of the terminus on the Boulevard Mazas.

As it is now nearly nine hours since we pic-nic'd in the van immediately after leaving Calais, and as the pangs of hunger are beginning to assert themselves, I suggest to my companion an adjournment to the refreshment-room of the station: the doors of which stand invitingly open, and whence comes a maddening smell. But he shrugs his shoulders negatively, and, while smiling at my ignorance, expresses himself desolated to be compelled to make me know that we must be immediately again on the road. Nevertheless, he adds, looking round, hope does not fail him that he will be enabled in some manner to meet the wishes of Monsieur. "Ah, la v'là!"—there she is!—he will have the honour of presenting me to Madame. Indeed, at that minute, Madame, stout, comely, and middle-aged, issues from one of the offices on the platform, and is immediately embraced by my comrade, who introduces me with impressive ceremony—profoundly ignorant of my name, but strong on my official designation. Madame, as I afterwards learn, is a Lyonnaise, and has the bright black beady eyes, the ruddy, bronzed complexion, the fresh, gleaming teeth, and the large hands and coarse features, of her countrywomen. Madame is by no means a woman to be despised on account of her personal appearance; but oh! she is dearer to me on account of a basket which is suspended on her arm—a basket from the lid of which peeps forth the neck of a long bottle, and through whose cracks are seen visions of a white napkin! Short time for greeting is accorded to husband and wife; only hurried inquiries as to the welfare of little Dodo can be made and responded to; for the special train is announced as ready, and we must hurry into it. But we take the basket with us, and, long before we have escaped from the suburbs, while we hurry through the outskirts of the town, and yet catch glimpses of its bustle and animation, we are again deep into the mysteries of Lyons sausage, and have again made acquaintance with some excellent Médoc.

The meal over, the misery of the journey commences, and, truth to tell, is continued thence until our arrival at Marseilles. The country through which we pass, is flat, dreary, and monotonous, save in the immediate neighbourhood of Lyons. Even there, it is not sufficiently beautiful to cause enthusiasm, and my comrade and I, two men of different countries, habits, and modes of life, and with but a few hours' acquaintance, cannot possibly have any subjects of common interest. We talk, it is true; he tells me of his private life, how that he is invariably chosen, when the Emperor travels, to act as courier to the imperial cortége, how he conducts himself on these occasions, and how the Emperor infallibly addresses to him words of respect and admiration. Deeming this in my own heart to be a fabrication, and not wishing the national honour of England to be outdone (as I feel it would be, were I not to be as distinguished as the representative of France), I with great tact draw off the conversation to the subject of field-sports, and depict in the most glowing colours a fox-hunt in which I enacted the principal part, and covered myself with glory. I succeed, my friend is crushed, but vaulting ambition overleaps itself and meets its proper reward; henceforth there is no confidence between us, we bore each other horribly, and as the day drags on and a cold dull grey twilight creeps over us, I feel horrible promptings to fling myself bodily on my companion and do him some mortal injury. At nightfall, we stop somewhere and dine together, and are social, and clink glasses, and say something about that celebrated "cordial understanding," but all the warmth vanishes when we again return to our van, where I wrap myself, like January, and where the French Courier, knee-deep in his sheepskin muffler, throws a gigantic shadow on the wall, reminding me of a caricature of an influenza'd old gentleman with his feet in a pail of hot water. So, on through the night; and so, on till six in the morning, when we find ourselves rushing into Marseilles, with a heavy snow-storm driving round us.

A portion of the Marseilles terminus is devoted to post-office purposes, and hither I repair to fetch the French mail for India, which should be ready made up, and awaiting my arrival. I enter a large room occupied by half a dozen men, four of whom are lazily making up the mail, pitching letters and newspapers into the various boxes scattered about the floor with the greatest composure, and stopping at intervals to exchange jokes: while a fifth lounges from group to group, smoking a cigar, under pretence of superintending. The sixth man stands patiently by, bearing a small caldron of boiling sealing-wax. I address myself to the cigar-smoker, and, knowing that the steamer is waiting for me, demand with some slight asperity whether the mail is ready? No, he frankly confesses, it is not! Sacred name of war, there has been some delay! To him the fault, perhaps, but it imports not. Now, let us go! let us make haste! Thousand thunders, let us make haste!

But they do not make haste, neither do they do their business decently; and their rickety wooden boxes, with the tops badly nailed on and bedaubed with a splodge of parti-coloured wax, contrast unfavourably with my trim iron chests. The cigar-smoker, too, is evidently not a second Cocker, and the tremendous struggle which goes on inside him as he is making out and casting the way-bill, is a sight. But he finishes this document at last, and after transferring various blots with his finger from the paper to his hair, he takes it up in triumph, and requests me to accompany him to the office of his chief.

Thither we proceed, and there we find—the chief himself: a hard-featured man, with close-cropped hair and thick, stubbly beard, like the caricatures of Frenchmen popular in cheap comic publications: and the chief's wife, whom it is very refreshing to look upon, as she is young and very pretty, and is

dressed in an airy, gauzy, becoming, and thoroughly French manner. After presentations she transfers to me the attentions she has been lavishing on an Italian greyhound, and explains that the reason she is up at this terribly early hour is that she is going off by the train-of-great-swiftness to Paris, and that on such an occasion she would have arisen in the middle of the night, or never gone to bed at all, so anxious is she to get away from Marseilles. "And thou, too"—this again to the greyhound—"and thou, too, Fanchette, thou too hast wearied thyself like thy mistress in this beast of a city!" And now the chief advances, with the way-bill properly signed, and I make my bow to Madame, and ascend another omnibus; but, this time, one of inferior quality, and drawn by only two heavy horses. In our short progress to the quay I gaze with wonder on the yoked oxen, on the gigantic mules with their gaudy trappings and their jingling bells, on the swarthy faces and picturesque semi-Spanish dresses of their drivers, and on the quaint head-dresses, the silver arrows, and high combs of the female peasantry.

At the quay, I find my old companion the Courier waiting to take leave of me; the boxes are once more counted and stowed away in three large flat-bottomed boats, exactly like our Thames punts; and in the last of these, after a fervent embrace from my late comrade, I start off, am pulled alongside the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Niger, which, with her steam up, is awaiting my arrival. The engines presently begin to throb, the paddles to revolve, and I realise to myself that I am on the Mediterranean, and am entering on my Second and Last Flight—bound for the East!

THE COLONEL'S CRICKET-MATCH.

For two years the "town" of Hythe had given the garrison (or School of Musketry) a thorough beating at cricket. Our colonel, formerly a capital player, was a great patron of the game, and he felt these defeats sorely. It happened that when the "town" sent a third annual challenge, there were at the School of Musketry two lads in the Rifles who had acquired some fame with the bat and ball; Southey and myself. Southey had been captain of the Eton eleven for two years, and at that time we could muster a very fair eleven; I think our gallant colonel wavered in consenting to the match for one minute, and no more. He feared that the School might be beaten three years in succession; but he was too true a cricketer at heart to think twice about *that*, and a day was fixed for our match. What a ground it was! A large and level piece of Kentish turf on the edge of a mile of beach. No waving trees to fringe your line of sight; no dark hedges behind the bowler's arm; no shadows, but, sun in or sun out, all clear and light; with the shingle stretching down far and away to the blue waters of the English Channel. The wicket itself was almost *too* good—for the bowlers at least. It had no dead spots, no lively ones; no chance for "shooters," none for "bumpers;" and, when you had bowled your finest and straightest, you could only feel you had done your best, and thank your stars that your ball was "stopped," and stopped only.

There was a proper telegraph to show the "runs got" and the "wickets down." There were tents and spectators in abundance. There were the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters of the good town of Hythe, all gathered together to see their side win; and a gay crowd they were, nearly all gaily dressed. But not half so gay as our lookers on, who numbered men or officers from nearly every regiment in the service. We had no fathers or mothers or sisters to look at us, but we had between two and three hundred brothers, Guardsmen, Highlanders, Riflemen, Sappers, Artillery, Marines, Dragoons, Linesmen, Company's officers, red, green, and blue, each with many kinds of facings, all mixed up together; every conceivable uniform and corps (even Africans from a West India regiment), all there in a great crowd, waiting to see how the match went for the School. Away, on the other side of the ground, in a cluster by themselves, but at the proper angle for seeing the play, were the club players from the neighbouring country clubs; honest enemies of each other, probably, and of Hythe certainly. There was our veteran colonel, too, just as anxious and silent as if he were going to lead us all into the thick of a battle.

The town won the toss for innings, and put their men in first. I bowled at one end through the whole of the innings on that hot summer's day, and hard work it was. One of our adversaries scored 70 off his own bat: they totalled 138. Betting two to one on the Town.

We went in for our innings. Old Southey and I only made 10 or 12 each, both given out "leg before wicket." Our side made a total of 73, which left us 65 to the bad—and very bad it was. Our dear old colonel, attired in uniform, had stood most of the time of the first innings, attentively watching the game: sometimes with the town party friends, sometimes with ours. He always gave a word of encouragement to our lucky ones, and a word of kindness to the unlucky. But as the innings got on, and our eleven were falling fast in making that miserable 73, he suddenly disappeared. We thought he had gone away disgusted. The match went on. We were 73 to their 138 when they went in for their second innings; and, if ever two fellows were determined to bowl out our foes, they were Southey and myself. We played fiercely, for we knew well that now was the time when we must either do or die. Southey, though a good bowler and "field," and a terrific hitter, excelled most at the wicket; and that day he outdid himself. He caught two of the town off my first "over," stumped two in my second, and caught number five in my third "over"—all clever catches, and clever stumps too. Southey bowled slow twisters at

one end, and I bowled "round" at the other. We bowled all we knew, and our field worked like tigers. What mischief we meant the telegraph soon showed—"7 wickets down and 21 runs!"

Just then, at a slight pause in the game when I went up to Southey he pointed away to a tent on the far side of the ground, and there, peering round the corner of the canvas, was our tall grey colonel, *dressed in plain clothes*. He had not relished the crowd of spectators when the day was going against us; but although, while confident of our success, he did not care who saw him or talked to him; he could not bear to be seen or spoken to while we were losing; yet he could not resist seeing out the match, and had taken up his position by the tent, stealthily, alone, and in plain clothes. Southey and I didn't bowl any the worse when we knew who was looking at us from behind the tent.

It fell out that the swell Town eleven, who in their first innings had kept us hard at it for four hours, were now disposed of in three-quarters of an hour, and for 30 runs! The excitement was now intense, the fire of the match was worked up to its utmost heat. We had 96 runs to get to win, and it was just on the cards that we might do it. Still, chances and betting were against us; for the ground was not what it was when we began: it was much cut up between wickets; the hot sun and the play had dried it, and made it lumpy and untrue. Southey and I sloped over to the colonel. We felt that he had more interest in the game, than even we had ourselves. He scarcely spoke: all he said was, "You couldn't have done more in the bowling than you did: the match isn't lost yet." Sergeant-Major McJug, of the Sappers, one of our best bats, went to the wicket first with Winterburn, a lieutenant in H.M. Foot. McJug was bowled out the first ball. It was painful to see the colonel's expression as the sergeant's wicket fell. "Jim," said old Southey, who was captain of our team, "go in; cut over the slow bowling; when Winterburn's out, I'll join you, and if you die first, I'll follow." I went in. The first ball they bowled me was slow, overpitched, and to leg. I got hold of it, and sent it a good way towards the sea. We ran 4. The telegraph soon showed "10" towards the "96." Winterburn "mopped up" two or three more, was bowled out, and then Southey joined me. Presently the telegraph showed 20, when the other side took off their slow bowler and made a set to separate us; for they guessed we meant mischief. Every ball came straight on the wicket, and their fielding was first-rate. I think I see old Southey now: he has a peculiar way of stopping a good ball, thundering down on it as if he meant to batter it into little bits. They tried every dodge on the slate, and puzzled us considerably; they put on bowler after bowler, till I think every man in the eleven had his shy at us; but they could not get us out. At last "60," our old number, showed itself, and told us that the neck of our work was broken. Southey and I were happy then. We were "well in:" we had collared the bowling: we were strong, and cared for no ball they could bowl. "Even if we fall," we said, "surely the fellows to follow, can make the runs now."

It was about this time, in changing ends for a quiet single, that Southey called over to me in an Irish whisper, "Look at the colonel!" There he was, *in his staff uniform*, in the thickest of the line of lookers-on, a head taller than most of them, chatting gaily to everybody who came in his way. He had been home and had put on his gayest uniform, now that he saw we were sure to win.

The rest is easily told. The loose balls we hit for fours and fives; the good ones we put away for singles. 70, 80, and 90, followed on the telegraph in quick succession, and Southey at length made the winning hit for "96," and the day was ours. We had made our 80 runs in less than two hours, and carried out our bats; so you may guess that H.M. Rifles were at a premium that day. After the match was over the colonel walked up to the wicket where we had fought all day, and looked it over as cricketers will look. He was as perfectly happy as a man may wish to be: his face literally shone with delight and pride; and I am sure he would have given a hundred pounds rather than we had lost the match. Of course Southey and I were with him, and it did our hearts good to hear him thank us for "winning the match for *him*."

THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

I.

"Mary's late i' coming home, mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron ower thy head and run down t' garden to look if she's i' sight: she suld ha' been home long afore this. T' clock's upo' t' stroke o' ten."

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low moaning of the midsummer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honeysuckle as a rustic porch should be, and with a narrow path edged with golden St. John's wort straight down to the gate. There was no open prospect on either hand, for the hedges were high and the shrubs thick, but once at the gate, you could look far over the upland fields, and trace for nearly a mile across them the footpath leading to Heckerdyke. The Wards' was a lone house amongst the fields, with a dense planted hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. They could not watch the curl of a neighbour's smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood, but thence they could see Heckerdyke in the hollow two miles distant, and the haze of other smaller villages in the valley further away. It was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm, and beautiful, and the melancholy whusking in the leaves only seemed to deepen the stillness. When Alice had stood for some minutes peering steadfastly at the white road, she said, "I can't make her

out, mother; let us walk a bit a' t' way to meet her."

"I don't mind if we do, only let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path without there being much talk between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended, for, coming to an inconvenient stile beside a great pond called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding. "She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. Sit thee down, Alice; I'm well-nigh tired myself." So they rested on the plank put through the bars by way of steps, Alice above her mother, and both with their faces set towards Heckerdyke. Ash-pool laved the long meadow grass almost close to their feet, and when the swaying of the boughs permitted it, the broken moonlight shone through on the water with silvery brightness. It was a lovely spot. The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds fired Alice's half-sleepy eyes, and she stared at them until she fancied she saw something white moving out of the black shade on the further bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by mysel'—there's something not right about the pool to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through as I have heard old-fashioned folks say we do when anybody is walking over the place where we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face towards the water, and replied, "I remember hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was ha'nted, but I've passed it mysel' at all hours, an' i' all weathers, an' I never saw or heard anything. There's nought i' this world worse than ourselves, an' you've no call to be afeard, Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The ash-boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the blackest and deepest of the pool, where the trees arched over like a cavern roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back!" cried she, springing suddenly from her seat. "It gives me such a feel you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an' fancies for she doesn't know what," responded her mother; "but come thy ways; if Mary was over-persuaded to stay supper at thy aunt's, there's no telling but she may stop all night, or if she doesn't Jack'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice set off down the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her, when Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice? One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! *thee* talking o' being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-mallows, wetting thy skirts and catching cold i' thy feet! Don't run, bairn; who does thee think's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the house-place quickly, and as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother's eyes the prettiest girl in Rivisdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. They had been well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was twenty-one, and was engaged soon to be married to Farmer Goodhugh, of Rookwood End; but Mary was only seventeen, and had no avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development, as her firm, agile walk and graceful movements showed. Cultivation could not have improved her much; nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique women. Living all her life in that lone house, amongst the woods and fields, taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her mental efforts; but she was a clever dairy-woman on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, roots, bees, and flowers; she was weather-wise, too, and could tell by the signs in the sky whether it would be fair or foul in Rivisdale day by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dressmaking with Miss Timble, at Heckerdyke, but Alice had always stayed at home to help her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a monthly visit to the village schoolroom where the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of that excellent Dorcas the rector's wife, and after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to join her and little Mary and set them home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and between the young people there was an attachment warm, strong, and true. Alice was a woman of very deep feeling; her affection for her mother, and especially for little Mary, partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"I think it is a craze I've got to-night, mother," said she, looking dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them; "for now I am away from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none of that, at all events," re-

plied Mrs. Ward; and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket resolutely. "Mary'll not come home to-night; she's stayed at her aunt's, or Miss Timble's got a press o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek her; she's stayed away many's the night before, an' I never felt like this."

"What's come ower thee, bairn! longings an' feelings, such a fash! What can ail thee?"

"That's just what I don't know, mother."

"Nor nobody else either. Get thee to bed, and thee'll soon forget all about it."

Alice felt herself very foolish, but very uncomfortable, as she obeyed her mother's mandate, and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and Mary were accustomed to occupy together. The little lattice had not been closed, and, looking out, there were the fields and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design, until her mother's movements in the adjoining room ceased, and then putting a plaid shawl over her head she crept down stairs, unlocked the back door, and was away across the first field before the aimlessness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed to herself, and said, "It *is* fond; what has Ash-pool to do with Mary, or Mary to do with Ash-pool? But as I have got out I'll go on." And reasoning with herself thus, she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the stile where she and her mother rested before.

Al. was just as still, just as beautiful, just as softly mysterious as when she left it; the water dimpling in the moonlight, and the great ash-boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking across it, and blaming herself for her folly, and hoping her mother would not discover her absence for ever so long. Indeed, she made no attempt to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. And as she sat there flowed irresistibly over her mind vivid recollections of certain things she had read in her few books, especially of Christian towing to the shores of the waters of Death, and then taking leave of wife and children before going over the flood alone; but suddenly she was startled from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing across the field where there was no pathway, straight towards Ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and, springing forward, caught her in her arms. Then a struggle ensued; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might; but Alice had clasped her firmly round the body, and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she purposely dropped to the ground herself, pulling Mary with her, and there held her with a more gentle restraint.

Mary's efforts to escape ceased gradually, and she fell into a quivering, moaning, sobbing agony, with her head resting on her sister's knees, and her pretty long yellow hair all loose about her face and neck. Alice put it away, and, bending down, kissed her soft cheek, and then lifted her up, and made her rest against her breast with the fondest tenderness.

"You have got into trouble, Mary darling; but all's not over yet," said she. "I've been sent here to save you from doing a great sin."

"Who sent you?"

"It was God himself, Mary. I've had it borne in upon my mind all night to come and seek you by Ash-pool."

Mary said nothing for several minutes, but at last, in a gush of tears, she broke out: "Oh, Alice! what shall I do—what shall I do? You'd better have let me go. I'd have been lying like a stone at the bottom now!"

"Nay, Mary; your poor body would, but *you* would ha' been standing afore the throne o' God's justice."

"I don't think he'd be as hard as Miss Timble, Alice, if I was."

Alice was silent for a little while, and then thinking Mary somewhat quietened, she began to say, "You'll go home now, Mary?"

"No, no; I daren't, Alice—I daren't!" And then the circumstances, or the consequences, of her calamity overpowered her reason again, and, with vehement cries, she renewed her efforts to escape. Alice was so excited that she did not see her mother until she was close upon them. The old woman had heard her stealthy departure, had dressed herself, and followed her out into the fields. Some way off she had heard Mary's agonised voice. Now she loved Alice, but little Mary was the idol and darling of her mother's heart; and when she saw the strange, unnatural strife, she stood for a moment paralysed; but Mary had seen her, and was still.

"We will take her home, mother," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, yes, we'll take her home, to be sure—take her home. Come, Mary dear, come now an' be good." And Mrs. Ward put her arm round her waist and lifted her up.

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm not worth it—I'm not worth it," sobbed Mary, drawing herself away.

"We are none on us worth much, but thou art our Mary, an' thee must come wi' thy mother an' thy sister, let what will ha' happened thee. I say nought, only thee must come home."

"Oh, mother, that it should be me to break thy heart and shame Alice afore everybody! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead."

"Hearts take a deal o' breaking, Mary, that has their help i' the Lord Almighty," was Mrs. Ward's answer; and then she said to Alice, with an involuntary sigh, "Take hold of her, and let us get her home."

It was a miserable walk. Mary cried hysterically, and twice again made her insane efforts to get back to Ash-pool. It was something, indeed, to thank God for aloud, as Mrs. Ward did, when

they had her safe in the house-place and the door locked. They put her into the great chair that had been her father's, and Alice kindled the fire, while her mother sat still and soothed the unhappy girl as well as she might. But Mary was not in a condition to listen or profit much. She was sensible that they whom she had most dreaded to see had taken her to their hearts and had not reproached her; but she was sensible also that she was a wicked girl, who had brought shame and sorrow upon all belonging to her, and that her own troubles were but just begun. Miss Timble had made her understand that too distinctly ever to be effaced from her memory. Neither Mrs. Ward nor Alice asked a single question, though what had happened came upon them like a thunder-clap; for the present they were only intent on getting Mary quietened and put to rest. This was not easy of accomplishment: she rejected food, and declared she would starve herself to death—she would not live to be a disgrace to everybody who loved her—if she were in her grave they would forgive and forget her by-and-by.

"Hush! Mary darling, don't talk like that," said Alice; "if God forgives thee, surely thy mother an' thy sister can."

"Miss Timble said you couldn't, and that the best thing I could do would be to die out of the way."

"Miss Timble has not had the same temptations fro' the flesh an' the devil as thee, Mary, or she'd know better than to speak like that. If thee sins no more thy mother's heart will never turn again thee; we maun't try to be more just than God, Alice. Thee has been very wrong, but thee belongs to us, Mary, if thee had been ten times as wrong; I ha' no right an' no desire to cut thee off. Alice, a sup o' hot tea would do all o' us good. Mary'll drink out o' my cup."

And when the tea was made, Mary was prevailed on to put her trembling lips to it and drink, and then she let herself be taken up-stairs, undressed, and laid on the bed without any resistance, only now and then she looked wonderingly in her mother's face, as if what was passing bewildered her, and every few minutes a convulsive fit of sobs and tears shook her slight frame from head to foot.

Alice busied herself in folding up her sister's clothes, and when that was done she stood by the bed foot, looking pityingly at Mary, until her mother spoke. "Go thee to my bed, Alice; I'll sleep with thy sister to-night, for the less she gets talking the better." So Alice went away and shut the door.

But Mary could not sleep, and before the morning she had confessed herself to her mother—her love and her weakness, her misery and her despair. It was not without some entreaty that Mary would tell the name of him who had deceived her; but at last, having exacted a promise of silence from her mother, she did so. Nothing was likely to astonish Mrs. Ward after the lamentable discovery of her darling's frailty, and when she heard the name of the rector's son, she only sighed and said, "Who could have thought it!"

Good people are often awfully severe; the next day Mrs. Ward had this severity to suffer. She was alone in the house-place, about noon, Alice and Mary being together up-stairs, when she saw the erect, solemn figure of the rector coming over the fields. She did not meet him reverentially at the gate, as her custom was, but let him knock at the door, and then silently admitted him. The rector was not an unkind man at heart, but he was rather magisterial in his office; he was more priest than pastor, and he was neither by nature nor habit, used to tender dealing with the bruised sinners of his flock. Mrs. Ward coloured painfully as he metaphorically put her into the witness-box.

"Mrs. Ward, is this true that I hear about Mary—her misconduct?" said he, as if he were preassured of his answer.

"I am not one to defend wrong-doing, Mr. Lascelles, as you very well know, but Mary's my child, and I will say this for her—she's more to be pitied than blamed, and him that deceived her is the greater sinner o' the two," replied Mrs. Ward, firmly. "He had better knowledge o' what's good an' what's bad than she had, an' it was a very poor thing o' him to ruin her that loved him. My girl's not vain or mean-minded like some, an' her undoing would never ha' come about had she not been ower-persuaded through the tenderness o' her poor heart."

"Really, Mrs. Ward, you make a confusion between right and wrong that surprises me! I thought that *you* of all people would have kept your daughter better!" said the rector. Mrs. Ward might have asked him why he had not kept *his* son better, but she refrained herself, and held her peace. "For a girl so young, and who had every attention from my wife at the school, she must have a very depraved disposition indeed to have done as she has."

"No, Mr. Lascelles, Mary's *not* depraved," returned Mrs. Ward, indignantly; "she has been led away, and there's no telling what she might become if we flung her out from among us like a bad weed. But God made me her mother, and let who will cast stones an' hard words at her or me, I shall stand up for her an' shield her as long as I live."

"Would it not be well to remove her from the neighbourhood, at least for a time?" suggested the rector; "such a bad example to the other young women of the parish——"

"No, sir, I will not send my Mary away from her mother an' sister," was the resolute answer; "as for her being a bad example, it seems to me she'll be a sad warning rather to her old lake-fellows. The poor thing will be punished enough by the cold looks o' one an' another, an' the sorrow o' bringing into the world a babe without any o' the love an' pride that helps us women through, without Alice an' me turning our backs on her. She'll stay wi' me, sir, and we shall do what we can to comfort her."

"I am sorry to find you of this way of think-

ing, Mrs. Ward; if such early wickedness is not to be discouraged, I don't know what we shall come to by-and-by!"

"Mary'll have enough to bear, sir, never fear; nobody need come near us that would rather stay away."

The rector rose with an air of displeasure: "And who is the other delinquent?" asked he, coldly.

"Mary'll not tell——"

"Worse and worse! Does she mean to carry on her intrigue?"

"He's far enough away by this, sir——"

"Humph—very bad case altogether, *very* bad. Mary will come to no more of my wife's Dorcas meetings, and perhaps Alice would prefer to stay away just at present. I must show the young people that vice is to be discouraged, Mrs. Ward. Mary has only herself to blame that she is an outcast. I trust it may be put into her heart to repent of her wickedness and to amend her ways." He said nothing of the sinner being taken back with welcome and rejoicing—outcast she must be from human society for ever—only the All-Pure meets returning sinners. And so he went away, leaving poor Mrs. Ward somewhat mystified between his Sunday preaching and his week-day practice.

II.

Alice Ward's marriage with Farmer Goodhugh was deferred by this sad trouble which had befallen Mary, and there was even some talk of its going off altogether; but though evil tongues spoke, the young people, being truly attached to each other, fulfilled their engagement the next spring, and Alice removed to Rookwood End. Mary was then left alone with her mother and a bright-eyed, four-months old baby, which she worshipped as fondly, and mothered up as delightfully, as if the blessing of God had been upon it at its coming. Old friends were shy of the house, but Mrs. Lascelles had been to see her; and though she came primed with stern good counsel, as she thought befitted a clergyman's wife, somehow she did not find the occasion to utter it. Mary showed her baby with a perfect motherly tenderness, and the sedate modesty of her young face forbade all imputation of lightness, and would have made rebuke seem very inappropriate. Her child had comforted her, and though Mary was now and then sorrowful, she was not miserable; she looked upon her little one exactly as she would have done had she been a happily wedded wife, and this her crowning joy. Mrs. Lascelles had not the heart to scold her; and when she went away she even kissed the child as it lay in its mother's arms, and touched its dimples with a playful caress. The tears flashed into Mary's eyes—she had been so longing to ask a question, and this emboldened her, though her heart beat very heavily all the time.

"Are you likely to lose Master Frank, ma'am? Will he be going away to this war they talk of?"

"I am afraid he will, Mary. I am sorely afraid he will," replied Mrs. Lascelles, sighing. Mary's face drooped; she said no more, and her visitor went away without any more words.

Farmer Goodhugh took in a weekly newspaper, and every Sunday evening Mary used to meet her sister at the stile by Ash-pool to receive it, and look for the intelligence of the removals of regiments—of Frank Lascelles's regiment, that is. Mary had never been to church since her calamity. She used to go and sit through the long Sunday afternoons on the hill-top with her baby alone and offer her prayers there—the coldness of old friends had made her feel herself unworthy to join the Christian congregation in Heckerdyke church. After tea Mrs. Ward walked with her to the stile, and when Alice and her husband appeared she would join them, and leave Mary to con her paper with the baby in her lap until they returned. This was done, as usual, one beautiful pure Sunday evening, and Mary had read, through blinding tears, that Frank was immediately going abroad. Nobody but herself knew why she was always so anxious for the paper; no matter what she *ought* to have done, she had not ceased loving him—she thought she never should cease to love him. When she had seen the fatal words, she let the paper drop to the ground and laid her lips to the baby's cheek—sobbing and crying. But Ash-pool dimpled its dark waters in vain—she had that now worth loving and living for, and the shame was not greater than she could bear.

She had sat thus with her eyes hidden for some time, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a well-remembered voice said, in the pleasant old accents, "Mary, Mary!" She sprang up: she never reproached him; all was forgotten in the greeting of the woman who loved. For a moment only—they had been guilty together—both very young, passionate, happy, heedless of consequences—but the heavy sense of sin was between them and its living evidence in Mary's arms. After the first impulse both were silent. Frank was the first to speak:

"They were all in church—I felt that I must see you once more, Mary—just once before I go. You got my letters?"

"Yes—I can't bid you send no more, but my mother does not like it. She would be grieved to know you were here now. Oh! Frank, Frank, it would have been better for me if we had never met!"

"I will marry you before I leave England, if you will, Mary——"

"It's too late, Frank—it's too late; you shall not waste your life for me. I know it would be *your* ruin to marry me, and it could not help *us*. We shall stay with my mother—so give us one kiss, and then go——"

"But when I come home again, Mary——"

"You must not see me any more." Her voice trembled, and her face drooped as she said so, and Frank declared that he should not obey her. "It oughtn't to please me, Frank, to see you're fond of me as ever, but it does—I'm

afraid I've a bad heart," said Mary, looking up at him, tearfully. "But what I said first was right—we mustn't see one another any more."

"Perhaps we never shall—who knows whether I may live to come back?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" And then the sad tears came.

These two had had no method or design in their fall—young and beautiful, they had loved "not wisely but too well." Of course the penalty would be paid by both in one shape or another—nay, perhaps the bitterness of that hour almost expiated their sin. Frank offered to marry Mary, but *she* knew, and *he* knew, that it could never be, and that the moment that witnessed their parting witnessed it as for ever. We need not try to portion out the relative shares of blame—both passionate, both weak, we know on which descends the heavier punishment.

They had not met till now since her disgrace became public, but neither made any allusion to it; Mary said nothing of the hard words which had frenzied and driven her to the verge of self-destruction—of that terrible hour she never thought without fear and trembling. But Frank guessed much. At home he had heard his mother speak with a severe compassion of Mary, and mention it as commendable that she kept herself in seclusion, not appearing even at church. And he had brought this upon her! She and her mother and sister had kept his share of her secret faithfully, and she had borne all the contumely in her own person when the mere mention of his name would with many have gone far to mitigate the blackness of her sin. He could not thank her for this—any *words* seemed poor and cold, and she would none of his caresses. They stood side by side looking over to the sunset and the gilded trees, and speaking little; but there was the aching pang of remorse in both their hearts. The after-taste of guilt is very bitter.

Presently there was a sound of distant children's voices, and Mary knew that the people were coming out of church.

"Now, Frank dear," said she, turning her sorrowful pale face up to his.

"Must I go, Mary?"

There were a few tears mingled, scalding tears, such as may your eyes and mine never have to shed! Heart-drops that could not heal the heart-ache, lave out the sin, lessen the remorse.

The little one was asleep in Mary's arms all the time, close pressed to her bosom. Frank kissed the rosy, dimpled face, and kissed its mother. "Mary, I was very cruel to you—very selfish," he said.

"Never mind, love, that is all over. I will like to remember, when—when I don't see you any more, that you loved me. Oh, Frank, Frank!"

And thus they parted: and Mary ran home crying, crying. You pity the good and true lovers on whom sorrow falls; have a little pity, too, for those whose passion lies under the ban of shame and separation. For all grief there is perfect healing, save for that guilt which society immaculate never condones. Scourge the sin as savagely as you will, but remember the sinners' humanity, and lay the lash on them lightly: perhaps, as Mrs. Ward said to her erring daughter, you have had less temptation from the flesh and the devil than your weak brothers and sisters around you.

III.

One night, rather more than two years after this parting, Mary Ward again took her way up to the stile by Ash-pool. Her little lad was now old enough to toddle beside her, clinging to her gown, to run on before and then scamper back, laughing and crowing, to hide his face against her knees. He was a very beautiful child, with great dark-blue eyes, and brown hair curling in rings all over his head, and every day, to Mary's mingled joy and dread, he grew more like his father, who was far away with the army in the East.

All the long morning there had been the ringing of Heckerdyke church bells for a great victory. Mary had heard the sound over the hills, and had paused in her work often to listen, and think where was Frank all the time that the sun was shining and the bells were ringing through bonny Rivisdale? Was he lying dead, face upwards, on the crimson battle-field, or was he writhing, in wounded misery, in an hospital tent, or was he one amongst the happy saved and victorious? She was in feverish haste, for Alice was to meet her at the stile, with any news she could get from the rectory, whither *she* could never go, and once or twice she would have carried the boy, that they might get on the faster; but he was full of spirits and mischief, and would use his own little legs to run in amongst the wheat, to gather the poppies and gay blue corn-flowers, and kept her waiting again and again. But when she reached the stile, she was all too soon—no Alice was there, nor in sight upon the path; so she went further and further, until she came to the brow of the hill, which looked down full upon the village. A little way off was the church, with the rectory and rectory gardens, and, leaning over the last stile, with the boy playing at her feet, she tried to school herself to watch and wait. At first it did not strike her that, though the sun had gone round from the south side of the house, all the blinds were down and the lower shutters half closed. But there was a strange silence and hush about the place; the door into the flowery porch was shut, and Mr. Lascelles was not taking his evening stroll of inspection amongst his roses. The joy-bells had ceased five hours ago, and though the day's work was done, there was no noise of cricket-players on the village-green, or of quoit-players at the alehouse.

She knew that Alice would go to the back-door at the rectory, and she kept her eyes on that, distinguishing curiously the green ivy leaves, with the sunshine slanting round cor-

ner at the west. So intent was she, that she did not notice a young woman who was coming from a little dairy-farm that she had passed a few hundred yards behind, until she had twice asked her to make way for her to cross the stile. She had a jug of milk in her hand, and, with mechanical civility, Mary held it for her until she had got over, and then she recognised an old school companion who had gone into service at the rectory.

"I can't stop, Mary, but I'm glad to see you looking so well. And is that your little boy?" said she. "There's trouble at home—you've heard, perhaps. They stopped the bells directly."

"I have heard nothing."

"Poor Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead—and missis is nearly distracted. I've just been for t' milk for our teas. I knew you'd be sorry—he was a very fine young man. Ay, true it is, t' best allus goes t' first!"

Mary never spoke, but just turned round, and, taking up her child, now tired enough to be quiet, tottered back to Ash-pool. Afterwards she told Alice, that when her old companion said, "Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead," something struck her heart like a death-blow. Her sister found her sitting there by the water, still as a statue, dumb and tearless, and white as a corpse.

"You have heard, Mary?" she said, kneeling beside her. "They got the news this noon. It's very sad. They say he was riding into the battle, and cheering his men to come on, with his sword waving over his head, when a shot struck him in the breast, and he died. Oh, love, love! I wish you had a right to be sorry for him; but it is like a judgment on him for his wickedness to you."

"Then it's a judgment on both of us, for I was as much to blame as he," replied Mary, still clear enough to defend her lover.

"I never said so before, but I have hated him, Mary—oh! I have hated him! I believe I was glad when I heard he was killed."

"Don't, Alice, don't!" And poor Mary shuddered with a blind, blank look of misery in her pretty eyes.

They were in no haste to go home either of them, and they stayed by the pool as the sun went down. The child fell fast asleep in Mary's arms, but her anguish only seemed to deepen in watching the innocent, unconscious little face. Alice wished she would give way and cry, but of any such outlet for her feelings she was at present incapable. Her heart swelled, and her throat ached, but the tears would not come. And while these two women sat silently grieving, the bereaved father was coming slowly towards them, his head bent down, his spirit within him weak as water. He had lost his only son—his only child. There was little sign in his subdued presence of the magisterial priest who had condemned Mary and rebuked her mother—the flood of sorrow had come over him and swept him down to the level of suffering humanity. He had come to the fields by Ash-pool to be alone with God in his anguish, for Frank had been the joy and pride of his heart, and that he had died as became a brave soldier but little mitigated it. And so it happened that he saw Mary for the first time since she was an innocent merry girl, resting so still, broken-hearted, with *his* child upon her lap. Self-absorbed as he was, he could not but read aright the utter sense of prostration that her attitude and countenance betrayed, and with the frightened glance she cast at him as she moved to let him pass, a sudden suspicion came into his mind.

"Mary, you know what trouble has come to us. You are in great sorrow again. Are our griefs akin?" said he, sharply.

"Oh! sir, sir!" That piteous exclamation confessed all, and with a quick gesture she uncovered the child's face, and held it towards him.

The rector could not speak—than all anger, than all disgust, than all righteous reprobation, love is stronger. Mary's love for the son he had lost overcame his indignation. By-and-by he recovered his voice, and said, with a gesture towards the home where the bereaved mother was weeping, "I think, Mary, it would comfort *her* to see him, and to know——"

My sketch is done. While there is death in the world, and sorrow and parting, and sin, let love, and Christian charity, and forgiveness triumph as they triumphed here. Mary Ward's life was short—she died within two months of the night by Ash-pool, where she heard the tidings of her lover's death. The child was taken to the rectory, and is being brought up by the rector and his wife—all the world knows now that Mary Ward's son was also the son of Frank Lascelles. There is a grey slab in an out-of-the-way corner of Heckerdyke church with this inscription: "Francis Lascelles, aged 23. Mary Ward, aged 19. Who art thou that condemneth? Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Which monument has been spoken of as in bad taste. I think it is in as good taste as the lying glorifications which are so much commoner on church walls.

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CHAPTER XV. KNITTING.

THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within, bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times, but, it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but, a smouldering fire that burnt in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession, on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for, many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door, who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine; and they glided from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink, with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for, nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coinage of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's gaol. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of his, until mid-day. It was high noontide, when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps: of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge: the other, a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet, no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine-shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbour, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse, he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—but, he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity—and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at

him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, out of the court-yard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

No white-haired man was there now; but, the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this."

Again, the mender of roads went through the old performance; in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.'"

"You should have said, short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know! The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge, to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter, the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this!"

With the aid of his indispensable cap, he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road, that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black, to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognise the tall man, and he recognises me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognise the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognises me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon, they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth.

Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe and in a low voice, "withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one, within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There, I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free, to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another. The looks of all of them were dark, repressed, and revengeful, as they listened to the countryman's story; the manner of all of them, while it was secret was authoritative too. They had the air of a rough tribunal; Jacques One and Two sitting on the old pallet-bed, each with his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes intent on the road mender; Jacques Three, equally intent, on one knee behind them, with his agitated hand always gliding over the network of fine nerves about his mouth and nose; Defarge standing between them and the narrator whom he had stationed in the light of the window, by turns looking from him to them and from them to him.

"Go on Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage, some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening when the work of the day is achieved and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly, they were turned towards the posting-house; now, they are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said the kneeling Number Three: his fingers ever wandering over and over those fine nerves, with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something—that was neither food nor drink; "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again then, Jacques!" said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last—to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the mender of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked *through* rather than *at* the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed." He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears. "On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the per-

spiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it!"

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him, I came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "Good! You have acted and recounted, faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads. Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The château, and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The château and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

The hungry man repeated, in a rapturous croak, "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register. Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then the man who hungered, asked: "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me; I will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What?" exclaimed the hungry man, staring. "Is it a good sign, that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility?"

"Jacques," said Defarge; "judiciously show a cat, milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine-shop, could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious dread of madame by which he was constantly haunted, his life was very new and agreeable. But, madame sat all day at her counter, so expressly unconscious of him, and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connexion with anything below the surface, that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For, he contended with himself that it was impossible to foresee what that lady might pretend next; and he felt assured that if she should take it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and afterwards flay the victim, she would infallibly go through with it until the play was played out.

Therefore, when Sunday came, the mender of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally disconcerting to have madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen.

"You work hard, madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance—— ?"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap: feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for, soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendour and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disdainful faces of both sexes, the mender of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxi-

cation, that he cried Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live everybody and everything! as if he had never heard of ubiquitous Jacques in his time. Then, there were gardens, courtyards, terraces, fountains, green banks, more King and Queen, more Bull's Eye, more lords and ladies, more Long live they all! until he absolutely wept with sentiment. During the whole of this scene, which lasted some three hours, he had plenty of shouting and weeping and sentimental company, and throughout Defarge held him by the collar, as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last for ever. Then, they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they despise your breath, and would stop it for ever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you rather than in one of their own horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it cannot deceive them too much."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and nodded in confirmation.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"If you were shown a great heap of dolls, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despoil them for your own advantage, you would pick out the richest and gayest. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly yes, madame."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers; would you not?"

"It is true, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds to-day," said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her hand towards the place were they had last been apparent; "now, go home!"

DRIFT.

The reader who swears by the "good old days," will, perhaps, be satisfied to accept the following amusing picture of domestic life in the beginning of the fifteenth century, which is drawn from the "Inquisitions ad quod damnum," a series of documents forming an important portion of the Chancery division of our National Records. These Inquisitions are most of them taken to show the King whether it will be to "the damage or injury of him or any one else," if he allow lands to be given in mortmain; but, as in the case before us, inquiries upon other matters have been interpolated with this class of records.

King Henry the Fifth having been given to understand that an outrage had been committed on the person of one of his subjects, John Mortimer, of Grendon, in Northamptonshire, issued his writ, on the third day of December in the first year of his reign, to his beloved and faithful John Cokayn, Sir John Reynes, Thomas Wydeville, John Barton, junior, William Palmer, William Wakefield, and John Geffard, appointing them his Commissioners to inquire into the case; which they, having duly summoned a jury, accordingly did at Northampton Castle, on the Thursday before Christmas. Christmas, in that year, 1413, fell on a Monday.

The result of their researches appears below, translated from the Latin; and I pray all who read it, to take breath for an awfully involved sentence. Latin scribes were always a long-winded race.

The jurors say, that whereas John Mortimer, of Grendon, Esquire, was sitting in his mansion house of Grendon aforesaid, at the dawn, busy about the shaving of his beard, his beard being in part shaved and in part not shaved, clothed in his doublet only, without a hood or any other covering to his body, a certain William Trussell, Esquire, of Eston Maudyt, Junior, John Malpas, otherwise Kettell, and others, varlets of the aforesaid William Trussell, with many other malefactors of the counties of Chester and Stafford, whose names at present are unknown, in great multitude and armed in force, led on by the conspiracy, confederacy, and malice prepense of the aforesaid William Trussell and others, to the terror and perturbation of the Lord the King's people, riding on horseback, with force of arms, and arrayed in warlike manner, namely, with coats of fence, jakkes, bows, arrows, swords, one-handed and two-handed, hoods of mail, and daggers, on Sunday (these were the days when the clergy possessed great moral influence) next after the feast of St. Hugh the Bishop, in the first year of the reign of King Henry the Fifth from the Conquest, broke into the closes and mansion house of the aforesaid John Mortimer, at Grendon aforesaid, against the peace of the Lord the King, and then and there insulted the said John Mortimer, beat, imprisoned, and ill-treated him, some of the aforesaid malefactors shouting, "Slee, slee, slee," and others of the aforesaid malefactors shouting, "Houghsynowehym, Houghsynowehym" (Hock, sinew, ham string him! for which the incomplete state of his costume afforded a tempting facility), and (evidently confident in the justice of their cause and the strength of their jakkes, &c.) "let us hastily depart."

And they the said John Mortimer thus made prisoner, led, with daggers and other weapons pointed to his heart, and violent and malicious threats of death, away with them to Eston aforesaid, and him there as well as at Grendon

aforesaid, against the law and custom of the realm of England, long detained, namely, for the space of four hours of the day (years might have been expected from the previous adverb), against the dignity and tranquillity of the King's peace, and to the manifest lesion of his crown, whereby the life of the said John Mortimer was despaired of; until the constables of the adjacent villages, meeting together for the rescue of the said John Mortimer and the salvation of the King's peace, marched and ran (at the double, let us hope) towards Eston aforesaid, and the aforesaid William Trussell and the other malefactors, awed by the said body of people so coming as aforesaid to the help and defence of the said John Mortimer and the maintenance of the King's peace, then permitted the said John Mortimer to depart out of his prison.

It is satisfactory to see that even in these rude days "the police" were respected.

Should not my late Lord Chancellor have lived five hundred years back, when the press was unborn, the parliament a toy, and the voice of the public a feeble cry, save when it roared, like a despot of the nursery, for its food or its liberty? Then he might have made what appointments he would, without contradiction, outcry, condemnation, or, worse than all, reversal. From amongst the Miscellaneous Letters in the Chancery department of the public Records take this, all you good people who have railed at Lord Chelmsford's nepotism, precious epistle without name, date, or address, from some unhappy devil of a clerk in Chancery, with an official grief in his bosom, to Sir John de Langton, most probably, the Chancellor to King Edward the First, A.D. 1292, or thereabouts, and learn a lesson. It is to be borne in mind that the Chancellor then was not half, nor a third, nor a sixth, in degree as potent as he is now. Keeping and affixing the King's seal was, according to the learned Sir Henry Spelman, the greater part of their trust and employment.

Here is my translation from the Latin original, of a clear, sustained, yet condensed groan from a Clerk in Chancery: "My Lord,—Whatever pleases you pleases me, yet among those things which, as I have been given to understand, have been ordered by you in the Chancery, there is one which fills me with displeasure; and this is that Sir N. de Bassingbourn now fills my place among our other companions the Clerks of Course. (The Cursitor Clerks, or officers belonging to the Chancery that made out original writs.) Now I pray you, perpend, that I have laboured more in this very Chancery of our Lord the now King than he has done, and I promise you to hold as high a place as he, even though he be the older man, and also to despatch as many, and more, suitors in the Court as he can do, though he swear it.

"Besides, I marvel that you should have given him my clerk without asking either my leave or his; which clerk cares no longer to hold with such a master, nor indeed can he do so, since such a master is more likely to be taught by such a disciple, than such a disciple by such a master, which seems to me to be inconvenient.

"And again, seeing from what a position God has called you to such honour in the world, you ought sometimes to think of your companions as contemporaries who love you well, and who were brought up with you in the household of your first master, at your first coming to Court, and as such you are bound to promote them, if you would the oftener recal your inborn honesty and good feeling to your mind, and before the eyes of your heart.

"May these words therefore that I write out of the full fervour of my love, move you to the advancement of my state, and the augmentation of my condition."

Here, as his conclusion, the petitioner adds a crafty caution against the Chancellor's ventilating the correspondence, and the likelihood of his dismissing it, as it were, by discussion:

"It is neither fitting nor necessary to consult my fellows upon this subject, but say the word forthwith and let it be done, I pray you, out of the plenitude of your power. I swear to you by the Tetragrammaton of God, that there lives not in the whole world a poor clerk who loves you more than I do; as I firmly believe to the utmost of my power. And this I call God to witness. Farewell, and may God cause your seed to increase and multiply."

THE LAST LEAVES OF A SORROWFUL BOOK.

In the history of our lives there is one touching domestic experience, associated with the solemn mystery of Death, which is familiar to us all. When the grave has claimed its own; when the darkened rooms are open again to the light of heaven; when grief rests more gently on the weary heart, and the tears, restrained through the day, fall quietly in the lonely night hours, there comes a time at which we track the farewell journey of the dead over the familiar ways of home by the simple household relics that the lost and loved companion has left to guide us. At every point of the dread pilgrimage from this world to the next, some domestic trace remains that appeals tenderly to the memory, and that leads us on, from the day when the last illness began, to the day that left us parted on a sudden from our brother or sister-spirit by the immeasurable gulf between Life and Eternity. The sofa on which we laid the loved figure so tenderly when the first warning weakness declared itself; the bed, never slept in since, which was the next inevitable stage in the sad journey; all the little sick-room contrivances for comfort that passed from our living hands to the one beloved hand which shall press ours in gratitude no more; the last book read to beguile the wakeful night, with the last place marked where the weary eyes closed for ever over the page; the little favourite trinkets laid aside never to be taken up again; the glass, still standing by the

bedside, from which we moistened the parched lips for the last time; the handkerchief which dried the deathly moisture from the dear face and touched the wasted cheeks almost at the same moment when our lips pressed them at parting—these mute relics find a language of their own, when the first interval of grief allows us to see them again; a language that fills the mind and softens the heart, and makes the sacred memory of the dead doubly precious; a language that speaks to every nation and every rank, and tells, while the world lasts, the one solemn story that exalts, purifies, and touches us all alike.

Reflections such as these are naturally suggested by a relic of public interest, associated with a public bereavement, which now lies before us while we write. England has not forgotten the brave and devoted men who went out from her, never to return, on Franklin's expedition to the Polar Seas. Few subjects of national interest have sunk deeper into the public mind than the fate of the lost heroes whose last earthly resting-place is still hidden from us in the mysterious solitudes of the frozen deep. Every step of their progress so long as any trace of it was left, was once eagerly watched; every chance of their preservation, so long as those chances remained, was once anxiously discussed; every relic of their past existence that has drifted back to us, since we mourned them as lost, has been welcomed with melancholy gratitude, and treasured with loving care. Any fresh trace of their progress on the fatal voyage which we can still recover, is a memorial of the dead and gone, only less precious than those nearer and dearer memorials associated with the private and personal losses which have tried us all within the circle of our own homes.

The new relic of the lost Arctic voyagers to which we now refer, is as simple in form as any of those little household remembrances which hard experience has taught us to regard with such tender care. It consists only of a few pages of a journal on board ship, kept by Captain Fitzjames, of the Erebus, and addressed by him, from the coast of Greenland, to Mrs. Coningham. The manuscript thus produced has been privately printed by Mr. Coningham, well known to many of our readers as the Member of Parliament for Brighton, and as the advocate of some important reforms in connexion with the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery. Although Captain Fitzjames was not related either to Mr. or Mrs. Coningham, he had always lived on terms of the closest intimacy with them; having being brought up at an early age under the roof of Mr. Coningham's father. Captain Fitzjames's career began in the year 1825, when he entered the navy as a master's assistant. At a later period, he became a first class volunteer. After serving in various ships, he joined Colonel Chesney in the Euphrates expedition; and, before sailing, rescued a Liverpool tide-waiter from drowning, at the risk of his own life, by jumping overboard in his clothes in the middle of the Mersey—an heroic action which the authorities of Liverpool rewarded by presenting him with a medal, and with the freedom of their city. Subsequently this brave officer joined the Chinese expedition, and was severely wounded. His next, and last, exertions in the service of his country were devoted—against Mr. Coningham's urgent entreaties—to the fatal Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin; and his narrative of that part of the voyage which brought the Erebus and Terror to the coast of Greenland is now privately printed, as the simplest and truest memorial of a man whose happy privilege it was to be loved, honoured, and trusted by all who knew him.

It is necessary to state that the journal produced under Mr. Coningham's supervision is intended for private circulation among his own friends. That gentleman has, however, voluntarily accorded to us the permission to make what literary use we may think fit of Captain Fitzjames's Diary. We have gladly accepted Mr. Coningham's offer, not only in consideration of the deep public interest which attaches to this unpretending document, viewed simply as an addition to our few memorials of the lost Polar Expedition, but also on account of the remarkable merit of the journal itself. Every page of it assures us that Captain Fitzjames added to his high professional qualifications the two rare gifts of a quick and true observation of character and a happy facility in conveying the results of that observation plainly, unaffectedly, and graphically to others. Narrow as its limits are, this interesting journal effects its avowed object of placing us on board ship by the writer's side, of showing us his floating home in its most familiar and most domestic aspect, and of introducing us, in a delightfully considerate and kindly spirit, to the more prominent characters among the officers and the men. We propose to make our readers sharers in the attractive view thus presented—the last view attainable, so far as we know at present—of past life and past events on board one of the two doomed Discovery Ships; in the full belief that every one who looks over them will close the pages here presented, as we have closed the journal from which they are quoted, with a heightened admiration and a closer sympathy for Sir John Franklin, for Captain Fitzjames, and for their brave companions on that memorable Voyage which Englishmen who prize the honour of their country can never forget.

The sad story takes us back to the June of eighteen hundred and forty-five. The two discovery ships, the Erebus and Terror, are at sea, with the transport containing their supplies in attendance on them. The time is noon; the place on the ocean is near the island of Rona, seventy or eighty miles from Stromness; and the two steamers, Rattler and Blazer, are taking leave—a last, long leave—of the Arctic voyagers.

"Their captains" (says the journal, referring to the two steamers) "came on board and took our letters; one from me will have told you of our doings up to that time. There was a heavy

swell and wind from north-west; but it began veering to west and south-west, which is fair. The steamers then ranged alongside of us, one on each side, as close as possible without touching, and, with the whole force of lungs of officers and men, gave us, not three, but a prolongation of cheers, to which, of course, we responded. Having done the same to the Terror, away they went, and in an hour or two were out of sight, leaving us with an old gull or two and the rocky Rona to look at; and then was the time to see if any one flinched from the undertaking. Every one's cry was, 'Now we are off at last!' No lingering look was cast behind. We drank Lady Franklin's health at the old gentleman's table, and, it being his daughter's birthday, hers too. But the wind, which had become fair as the steamers left (as if to give the latest best news of us), in the evening became foul from the north-west, and we were going northward instead of westward. The sky was clear, the air bracing and exhilarating. I had a slight attack of aguish headache the evening before, but am now clear-headed, and I went to bed thinking of you and dear William, whose portrait is now looking at me."

Such was the farewell to England, and the sailing away in right earnest to the Arctic seas —such the steady and hopeful spirit in which officers and men confronted the unknown and the dreadful future that was awaiting them. The next passages in the journal, which can be profitably extracted for quotation, describe the companions of Captain Fitzjames's mess.

"In our mess we have the following, whom I shall probably from time to time give you descriptions of: First Lieutenant, Gore; second, Le Vescomte; third, Fairholme; purser, Osmar; surgeon, Stanley; assistant-surgeon, Goodsir; ice-master (so called) Reid; mates—Sargent, Des Vœux, Crouch; second master, Collins; commander, you know better than he does himself.

"The most original character of all—rough, intelligent, unpolished, with a broad north country accent, but not vulgar, good-humoured, and honest-hearted—is Reid, a Greenland whaler, native of Aberdeen, who has commanded whaling vessels, and amuses us with his quaint remarks and descriptions of the ice, catching whales, &c. For instance, he just said to me, on my saying we should soon be off *Cape Farewell* at this rate, and asking if one might not generally expect a gale off it (Cape Farewell being the south point of Greenland), 'Ah! now, Mister Jems, we'll be having the weather fine, sir! fine. No ice at arl about it, sir, unless it be the bergs—arl the ice 'll be gone, sir, only the bergs, which I like to see. Let it come on to blow, look out for a big 'un. Get under his lee, and hold on to him fast, sir, fast. If he drifts near the land, why, he grounds afore you do.' The idea of all the ice being gone, except the icebergs, is racy beyond description. I have just had a game of chess with the purser, Osmar, who is delightful. . . . I was at first inclined to think he was a stupid old man, because he had a chin and took snuff; but he is as merry-hearted as any young man, full of quaint dry sayings, always good-humoured, always laughing, never a bore, takes his pinch after dinner, plays a rubber, and beats me at chess—and, he is a gentleman."

We shall hear more of the quaint ice-master, and his shrewd north country sayings. For the present, he must give way to a character of paramount interest—to the high-spirited old man who nobly led the expedition, at a time of his life when he might well have rested among us, content with his high professional position and his well-won fame. Every word in the journal relating to Sir John Franklin is now of such interest and value, that we can hardly do better than mass together the detached passages in which his name occurs, with the object of presenting all that is characteristically related of him to the reader's mind at one view.

"6th June.—To-day Sir John Franklin showed me such part of his instructions as related to the main purpose of our voyage, and the necessity of observing everything from a flea to a whale in the unknown regions we are to visit. He also told me I was especially charged with the magnetic observations. He then told all the officers that he was desired to claim all their remarks, journals, sketches, &c., on our return to England, and read us some part of his instructions to the officers of the Trent, the first vessel he commanded, in 1818, with Captain Buchan, on an attempt to reach the North Pole, pointing out how desirable it is to note everything, and give one's individual opinion on it. He spoke delightfully of the zealous co-operation he expected from all, and his desire to do full justice to the exertions of each. . . . . At dinner, to-day, Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to get through the ice on the coast of America, and his disbelief in the idea that there is open sea to the northward. He also said he believed it to be possible to reach the Pole over the ice by wintering at Spitzbergen, and going in the spring before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it. . . . . 8th.—I like a man who is in earnest. Sir John Franklin read the Church-service to-day and a sermon so very beautifully, that I defy any man not to feel the force of what he would convey. The first Sunday he read was a day or two before we sailed, when Lady Franklin, his daughter, and niece attended. Every one was struck with his extreme earnestness of manner, evidently proceeding from real conviction. . . . . We are very fond of Sir John Franklin, who improves very much as we come to know more of him. He is anything but nervous or fidgety; in fact, I should say remarkable for energetic decision in sudden emergencies; but I should think he might be easily persuaded where he has not already formed a strong opinion."

These are slight touches; but the stamp of truth is on every one of them. They add to the deep regret which the sacrifice of such a man inspires; but they also strengthen our conviction of the Christian courage and resignation with which he met his dreadful end.

Let us look back again to the journal, and take our places at the mess-table with some of Captain Fitzjames's companions. Assistant-surgeon Goodsir is as well worth knowing in his way as ice-master Reid.

"6th, towards midnight.—I can't make out why Scotchmen just caught always speak in a low, hesitating, monotonous tone of voice, which is not at all times to be understood; this is, I believe, called 'cannyness.' Mr. Goodsir is 'canny.' He is long and straight, and walks upright on his toes, with his hands tucked up in each jacket pocket. He is perfectly good-humoured, very well informed on general points, in natural history learned, was Curator of the Edinburgh Museum, appears to be about twenty-eight years of age, laughs delightfully, cannot be in a passion, is enthusiastic about all 'ologies, draws the insides of microscopic animals with an imaginary pointed pencil, catches phenomena in a bucket, looks at the thermometer and every other meter, is a pleasant companion, and an acquisition to the mess . . . . 10th.—A clear fine sunset at a quarter to ten, and Goodsir examining 'mollusca' in a *mee*croscope. He is in extasies about a bag full of blubber-like stuff, which he has just hauled up in a net, and which turns out to be whales' food and other animals."

Goodsir and Reid are the two Characters of the expedition. But there are more members of the mess, pleasantly distinguishable one from the other, by the light of Captain Fitzjames's clear and genial observation. Crouch, the mate, "is a little black-haired, smooth-faced fellow, good-humoured in his own way; writes, reads, works, draws, all quietly; is never in the way of anybody, and always ready when wanted; but I can find no remarkable point in his character, exeept, perhaps, that he is, I should think, obstinate. Stanley, the surgeon, I knew in China. He was in the Cornwallis a short time, where he worked very hard in his vocation. Is rather inclined to be good-looking, but fat, with jet-black hair, very white hands, which are always abominably clean, and the shirt-sleeves tucked up; giving one unpleasant ideas that he would not mind cutting one's leg off immediately—'if not sooner.' He is thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and very attentive to our mess. Le Vescomte you know. He improves, if possible, on closer acquaintance. Fairholme, you know or have seen, is a smart, agreeable companion, and a well-informed man. Sargent, a nice, pleasant-looking lad, very good-natured. Des Vœux, I knew in the Cornwallis. He went out in her to join the Endymion, and was then a mere boy. He is now a most unexceptionable, clever, agreeable, light-hearted, obliging young fellow, and a great favourite of Hodgson's, which is much in his favour besides. Graham Gore, the first lieutenant, a man of great stability of character, a very good officer, and the sweetest of tempers, is not so much a man of the world as Fairholme or Des Vœux, is more of Le Vescomte's style, without his shyness. He plays the flute dreadfully well, draws sometimes very well, sometimes very badly, but is altogether a capital fellow.

"Here ends my catalogue. I don't know whether I have managed to convey an impression of our mess, and you know me sufficiently to be sure that I mention their little faults, failings, and peculiarities in all charity. I wish I could, however, convey to you a just idea of the immense stock of good feeling, good-humour, and real kindliness of heart in our small mess. We are very happy." . . . . .

They are very happy. What a pathos in those four simple words, read by the light of our after experience! They are very happy. How delightfully the little strokes of character in the journal open the view to us of the cheerful, simple-hearted social intercourse of the sailor-brotherhood! How vividly, between tears and smiles, we see the honest faces round the mess-table, as day by day draws the good ship nearer and nearer to the cruel north! Purser Osmar, taking his after-dinner pinch, and playing his rubber; long, straight, pleasantly-laughing Goodsir, matching his learning and his science against ice-master Reid, and his natural north-country sharpness; plump, white-handed Surgeon Stanley, with an attentive eye to the appointments of the mess-table; little, quiet, steady, black-haired Crouch, listening to the conversation, while sweet-tempered Des Vœux keeps it going pleasantly, and Graham Gore sits near at hand, ready to while away the time, when the talk flags, with a tune on his flute;—one by one, these members of the doomed ship's company appear before us again: fold by fold, the snowy veil wreathed over them is melted from view, and the dead and gone come back to us for a little while from the icy keeping of Death.

The journal, so careful and so considerate in describing the officers, does not forget the men. They, too, come in for their share of kindly and clear-sighted notice.

"Our men are all fine, hearty fellows, mostly north-countrymen, with a few men-of-war's men. We feared at Stromness that some of them would repent, and it is usual to allow no leave—the Terror did not. But two men wanted to see—one his wife, whom he had not seen for four years, and the other his mother, whom he had not seen for seventeen—so I let them go to Kirkwall, fourteen miles off. I also allowed a man of each mess to go on shore for provisions. They all came on board to their leave; but finding we were not going to sea till the following morning, four men (who probably had taken a *leetle* too much whisky, among them was the little old man who had not seen his wife for four years) took a small boat that lay alongside, and went on shore without leave. Their absence was soon discovered, and Fairholme, assisted by Baillie, and somebody or other, brought all on board by three o'clock in the morning. I firmly believe each intended coming on board (if he had been sober enough), especially the poor man with the wife; but, according to the rules of the service, these men should have been severely

punished—one method being to stop their pay and give it to the constables, or others, who apprehended them. It struck me, however, that the punishment is intended to prevent misconduct in others, and not to revenge their individual misconduct: men know very well when they are in the wrong, and there is clearly no chance of any repetition of the offence until we get to Valparaiso, or the Sandwich Islands; so I got up at four o'clock, had everybody on deck, sent Gore and the sergeant of marines below, and searched the whole deck for spirits, which were thrown overboard. This took two good hours; soon after which we up anchor, and made sail out. I said nothing to any of them. They evidently expected a rowing, and the old man with the wife looked very sheepish, and would not look me in the face; but nothing more was said, and the men have behaved not a bit the worse ever since."

Was this wise forbearance, this merciful interpretation of the true end of punishment, tenderly remembered, on both sides, when officers and men lay helpless together, waiting for their long release, in the voiceless and lifeless solitudes of the North? Even such a trifle as the memory of what had happened at Stromness might have helped to soothe the last moments of some among the lost men when the end was near at hand. We may at least hope and believe that it might have been so.

The journal which has, thus far, mainly occupied itself with life and character on board the Erebus, goes on to narrate the various events and changes of weather which accompanied the progress of the ships on the fatal northward voyage. On the 11th and 12th of June, the wind is high—the colour of the sea is "a beautiful, delicate, cold-looking green"—"long rollers, as if carved out of the essence of glass bottles," swell onwards in grand procession, meeting the vessels. The rate of sailing is so rapid, with the high wind in their favour, that they get within six miles of Iceland. On the 14th the rain pours down and the fogs close round them. The Erebus sails on through the dense obscurity, with the Terror on one side, and the transport on the other, all three keeping close together for fear of losing each other. On this day the officers amuse themselves by arranging their books, and find to their satisfaction that they can produce a very sufficient library. Ice-master Reid comes out in his quaint experienced way with a morsel of useful information on the subject of cookery. He sees the steward towing some fish overboard to try and get a little of the salt out of it; roars out sarcastically, "What are you making faces at there? That's not the way to get the *sarlt oout*;" and instructs the steward to boil the fish first, and then to take it off the fire and keep it just not boiling. It is Saturday night when Reid sets matters right with the salt fish; and he and Purser Osmar socially hob-and-nob together, drinking the favourite sea-toast of Sweethearts and Wives, and asking Captain Fitzjames to join them. He, poor fellow, meets them with his light-hearted joke, in return—says he has not got a sweetheart and does not want a wife—and ends the entry in his journal, for that day, by writing "good night" to his dear friends in England.

On the 16th it is calm enough to allow of a boat visit to the Terror. On the 17th the night is cloudy, with a bright light on the horizon to the north-east, which Gore thinks is the Aurora Borealis. Practical Reid, with his old whaling experience, calls it ice-blink. Captain Fitzjames says it is the reflexion of sunset, and likens the effect of it to a large town on fire twenty miles off. On the 18th, they make a catalogue of their little library; and, remembering that it is "Waterloo Day," drink the Duke of Wellington's health at Sir John Franklin's table. On this day, also, the "crow's nest" is completed. It is usually "a cask, lined with canvas, at the fore-topmast head, for a man to stand in to look out for channels in the ice;" on board the Erebus, however, it is "a sort of canvas cylinder, hooped." Ice-master Reid is to be perched up in this observatory, and criticises it, with his north-country eye on the main chance, as "a very expensive one." At ten at night—the time which, allowing for difference of longitude, answers to half-past seven in London—Captain Fitzjames takes a glass of brandy-and-water, in honour of his own anticipated promotion at the brevet of the 18th, which has been talked of in England. He pleases himself with the idea that he is taking an imaginary glass of wine with Mr. and Mrs. Coningham, at that moment; and, while he is telling them this in the journal, Reid comes in, and sees him writing as usual. "Why, Mister Jems," says the surprised ice-master, perplexedly scratching his head, "you never seem to me to sleep at arl; you're always writin!" On the 21st the ships are in Davis's Straits; bottle-nose whales are plunging and tumbling all round them; and tree-trunks, with the bark rubbed off by the ice, are floating by. The next day is Sunday: it is blowing hard, and the ships are rolling prodigiously; but they contrive to struggle through the Church service on the lower deck. The 23rd brings a downright gale; the dinner-party in Sir John's cabin is obliged to be given up, the host finding that his guests cannot combine the two actions of holding on and eating and drinking at the same time. The next day is calmer; and the Arctic cold begins to make itself so sensibly felt, that the ship's monkey is obliged to be clothed in a blanket, frock, and trousers, which the sailors have made for her. On the 25th, they sight the coast of Greenland, "rugged, and sparkling with snow." The sea is now of a delicate blue in the shadows, and so calm that "the Terror's mast-heads are reflected close alongside, though she is half a mile off. The air is delightfully cool and bracing, and everybody is in good-humour either with himself or his neighbours. Captain Fitzjames has been on deck all day, taking observations. Goodsir is catching the most extraordinary animals in a net, and is in ecstasies. Gore and Des Vœux are over the side, poking with nets and long poles, with

cigars in their mouths, and Osmar laughing." Captain Fitzjames is weary and sleepy with his day's work; but he will not go to bed until he has written these few lines in his journal, because this is the memorable day on which the voyagers have first seen the Arctic land.

On the 27th, they are all enlivened by an unexpected visit at sea. The skipper of a Shetland brig comes on board. He is up in these high latitudes on a fishing speculation, and he has presented himself to shake hands with the little old man who went to visit his wife at Stromness, and who had once been mate on board the brig. On the 29th they pass some grand icebergs, which do not look, as we all suppose, like rocks of ice, but like "huge masses of pure snow, furrowed with caverns and dark ravines." The 1st of July brings the ships within a day's sail of Whalefish Islands, at which place the transport is to be unloaded of her provisions and coals, and left to return to England. On the evening of that day, there are sixty-five icebergs in sight; and the vessels sail in "among a shoal of some hundred walruses, tumbling over one another, diving and splashing with their fins and tails, and looking at the ships with their grim, solemn-looking countenances and small heads, bewhiskered and betusked." On the 2nd, they find themselves in a fog, "right under a dense, black-looking coast topped with snow." This is Disco, a Danish settlement. The scenery is grand, but desolate beyond expression. At midnight, Captain Fitzjames finds Purser Osmar on deck, cheerfully dancing with an imaginary skipping-rope. "What a happy fellow you are," says Captain Fitzjames; "always in good humour." "Well, sir," answers cheerful Osmar, "if I am not happy here, I don't know where else I could be." The 4th finds them safe in their temporary haven at the Whalefish Islands. The next day, every man is on shore, "running about for a sort of holiday, getting eider ducks' eggs, curious mosses and plants, and shells." It is warm enough again, now, for the mosquitoes to be biting. During this fine weather, the transport will probably be unloaded, either on Monday the 7th, or Tuesday the 8th; and on the 9th or 10th, the two Discovery Ships will perhaps be on their way to Lancaster Sound. It is reported that this is the mildest and earliest summer known in those regions, and that the ice is clear all the way through the coming voyage. Guided by Sir John Franklin's experience, the officers expect to reach Lancaster Sound as soon as the 1st of August; but this information is not to be generally communicated in England from the fear of making the public too sanguine about the season. Captain Fitzjames's own idea is that they have "a good chance of getting through this year, if it is to be done at all;" but he is himself privately inclined to hope that no such extraordinary luck may happen to them, as he wants "to have a winter for magnetic observations."

With this little outbreak of professional enthusiasm, and with this description of the future prospects of the expedition, the deeply-interesting narrative draws to a close. Its few concluding lines are thus expressed:

"Your journal is at an end, at least for the present. I do hope it has amused you, but I fear not; for what can there be in an old tub like this, with a parcel of sea-bears, to amuse a 'lady fair?' This, however, is a *façon de parler*, for I think, in reality, that you will have been amused in some parts and interested in others, but I shall not read back, for fear of not liking it, and tearing it up."

Those are the last words. They are dated Sunday, the 6th of July, 1845. Five days later, on the 11th, Captain Fitzjames sends a letter to his friend, with the journals, still dating from the Whalefish Islands. The ships are expected to sail on the night of the 12th for Lancaster Sound. If no tidings are received in England before the June of the next year, letters are to be despatched, on the chance of reaching those to whom they are addressed, to Petro Paulowski, in Kamschatka. The closing sentence in the letter is, "God bless you and everything belonging to you." Those simple, warm-hearted words are the last that reach us, before the endless and the awful silence that follows. With "God bless you and all belonging to you," the two ships' companies drift away from us into the frozen seas. The little flicker of light that we have viewed them by for a moment, dies out, and the long night falls darkly between us and them—the night whose eternal morning dawns in the glory of another world.

TE DEUM!

'Tis noonday. On Italian plains
I look to see the ripening corn
Shoot sunward all its spears, the vine
Adown the hill-sides wreathe and twine;
And peasants bred and born
Among the plains, among the hills,
The valleys, with their singing rills,
I turn expectant eyes to see,
Crying aloud, on bended knee,
"Thanks to the living God!"

What meets my eye? Fair corn-fields red,
But not with flush of summer sun,
Nor blaze of poppies.—Men lie dead
By hundreds—thousands—every one
Ghastly and gory, and the sod
Sends up a reek of human blood
Redder than grape-blood; moans and cries
Of men in hopeless agonies
Rise up through the polluted air,
Rise up to Heaven, but who cries there
"Thanks to the living God!"

I see a city wide and fair;
Through the broad streets a pageant goes,
And men shout loud, and women smile,
And up the chill and solemn aisle
Of a cathedral onward flows
A proud procession.—Priestly men,
Whose trade is prayer and peace, and then
A fair-haired woman, whose dark eyes
Seem full of saddened memories,
Assumes the imperial chair.
They kneel, and through the fluttering air

Melodious thunder swells and rolls,
And from that mass of human souls
Bursts forth—because those men afar
Were slaughtered in a bloody war—
"Thanks to the living God!"

EUROPEAN MUTINY IN INDIA.

I AM a merchant in a flourishing way of business, and within the past ten years I have sat for a borough in Parliament. Five-and-twenty years ago I was a private soldier in the Bengal Horse Artillery. I, therefore, feel that I have a right to say something touching the recent mutiny of the late East India Company's regiments serving in Bengal.

I am not about to defend the men, but to state a few facts that may possibly extenuate the offence of which they have been guilty.

The bulk of the English journals that have commented on this important question have either not comprehended it, or else, in a praiseworthy spirit of loyalty, have been led to indulge in expressions undeservedly harsh.

Now, *what* is the question? It is this. Had the Government the right, by a stroke of the pen, to transfer a large body of troops from the service of the East India Company to that of the Crown, in the same way that live stock is frequently sold with an estate? Had *Parliament* the right? I deny the right, and I am not ashamed to say that had I been serving in my old brigade when "*the* order" went forth, I should have stated quietly and calmly what I am now about to state; and if I had not been listened to, I should have joined those who refused to obey the roll call.

"Then you would have been a rebel!" some testy old gentleman or inconsiderate young man may exclaim.

Listen! As soon as I became of age I was entitled to several thousand pounds, which were duly handed over to me, on demand, by the executors of my late father's will. (My father was an opulent corn-factor in the north of England. He died leaving fifty thousand pounds to be divided amongst his ten children, of whom I was the fifth son.) I was not very long in "running through" my patrimony, and perpetrated many acts of folly, of which I have since duly repented. My means of living exhausted, I became a perfect nuisance to my relations; for my habits were such that, as soon as I was possessed of money, I spent it in taverns. At length they denied me admittance to their houses, and took no notice of me when they saw me in the streets. With a few sovereigns in my pocket (a donation from one of my sisters, on the condition that I would leave my native town), I came to London to seek employment. Whilst thinking, in various public-houses, what employ I might be really fit for, my sister's gift dwindled away, till I was left with only ninepence. In that frame of mind which generally attends upon persons in the circumstances I have described, I was passing the Horse Guards, when my attention was attracted by a placard on the walls. It was headed: "Wanted, for the East India Company's Horse Artillery, a few Young Men." As soon as I had read the placard I made up my mind to enlist, and go to India. As I am about six feet two in height, and was not at all bad looking, I dare say I might have been admitted into the Blues or the Life Guards. But, I would have perished rather than have done so, for in all probability I should have been recognised, some day or other, by those who had known me in the days of my prosperity; and had the truth come to the knowledge of my sisters, for whom I had a great affection, it would have pained them exceedingly to hear that I was a private soldier.

I sought the sergeant to whom reference was made in the placard, and, that very afternoon, I took "the shilling," and became, to every intent and purpose, a soldier *in the East India Company's service*. What was really the oath I took, I know not; but, whatever it was, it was what it has always been regarded, as—so far as serving as a soldier was concerned—a matter of form. My compact was to serve in the East, and not elsewhere. To serve the king in the East: that is to say, to fight the enemies of the British Government, I should have had no objection; but to serve the king generally, to go to the colonies if required, or be brought back with a regiment to England, I would not have undertaken upon any consideration, for the reasons I have already assigned.

On my arrival in India I was "drafted," and sent up the country to Meerut, where I joined the brigade. To my joy, as well as to my surprise, I found that the bulk of the men were well-informed, respectable persons. Many of them had, like myself, enjoyed a position in the middle class of society, and had received a good education. Some few were the sons of baronets, and we had more than one aristocrat in the ranks. I say it, without any intention to offend the brave soldiers who serve the Crown, that the great body of the Company's army was composed of men of a very superior stamp to the great body of the royal army. I do not mean to say that intelligent and educated men are not to be found in the royal army, but that they are not so commonly found—nothing like it—as in the late Company's European army, and more especially in the artillery.

I had not been very long with the brigade before several men who belonged to my troop were selected to fill sundry appointments which became vacant. One, became a cattle sergeant; another, went into the commissariat department; another, into the barrack department; another, into the Surveyor-General's department; and so on. These appointments were not only well paid, but they rendered the men who held them extremely comfortable. Each man had a bungalow to himself, could afford to keep a pony and a couple of servants, and, what is more, marry, and have his little family about him. These were the prizes which were open to all men serving in the ranks of the East India Company's European army. (There were no

such prizes for men in the royal army. Not even the officers of that army were eligible for staff employ.) So long as a man conducted himself with sobriety and integrity in these appointments there was no chance of his being "remanded to his regiment." He was there for life, or until he pleased to become a pensioner.

Had it, in those days, been proposed to hand over the men of the Company's European army to the royal army, or to deprive them of the privileges that belonged to their branch of the service, there would have been a mutiny to a certainty; and I speak from experience when I say that the *officers* of the Company's army, native and European, would have sympathised with the men; for, they would have regarded the measure as the first step towards depriving *themselves* of those privileges which they looked upon as vested rights. Who can forget the clamour that the Company's officers made, when Lord Hardinge appointed the late Captain S. Fisher, of her Majesty's 3rd Dragoons, to the command of a regiment of Irregular Cavalry? The murmurs of these gentlemen flooded the correspondence columns of all the newspapers in India, and, unless I am mistaken, they petitioned against this "innovation;" it is well known that the Court of Directors, when, out of respect to Lord Hardinge, they sanctioned the appointment, expressed their disapproval thereof, and hoped that "the rules of *the service*" would not be again violated.

Now, although the rebellion of 1857 completely altered the state of affairs, and rendered it prudent that the empire should be held in the name of the Crown, I maintain that it did not alter the rights of any man—I care not what his rank may have been—in the service of the East India Company. When poor old John Company died, his old servants, one and all, had the option to serve its successor in the East, or not, according to the bent of individual inclination. Old John had no more power to will and bequeath them, than I have the power to will and bequeath my domestic servants to my son after my decease. And when Lord Clyde promulgates that "no one can disobey an act of Parliament," I desire to ask what House of Commons would ever dream of converting a British subject into a mere chattel? As well might Parliament have passed an act that when the Crown bought from the Peninsular and Oriental Company, that magnificent steam-ship the Himalaya, all her crew, from Captain Kellock down to the cabin-boys, were to belong to the Royal Navy, and serve therein, without being asked even, whether it would be agreeable for them to do so! I have a great respect for Lord Clyde, and no one can admire more than I do the tact he has exhibited in order to quell this serious outbreak; but, when his lordship speaks of "the act affecting all grades equally," I must, with all due deference, dispute the truth of that proposition; I would urge, too, that the remark itself shows that the men were not properly dealt with, since it admits that all the servants of the Company, from the highest to the lowest, had equal rights with respect to future service. The officer, civil or military in India (or in England for that matter), may resign the service whenever he chooses. He has simply to send in his "papers" (if a military man), or his "resignation" (if a civilian), and he is released from servitude as a matter of course. It is not so with the private soldier. If the Company's European troops had once gone over to the Crown, by order, there would have been an end to any remonstrance afterwards. Not so with their officers. The very day after they had read to the men the Proclamation by the Governor-General of India, they might have requested permission to retire, and it would have been granted. And so with a magistrate, or collector, or judge in the service of the late East India Company.

I have confined my remarks to what I consider was the right of the European soldier in the late East India Company's army. So far as the prudence of denying that he had such right is concerned, there can be no question that it was a most ill-advised measure; and when the point was referred to the home authorities, it should have been strongly recommended by the Governor-General that it ought to be yielded. The idea that 50,000*l.* should be suffered, under such peculiar circumstances, to imperil, for a second time, the existence of British rule in India, says very little for the wisdom of those entrusted with the management of affairs in the East.

The Times, in an able article on the question, well remarked, as to this part of the case (namely, the prudence of the measure), that the bounty might have been gracefully bestowed as a reward for, or in recognition of, the meritorious services so recently performed by the men who claimed it. The danger of not complying with this reasonable demand of the men, so respectfully urged in the first instance, ought to have been apparent; and it is impossible to praise Lord Clyde too highly for the sagacious manner in which he behaved, when the disastrous news reached him at Simlah. Who shall say what would have been the consequence had any of the recusants been fired upon? We should have had, not only a vast number of our own countrymen (all trained soldiers and inured to the climate) up in arms against us; but, every native rebel chief and all their retainers, whom those very men helped to subdue, espousing the cause of the men, with the ultimate object of serving their own great end—the overthrow of British rule in India.

FIRST-FLOOR WINDOWS.

I AM not one of those impertinent modern devils upon two sticks—the men upon stilts. I am not a window-cleaner (fearful trade!), a house-painter, nor a performer on the acrobatic "perch," but simply an omnibus traveller through the London streets, who always prefers to sit outside. I spend much time and money on the top of these useful vehicles, and I never attempt to secure

the box seat. I never smoke, and I have, therefore, no cigars to offer to the driver; I know nothing of horses, and my conversational powers are, therefore, too limited for a box-seat passenger. My place is the knife-board; and there I sit, watching those two intelligent eyes of every passing household—the first-floor windows—not offensively, I hope: not pryingly, I know: but lazily, and, perhaps, reflectively, like a boy who olts into London from some pleasant country road in summer, lying face downwards on a carted bed of tares.

From this position I have seen you, fattest of fat men, dweller in that old English fourteenth-century house, with the pointed roof, in one of the main thoroughfares. I have watched you on a sultry June morning, perhaps, before business hours, squeezed through that small, overhanging first-floor window, smoking that heavy meerschaum pipe, whose bowl hung dangling almost upon the hats of the passers-by. I have gazed upon you as you leaned forward, without any regard to the antique building that sustained you, until I thought the whole bulging fabric would have fallen, in powdered feebleness, into the street. The small low hutch, or shop, immediately under your folded arms, in whose doorway a little child could scarcely stand upright, has sunk in on one side, like a hat that has been sat upon in a railway carriage. Is it with the weight of your vast bulk? for so it appears to me.

How often, too, have I seen you, rosy-cheeked shopboy, standing upon the leaden ledge of that shop to clean these first-floor windows? Why is the little maid-of-all-work (and no play) sent to clean the inside of the glass, while you are polishing the outside? Is it out of kindness, to give her some glimpses of a holiday? Of course, the task is a long while in hand, and many customers' parcels below are waiting to be taken out; for window-cleaning, by two such labourers, includes a good deal of face-making and face-dodging through the glass, besides a little romping and flirtation. The wash-leather drops (quite accidentally) into the street, and has to be picked up by another boy, who enviously watches the whole proceedings from the pavement below. Perhaps he is a rival suitor for the hand of the young Cinderella above, who looks upon him, with her nose flattened against the window-pane. Crash goes the glass, as a matter of course, and the timid youth in the street decamps like a young deer. Will the faithful swain on the shop-ledge take the blame boldly upon himself, and be haunted by a phantom tenpence which is always going to be stopped out of his wages? Perhaps.

How many first-floor windows have I seen that are covered with large effigies of teapots, dustpans, and Wellington boots? Trade is a wise, a profitable, and an honourable thing; but it ought to be confined to the shop. If I took tea in drawing-rooms over tea-warehouses, hardware-warehouses, and boot-warehouses, I should not like to see the shadow of some great property emblem of my entertainer's trade cast across the table, while the substance obscured, at once, the prospect and the light. Next to a shark, or some other sea-monster, peeping into my cabin porthole, I should object to a gigantic dust-pan, or a body-bath, across my first-floor window.

I have often passed by that large chapel-like first-floor window over a tavern, and well I know to what it leads. Long-room, or club-room; faded piano in corner, horsehair seats all round the wall; smell of beer and tobacco; sawdust and sand; crossed pipes on tables; canopy at the end (like the theatrical tent of Richard the Third on Bosworth Field), the seat of the Perpetual Grand President of the United Order of Provident Tipplers. Prudence is good in fathers of families, especially when influencing a taste for gin-and-water. There is something dry and sepulchral about savings banks. Nothing like a tavern fund, with a tavern treasurer, and tavern conviviality over the periodical payments—to diminish the savings.

A short length of aristocratic by-street and canaries swinging in cages, give place to window conservatories, aquariums, small household jungles; pretty little boxes of imported nature made to order in a pretty artificial manner, like a waterfall at a public exhibition. All the life in the street is shut out by shrubs in which snakes may have crept, and through which no vulgar, inquiring gaze can penetrate. No matter. Pass on to the next.

A sulky, frowning individual is standing, with his hands in his pockets, full between the snow-flaked muslin curtains, lowering at the world. There may be a skeleton of temper in this particular house; but it is hardly wise to dance its bony legs in public.

Take a lesson from your next-door neighbour, whose feelings are soothed by playing upon the harp; as he seems to tell us by displaying the instrument so fully in the window. Past several China jars, between rich ruby curtains; past another conservatory, thinly planted, in which the Hon. Mr. Romeo is paying his received attentions to the Hon. Miss Juliet; and a sudden turn of the vehicle plunges us amidst another layer of first-floor windows.

Still the same sick paralysed child, whose bed has been behind that curtain for so many years; whose face never seems to grow any larger, and who is always playing, in summer, with that parched and sun-dried box of mignionette. Still the same vacant, gaping empty rooms to let, through which you can see the walls in the close yards at the back. Still the same slovenly, broken, lop-sided Venetian blinds, barely covering the dirty windows, which open on rooms whose picture it is not difficult to draw. Threads upon the floor, saucepans upon the hearth-rugs, kettles upon the tables, women in curl-papers in the afternoon, and generally nothing but yellowness, dirt, and rags. One change has come over the first-floor windows of the street, and that is where a new inhabitant—a refugee—sticking up a board in his cheap apartments, announcing

that he teaches Syriac, coolly intimates his desire to be starved to death.

Another turn of the vehicle, and we are in a leading thoroughfare once more.

How many tradespeople has royalty appointed, from time to time, and empowered to raise the national coat-of-arms between their first-floor windows? And, when raised, do they make the gooseberries larger, the meat sweeter, the bread purer? One house of business that boasts the sign of distinguished patronage is proud of concealing every sign of its trade. Not a shred, not a patch, not an atom of anything shows itself either in the first-floor windows or any others. There is no name over the doorway to distinguish the house from a club-house, a public institution, a government office, a place for weighing money or trying guns, a Trinity-house (whatever that may be), or even a family mansion of sober aspect. Looking more closely at the building, you see the name of "Benbows" in small letters, and that is all the vulgar publicity which this distinguished house requires. It is its pride to be known as Benbows—nothing more. If any dwellers in England are not acquainted with Benbows, they argue themselves unknown. I have just heard that Benbows is an upholsterer. Thank you.

That is a quiet first-floor window, with its neat, short Venetian blinds (like a window in a clean Dutch picture), where the bust of Galen looks down complacently upon a nursemaid showing, to a sturdy infant, the passing coaches. Below, there is plenty of brimstone and treacle to last the child its life, for its father is a chemist; and, though some people may affect to call him a poor apothecary (after Shakespeare), his profits are greater than many surgeons', and his sitting-rooms have all the prim severity of a physician's study.

How often have I passed and repassed you, serenest and stoutest of womankind, to find you growing more stout and more serene every time I see you? You have retired from business, which is very wise; but still you sit over it, which is wiser still. While the human ants are busy in your thriving hosier's shop below, while you can hear the profitable tramp of feet, and even the chink of money on the counters, you have nothing to do but to watch the street traffic, and devour the periodical literature of your country. Of course you took your late husband's foreman into partnership, which accounts for the "Co." that is added to the familiar name, and for the leisure you are enjoying as the representative of capital.

Past those dusty ground-glass windows that hide the stooping law writers; past first-floor windows full of shirt-collars; past others full of strange-shaped monsters that are made of india-rubber, and warranted waterproof; past others full of gigantic toys that drive young passengers frantic, and large open-mouthed masks through which the professional pantomimist must surely leap, in spite of the whole available body of real policemen; past the watchmaker's over a pastry-cook's, where a number of grave-looking men are looking through the shortest of telescopes, apparently watching the tart-eaters below; past what looks like a public picture-gallery, but which is a fine art sale-room; and past a first-floor window, standing between two polished columns of the colour of raspberry jam, high up above the opposite house-tops.

Down again from this long-legged looking specimen of the revived Babylonian, or trading palatial style of architecture, to an accessible first-floor window of a common barber's shop, wherein is the living picture of the lathered lamb awaiting the sacrifice. The operator is sharpening his razor on a hanging strap that is near the window, and is telling that old, old story, of which the weather forms the most noticeable part.

How often have I seen that young Juliet at No. 4, and that young Romeo at No. 5, sitting, back to back, in adjoining houses; each reading a book, and each unconscious of the other's presence; both evidently formed for each other, and yet never destined to come together; each going down the narrow, separate pathways of life, that never meet, and yet being only divided by a two-foot brick wall?

The first-floor windows of my theatre make me melancholy, because they lie at the back, and are always filled with wretched fragments of paper, boards, and scenery, instead of glass.

The first-floor window of my parish church (the first-floor over the gravestones) never pleases me on a working-day, because I look through the dingy glass (we have a horror of coloured devices at our establishment), and see a female pew-opener standing in the pulpit, dusting the featherbed cushions, and a common charwoman mopping the ten commandments.

The first-floor windows of my workhouse—that is, the workhouse which I help to support by paying heavy poor's-rates—always annoy me, because, at whatever hour of the night or morning I happen to pass them, they are lighted up throughout the whole length and breadth of the building, as if for some great midnight orgie.

IN CHARGE.

SECOND AND LAST FLIGHT.

I HAVE scarcely been more than half an hour on board the Niger, when my ideas of nautical life (derived, I am bound to say, from observation of transpontine dramas, and a diligent perusal of the works of the late Captain Marryat) receive a tremendous shock. For I am just beginning to revel in a new sensation of cleanliness and the long lost delight of fresh linen, and I have climbed up on my berth and am looking out through the round bull's-eye window at the white-faced houses and snow-covered hills of Marseilles which are rapidly disappearing, when a steward, knocking at my door, tells me that breakfast is served, and that the captain is but waiting my coming to commence. The captain! I picture him at once! Five foot four, fifty years of age, cocked-hat on his head, red face, black mutton-chop whiskers, hoarse voice,

swears a good deal, rum in his tea, speaking-trumpet at his elbow, loblolly-boy (never knew what that was!) at his beck and call, martinet, disciplinarian, ready to put anybody in irons who sneezes. I am astonished to find, seated at the end of the table and busily engaged in preparing tea, a tall gentleman of two or three and thirty, wearing beard and moustache; of frank, unassuming, mild manners, perfectly polished, courteous, and well-bred; no cocked-hat, no speaking-trumpet, no rum; plenty of conversation on all kinds of subjects, political, social, literary—everything but nautical; well up in all questions and books of the day, seen strange places and a close observer, speaks with great fluency and in well-chosen terms. No belayings, no timber-shiverings, no running over at the lee-scuppers, nothing of the kind!

The passengers are supposed to have breakfasted at their hotels before coming on board, so the captain and I have the cabin to ourselves until we are joined by the purser: by whom, also, I am considerably astonished. According to the authorities of naval fiction, my purser ought not to be as he is, very much bronzed, very much bearded, very blue-eyed and merry-faced, very much given to comic stories and pleasant harmless satire; but, if my recollection serves me right, ought to be a hard, bilious, saturnine, not to say Scotch gentleman, infallible in the matter of statistics, a dead hand at accounts, a salt-water Cocker, or a sea-going Joseph Hume.

After breakfast I go on deck to smoke a cigar. My friend, the purser, emerges from his cabin and invites me to enter. This pleasant retreat is about five feet square, and is so filled by a bed, a camp-stool, a shelf, a flap-table, and three or four gigantic ledgers, that there is barely room for two persons to sit in it together. When the door is shut, I lose sight of the purser in the cloud of tobacco-smoke which fills the place. He is companionable and jovial, has been everywhere:—on the China station, on the Calcutta line, for a short time in a house of business at Shanghai, is now going backwards and forwards between Marseilles and Alexandria, has no notion where he may be next month; perhaps where he is, perhaps on a voyage to Sydney. Such a life robs him of all interest in the future, and makes him look at the present but as a period to be got over in the pleasantest manner possible; every ten days he changes the entire set of people whom it is his duty and his pleasure to serve and render comfortable; and so long as the passengers have not to complain of the accommodation of the Company, nor the Company of the non-payment on the part of the passengers, his mission in life is fulfilled.

It is, indeed, a wonderful existence, looked at in any light; but, to a man accustomed to hard mental labour for ten hours out of the twenty-four, it becomes pleasantly marvellous. You have heard of the dolce far niente, of the glorious, happy-to-day-let-to-morrow-take-care-of-itself life of the couchant water-melon-eating, passer-by-chaffing, nothing-doing Italian lazzarone, but believe me it is nothing to the delicious lassitude enjoyed by a man of business on his first trip to the East. He has nothing to do, and he does it thoroughly; his goods and luggage are safely stowed away, he has a ticket for them, and knows he will find them at the end of his voyage; where also he knows he will find his mercantile matters, his agency, his wife, his judgeship, his Bogglywallah collector's berth, his anything that he is going for; but towards the realisation of which worrying himself on board will not help him one atom. Therefore, if he be wise, he will not worry himself at all, but will rise early and get an early turn in the bath-house, will have a splendid appetite for breakfast at nine, will smoke his cigar and lounge about the deck until tiffin at twelve, will smoke another cigar, lie down on the cabin sky-light under the pleasant awning, and perhaps fall asleep, only giving himself time to wash his hands before dinner at four; will form one of the little smoking party seated on camp-stools just out of the wind and under the lee of the funnel, who allow the tea-bell at seven o'clock to pass by without notice, and who do not break up until a sharp tintinabulum at nine proclaims that grog sparkles on the cabin board, and that the purser's brandy and rum are ruby bright.

When I describe a certain passenger on board, by saying that his was the first laugh heard every day; that no amount of bad weather, or pitching and rolling, made him ill; that he played the fiddle and the piano equally rapidly, equally badly, and equally by ear; that he would have played the kettle-drums, and the Apollonicon, if we had had them on board; that he never left the side of the prettiest lady of our party whenever she appeared on deck, but, without being the least obtrusive, was always handy and attentive; that he told the best stories of steeple-chasing at home and tiger-hunting in India; and that every mortal thing he did, whether he laughed, played the fiddle or piano, strolled up and down the deck, handed shawls and wraps, placed lounging-chairs, or told apocryphal stories, was all done as though his sole object, intent, and aim, were to please this self-same prettiest lady—when I have said all this, it is, I am sure, needless to observe that the passenger was an Irishman. Twenty years baking in Ceylon and Calcutta, to which latter place he is returning after a short visit at home, has not taken the national spirit out of my friend of the Niger.

Who is this that cometh, in a long black robe reaching to his heels, and fastened down the middle with small purple buttons, and round the waist with a purple cord and tassels, who beareth a black silk skull-cap fitting tightly over his crisp iron-grey hair, who is so fat of face, so rotund of corporation, so thoroughly genial, not to say jolly, in look, aspect, and demeanour? This is a French Roman Catholic bishop, Monseigneur l'Evêque de Biblos, in Cochin-China, whither he is proceeding; and a kinder-hearted, better, pleasanter man I will defy you to produce. No matter what the state of the

weather may be, every morning before breakfast you will find him, with one of his chaplains, a sharp-faced, wiry little man, pacing up and down the deck, breviary in hand, looking out straight before them, seeing no one, but avoiding outstretched legs, &c., in the most dexterous manner, and to all appearance praying most fervently. With equal certainty you may calculate on finding them, for the first half-hour after breakfast, walking sharply up and down, side by side, the one smoking a large meerschaum pipe, the other a cheroot, and carrying on a most animated conversation in a most barbarous unknown tongue. Both the bishop and the chaplain have for a long time been missionaries in Cochin-China (the bishop has been there, he tells me, for nearly thirty years), and both speak the language like natives; this is necessary for their protection, for, as the worthy old prelate tells me, with a smile, his life is never worth one hour's purchase when he is in his diocese, and is principally passed in concealment all day and in travelling at night, disguised in a native costume. He is not enthusiastic on the success of his mission, but is yet hopeful. He has been to France, to his society, and is returning with fresh funds and another chaplain: a wretched mortal called Father Lazarus, who is so deadly ill that it is only on the last day of the voyage that he can be dragged on deck and laid out in an easy-chair, and whom I set down, from the conversation I have with him, as thoroughly hating and fearing the new life which is opening upon him. But the bishop is splendid; to see his purple stockings skipping out of the way of the hose held by the boatswain as they wash the decks, is a grand sight; to hear him laugh as the water accidentally splashes over his venerated person, and to see him shake his fist in pretended wrath at the offender, does one good. He is always on the look-out for a chance to join in a good-humoured jest, and is perfectly charming.

It was not until the afternoon of the second day of our departure from Marseilles that I become aware of the existence of Our Swell: a fact which is forced upon me by his calmly strolling up to the spot where I am standing smoking my cheroot, and asking me if I don't know Fibber of the Haresfoot Club? With Fibber I am acquainted, and the repetition of his name brings back reminiscences of a gas-atmospherish, club-smoking-room-frequenting, scandal-talking, ballet-ball-going, coulisse-haunting life, which are utterly at variance with the broad ocean, and perfectly new existence in which I am now revelling. I had cast my old London slough, and was rejoicing in the novelty of fresh scenes and faces, nevertheless I am anything but unwilling to make acquaintance with Our Swell, who, in his way, is one of the greatest of characters. He is a perfect type of his class; tall with good features, admirably dressed, and with a general air of lassitude and don't-careishness about him which is quite characteristic. After a short conversation I begin to revere him immensely, for he discloses his noble name, and then I recollect that he is actually the man of whom I have so often heard. He is the great creature who, upon arriving at a railway station, and hearing that the train had gone, said to the porter, "Then bring another!" It is he who when he was asked in what branch of history, ancient or modern, he had been plucked for his army examination, said, "Oh, long before either of them, 'bout some infernal fellah called William the Conqueror;" and to him is due the noblest conundrum-answer on record, for, once appearing in a large pair of summer jean trousers, the old question was put to him, why his garments were like two French towns, he replied, "French town, my trousers! sure I don't know—something about Nankeen, I suppose!"

There is not the least superciliousness or exclusiveness about him; he is politeness itself; he worries the purser by insisting on having his breakfast in bed, and is inclined to be rebellious at not being allowed to sit up after half-past nine, when all cabin lights are extinguished; but he is a general favourite, from his soft, easy-going manners, and from his evident desire to be civil to all. The activity and bustle of the sailors cause him the greatest wonder: "he can't think how fellahs can get about so, when it's so hot." He has a very splendid meerschaum pipe, which has cost incalculable sums of money, but he is only up to Latakia and Turkish, and finding that to colour such a pipe properly requires the consumption therein of much tobacco of the coarser order, he one day goes to the stoke-hole, and, after calling loudly, "I say, you fellah!" he is answered by the apparition of a greasy, oily, black engineman, to whom he confides the cherished pipe, telling him he shall have five shillings when he brings it back duly defiled. For three days the delicate amber mouthpiece is seen at intervals between the sooty lips of the stoker, and the money is gained. His other ideas are purely swellish; he cannot recollect anybody's name, he cannot stand about without lolling, he cannot keep his hands out of his pegtop pockets, he cannot give the English language its ordinary pronunciation, but drawls and lengthens every word. And when he hears that he will have in India to parade with the cavalry regiment to which he is proceeding at five A.M., he is very nearly throwing up his commission, and returning by next ship.

Our other passengers are of the ordinary stamp; two newly married couples: one, healthy, genial, and sociable, proceeding to the Mauritius; the other, deadly ill at first, and, when recovered, unpleasantly fond, going to Calcutta; a broad-faced, good-humoured Anglicised German, bound for Alexandria to look after a runaway correspondent of his house of business; two jolly young cadets, and a Swiss emigrant with a pretty wife, make up our number. Starting from Marseilles on the Thursday morning, we do not all show at dinner until the Friday afternoon; the after-dinner deck-parade and subsequent smoking reunion beget the warmest friendship amongst us, and when, at a very early hour on

Sunday morning, we cast anchor in Valetta harbour, and I start for the shore in a government boat, with my Malta mails aboard, and the British flag flying from her stern, I am greeted by a jovial cheer from all my male fellow-passengers.

Through indigo-blue water the boat is pulled by two half-clad fellows with naked feet, and after a great deal of shouting and backing, draws up within three feet of some very slippery pointed stones, which are regarded as the landing-place of Valetta, and upon which I am requested to jump. In fear and trembling I obey, and happily land on my feet, then follow my conductor up long flights of steps, and eventually up a steep narrow street, at right angles to which I find the principal thoroughfare of the town in which the post-office is situated. Directly I get within reach of the buiding my official capacity is renascent within me. I lose my slouching walk, my indolent manner, my travelled lassitude; starch seems spontaneously to bud in my shirt collar, and buckram to generate in the seams of my coat. I am on my native foolscap, and my name is M'Gillott. So, being in this frame of mind, I scrutinise rigidly the exterior of the Malta post-office, and find it an agreeable mixture of the Italian palazzo and Thames-street warehouse styles of architecture. Ascending three mouldy steps I come upon a large broad staircase, in different portions of which three men, in various stages of mouldiness, with cigarettes in their mouths, are practically making a jocose comment upon the large placard, "Smoking not allowed," which stares on them from the walls, and at the top I find an office which has evidently suffered from the relaxing effect of the climate, and which, though perfectly useful, is not sufficiently British for one in my present state of mind. For, I connect business with Britain, and cannot dissever the idea. I do not believe in French banks where there are no shovels, no drawers full of notes, no piles of sovereigns, no big ledgers, no Stationers' Almanack, no Kelly's Directory; I do not believe in German post-offices where the tariff is written in ink, where the clerks smoke cigars as they sort the letters, and where you push your despatch and receive your change under a small arch in a wirework fence; I do not believe in the attempt at a British post-office in Constantinople where a Janissary has to stand with a stick to whack the hands of the Turks who *will* scramble for the letters indiscriminately; and even at Malta, which presents the nearest approach to the business aspect at home, I wanted more lion and unicorn, more mahogany graining, more brass lettering, more scarlet-coating, more ceremonial, more unapproachableness.

I am not prepared to say much about Malta, for my stomach, which has done me yeoman's service since we started, and is constantly to be relied on at sea, rebels the instant I set foot on shore, and I have scarcely walked a yard before the steep hills of Valetta rise to greet me, and the quaint, half-Moorish, half-Spanish, white, picturesque houses bow down to me on either side. In a word, I turn deadly sick, and so continue during the six hours I pass on shore; yet in those six hours I see nearly all that is worth seeing, I imagine, for, accompanied by the Postmaster-General of the island, an old colleague and chum, I stroll through the principal streets, and have scarcely started before I find how false have been my original impressions of the place. I have pictured it to myself as wholly Anglicised, as an Italian version of the English quarter of Boulogne, and am most agreeably disappointed. What though English inscriptions appear in every other shop, what though from each drinking-house we pass come, even at that early hour, shouts of naval songs attributable to the pen of Charles Dibdin and other equally patriotic but far less spirit-stirring bards; the names inscribed over each shop, the wares exhibited in their windows, and the natives presiding behind the counters, are purely and entirely foreign. John Bull does not lurk in Giovanni Pacé, nor does Jones lie hid in Gaetano Schembri, lovely coral of the most flowing red, or, better still, of the palest pink, silver filagree ornaments of the finest workmanship, lace of the rarest quality, these are not the wares which Jenkins vends! Smout, of the Livery of the Haberdashers' Company, and of 1066 Great Lounge-street, would as soon think of serving his customers in the scarlet coat and tops in which on "off days" he follows the Queen's hounds, as of appearing before them in the gold ear-rings, variegated shirt-front, red neckerchief, and slashed jacket of maroon-coloured velvet worn by Luigi Portelli! It is Sunday, and the streets, narrow, steep, and ill-paved, are thronged with an idle, lounging, picturesque crowd; beggars, with the least possible clothing of the filthiest rags, are lying against the walls, basking in the sunshine and apparently perfectly indifferent to being walked over; vagabond dogs with protruding tongues, unpleasantly suggestive of hydrophobia, cast furtive glances at the naked calves of the native boatmen as they pass, and are seemingly only prevented by the encrustation of dirt from making a rabid dash at them; beefy-faced, bullet-headed, stolid-looking English soldiers move here and there among the crowd, in face, figure, and general aspect a curious contrast to the swarthy-skinned, snaky-eyed, lithe-limbed Maltese.

Passing through the town, and noticing in the jeweller's shops all my ship-companions engaged in bargaining (for it is as incumbent on the visitor to purchase coral and silver filagree at Malta, as it is to buy Maids-of-Honour at Richmond, inlaid ware at Tunbridge, or yellow slippers at Margate), we come to the barracks: a range of white-faced buildings standing unprotected in the glaring, scorching sun—it is now March, what will it be in July?—and thence to some pretty, elevated gardens, known, if I remember rightly, as the ramparts, whence there is a lovely view of the town and the harbour, and where we find a little old gentleman in naval uniform and cap, strolling up and down

followed by a splendid Newfoundland dog. This old gentleman, to whom I am presented, was but eighteen months ago the terror of the Russian navy, and promised, had he had the opportunity, to have rivalled the fame of that Nelson of whose portrait, in his small slight figure, his silver hair cut straight across the forehead, his clear blue eye, and his tanned cheeks, he is the very counterpart. This is Lord Lyons, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron, who, I hear, is as popular as he is famous.

A message from the post-office to tell me that my mails are nearly ready to be taken "in charge" again, causes us to hurry back. I have only time for a peep into St. John's Church, and for the most cursory of glances at its noble inlaid marble floor, its splendid pillars, and its silver gates, which last were, during the war-time, painted black by the inhabitants to deceive the rapacity of the French. At the landing-place, I find the post-office boat with the mail-boxes from Malta to the East already on board; we start at once; and in a few minutes the Niger, with her deck pleasantly enveloped in a penetrating black dust—for she has been going through the operation of "coaling"— is once more standing out to sea.

On the third morning after leaving Malta, I am awakened at six o'clock by a continuous pattering over my head, as an accompaniment to which is sung a diabolical chorus, monotonous, protracted, apparently never ending, of "Allah-ill-lah! Allah-ill-lah!" which sounds to me so excessively Eastern, that I at once conclude we have arrived at Alexandria. Looking out through my bull's-eye porthole, I see a long low sandy shore with a few windmills in groups, a line of walls, a few sand hills, and a fraction of a harbour, at the end of which I am able to distinguish about a third of the foundation end of what is apparently a lighthouse. Dressing myself hurriedly, I go on deck, and there find, engaged in some nautical evolution which I did not understand, and therefore will not attempt to describe (I believe it had something to do with the anchor), a long line of about thirty Arabs marching in Indian file along the deck, and hauling at a rope. Dressed in the slightest possible covering, in most cases having only one robe, and that a kind of short blue cotton gown, filthy in person, hideous in feature, these wretched beings give me my first notions of the inhabitant of the East, and their dismal croaking chorus conveys to me my first impressions of the sounds of that land where the voice of the nightingale never is mute. I notice that the curse of ophthalmia, of which we have all heard, is no exaggerated fiction. I doubt whether one of the men now engaged in hauling at the rope before me has the proper sight of both eyes; the disease is visible in most of them. In some the eye is entirely gone, the lid drooping over the vacant orifice, while in others the small green fly, the destroyer, can be plainly seen busy. While I am gazing at these wretched people, I am touched on the elbow by a clerk from the Alexandrian post-office, who tells me that I am in luck; that the homeward-bound steamer bearing my return mails has not yet been telegraphed at Suez; and that consequently I shall have time to run over to Cairo, and see the Nile and the pyramids. In five minutes I have settled my business, made over my mails to a magnificent old gentleman in a fez cap, flowing beard, blue cloth suit, and red turn up shoes, who gives me a receipt on my time-bill in Oriental characters (thereby immediately recalling the inscriptions on the Chutnee jars at home), and, in company with the Irishman, and the prettiest lady and her husband, I am being pulled rapidly towards the shore by a stalwart Egyptian boatman and his nearly naked little boy.

We land on a low, flat, sandy shore, in the midst of a crowd of dirty, lazy Arabs, facsimiles of those we have left on board, who immediately surround us and clamour for "backshish." It needs all the vigour of the Irishman's umbrella-bearing hand, and a fantasia by the present writer on the heads of the most clamorous with a carpet-bag, before we can make any progress. We have scarcely started when we are at once initiated into the manner in which public works in Egypt are carried out. The stone used in the formation of the landing-place has to be brought from some little distance; a tram-road, with a square van on it, would be employed in England for the transport; in default of such an arrangement a few hand-barrows would be found efficacious; but we meet some fifty Egyptians marching in Indian file, each bearing in his hand a small square block of stone, about fifteen pounds weight—some in front of them as though it were a trophy—and all singing the undying chorus of "Allah-ill-lah!" These blocks they deposit in order, and then leisurely return for more.

What is this tremendous cloud of dust close ahead of us, from the midst of which proceeds the most hideous noise, and wherein appears to be going on, some kind of weird combat, as human heads and bestial hoofs occasionally made themselves visible through the mist? These are the far-famed donkeys and donkey-boys of Alexandria. Charge! They are round you in a minute; wherever you turn, you see long ears or pawing hoofs! "Hallo, sir! hi, sir! take my tankey, sir! my tankey, sir, beau'ful tankey, sir! faas, sir, faas as Niger, sir!" (Name varied to suit that of ship in which you arrive.) "Hallo, sir! Go to post-office, sir! Railway, sir! Look my saddle, sir! my stirrup! His dam bad tankey, sir; lie down in sand and throw, sir, off! Hallo, sir! my tankey!" I jump on a very small animal, under a huge demi-pique saddle, and am straightway galloped off with, unresistingly. Is it? Can it be? By Jove, it is! A string of camels! Now, for the first time, I believe that I have left St. Martin's-le-Grand in London far behind, that I am in the land of the cypress and myrtle, and ready to be melted to sorrow or maddened to crime! A shower of blows on my donkey from my driver, and a storm of "Hi, hi's!" (the true Blackheath and Hamp-

stead vernacular—what a chance for an essay by a philologist on the universality of stable language!) brings us out of harm's way and camel's reach; but, as they pass, that extraordinary "gloaming," which, I believe, attacks every one on a first visit to the East, comes upon me, and I can think of nothing but the Arabian Nights, the long story-telling Scheherazade, the Caliph, Mesrour, and all that glorious tribe.

This large square of white-faced hotels is much more like Paris than Egypt, but these long-robed, turbaned Turks, these palm-trees, the water-carrier with his swollen cowskin brimming over with water, these rickety wooden sheds, this half-nude, wild-eyed, olive-skinned population, is all utterly Eastern, and arouses in one thoughts which——Hallo! a board with "Railway Station" painted on it in white letters!

The railway station is a large white-washed hall, with a wooden screen partitioned off at one end, where the solitary clerk stands smoking a cigarette, and talking a curious polyglot language. He has but little to do, for all the P. and O. Company's passengers have through-tickets, and his dealings are principally with the few clerks in mercantile houses who run between Alexandria and Cairo, and a tolerably numerous drift of Egyptians, travelling between the post and the interior villages. In the hall of the station I find nearly all the Niger's male passengers engaged in fierce bargaining with a native who has "puggeries" to vend. A "puggery" is a long slip of white muslin which is bound round the hat, and formed into a fantastic bow with tails behind, very like to mutes' "weepers" at a child's funeral. It is supposed to keep out the sun, but whether it does or not, every one must have one; so to be in the fashion, I invest a shilling in this purchase (half-a-crown was the price originally asked), and thus accoutred, step on to the platform.

My friend the bishop is the only one unpuggeried; the episcopal shovel hat, which has replaced the silk skull-cap of the vessel, bears no white veil, and its owner, taking me by the arm, will show me all he can. And first he proposes that I throw my infidel glances upon some real Moslem ladies attached to the establishment of the Pasha, who are seated in our train. Thanks to the bishop's convoy, I walk forward, and come to a carriage, at the door of which stands a very tall black man, dressed in a blue and red uniform, with a sword by his side. Inside the carriage are some half dozen bundles of clothes, which I am told are women, but which may be anything; their heads are bandaged up in a white cloth, which is strained tightly across the forehead, and carried off in a fall down the back; up from the neck, like an exaggerated busk or stay-bone, passing diagonally across chin, mouth, and nose, is a strip of strong cane, across the end of which, just below the eyes, is drawn another piece of white linen, passing round the head and completely enveloping the lower portion of the face, so that between the two bandages, the eyes are the only features which can be seen. Despite the severe looks of the excessively tall black man, I take a very rude but very natural stare into the carriage, but see little attractive, for even the eyes that are visible are dull, listless, and lustre-lacking, save one pair! It is a pair of long, black, almond-shaped liquid eyes—belonging to a coquette, too, for she has seen the Frank staring at her, and pretends to pull her yastmusthar more closely round her face on my side, while she puffs the smoke of her cigarette out of the opposite window. This suggests a chance of seeing her profile devoid of yastmusthar or other covering; so I walk quietly round at the back of the train, and, ensconcing myself behind the state carriage of the Pasha, which has been shunted on one side—a very gorgeous green and gold affair, luxuriously fitted up—I get a full view of my smoking beauty, and beheld in her the incarnation of fat, sluggish, venal, sensual loveliness.

For miles and miles after leaving the station the railroad runs through the flattest and most uninteresting country. Immediately on starting, the scene is more animated; looking back you see the harbour and the sea; Pompey's Pillar, far away to the left; Cleopatra's Needle, and the white-faced houses, stretching out on either side the town. Then you come to vast swamps and miles of marshy ground, dotted with pools of standing water, on which are innumerable flocks of wild-fowl, marsh-hens, water-coots, and snipe. On the left hand, and parallel with the railroad, runs the Mahmoodie Canal, along the bank of which there is a constant traffic. Now, a horseman, splendidly mounted, dashes by at full speed; now, a string of heavily laden camels saunter by, or two or three foot passengers following a donkey carrying a tent—gipsies even amongst this gipsy nation! At distances of a mile, or even less, we pass a village: a collection of mud hovels of the most miserable kind, resembling nothing so much as exaggerated mud-pies made by our poor children at home, with a hole in the wall for entrance, and a hole in the circular roof to emit the smoke. About these hovels the children swarm: filthy, stunted, and wretched: lying about without the least signs of childish vivacity: listless, hollow-eyed, and shrunken-limbed. Two or three times we come upon an encampment; the chief's tent, snowy white and roomy; tethered round it, his two or three horses, his camel for burden, and, in one instance, a very large and milk-white donkey; at a little distance, a humbler brown tent for his retainers.

The heat of the sun, blazing and scorching on the roof of the carriage, is now tremendous, and the monotony of the scenery, and slowness of pace, begin to render us all irritable and bored. We have stopped at two or three stations, where we have had a change of third-class Egyptian passengers, and where itinerant vendors of drinking water in goat-skin bags have requested us to allay the pangs of thirst. At last we come to a place called Tantah, where we are destined to remain four mortal

hours! We don't know this at first; we are beguiled with delusive notions of ten minutes; we are constantly going to set off; all who have descended must get again into their seats, as we shall start immediately. But we don't start, and so at last I get out and have a conversation with the engine-driver, who is an Englishman, and who informs me, in the truest British vernacular, "That we ain't a going, and we ain't likely to go, these three hours, and its all along of the condemned Pasha and his adjective army, which isn't worth a condemnation, the whole biling of them; and he knows where to put his hand on ten Englishmen as could lick any condemned thirty of 'em. There's only one line of rail on this here condemned tramway, that's what he calls it, for it ain't no better, and here's the regular traffic shunted into a sidin' to let a pack of condemned soldiers go by." All of which, being interpreted, means that one of the Pasha's regiments is being moved from Cairo to Alexandria, and that, as there is only a single line of rails, we are put aside until the military train has passed. Three hours in this burning sun, parched with thirst, without a chance of drinking—for the water-filled goatskins are so repulsive in look and smell, that I can't yet fly to them for solace—with nothing to do, without books or work or healthful play to pass the time, what is a once-busy bee to do? I am growing desperate, when the ever-constant bishop, sweltering but smiling and cheerful even in these adverse circumstances, comes to my aid. He has learned that there is a fair going on in the town, and he proposes that we should go and see it. An Egyptian fair; by all means let us start at once!

Passing out of the palisaded gate of the railway station, round which is loitering a crowd of sinister-looking, dirty ruffians, we come first upon a suburb of mud hovels, and then upon the little town itself: dull, quiet, neat, and orderly, the houses of a better class than I have seen, save at Alexandria. No signs of a fair as yet, except a thin and broken line of people advancing in one direction. We follow them: the bishop, who has started a red silk umbrella of portentous dimensions, leading the way, I following, somewhat embarrassed with the stiff ends of my "puggery," which *will* get down my back, tilting my hat over my eyes.

And now rises a distant humming, which announces that we are approaching the scene of festivity; and now, at distances of a hundred yards between, we find men seated on the ground, with large baskets in front of them, containing fruit for sale, and a curious saccharine stuff, not unlike masticated toffee in its appearance; this is rakatlikoum, a highly esteemed Eastern sweetmeat; and there are dates, pulpy figs, gourds, and a large yellow fruit, very like a shaddock. Led, as usual, by the bishop, I, and other of the passengers, purchase some fruit, and, much refreshed, make our way to a neighbouring spot, where a large crowd is gathered in a ring round a horse-dealer. The people push aside for us, right and left: not coweringly, but apparently through their amazement at seeing us there: and we find ourselves in the centre of the circle, in company with some half-dozen beautiful horses and as many dirty Bedouins. Two of these are breeders, the others buyers of the horseflesh. You know all about the Bedouin's affection for his horse—won't sell her—at last dying, starving, Pasha offers him enormous sum, he comes to terms, brings the animal, breaks out into a bellow as the money is counted into his hand, jumps on mare's back, rides off, and is never seen again.—Nor, most probably, is the money, though this is not said by the story-teller, nor by Mrs. Norton, who has rendered the anecdote into very sweet and touching verse.

But, the railroads and the march of intellect have changed all this, and the only fear of the owner of the "first lot," a white-bearded old man, with a face which would be benevolent but for a sinister expression of the eye, is lest he should not get enough for it. The "lot," a splendid black mare, very small, with the slenderest legs, the shiniest coat, and altogether in perfect condition, stands stone-still while the four intending purchasers scan her closely. I have attended sales at Mr. Tattersall's yard, but I firmly believe that the Bedouin gentlemen, when their scrutiny is ended, know more of the real points of that mare than all the leg-rubbing, rib-punching, and mouth-examining practised in England would have told them. One of them at last seemingly makes a bid, which the white-bearded old man apparently promptly declines; and then there arises amongst the whole crowd, a shrill and discordant wrangling, in the midst of which we push our way out and proceed further on our researches. After passing two or three more horse-vendors, we come to a knot of people who are highly amused at the antics of a mountebank: a slight, lithe, active fellow, who is throwing summersaults and tying himself into knots in true acrobat fashion. He has a comical expression of face, and evidently possesses a quick perception of the ludicrous, for, observing our party, he assumes an appearance of burlesque terror, running to each side of the ring, and pretending to hide himself; then he falls into convulsions of mock politeness, bowing his head to the ground between his legs, and finally, with a bit of turban cloth and a short stick, he improvises such an excellent imitation of the bishop's umbrella, and makes such pointed pantomimical allusion to the portliness of the bishop's person, that we are feign to beat a retreat, amid the laughter of the crowd. The mirth we leave behind us is, however, nothing to that towards which we are progressing, for just in front of us is the largest and densest circle we have yet come upon, each individual member of which seems mad with delight. Some of those forming the outer ring are actually rolling on the ground and kicking in their joy; others are jumping up and clapping their hands; all are screaming and yelling with laughter. No moving back here to let us pass,

no polite making way, it is too good an entertainment to be given up. The cause of all this tremendous mirth is—a monkey! Jacko, the veritable Jacko of the organs! He is dressed in the usual gaberdine, from beneath which his tail curls so absurdly; he has the ordinary little cap on his head; he has the usual string, with one end round his waist, the other in his master's hand; and he is bowing, dancing, grinning, chattering, and shrieking as is his wont. He is a novelty I suspect at Tantah, for young and old, grave turbaned merchants, and dirty half-nude fellahs, are pushing together in the crowd, and seem equally delighted.

As we retrace our steps, we see a guard of soldiers bringing with them some dozen criminals who are being taken from one prison to another. A more miserable set of beings never were beheld: they are robbers who have long infested the neighbourhood, and who, by their atrocities, of which murder and mutilation were mild component parts, have given much trouble to the Pasha's troops. Each wears round his neck, an iron collar, having at the side a link through which runs a chain stretching from end to end of the gang; and each wears an iron anklet to which a similar chain is attached; many are suffering from wounds received in their skirmishes with the troops, and nearly all have sores from the rubbing of their fetters. One old man, with a grizzled beard and one eye, can scarcely move, from the raw condition of his feet, and the progress of all is slow and wearied, except when they are for a moment stimulated by the threats of their guards. Looking at the horrible expression on every face, we can fully credit the deeds imputed to them; and even degraded, miserable, and suffering as their present condition is, they can pluck up enough spirit to gibe and jeer and spit at us as they pass.

Once more at the station, we find that the troop-train has gone by, during our absence, and that we are ready to start. After a long and monotonous ride, we come to a hill across which we are conveyed bodily, train and all, on a kind of moving platform, a portion of the bridge which juts out from either side, but is not joined in the middle.* Thick and muddy is the hill-stream as seen from this point, and bearing but two or three large flat-bottomed barges laden with bricks, and a couple of cangias with large flapping sails. Tedious, too, is its passage by our train, which is divided into three portions, to accommodate it to the length of the moving platform, each portion being separately conveyed across. On the other bank is the refreshment-station, with all sorts of poultry, chops, cutlets, eggs, omelettes, and fruit; and with claret, sherry, pale ale, stout, and soda water.

It was six o'clock when we left Alexandria, and it was nearly nine when, thoroughly worn out, we reached Cairo, where I got housed in safety at Shepherd's Hotel.

* The bridge is now complete. It was at this point that the son of Abbas Pasha was drowned last autumn by the breaking down of the machinery and the submersion of the railway carriage.

After a fitful, mosquito-worried sleep on a large sofa, I was roused at three o'clock next morning to find that the mails had been telegraphed from Suez, that my twenty hours of freedom were at an end, and that I was "In Charge" again.

A PENNY IN THE BANK.

The place of business of the Bank in question is an enclosed railway arch at the east end of London. Its particular address is at the Christ Church schools, Cannon-street-road, Commercial-road East, and we are at a noonday hour on Monday, and for an hour on Saturday nights, exclusively commercial. Our customers are, on Mondays, little girls with large street-door keys in their hands; wondering younger brothers, who with difficulty get their noses to the level of our desks; hard-working women; on Saturday nights we have for our customers, hard-working men and youths, who put the scanty surplus they can save out of their wages, beyond reach of the tempter, who at the street corner looks so jovial and bright, but whose wraith sits by the hearth at home so damp and cold, muttering curses, prompting cruel deeds and desperate resolves.

We hear of the Bank business on a Saturday night. We see the Bank business on a Monday, and are instructed on the subject of it by its manager, the Rev. Mr. McGill, clergyman of a poor—a very poor—parish at the most uncomfortable end of this great city. There was a journal once existing, which told one day what a London curate can do if he tries.* The successor of that curate, manages this Penny Bank, which was established by his predecessor nearly a dozen years ago, and is almost, or quite, the oldest of its kind in London. It is a bank in which the year's account on a customer's pass-book, shows an average deposit of about seven shillings and sixpence: yet the whole amount annually made the subject of its thousands of transactions is, in a round sum, two thousand pounds. Any man, woman, or child, who can afford a penny for the pass-book, and will lodge a penny as the first deposit, may enjoy the privilege of opening his, her, or its, banking account. There are such Banks, called Penny Banks, in several poor districts of London. There are such banks at Birmingham, Hull, Halifax, York, Leeds, Derby, Lichfield, Selby, Scarborough. Bolton, Southampton, Lancaster, Wakefield, Plymouth, and elsewhere. There ought to be such a Bank in every poor district, and there is no sensible and active gentleman who has a kind heart and a tolerable business faculty, by whom such a Bank may not be established in some place where it is wanted.

He shall have statistics to encourage him. In evidence of the fact that poor people want to put by savings too small to justify the opening of an account with the ordinary savings

* See the first volume of Household Words, page 464.

bank, let these figures be taken. At the Birmingham Savings Bank, seventeen pounds is the average balance owned by each depositor. At the Birmingham Penny Bank, it is not seventeen shillings; and a sum now rapidly growing towards a hundred thousand pounds has passed through that Penny Bank in deposits of small savings averaging less than three shillings a piece. At Halifax, the average amount paid in at once has not been two shillings. At Scarborough, it has been only eightpence, and the average balance kept in the Bank by its customers is six shillings and fourpence. At Shenstone, near Lichfield, threepence-halfpenny is the average sum paid in at one time by a customer. Yet, upon such terms, throughout the country, many thousands of accounts are opened.

Many of these establishments place in the savings bank, or in a joint-stock bank yielding interest upon deposits, the bulk of the money of their customers, and allow two per cent., or more, on every small pile of penny savings. Others, need all the interest to cover the expense of management. It is not, however, for the sake of interest that money is deposited; where no interest at all can be afforded, the Bank is seldom found to prosper less. The object of the prudent depositor, is only to place a little hoard beyond the reach of any momentary impulse, while it shall yet remain at hand against the time of a substantial necessity. Three days or a week's notice must be given before money can be drawn out of a Penny Bank. For every case of absolute necessity, but in few cases of mere transitory impulse, that is equivalent to actual possession of the money.

Few who are born to comfort know how various, how sacred, and how simple, are the impulses that send the poor man's hand into his pocket when there is a sixpence in it. Rich and poor, we are all hospitable if we are good for anything. There are some who know what is the hospitality of giving soup, fish, and companionship, to men who have soup, fish, and company at home; who, nine times in a dozen, reckon it irksome to leave home at all; and prefer to decline dining with a friend who cannot show himself, as to wine, cookery, and table-talk, a skilful entertainer. There are others who know what it is to give a dinner in the uttermost sense of the phrase. When the poor man feels a poorer comrade's claim upon his heart, God only knows the luxury he finds in dealing generously by him To make a Sunday feast of beef and pudding on the table that is spread day after day with scanty fare, to pour beer into the glass and cheery words into the ear of a down-hearted brother, and, forgetting troubles for an hour or two to share with him the consolations of an after-dinner pipe, is not a light temptation under which only the thoughtless fall.

"Wife, old woman, you have been toiling and pining in your faithful love, and we are very poor, though we work hard and do our best. Day after day I have seen you looking anxious and distressed, and slatternly, through being tired and over-worked. This is our wedding-day—you mind it! What a peck of business it has brought us! There's our poor little Willy, who has gone, and——But you mustn't cry to-day; plenty are left. There's more love than meat in the house. In spite of that, or because of that, let's have it all our own way for once in a time, and let the children see that life is not all made up of struggling!" What sacred holidays are these; full of delicious rest, islands of bliss in which the storm-tost people anchor to forget their cockroaches and mouldy biscuit; where the air is odorous with flowers, and the fruits that grow under the idler's hand press their delights into his palm. The luxury of meat unstinted, to those who eat it sparely day by day, of idleness and pleasure now and then to those whose lives are but too full of labour and pain, the strength of a poor man's pity for another whose distress seems to be greater than his own—it makes the poorest quarters of our towns a harvest-field to beggars. This and much more than this, will force the hand of the poor Englishman to break into a hoard that lies immediately at his fingers' ends. We talk abundantly about the gin-shop, not without remembering by what temptations poor creatures are gathered into flocks and driven cruelly into those slaughter-houses of the inner life. But we do not give enough thought to the sources of ten thousand acts of improvidence over which good angels may rejoice rather than weep. It is one of the chief griefs of poverty that it compels natural men to deny themselves more than it is good that they should be denied—indulgence of right wishes, obedience to pure and worthy promptings of the heart.

There is a simplicity of mind in those who have been slightly educated, which gives to good impulses more strength and freedom than they usually have among persons who test what is in them by the long and wide experience of which all common knowledge is but the result. A household in which very few shillings are enough to form a valuable and substantial saving, enough to tide over a day of unexpected loss, to meet some serious claim, or to find the little luxury that may be life to a sick child, must not be spent without deliberation. It is good to put it away in a teapot, and to put the teapot on a high shelf. If the shelf be so high that one must take two or three days to reach it, that is better still. There will be time for reflection interposed between the wish to spend it and the getting it to spend, and what is done will be done only for sufficient reason. This kind of storing does not forbid—why should it?—expenditure on seasonable pleasures. Whitsuntide has caused a cheery run upon our Penny Banks, for shillings very slowly saved, to yield a holiday worth having. Only it is well that such holidays should be deliberately chosen, and appointed, and provided for, as the great household events they are: not idly snatched on the first prompting of a bit of outer sunshine.

We sit by the paying-out table of the Penny Bank. There is one desk at which money for

which notice has been given is paid out. There are three desks for paying in, each furnished with three recorders—one in pass-book, one in day-book, one in ledger—of the little sums paid in. No poor man's earnings shall be lost through negligence of record. We may read the secret of this girl, hardly too old to lead nursery games in a home ignorant of want, whose pleasant face is set so firmly with a sense of the world's care and duty, and who stands erect, with the street-door key in her hand, waiting for sixteen shillings and twopence: a comparatively large sum, and her mother's whole deposit. It is a sum hoarded through months of small solicitude, and now, no doubt, there is a great care to be killed by it. The girl knows all about it. Her face shows that she is acquainted with her mother's cares and is partner of her confidence. There is a boy here who has given notice of, and is fulfilling, his intention to draw on the Bank for a shilling. Many of these young people are depositors on their own account, for they all have found in their homes good reason for earning something at an early age.

Across the room there is a girl of twelve in a frock of deep mourning which she has outgrown, and to which a tiny brother clings with a small fist. She has to mind him, and has brought him with her, while she carries to the miserably slender hoard, the last mite wrung as savings from the widow's pittance for long days of toil. The girl is a child, with the sedateness of old age in her manner. While she is giving her mind to operations with the pass-book, her young charge has wandered to the empty grate, and has made a horse of something that he found there, and has vanished on horseback. When the business is over, the staid sister searches the whole room with a grave look, satisfies herself that her charge is gone (as a child should) into the sunshine, and quietly departs herself into the golden summer light.

She has gone out of an enclosed arch fitted with doors and mysterious suggestions of outlying premises, furnished with desks and stools, with a frill of zinc that may stop leakage from above, and with a smoky clock over the stove, suggestive of ideas not honourable to the contrivance serving in the place of chimney; and she is gone out into a hard and dull paved court that will lead into a street with forty smells, of which not one suggests the handiwork of God. But, she has fulfilled her small errand of love and duty; she has found for her mother true service in small service under that brick vault; and in the sordid street she has, at any rate, the vault of heaven overhead, and the pure light—the only thing in nature that cannot be poisoned.

We have spoken so far, without reference to the proverb, Take care of the Pence, and the Pounds will take care of themselves. As a general proverb, it contains more falsehood than truth. But, it is certain that they who count earnings in shillings, can save only in pence, and that the savings banks, which do not receive any sum smaller than a shilling, do not meet the want of thousands who are helped—as their free use of it bears witness—by the Penny Bank. In this Bank, money is easily deposited in a safe place, as fast as it comes in excess, however trifling the excess may be, and is easily withdrawn again for use. The founder of a Penny Bank should have as many Bank days in a week, as means allow. School teachers and monitors may readily be taught how to act as its clerks. An hour on one day, or on two days, in the week—Saturday night furnishing, if possible, one of these hours—is the usual time allowed. In the case of savings banks, it has been found that at Edinburgh, where the savings bank is open every day, and on three evenings in the week, the use made of it is three times greater than is general elsewhere in the United Kingdom.

Into the minuter practical details of Penny Bank management we need not enter here. Various methods are used for securing accuracy of accounts, and a set of books published at Warwick (Morgan's Penny Bank System) is very suitable for establishments of this kind in which the press of business is not great. Useful help for whatever head may plan the actual institution of one of these Banks, will be found also in the second of a series of Plain Papers on the Social Economy of the People, published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy.

We remained at the Bank maintained in the parish of St. George's in the East until its doors were closed. We saw the several books made up, compared and balanced with the money taken, of which a substantial part was a bagful of copper. Record of the hour's work in ink, and in the metal that had been deposited, having been found to tally perfectly, the business was over for the day. It has been said that seven and sixpence is, in this poor parish, the average year's deposit of a customer, while in the Penny Bank of an adjoining district there are average deposits of a pound. The hour's work at a single bank time here, represents the paying in on one side, and the drawing out on the other side, of small sums, yielding a total in each case varying between ten and twenty pounds.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVI. STILL KNITTING.

MADAME DEFARGE and monsieur her husband returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, and down the weary miles of avenue by the wayside, slowly tending towards that point of the compass where the château of Monsieur the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees. Such ample leisure had the stone faces, now, for listening to the trees and to the fountain, that the few village scarecrows who, in their quest for herbs to eat and fragments of dead stick to burn, strayed within sight of the great stone courtyard and terrace staircase, had it borne in upon their starved fancy that the expression of the faces was altered. A rumour just lived in the village—had a faint and bare existence there, as its people had—that when the knife struck home, the faces changed, from faces of pride to faces of anger and pain; also, that when that dangling figure was hauled up forty feet above the fountain, they changed again, and bore a cruel look of being avenged, which they would henceforth bear for ever. In the stone face over the great window of the bed-chamber where the murder was done, two fine dints were pointed out in the sculptured nose, which everybody recognised, and which nobody had seen of old; and on the scarce occasions when two or three ragged peasants emerged from the crowd to take a hurried peep at Monsieur the Marquis petrified, a skinny finger would not have pointed to it for a minute, before they all started away among the moss and leaves, like the more fortunate hares who could find a living there.

Château and hut, stone face and dangling figure, the red stain on the stone floor and the pure water in the village well—thousands of acres of land—a whole province of France—all France itself—lay under the night sky, concentrated into a faint hair-breadth line. So does a whole world with all its greatnesses and littlenesses, lie in a twinkling star. And as mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyse the manner of its composition, so, sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours, every thought and act, every vice and virtue, of every responsible creature on it.

The Defarges, husband and wife, came lumbering under the starlight, in their public vehicle, to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guard-house, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted: knowing one or two of the soldiery there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When Saint Antoine had again enfolded the Defarges in his dusky wings, and they, having finally alighted near the Saint's boundaries, were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation. But, he had been so careful to get it accurately, that he then spelt it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Eh my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

They turned into the wine-shop, which was closed (for it was midnight), and where Madame

Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while, Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, complacently admiring, but never interfering; in which condition, indeed, as to the business and his domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life.

The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighbourhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge's olfactory sense was by no means delicate, but the stock of wine smelt much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum and brandy and aniseed. He whiffed the compound of scents away, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odours."

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had had a ray or two for him. "Oh, the men, the men!"

"But my dear," began Defarge.

"But my dear!" repeated madame, nodding firmly: "but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!"

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it *is* a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with Lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame, composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me?"

Defarge raised his forehead thoughtfully, as if there were something in that, too.

"It does not take a long time," said madame, "for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?"

"A long time, I suppose," said Defarge.

"But when it is ready, it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the mean time, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it."

She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

"I tell thee," said madame, extending her right hand, for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come, during our lives."

"Eh well! How then?" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well!" said Defarge, with a half complaining and half apologetic shrug. "We shall not see the triumph."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame, with her extended hand in strong action. "Nothing that we do, is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would——"

There madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained—not shown—yet always ready."

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with no infraction of her usual preoccupied air. There were a few customers, drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. The day was very hot, and heaps of flies, who were extending their inquisitive and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading, who looked at them in the coolest manner (as if they themselves were elephants, or something as far removed), until they met the same fate. Curious to consider how heedless flies are!—perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress, before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good day, madame," said the new comer.

"Good day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting: "Hah! Good day, age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin long and sallow face, aquiline nose but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek which imparts a sinister expression! Good day, one and all!"

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvellous cognac this, madame!"

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better. She said, however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

"You knit with great skill, madame."

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty pattern too!"

"*You* think so?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

"Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?"

"Pastime," said madame, still looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

"Not for use?"

"That depends. I may find a use for it, one day. If I do——well," said madame, drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry, "I'll use it!"

It was remarkable; but, the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a poverty-stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

"JOHN," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'BARSAD' before you go."

"You have a husband madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too—as you say."

"As *you* say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"*I* think?" returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is, how to live. That is the subject *we* think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads concerning others. *I* think for others? No, no."

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but, stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face: "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighbourhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"—Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good day, Jacques!" the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited too; "good day!"

"Good day!" answered Defarge, dryly.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed, and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not

change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah!" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recals to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honour of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you his old domestic had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances?"

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances!" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now," said the spy.

"No," said Defarge.

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter or perhaps two; but since then, they have gradually taken their road in life—we, ours—and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English?"

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment; but, he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trustworthy. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave: taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of her chair: "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is——" Defarge began; and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"— And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange—now, at least is it not very strange"—said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?"

"Stranger things than that, will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. Either Saint Antoine had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or Saint Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance; howbeit, the Saint took courage to lounge in, very shortly afterwards, and the wine-shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening, at which season of all others, Saint Antoine turned himself inside out, and sat on door-steps and window-ledges, and came to the corners of vile streets and courts, for a breath of air, Madame Defarge with her work in her hand was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group: a Missionary

—there were many like her—such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted. They knitted worthless things; but, the mechanical work was a mechanical substitute for eating and drinking; the hands moved for the jaws and the digestive apparatus; if the bony fingers had been still, the stomachs would have been more famine-pinched.

But, as the fingers went, the eyes went, and the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with, and left behind.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. "A great woman," said he, "a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman!"

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting. Darkness encompassed them. Another darkness was closing in as surely, when the church bells, then ringing pleasantly in many an airy steeple over France, should be melted into thundering cannon; when the drums should be beating to drown a wretched voice, that night all potent as the voice of Power and Plenty, Freedom and Life. So much was closing in about the women who sat knitting, knitting, that they their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt, where they were to sit knitting, knitting, counting dropping heads.

GOOD AND BAD FUNGUS.

Some of the most important diseases of corn and other agricultural crops are owing to the attacks of microscopic fungi. These have been divided into four sorts: those attacking the flower, as smut (uredo segetum); those attacking the grain, as pepper-brand (uredo fœtida); those attacking the leaves and chaff, as rust (uredo rubigo); and those attacking the straw, as corn-mildew (puccinia graminis). Smut-balls, pepper-brand, or blight, is a powdery matter occupying the inside of the grain of wheat, and when examined under the microscope is found to consist of minute balls, four millions of which may exist in a single grain, and each of these contains numerous little spores. In this disease the seeds retain their form and appearance, but the parasitic fungus has a peculiarly fœtid odour, and hence is called stinking rust. Dust-brand is a sooty powder, having no smell, found in oats and barley, and shows itself conspicuously before the ripening of the crop. Bauer says that in one one hundred and sixty thousandth part of a square inch he counted forty-nine spores of this fungus. Rust is an orange powder exuding from the inner chaff scales, and forming yellow or brown spots and blotches in various parts of corn plants. It is sometimes called red gum, red robin, red rust, and red rag. Mildew is supposed to be another state of the same disease.

Those fungi which are developed in the interior of plants, and appear afterwards on the surface, are called entophytic, within a plant. Their minute sporules are either directly applied to the plants, entering by their stomata, or they are taken up from the soil. Many other funguses grow parasitically on plants, and either give rise to disease or modify it in a peculiar way. In the potato disease a species of fungus commits great ravages by spreading its spawn through the cells of the leaves and the tubers, and thus accelerating their destruction. Various kinds of fungi attack the tomata, beet, turnip, and carrot. A species of derpazia sometimes causes disease in the knots of wheat. A diseased state of rye and other grasses, called ergot, is owing to a fungus which causes the ovary of the grain to become dark coloured, and project from the chaff in the form of a spur; and hence its name of spurred rye. The nutritious part of the grain is destroyed, and it acquires highly injurious properties.

Many kinds of wood are liable to the attacks of fungi, "which renders," says the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, "one or two species, known under the common name of dry-rot, such a dreadful plague in ships and buildings." This disease, once established, spreads with wonderful rapidity; and Professor Burnett records the following instance of the speed with which a building may be destroyed by this insidious enemy. "I knew," he says, "a house into which the rot gained admittance, and which, during the four years we rented it, had the parlours twice wainscoted, and a new flight of stairs, the dry-rot having rendered it unsafe to go from the ground-floor to the bedrooms. Every precaution was taken to remove the decaying timbers when the new work was done; yet the dry-rot so rapidly gained strength, that the house was ultimately pulled down. Some of my books which suffered least, and which I still retain, bear mournful impressions of its ruthless hand; others were so much affected that the leaves resembled tinder, and, when the volumes were opened, fell out in dust or fragments."

A species of fungus called racodium is somewhat bacchanalian in its tastes, and to gratify them pays frequent visits to cellars and places like the London Docks, where it is said "he pays his unwelcome visits, and is in even worse odour than the exciseman." An instance is related of a gentleman who, having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine it contained might be decomposed by age; at the end of three years he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, it was found to be impossible, on account of some powerful obstacle. The door being cut down, the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus.

Like insects, fungi do not content themselves with preying upon dead organised matter; some of them also attack living substances, both animal and vegetal. They have been found growing in the air-cells of birds, and even upon the lining membrane of the human lungs. Silkworms are sometimes destroyed in vast numbers by an internal fungus called muscardine. A species of wasp, inhabiting the West Indies, may often be seen flying about with fungoid plants as long as its own body growing upon it; and the caterpillar of a New Zealand moth, when it retires into the earth to undergo its metamorphosis, is attacked by a fungus which destroys it. A very curious circumstance connected with this fungus-bearing caterpillar is, that the plant invariably grows from immediately behind the head of the victim, and from no other part of its body. One sort of fungus specially devotes itself to destroying the hoofs of horses and the horns of cattle, sticking to nothing else. Several French surgeons, among the rest Lemery, narrate cases in which, on removing bandages from sore surfaces, they have found a collection of funguses growing upon them, generally about the size of a finger; and one of them adds that, having reapplied the wrappings, a second batch came out in the course of twenty-four hours, and this for several days consecutively.

The uses to which funguses have been put are various, such as making dye or ink, for stupifying bees, for staunching blood, and for making tinder. A fungus called Agaricus muscarius is largely used in Kamtschatka, in decoction, as an intoxicating liquor. Reeves says this is the Moncho more of the Russians, Kamtschatdales, and Koriacs, who use it for intoxication; they sometimes eat it dry, but more commonly immersed in a liquor, and when they drink it they are seized with convulsions in all their limbs, followed by that sort of raving which accompanies a burning fever; they personify this mushroom, and if they are urged by its effects to suicide, or any other dreadful crime, they pretend to obey its commands; to fit themselves for premeditated assassination they recur to the use of Moncho more.

Of the funguses formerly employed in medicine, the ergot of rye is the only one which keeps its ground. A fungus called Polyporus suaveolens has been much vaunted for its surprising effects in cases of consumption, but it has now fallen entirely into disuse.

In Lapland, Linnæus saw the Boletus igniarius, which is shaped like a horse's hoof, hung up on the walls of the cottages, and used as a pincushion. It is made use of as tinder in some parts of England and Germany.

The Yeast-plant is another of the useful fungi. It surprises many persons to be told that yeast is a plant. Yet, nevertheless, it represents one condition of a species of fungus remarkable for the diversity of forms it exhibits, its almost universal distribution, and the wonderful effects it is capable of producing. The forms in which it is familiar to most persons, although its nature may be unsuspected, are yeast, the gelatinous vinegar-plant, the "mother" of vinegar, and many other decomposing vegetable infusions, and the common blue or green "mould" which occurs everywhere on sour paste, decaying fruits, and all dead organic matters exposed to combined moisture and moderate heat. Yeast and the vinegar-plant are the forms in which it vegetates when well supplied with food. Mildew is its fruit, formed on the surfaces exposed to the air, at certain epochs, like the flowers and seeds of the higher order of plants, to enable it to diffuse itself. This it does most effectually, for the microscopic germs, invisible singly to the unaided sight, are produced in myriads, and are so diminutive that ordinary motes floating in the atmosphere are large in comparison.

A wholesome vinegar can be made by placing a developed vinegar-plant in a syrup composed of a quart of water and half a pound of sugar. If kept covered from dust in a cool place, the vinegar after being filtered will be fit for use.

But, the edible, the most useful of the funguses, are the most neglected by botanists. The Chinese present a striking contrast to ourselves in the care they bestow upon their esculent vegetation. About a dozen years ago, M. Stanislaus Julien presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a Chinese treatise in six volumes, with plates, entitled the Anti-Famine Herbal, containing descriptions and representations of four hundred and fourteen different plants, whose leaves, rinds, stalks, or roots, are fitted to furnish food for the people when drought, ravages of locusts, or the overflow of the great rivers have occasioned a failure of rice and grain. Of this book the Chinese Government are said annually to print thousands, and distribute them gratuitously in those districts which are most exposed to natural calamities.

In England wilful ignorance and silly prejudices still prevail to such an extent that Mr. Badham says: "I have myself witnessed whole hundredweights of rich wholesome food rotting under trees; woods teeming with food and not one hand to gather it; and this, perhaps, in the midst of potato blight, poverty, and all manner of privations, and public prayers against imminent famine. I have indeed been grieved to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks in the shape of fistulina hepatica; agaricus fusipes to pickle in clusters under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweetbread, for the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; hydna, as good as oysters, which they somewhat resemble in taste; agaricus deliciosus, reminding us of tender lamb kidneys; the beautiful yellow chantarelle, growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick them up; the sweet nutty-flavoured boletus, in vain calling himself edulis where there are none to believe him; the dainty orcella, the agaricus heterophyllus, which tastes like the crawfish when grilled; the agaricus ruber, and agaricus virescens, to cook in any way, and equally good in all; these are among the most conspicuous of the edible funguses."

No country is perhaps richer in esculent funguses than our own, for we have upwards of thirty species abounding in our woods. No markets might, therefore, be better supplied than the English, and yet England is the only country in Europe where this important and savoury food is, from ignorance or prejudice, left to perish ungathered. In France, Germany, and Italy, funguses not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but to many form a valuable source of income. Indeed, enthusiastic writers upon the subject have styled them "the manna of the poor."

THE LAST OF THE WAR.

It is extremely hot, at Dezenzano, this seventh day of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. To be on the Lake of Garda on such a day is equivalent to wishing to be in it. Yet what would that avail? The lake smokes as if in a perspiration, and has not strength to lift fairly ashore the incidental cabbage-stalk which has been, for these ten minutes, feebly filliping the beach in vain endeavours to effect a landing. An individual of the carp family, emerging from the depths, gives a lazy lounge against a piece of crust somebody has flung from the balcony of the hotel (who could have made the exertion?), but the size disgusts him; and, deferring his dinner to a cooler season, the scaly epicure permits himself to disappear. Two little "agones" (the treasures of this lake; fish almost too delicious to cook, had cooking not been their obvious end), with a pettish whisk of their tails, endorse the senior's opinion, and withdraw with equal abruptness from the very presence of food. Three motionless swallows sit on my window-sill, with their beaks open to an extent that suggests the idea of their having perished by the garrotte and been stuffed as they died. Nothing is in movement, but a very brown lady; who, on her knees by the lake, with a heap of linen at her side, is executing that process of saturation and cudgelling here recognised as "washing," and which generally results in the restoration of one's shirts, marked with brown streaks, as of profuse weeping, together with the entire absence of every button they possessed.

The exertion of brushing a fly from one's nose acts as a profuse sodorific. An eccentric combination of doors and windows enables me to catch a glimpse of the absolute waiter actually asleep on a couch, with an empty soda-water bottle in his hand. But to few is it allotted fairly to behold a slumbering waiter. When a waiter sleeps, let general nature nod. In truth a universal lassitude does prevail. The rumble of forage and munition carts, the tramp of horse, the jangle of sabre and spur, have unaccountably surceased. The very war is asleep!

Bang!

Not exactly. A deep growl (to which, except for ancient usage, the brief, sharp monosyllable "bang" would be totally inapplicable), and a low rattle of window-panes, send the surly denial. Looking across the foot of the lake so as to cut off a southern strip of the latter, one may see a white cloud just dispersing. Below it is the largest of the formidable earthworks which, since eighteen hundred and forty-eight, constitute the defences of Peschiera.

The distance—let us await another gun and calculate it. by the transmission of the sound. Thirty-four seconds, to a fraction. If Cocker be worthy of the confidence hitherto reposed in him, we are seven miles, less one hundred and twenty yards, from that gun's mouth.

Peschiera is most on the alert when others sleep, or prefer inaction. Last night, for example, occurred one of those ghastly storms so frequent in Italy, compounded of thunder, lightning, and a hot, furious wind, without a drop of rain. The lightning was incessant; there was no calculable space between the flashes; it was one perpetual blue shimmer; keeping one's eyes in a condition of unceasing wink. This moment Peschiera selected for opening a lively fire upon something or somebody. The cannonade grew heavier; shells, fired at an uncommon elevation, made brilliant arches in the air, and, at one period, a low grumble of small arms seemed to imply that something serious was in progress. The artificial considerably outlasted the natural storm, and did not subside till dawn, when I retired to bed in the conviction that the fortress had either been captured, or had inflicted upon her assailants a lesson they would not easily forget. Accordingly, I felt a little disgusted on learning from a Piedmontese officer, whom I met at breakfast, "Ce n'était rien, rien du tout. 'Tite sortie, peut-être." (It was nothing, nothing whatever. A little sally, perhaps.)

The results of this nothing arrived in the very hottest part of the hot succeeding day, in the shape of a cartful of wounded men. One death only had occurred; that of a gallant young officer of Bersaglieri, who had survived the perils of Magenta and Solferino to perish in this night skirmish. A cannon-shot tore away his left arm and shoulder. "He made one grimace," said a soldier, who was much attached to him, and shed tears, "and was gone."

Alarms by day, and especially this day, are languid and rare. Nevertheless, an energetic American officer of engineers, upon whose well-tanned countenance the sunbeams innocently play, with a degree of calmness that certainly entitles him to be considered as in possession of his senses, proposes a noontide visit to the front!

With some difficulty we get the expedition deferred till the evening, and reconcile our friend to the delay by engaging him in conversation on the subject of his adventures at Solferino. He has not much of importance to add to what he has previously related. For has he not told us already how, being aroused by the guns, he saddled his horse, and darted away at once in the direction of the greatest noise? How, from his profound ignorance of the ground, he had

distributed his presence with the greatest impartiality among the three contending hosts, until his horse, rendered frantic by the bursting shells, seized the bit in his teeth, and, with much discretion, landed his master among the staff of astonished General Fanté, with whom, however, he was permitted to ride for the remainder of that eventful day. How, the struggle ended, he traversed almost the whole of the extended field, and witnessed a spectacle of suffering and death not destined, we may hope, to find many parallels in what remains of the world's history. And how, at one spot, where the dead and wounded lay "as thick as stones," he noticed that the brave French soldiers, bleeding on the ground, still laughed and chatted after their easy manner, and could think of nothing but the events of the contest, and the possible annoyance of their emperor at the loss they had experienced at certain points.

"How could it be helped, when we could only see the top of their caps? Que voulez-vous?"

There was something touching in the poor fellow's apologising for being killed.

Nor were the gallant American's adventures over when, after having been instrumental in obtaining succour for many wounded who had crawled aside out of the fire, and might have been overlooked, he at length folded himself in his cloak, and lay down for the night under the shelter of a friendly haystack. Perpetual low cries, bespeaking an agony more intense than anything he had witnessed yet, sounded in his ears, and compelled him to resume his search. It was an Austrian officer, whose thigh was shattered in a fearful manner. Hastening to the nearest cottage, our friend entreated assistance.

"Is he Piedmontese?" inquired the master of the hut.

"No."

"French, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the man, preparing to close his door, "Tedesco. The brigand! Let him lie."

Our friend had not much Italian—perhaps the good Samaritan was no great linguist; but there is an universal tongue of which no man dare plead ignorance, and it was probably with some accent of this on his tongue that our friend, laying his finger on the man's arm, with the words, "Tedesco . . . . ma uomo" (Tedesco—but still a man), led him, willing enough, to the spot where his assistance was needed.

A visit to one of the nearer hospitals (there are nine in Dezenzano, containing about four hundred of the worst wounded) will occupy the time until it is cool enough to see what is going on at Peschiera. A noble-hearted English lady—what great scene of human trial is ever without such a mitigant?—arrived here the day succeeding the battle, and, though herself in delicate health, has remained here ever since, devoting all her energies to the alleviation of the suffering around her. In the course of this one day, she and her maid have made, and stuffed with carefully carded wool, not less than twenty-four pillows for the poor wounded soldiers, many of whom have still no better couch than a heap of hay.

Gladly accepting the charge of her basket of restoratives, we attend her to a large old building in the Piazza Teatro, and turn into the first room. It is the theatre itself. The audience part, converted into an hospital, contains about thirty beds, tenanted exclusively by wounded Piedmontese officers. The stage part remains intact, and, with the scenes and properties, lamps, chairs, &c., contrasts strangely with the melancholy performance enacting in front. We make the tour of the room, distributing fans and oranges—the heat and flies being almost intolerable to the fevered patients. The latter, though in many cases suffering from severe injuries, are comfortable and well cared for, having had the attendance of their own servants until yesterday, when the exigencies of the service necessitated their recal.

It is among the men that help is most needed, and we presently visit an apartment above, in which anguish is visible in every possible shape.

In the first bed lies the only stranger sufferer—a man of noble aspect—a Croat. He has been shot through the lungs, and bayoneted in the arm and hand. Unable to speak, he feebly lifts up three fingers to signify his three hurts. Wounded probably to death, speechless, and a prisoner, the poor fellow makes no other gesture of complaint, but looks wistfully at the morsel of orange we are preparing to put between his parched lips. It must be nectar, by his look; and we are about to offer another, when he glances towards his neighbour, and, with great difficulty, articulates, "Fratello!" (Brother.)

His brother sufferer is, however, beyond such solace. A ball had lodged in his temples, depriving him of sight, and—it must be hoped—of consciousness also. His head was swollen to twice the natural size. Excepting some intervals of violent convulsions, he had lain for fourteen days in that condition, receiving no other nourishment than a few drops of cold water.

Next to him, and calling unceasingly for his mother and sister, lies a young man from Padua. He was originally a conscript, but, deserting the Austrian service, entered that of Piedmont, and has served gallantly for a period of thirteen years, during which he has, of course, been cut off from home and friends. The way to these is opened too late. He will not see another sun. A dark screen, placed round the next bed, denotes that the sufferer has been released.

Here is a brave Bersagliere, who has already undergone the amputation of both legs, and must, if he would live, sacrifice his better arm.

Here is a youth, desperately wounded, but in high spirits. He is to be an officer if he lives. But his great content is that he has found his uncle. He knew that his relative had been wounded, and, when himself picked up, wearied everybody with entreaties to seek out his "zio," to whom he was greatly attached. Time would

not permit of this, but, by a very singular coincidence, the boy, on reaching the hospital, found his "zio" in the next bed to his own.

Here is a poor fellow, careless of his shattered arm, but crying bitterly for the loss of his officer, St. Martino, who is in the list of killed, and whose death, on the well-contested heights which happen to bear his name, was one of the many interesting episodes of the war. He had been, as he considered, unjustly overlooked in a matter of promotion. The captain of his company being slain in the last attack upon St. Martino, the command which should have been his by right devolved upon him by casualty. Determined to prove himself worthy of it, and throwing himself far before his men, he encouraged them to storm the Austrian battery that crowned the position. A grape-shot tore his thigh, but finding himself still able to walk, he continued by voice and example to animate his men, and only when the height was fairly won allowed his wound to be examined. It was too late. Exhausted by loss of blood—for the injury was not necessarily mortal—he had but time to dictate a message to his friends, and so expired.

The patients are suffering much to-day from fever. There is one case of typhus—which has been isolated—and a threatening of a much-dreaded disease, hitherto confined to Lombardy—the "milijaja," the proper treatment of which has only recently been determined. The chief characteristic is a violent rash, which must be at once freely thrown out, or the patient dies.

The attendants are kind but few. The influx of wounded has exceeded all calculation, and the thirty-four crowded hospitals of Brescia furnish full employment to nurses and medical men. Provisions at Dezenzano and the neighbouring villages are scarce and amazingly dear, nor can it be disguised that the enthusiasm for freedom which so strongly characterises the people as far as Brescia, undergoes a remarkable change so soon as that line is passed. On the pretext that the Austrians had made a clean sweep of the country—an excuse of which it was not difficult to ascertain the utter falsehood—the tradespeople frequently refused to supply the common necessaries for the wounded, except at three times the usual price. On one occasion no bread whatever was to be obtained. There are but two bakers in Dezenzano, and these patriotic men put up their shutters in the teeth of the hungry applicants, averring that they had no flour, whereas any amount of that necessary article was obtainable from Brescia in four or five hours.

The language of the peasant population was decidedly discreet and calm.

"Well, how do you like the change?" was the question a friend of mine was fond of putting, accompanied with an encouraging smile, to every rural proprietor he met.

The reply was generally conveyed in one word: "Vedremo." (We shall see.)

Can it be that the process of denationalisation had already made such progress? Was the rabbit absolutely in course of digestion in the mighty serpent's maw? "Vedremo." It sounds significant.

Our basket is empty. Some words of encouragement, a touch of the burning hands, an arrangement of the pillow, is all we have to bestow upon the remaining invalids; but the very notice is enough, and we defy any one to refuse thus much to the piteous, "Ah, signor! ah, signor!" which follows any attempt to pass without it.

Farewell, poor soldiers of ransomed Italy—still in the strife—for surely it is in the heat, the fever, the squalor—in the inevitable neglect, the unmitigable pain, the heavy changes of day to night, and night to day, the anxious thought, and frenzied dream—that the worst and most trying fight is waged.

Man, while he lives, must dine. The very worst repast, for the eating of which mortal individual was ever fined four francs, occupies half an hour. And now it is six o'clock. Order the horses. Away towards Peschiera!

In company with Major G., a gallant Piedmontese officer who served in the Crimea, and now commands the waggon-train; we canter off towards Pozzolengo, about an hour's easy ride. Leaving our horses at the little albergo, we push on to certain heights about a mile further—near Sansoni—and there, as on a map, lie spread before us Peschiera and the war. The town itself, lying in a trench, is only distinguishable by a tower and some dimly seen roofs; but the works which give importance to the place are clear enough. We are not more than a mile and a half from "number four," the largest link in that formidable chain of thirteen forts which hangs around the neck of Peschiera the warlike.

Is it possible that these light-brown hillocks, with green crowns and a knob on the top, looking like half-completed railway embankments, really hold at bay the victorious hosts of France and Piedmont? If we except that solitary sentinel standing motionless on an angle of the nearest work, not a sign of life is visible in any direction in the country held by the enemy. The evening is still and beautiful—the landscape like one rich garden, sparkling with villas, with here and there a village clock-tower—in castled ruin, lifting a hoary head above the abundant trees. In the valley—half way to the enemy—are the still smoking remains of a beautiful château, burned by the Austrians two or three days ago. It was done with the greatest politeness. The proprietor was in the act of sitting down to his two o'clock dinner, when an Austrian officer presented himself, with the compliments of his general, and an intimation that, as the position of the château had become strategically inconvenient, a party would attend to burn it down that evening or the following morning, whichever might be most convenient to the owner. It was now garrisoned by neither party, but each had established an outpost fifty yards from the walls.

It is now nearly half-past seven, and no fort has fired a shot since three. While we are yet speculating on this unaccustomed forbearance, a puff of white smoke from "number six" is seen, and a shell, directed at some French encamped on our right, falls short.

As though to correct the error, a sister-fort, though nearly half a mile more distant, sends a shell right over number six, and drops it apparently within twenty yards of the first row of tents, a range of nearly two miles.

Again a silence succeeds, when a long line of black smoke over the Lake of Garda attracts our attention. Up go the glasses. A steamer! An armed steamer making for Peschiera at tremendous speed! *Now* we shall see something, for get in she cannot, without a word or two with the French to the east of the fortress. There is no doubt, however, of her intention. On she comes, two miles from Peschiera, one from the shore, along which she has to coast. Bang! bang! two French guns. The range is too far. The little steamer has no idea of letting the salutation pass unnoticed. She yaws a little, and sends a reply from one of her eight guns, after which a brisk little duel ensues, the steamer loading and firing with wonderful rapidity, slackening her speed as if in no hurry to have done with it, and loth to get out of range. It was pluckily done, for had a shot disabled her she was lost. At one moment we thought this had been the case; but she was only manœuvring to fire a parting gun, and in a quarter of an hour from the time her smoke had become visible she was threading the Mincio in safety under the guns of the fortress, the nearer works of which we could distinguish thronged with spectators waving their hats in acclamation. It was a pretty little scene for a summer evening's walk, the extreme clearness and stillness of the time lending it the appearance of being enacted at our very feet.

Eight o'clock: the forts have been mute since those two shells. Their conduct to-day is inscrutable. A member of our party, of an imaginative turn, is positive that something unusual is about to occur, and proposes that we should encamp at once where we are and witness it. Without being able to say *why*, everybody partakes in some degree of the presentiment already expressed. But what is it we are to see? A sortie? The most unlikely thing in the world. The besieged would not have run the risk of awakening suspicion of any unusual preparation by suspending their usual fire. Against the fortress, it is notorious, nothing will yet be done. We remain as though fascinated to the spot, looking down upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the decreasing murmurs of the camps, until the moon peeps up over the lake, and the French watch-fires glimmer out along the line of heights, as far as the eye can reach. Five minutes more, and we will go. There will be nothing more to-night.

A flash! A heavy gun from the nearest work. We heard the whiz of the iron messenger, in the direction of the French camp. But there was nothing in the sound to warn us that that was the last shot destiny permitted to be fired—the last angry accents of the great war of Italian independence, which was to make Italy free, from the Alps to the Adriatic. Is the bitter mockery ended? Our discreet Lombard friends would doubtless answer: "Vedremo."

A PHYSICIAN'S GHOSTS.

I.

Man is led to noble ends by certain impulses and excitements. Amongst them is a delight in the Inscrutable, which prompts us onward for ever, because it points towards the hazy Infinite. "There is a secret! Find it out!" was the title of an old romance, which rendered a silly book extremely saleable. "There is a secret! Find it out!" is written, too, on the title-page of life, which is not a silly romance, but an ever new novel. So strong in us is the attraction towards the unknown, that, if there be no mystery clouding our horizon, we make one. Like children who dally with dread, and peep furtively forth from the dark corners into which they have niched themselves, we persist in lurking amidst the mists and shadows of life, shunning the ray that would enlighten us, and, though in the midst of wonders, feigning more. The spur of curiosity, and the charm of doubt, which both made Eden and lost it, are potent as ever in the human breast, so that the principal pleasure in running down a secret seems to be in the chase itself.

For this reason, explanations of mysteries are generally disagreeable to mankind. What human being is ever satisfied with books which profess to refer apparitions, dreams, omens, and so forth, to the delusions of our senses, or the mere aberrations of our own mortal minds? If Walter Scott's Demonology and Hibbert's Theory of Apparitions have been read extensively, it is not because they explain the wonderful stories they contain, but because of the stories themselves; not because they *do* clear up, but because they are felt *not* to clear up, the marvels which they relate; moreover, great as may be the popularity of any clever work that undertakes to explain portents and apparitions on grounds that are called "natural," the vogue of such a work never yet equalled the vogue of a right-down book of ghost-stories.

But are we, therefore, to have no explanations of the wonderful? Far from it. Human nature, that loves mystery, also loves a certain kind of solution. But then, the solution itself must be also wonderful, mysterious, and obscure. Who but scorns Mrs. Ratcliffe's wax figure behind the veil, in the Castle of Udolpho? Even in matters of science and art there must be no disappointment behind the veil which we profess to lift. Would Faraday wield such a magician's rod over the British Institution, if he did not refer a million marvels of nature's forces to the one infinite, incomprehensible power of electricity?

From these remarks I trust the reader will infer that, when I come forward, not only with

stories of marvellous things, but with a theory to which I refer those marvellous things, I have a particularly mysterious theory to propound—something dark and infinite—the electricity, in short, of the immaterial world.

If I succeed in generalising very perplexing and awful appearances by a law, however strange, which shall be felt efficient; if I can substitute one mystery for many; I feel as if I should render some service to mankind. Thus shall I encounter superstition in her very den, and slay her, let me hope, by the mere admission of light: for, like that singular eyeless creature, the Proteus, she dies when out of her caverned darkness. A recognised law kills her; but an inadequate law is her sustenance. In truth, the explainers of apparitions by trite causes are her dearest friends. Delusions of the senses, curious coincidences, figments of imagination, are felt to be causes so poor and lame, of apparitional wonders, that they only serve as goads to incessant speculation of an unhealthy and irritative kind. The desire and the power to investigate the unknown, are in us—are part and parcel of our existence. Starve the desire, thwart the faculty, give them inappropriate nutrition, and, like all other thwarted desires and faculties, they take their revenge.

I proceed to propound my theory of forebodings, warnings, apparitions, and the like. I have been consulted, as a Physician, in great numbers of such cases; I have founded my theory on my experience and my reasoning from it.

The moral electricity to which I refer these undoubted phenomena of our being—the mighty law which is to explain them all, while itself rests unexplained, and is shrined in the very cloud from which its lightnings flash—is, briefly, the influence of one human being on another, and of God upon us all.

In order to explain myself, I am afraid I must be somewhat metaphysical; rather, according to my idea, I should say, I rejoice I must be metaphysical: for my explanation will, from that necessity, acquire more of the mystical element, which I consider to be indispensable to explanations of the marvellous.

Plunging boldly, then, into the far-down depths of the subject, I remark that all ultimate changes of the antecedents to sensation are in ourselves—that feeling, sight, and hearing, are personal attributes — subjective faculties, which concentrate all outward and objective phenomena into a man's own consciousness; that, consequently, what lies out of ourselves is known to us primarily by its effects. Those who are grounded in this important truth, may next proceed to consider how far we can classify and designate things external. From the subjective we step to the objective. On consideration, we find that the objective is only capable of a twofold division, that is to say, the external universe, and man himself: each human being becoming objective to each, according as these dualities come within the field of reciprocal observation.

Deducing God from His works, we have the external world as the representative of the thoughts of God, and our brother man as the reflection to us of our own existence—the objective representation of our inward consciousness. With the external world we communicate by the aid of our senses; but, if we admit either intuitions implanted from the beginning (which philosophy seems now disposed to admit), or God communicating with us through his works mediately, or through our minds immediately (which latter, theology expressly asserts), we arrive at something beyond the mere senses. In the same way, we arrive at man communicating with man by means of his external senses. We see, we hear, we shake hands with, and so feel a friend, and, apparently, we recognise the presence of another person in a room by no other means than we do that of the tree in the garden. But, many phenomena—of which more hereafter—conspire to make an observant man suspect that, beneath the senses, is a deeper recognition of the existence of other men—that not only the idea of external man is essential and innate, but that the influence man has on man is peculiar, and not explicable by the mere action of the senses, or even of the mind.

There is a vast difference between the real external world and the seeming external world. It is well known that there is a world of internal vision, a phantom world within us, which many and very different causes may invest with apparent substance. The cerebral excitement of fever, those obstructions or organic changes of the brain which produce insanity. Even less: some such fulness of blood-vessels as caused the Berlin bookseller Nicolai to behold ocular spectra, may, as well as many other physical states of being, bring about apparent externity of objects which are really within the camera obscura of the mind. I well remember a late celebrated physician of Birmingham telling me an anecdote respecting himself, which bears upon this point.

He was sitting writing at a late hour in his study, when, lifting up his eyes, he saw, as he thought, his maid Betty standing close to his elbow with a lighted bedroom candle in her hand. Supposing this to be a hint that Betty wanted him to go to bed, or rather was herself sleepy, he said to her, "Betty, you may set down the candle and go to bed. I don't want anything more to-night." Absorbed in writing, Dr. L. conceiving Betty to be gone, did not look up for some time after this. But when he again raised his eyes, there stood Betty with the candle in her hand as before. The command to set it down and to go to bed was repeated; but Betty never stirred. At length, when this had happened more than two or three times, the doctor, surprised at Betty's supposed perversity, and thinking she must be afflicted with sudden deafness, put out his hand to push her gently towards the door, thereby more energetically to demonstrate that she was, on this occasion, "Madame de Trop." Then, said Dr. L., I received an unpleasant shock in discovering that Betty was but thin

air. My hand went through the phantom; but even this did not disperse her apparent corporeal presence. I felt my pulse. I was in a raging fever. I drew out a lancet from my pocket, let myself blood, and as it flowed from my arm, Betty, till then an obstinate ghost, bent on not going to bed, was laid in the red sea of the washhand-bason, which I placed to catch the sanguine stream, and with her departed the danger I had run of having a violent illness.

Everybody has not the knowledge and presence of mind of Dr. L. The apparent externity both of sounds and sights, where even but slight bodily ailment can be detected, is, on some occasions surprising, and might well alarm even a moderately instructed mind. And if, unfortunately, religion, or rather want of religion, should give a fanatic tincture to hypochondriacism, the wretched feelings of the seemingly haunted man will reach their acme. Every one knows of Luther's wrestlings with the Devil, and there exist, I doubt not, many humble Luthers in modern life. Voices, too, out of the air are apt to torment the hypochondriac. Cowper, and Mrs. Unwin who caught the contagion from Cowper, listened for audible communications from the spirit-world; and heard strange things from demon-regions.

To such self-wrought impressions as these an accurate observer is disposed to add others which cannot be self-wrought. Not taking a one-sided view of the question, he allows *duality* in the production of certain phenomena. He does not say, where man palpably acts on man, that the whole thing is automatic; neither does he imagine, where two phenomena are found in conjunction many times, that they can be explained by mere coincidence. I refer to such cases as are abundantly to be found described and stated with undeniable evidence in a multiplicity of works; cases where apparitions of a distant friend are beheld by persons at the moment of the death of that friend. The number of such authenticated cases, and the great possibility of their recurrence, is a strong argument with me in favour of a certain mysterious influence of human creature on human creature, which I will call thought-impressing.

Here, then, I take the two principles in combination, namely:

1st. Whatever is perceived by us, however seemingly external, exists to us only in our own consciousness.

2nd. Man has on man an influence, emanating from mind, and from peculiar states of cerebral excitement; an influence which may, occasionally, touch the springs of consciousness within another's brain.

These two theorems being allowed, are at least valuably adequate to the emergencies of human superstition. The man who knows and says, "I bear about my own world of wonder in my own brain," is proof against appearances. What shall demonstrate to him the externity of visions, or of "airy tongues that syllable men's names" ever so audibly about him? He knows that they can be but the phantasmagoria, or the delusive echoes of the inner chamber. Not only the knowledge that all that kingdom is within him, but every article of his faith, shields him from any notion of spiritual haunting. Has he not looked on order, and through order, up to God? In a flesh-and-blood world, does he expect to meet with anything so incongruous as visible or audible *spirits?* Then, he believes that God is Order as well as Power, and would not permit one world to burst upon another, in order to perplex and alarm His children, already timid in their ignorance.

Yet, if judicious, he will not deny what he has no means of disproving: namely, that though of rare occurrence, there may be impressions on the nerves of sense caused by the MENTAL ACTION of his fellow-beings.

To prepare my readers' mind for the extreme case of an apparent vision of a friend just as he is dying, I throw together a few familiar instances of common thought-impressing.

Letters from friends arrive soon after we have had those friends strangely present to our thoughts. Again, the old proverb of, "Talk of the devil and he'll appear," is too constantly verified by the apparition of our friends at the wrong moment (when, perhaps, we are mauling them as only dear friends maul one another), to be referred to the doctrine of coincidence. And observe; this phenomenon happens oftenest where we expected our friend least, nay, sometimes, when the inopportune friend is supposed to be a thousand miles away.

Again; it happens often that, as we walk in the streets, we suddenly think we see a well-known face and figure, and we are about to bow undoubtingly. But no, the stare of surprise in the person we half salute shows us we were mistaken. We look more narrowly, and we perceive it is *not* our friend; nay, as we approach nearer, we begin to wonder how we could have taken the stranger for him. They are so unlike. But, lo, on proceeding onward a few hundred yards, we do really encounter our man in propriâ personâ. Why should he have an avant-courier—a double so à propos and so pertinent to the occasion? I hazard the solution that the mental atmosphere of our friend had impressed us previous to his personal appearance.

But the domain in which thought-impressing may be best studied is each man's own home. Persons who live together, acquire mysterious likenesses, not only of voice but of face. The resemblance of married people to each other (which began by unlikeness) is proverbial. A sympathetic atmosphere envelops families, and amongst every domestic circle, if the attention be once drawn to the subject, a great deal of human influence, and transmission of silent thought, will be everywhere perceived.

I pass to the consideration of that species of impression on the sensorium of another which is produced by the extremely excited action of a dying friend's brain: a phenomenon which, though rare, has for proof the concurrent testimony of numbers of mankind. In such a case the thought-impressing sometimes rises to the

simulation of absolute vision. The impressed person thinks he sees the absent friend or relative, whose cerebral agitation influences him from afar. In other cases, the senses or the brain are differently acted upon.

Altogether I divide these kinds of impressions into five:

1. Merely mental.
2. By the sense of hearing.
3. By the sense of seeing.
4. By sight and hearing.
5. By dreams.

Of the merely mental impression I will relate two instances. The first was told me by the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, to whom it occurred. The other happened to myself:

"One thing which impressed me strongly when I was yet in careless bachelorhood," said Professor Wilson, "was the following. I was in Ireland, on a visit to a charming family, where the sons were all brave and the daughters beautiful. With a gay party, in which the element of youth predominated, I went, in the course of this visit, on a pic-nic excursion to some ruins of an ancient castle in the neighbourhood. We were all dotted picturesquely about amongst the moss-grown stones that lay strewn about the inner court of the broken edifice: the turf formed our table, and on this a snow-white cloth decorously presented pies, hams, chickens, and bottles to our view. The thick of the dinner being over, we still sat, or lolled in that pleasant prolongation of a repast which is the best part of a thing of the sort; but as we knew that, according to the programme, our time was limited, on account of some other spots which we had yet to visit, I was deputed to see, by a reference to my watch, that we did not overstay the hour. Accordingly, I had placed my watch, a fine old silver warming-pan, the paternal gift, on a low fragment of the ruin that was just opposite to me, and in the intervals of conversation I looked at it, though indeed not quite so often as at the face of Mary M. Suddenly—I perfectly remember the hands were pointing to twenty minutes past two in the sunshine—the watch arrested my gaze, while a remarkable feeling passed over me. I said to myself, but to this hour I know not why, "At this exact time my brother R. is dying in India." The sensation came and went with the rapidity of those unaccountable impressions

> Which make the present, while the flash doth last,
> Seem but the semblance of an unknown past.

Yet, so much was I struck with the circumstance, that, taking out my pocket-book, saying nothing, however, to anybody as to why I did so, I noted down the day and hour of this strange visitation of thought. I did not exactly place confidence in the prevision, yet I could not shake off an unpleasant feeling about it. At length the circumstance became merged in the frequent repetition to myself that it was all "fudge;" and I might call it forgotten (there was plenty of time for this, for it was not in the days of steam), when a letter from India brought our family the startling intelligence that my brother had actually died there on the very day when I had made the entry in my pocket-book, and at an hour which, by allowance for latitude, corresponded exactly with that marked by my watch when I had my eyes on it. Our correspondent also informed us that my brother had, in his last moments, mentioned me."

Such was Professor Wilson's story. My own is as follows:

Many years ago I had a friend who was in a bad state of health, but not considered to be in any immediate danger. Indeed, I had heard that he was better, and preparing to remove to a milder climate for the winter. His passage to Malta was already taken. I was then living at a village in Surrey, my friend (who had been my patient) was staying at a town in Middlesex, about fifteen miles from me. Though I had been much interested about him, my feelings at the time I speak of were, by the recent death of my father, drawn off in another direction. Perhaps I had not thought of my friend C. S. for some days, when, as I was sitting at tea with a family party, I suddenly felt myself impelled, I might say *com*pelled, to call out, in the very midst, too, of other conversation, "C. S. is dying!" Every one stared. I tried to laugh, and to pooh-pooh my own exclamation; but I made a poor hand of it. The sort of way in which I had uttered the ominous words was so completely a mystery to myself, so exactly as if some one else had made use of my organs of speech, that I was unpleasantly impressed. However, I did *not* believe my own prediction, and went to bed without forebodings. I slept soundly, and without dreaming. But I awoke myself with the sound of my own voice. I was calling out loudly, "C. S. is dead!" Having a light in my room, I looked at my watch, and saw that it was between three and four in the morning. Two days afterwards I received a letter with a black seal from the friend at whose house C. S. had been staying. C. S. *was* dead. On the very day, and at the very hour when I had called out, "C. S. is dying!"—that is, seven in the evening—he had been suddenly seized, as he also sat at tea (for he had never kept his bed) with a difficulty of breathing. He could no longer support himself, and was carried up to bed. From that time until between three and four in the morning he was dying, and conscious that he was dying. He spoke much of me, and sent me some last messages. His last breath seems to have been drawn at the very moment when I woke myself by calling out, "C. S. is dead!"

II.

I NOW proceed to give an example of the second mode of the moribund human influence, namely,

Impression by hearing.

Of this I know but one single instance. This, however, was related to me by the very person to whom the thing happened, a gentleman to whom I was introduced by some old friends of

mine, who corroborated the story both by their intimate knowledge of the relator's veracity, and by having heard from other members of his family—who were equally ear-witnesses of the fact—precisely the same account of it.

The following is the narrative of Mr. G.:

Mr. G. loquitur:

"I was living, when I was about eighteen, with my grandmother and my sisters, in a solitary house in Yorkshire. I am particular in describing to you the sort of house, and its situation, because that has something to do with the story. It was a kind of old manor-house, square and solid, that stood on the highest part of a wide and barren wold. There were no large trees near the house, only a few shrubberies; and even these were removed away from the mansion, which was still further isolated by a wide paving of large flag-stones that went entirely round it. Any one who placed himself on a kind of gazebo which terminated the nearly flat roof, could not only see all round the immediate vicinity of the mansion, but might detect any moving thing to a considerable distance. In short, nothing could be more bare and bleak than the situation of the house, and, at the same time, less calculated for concealment of any kind.

"One moonlight night, in the late autumn, when the general bareness of the scene was increased by the thinness of the departing foliage, the family were assembled in the large drawing-room. Suddenly, about nine o'clock, a maid-servant rushed into the apartment, and called out, 'Oh, sir! oh, ma'am! we've all been hearing the voice of the poor little black boy. He is calling out 'Massa George!'"

"To make this intelligible, I must tell you that we had had a little black fellow over from our property in Jamaica, an orphan. This lad was especially considered my servant, and had attached himself to me in a most remarkable manner. I had, a week or two before my story commences, been obliged to leave him, on account of his being laid up with fever, at Liverpool, whither I had gone on mercantile affairs. He always had been in the habit of calling me 'Massa George!' and it was this well-known appellation in the well-known voice of the black that the maid-servants now declared they heard reiterated outside the kitchen window.

"'But you may hear it yourself, sir!' exclaimed the maid. 'Though where the poor lad is we cannot find out.'

"Our whole party, upon this, dispersed to different windows, which having opened, we, in effect, all heard, in no long time, the voice of poor little Dick, singing out, 'Massa George!' At first, we did not doubt that Dick, having got better, had left Liverpool, and was really somewhere near the house. We therefore searched all about the garden and shrubberies, but no Dick was to be found. Outhouses there were none to examine, for offices and stables were alike collected under the roof of our mansion, which was farm and manor-house all in one. We re-entered the house. We went into all the rooms. We went up to the gazebo. For miles around the country lay quiet in the moonlight, and so distinct that even a doe might have been seen stirring anywhere about it. But nothing was to be detected. We unchained the house-dog, and let him roam round the premises. He bayed the moon a little, seemed uneasy, listened, howled, and sneaked back to his kennel. Having thus done all we could to find the black boy or detect a trick, we felt an uneasy conviction of something strange stealing upon us. The voice, too, instead of ceasing, floated about the house more wildly than at first. Never shall I forget that cry! 'Massa George! Massa George!' In every tone of the boy's well-known voice it came upon the perfect stillness of a breathless October evening, in a manner which I can hardly attempt to describe. At times it seemed to go off into the distance, retreating and retreating, till it was all but inaudible. Then, the faint smothered tones seemed, by degrees, to gather themselves up, and to approach the house again. Sometimes the cry ceased altogether, then suddenly seemed sounding in our very ears. And there was an impatience, an agony in the sound, which was heartrending. 'Mas—sa—Ge—orge!' in a long, wailing manner, was repeated, as if the boy implored me to come to him, to pity him, to help him. And this not for a few minutes, or for half an hour, but for above two hours. At length the sounds became fainter and fainter, and only sobbed at intervals upon the air, till everything subsided into the silence of the night.

"The next post from Liverpool brought the news of poor little Dick's death. The letter said, 'He suffered much at the last; and he never ceased to cry, "Massa George!" for two hours before he expired.' Those two hours were the very same during which the voice was crying out round our house in Yorkshire."

HOW THE VICTORIA CROSS WAS WON.

I WELL remember with what pomp and circumstance of courtly parade that grand gala-day of Valour was held in Hyde Park one hot June morning of 'fifty-seven. The Victoria Cross was then given away, for the first time, to some dozens of bronzed, scarred, and bearded Crimean heroes. They thought the little medal in gun-metal, with the British Lion standing impossibly on the crown, and "For Valour" written underneath, was the highest compensation for the loss of arms and legs, and for wounds that will ache at every shifting of the wind all their lives long. Since then, many more have received that small, bronze-coloured decoration; but quietly, and without public recognition. Indeed, the Cross of Valour has rather passed out of sight lately; although Mr. DESANGES has done *his* best to make it popular again, by his Victoria Cross Gallery in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London. It is not a thing that should be suffered to die away; for, each act of valour for which the cross was awarded was as fine as any of those old classical deeds which are still taken as the culminating

points of human bravery and endurance. The charge of the brigade at Balaclava was quite as heroic as the devotion of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ, though the cause was different; and many a private soldier, both in the Crimea and in India, performed feats which, for mere courage and humanity, were to the full as daring as those prompted by patriotism and the hope of a deathless fame. When Sergeant-Major John Grieve, of the Second Dragoons, rescued an officer during the heavy cavalry charge at Balaclava, he did only what he thought to be his common duty: Castor and Pollux, Orestes and Pylades, and all the rest of the typical devoted, did no more. Life for life is all that a man can give; and certainly it is easier to give that life in the midst of a watching and admiring crowd, than to lose it obscurely in the chance mêlée of a battle. Sergeant Grieve does not seem to have troubled himself with any such calculation. When he cut off one Russian's head at a blow, and disabled and dispersed several other Russians, he had no very exciting motives of self-devotion. Pay, promotion, or popularity, could not well enter his head, for he knew the rules of the service about rising from the ranks, and he knew, too, that the English public rarely ask the names of the poor privates and non-commissioned officers who fall. Our national gratitude never goes lower than the epaulet. What Sergeant-Major John Grieve did, then, was an act of the purest and most unselfish heroism; but, I dare say, when the Queen pinned the cross to his breast in Hyde Park that day, he felt that he was more than rewarded for what was to him a very ordinary matter-of-fact bit of duty. Yet, had he been an old Greek or Roman, with not too much clothing, and a very burnished helmet, the world would have rung with his name two thousand years after, and pictures would have been painted, and odes written, to his honour; and "Grieve at Balaclava" would have become as much a synonyme of daring as Cocles holding the bridge, or Manlius guarding the Capitol. So, when Private Samuel Parkes, of the Fourth Light Dragoons, defended Trumpet-Major Crawford against six Russians, until his own sword was shot away; when Lieutenant Dunn, of the Eleventh Hussars, saved the life of Sergeant Bentley, by cutting down two or three Russian Lancers who were attacking him, and afterwards saved Private Levett by killing the Russian hussar who was getting the better of him; they never thought they were doing anything extraordinary, or what the world would recognise as beyond the accustomed routine of battle-life. The authorities, however, thought differently, and deemed both commissioned and non-commissioned officer worthy of special report. The Queen gave them both the Cross, amidst the cheering of that dense June crowd.

Troop-Major John Berryman, of the Seventeenth, served during the whole of the Crimean war, and was never once absent from duty. At Alma, in the pursuit at Mackenzie's Farm, he made three Russians prisoners, single-handed, and while within reach of their own guns. At Balaclava, when his horse had been shot under him, he manfully remained on the field beside Captain Webb; and, though repeatedly advised to leave and seek his own safety, quietly stayed, exposed to a hot fire, until Sergeant John Farrell passed him, when both together they carried off the wounded officer to the rear. For this he received the Victoria Cross, and a clasp for Inkermann as well. Lieutenant Gerald Graham, of the Royal Engineers, was decorated for his "determined gallantry" in leading a ladder party at the assault of the Redan on the 18th of January, '55; also for his "devoted heroism" in sallying out many times to bring in the wounded under a galling fire from the enemy. Lieutenant D. Lennox, of the same corps, got the same honour, for "his cool and gallant conduct" in establishing a lodgment in Tryson's Rifle Pit. Canrobert made a special order in his favour before our Queen gave him the Victoria Cross.

Any one of these actions would have been historic capital enough to set up a whole nation in the career of heroism, but they were thought nothing wonderful by those brave, unflinching men of ours; and, sure enough, such actions were almost sufficiently universal to become trite.

What a fine dramatic thing Corporal Ross did, for instance—as fine as anything told of King Arthur—when he crept up to the Redan on the night of the 7th of September, crawling on his hands and knees noiselessly among the brushwood, at the imminent risk of his life, to bring back news of the enemy's doings to his own camp! Private William Norman did something even more daring. He was posted as single sentry in front of an outlying picket, with the Russian picket about three hundred yards before him. It was a post of singular danger, and demanded great courage, and unfaltering vigilance. Private William Norman proved himself equal to his charge. Through the darkness he saw three Russians advancing stealthily, under cover of the brushwood. In a moment he was upon them, and took two of them prisoners, without ever alarming the Russian picket. He, too, was decorated; as was his due. Corporal William Lendrim got the Cross. The despatches spoke of his "intrepidity" in getting on to the top of a magazine and extinguishing the burning sandbags which threatened every moment to explode the powder beneath. He was also a volunteer for destroying the farthest rifle pit on the 20th of April (we are still in the Crimea, and before that obstinate Sebastopol which will not be taken), and, as all the world knows, it was a work of no little danger that he undertook. Sapper John Perie, Royal Engineers, led the sailors with storming ladders in the assault on the Redan; and, with a bullet in his own side rescued a wounded man from the open. Private John Connors, also in the same assault, rescued a wounded officer who was surrounded, fought single handed and hand to hand against several at once, and was selected by his

company as the one worthiest to receive the French medal. He was quite a Samson in his way, shooting here and bayoneting there; and, when the Redan was finally taken, was seen inside fighting hand to hand in a manner that would set up a Rustum or a Zal at once, with any people less imaginative than the English. Again, Private Matthew Hughes proved himself a true hero, when, at the storming of the Quarries, he twice coolly went across the open for ammunition under a very heavy fire; and, when he went to the front, while the fight was hottest, for Private John Hampton, lying there severely wounded. He volunteered a second time on the same service to bring in Lieutenant Hobson, but he was wounded this time himself, and the gallant care he had been so willing to show to others had now to be transferred to himself.

These are only a few of the more dramatic incidents of the war for which the Cross of Valour was awarded; but many more than can be chronicled here, earned it for deeds as brave and no less striking. Selection does not mean exclusion; but space is arbitrary, and when type has to be economised it is absolutely necessary to make extracts serve as examples of the whole.

Every one was brave. Men thought nothing of seizing live shells, as Sergeant Ablett did, when one fell right among the powder; or of crawling close to the enemy to reconnoitre, like Private William Stanlock, of the Coldstreams, who got within six or seven yards of the Russians; neither was it thought anything wonderful that Sergeant McKechnie, and Private Reynolds, of the Scots Fusiliers, should rally the men round their colours (they both got the Cross for that same act of gallantry); nor that Captain Henry, of the Land Transport, should defend his guns after he had received twelve bayonet wounds. Then there was Private John Roper, of the Third, who brought in a deserter under two cross-fires—worse luck for the deserter!—and who went out again and brought in a wounded comrade under the same cross-fires. There was Sergeant Maynahin, who killed five Russians with his own hand at the taking of the Redan; and Major Lindsay, who did at the Alma what his sergeant and a private did elsewhere, when, "all the colour-sergeants being shot down around him and his brother officer, the late Lieutenant Thistlethwaite, he rallied the men round the colours, and steadied them in the face of the enemy, under a very heavy fire." There was that calm, devoted, heroic Corporal Shields, who, after the unsuccessful attack on the Redan (September 9, 1855), missed his Adjutant, Lieutenant Dyneley. The corporal was much attached to his friend and officer, and volunteered to go out and look for him, and bring him in, dead or alive. Under a very heavy fire he quietly searched over all the ground, when at last he discovered his adjutant mortally wounded. He ran back to the trenches for Dr. Sylvester—for the wounded officer was not able to bear the pain of being carried on his back, as he attempted—and then they both bore him in between them, a sharp fire of musketry rattling round them at every step. The corporal was in the Twenty-third Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and received the Cross for this act of valour. Lieutenant Dyneley died during the night.

Sir Charles Russell's affair was one of the most brilliant of the whole campaign. It will be best told in his own words, quoted by Mr. Desanges in his pretty little sixpenny romance, serving as the catalogue of his gallery:

"An old sand-bag battery became an object of peculiar contention. The enemy had scrambled up to it, but out they must go, and go they did. Once gained, it became a serious object to keep. Poor Butler (brother of the hero) was shot dead behind me, and many comrades were falling. At last, by overwhelming numbers we were outflanked, and with great difficulty effected an orderly retreat, and the battery once more fell to the Russians. Just then the 20th appeared in support of us, and with a cheer we dashed once more at the battery. Percy most gallantly rushed at this moment to the front. Our ammunition was failing us, and the men, armed with stones, flung them into the masses of Russians, who caught the idea, and the air was thick with huge stones flying in all directions; but we were too much for them, and once more a *mêlée* of Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers held the battery their own, and from it on the solid masses of the Russians still poured as good a fire as our ammunition would permit. There were repeated cries of 'Charge!' and some man near me said, 'If any officer will lead us we will charge;' and as I was the only one just there, I could not refuse such an appeal, so I jumped into the embrasure, and waving my revolver said, 'Come on, my lads; who will follow me?' I then rushed on, fired my revolver at a fellow close to me, but it missed fire. I pulled again, and think I killed him. Just then a man touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'You was near done for.' I said, 'Oh no, he was some way from me.' He answered, 'His bayonet was all but into you, when I clouted him over the head.' And sure enough a fellow had got behind me, and nearly settled me. I must add that the Grenadier who accompanied me was publicly made a corporal on parade next morning. His name is Palmer. I did not know it, but I said, 'What's your name? Well, if I live through this you shall not be forgotten.'"

For his conduct at this battle Sir Charles Russell received the Order.

Besides Private Anthony Palmer, who afterwards won more laurels at Inkermann, Sergeant Norman and Private Bailey (who was killed) accompanied Sir Charles; and altogether this thing was one of the most brilliant and successful of the campaign.

Sergeant William M'Wheeney of the Forty Fourth, was as gallant as any of them. In the beginning of the war he volunteered as a sharpshooter, and had charge of a large party of his own regiment. Once he brought off Private John Keane upon his back, under a murderous fire, and another time he rescued Corporal Courtenay, severely wounded in the head. Finding the fire too hot for him, he threw up a cover for his companion with his bayonet, and then brought him into camp safely after dark. M'Wheeney was a volunteer for other hard services, and was never once absent during the

war. Major Elton, too, was as brave an officer as ever lived. He was commanding a working party in the trenches, when he had orders to push out and work in the open. His men hesitated and drew back: the fire was too severe; but Major Elton, seizing the pick and shovel, began working quite coolly, with shot and shell flying all about him. His men cheered and followed his example; what else could they do? and the work was accomplished which he had been set to do. In the second battalion was another hero; but he was in the ranks as were so many whom we have specially selected. A pit was held by two Rusians, when Private M'Gregor crossed the open under a heavy fire, quietly dislodged the grey-coats, and took their place triumphantly. Private John Palmer—not our old friend Anthony, but another hero of the same name—was "conspicuous for great bravery on the night of August 30, 1855." He drove in the enemy's working party, remained in the open exposed to the fire of their rifle-pits, till all around were killed or wounded, then retreated slowly, carrying off a wounded officer. Sergeant Joseph Malone stopped with a wounded officer after the Balaclava charge, and took care of him, though unhorsed and exposed to most imminent danger. In fact, there was nothing which those Crimean heroes did *not* do in the way of courage, devotedness, bravery, or self-sacrifice.

The navy was not behind. What with setting fire to stores, cutting out boats, and cutting hawsers of floating-bridges, as John Trewavas, seaman, did to the floating-bridge in the Straits of Genitchi, they were as brave as lions, and infinitely more dangerous. John Sullivan, seaman, was a thorough specimen of the jolly, rollicking Jack Tar, who makes a play of a danger. Under a very heavy fire, he placed his flag on a mound as quietly as if he had been hoisting a pennant on the Queen's birthday, and enabled battery No. 5, to open on a concealed Russian battery in the jolliest way imaginable. Captain Kennedy spoke highly of this exploit; saying, moreover, that Sullivan's "gallantry was always conspicuous."

As for Commander Hewett, then mate of the Beagle, his feat reads like a bit of romance. He had charge of the Right Lancaster Battery, when his superior officer commanded him to spike the gun, abandon it, and retreat. Mr. Hewett took a different view of the case. He fought his gun, drove off the Russians, and won a victory by disobeying orders. He was called up by his commanding officer, and expected a row, or a court-martial at the very least; but instead, was promoted on the spot, and received the Cross as a further reward. This was a grand slip of those red-tape knots round the throats of brave men with brains and will.

Henry James Raby, commander; John Taylor, captain of the forecastle; and Henry Curtis, boatswain's mate; on June 18, after the assault on Sebastopol, climbed over the breastwork of an advanced sap, went seventy yards across the open towards a salient angle of the Redan, and carried off a wounded soldier, who had been shot through both his legs, and was sitting up, calling loudly for assistance. John Prettyjohn, too, of the Royal Marines, honoured both the services to which he theoretically belonged. Poor fellow, he died a few hours after he had been named for the Cross of Valour; and went to his account—perhaps to meet the four Russians whom he shot with his own hand at Inkermann! He died well decorated, having had medals for the Kaffir and Burmese wars, the Sebastopol medal and all the clasps, and now, this little bronze Maltese Cross, perhaps the dearest of them all. Commander Day did a gallant thing. He landed, and successfully carried out a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines at Genitchi, wading through four or five miles of swamp up to his knees in water. Another very daring thing was done at this same place, when Lieutenants Buckley and Burgoyne planned and executed the burning of the Russian stores (at Genitchi), lighting the portfires with their cigars, and though constantly pursued, returned to the boats safe, successful at the last. On the 9th of August, '54, Commander Bythesea and Stoker Johnstone landed, disguised, on the Island of Wardo, intercepted despatches, and took three out of five prisoners, carrying them off to their own boat; and on July 15, John Shepherd, boatswain, went with explosive apparatus in a punt right into Sebastopol harbour, and endeavoured to blow up the Russian ships. All these men received the Cross; as did many more who did things quite as great and dramatic, but whose names being Legion cannot all be mentioned here, and to-day, by me. The Gazettes and the despatches have them safe enough, and *they* have their medals for Valour.

Then came India, with its wilderness of heroisms, each deed grander, and more wonderful than the last. Here everyone was a hero; and the very women and children caught the infection. It is almost impossible to single out one among so many, and yet I must speak of young Cubitt, a volunteer, who earned the Cross in this wise.

Just before the siege of Lucknow was begun, a reconnoissance was ordered, which resulted, among many other losses, in the defeat of the Thirty-Second and the Volunteer Cavalry. Under a tremendous fire, during the retreat, Mr. Cubitt paused three times, each time saving the life of a Thirty-Second man, and so managed to bring in three of that regiment, who must otherwise have been cruelly murdered. They had all lost their hats, and one of them was delirious, and the cause of great delay, as he was continually attempting to fling himself down, and had to be held by main force by the gallant young volunteer. Several times he thought that he would be obliged to leave the poor fellow to his fate, as he was endangering the whole party, but he kept firm hold, and finally succeeded in bringing him and the other two safe into camp. It was an appalling scene—horses and men disembowelled and torn to atoms, with more than the ordinary brutalities of warfare. Major

Leith and his friend were both riding for their lives, when his friend's horse became frightened, and refused to move. In a moment he was surrounded by half a dozen Sepoys, when the Major, spurring his horse, rode down and killed two or three of the rebels, and got his friend off in safety. This was one of those fortunate acts of daring where the very excess of courage seems to neutralise the danger; of course the Cross followed.

Lieutenant William Alexander Kerr, of the Twenty-Fourth Bombay Native Infantry, dislodged the rebel Twenty-Seventh when it took up a position in the stronghold of Kolapore. Lieutenant Kerr made a dash at one of the gateways with some dismounted horsemen, and forced an entrance, killing or capturing the defenders almost to a man. Lieut.-Colonel Tombs and Lieutenant Hills both had the Cross; the latter for holding the position assigned to him against fearful odds and terrible danger, the former for "twice coming to his subaltern's rescue, on each occasion killing his man."

Sergeant John Smith was with Lieutenants Home and Salkeld—those gallantest of the gallant, those bravest where all were brave, and heroic above the hero's ordinary heroism—when they blew up the Cashmere gate at Delhi. He was fortunate enough to escape, and had the Cross as but a poor reward for the courage he had displayed. Bugler Robert Hawthorne was of the same explosion party. "He not only performed the dangerous duty on which he was employed, but previously attached himself to Lieutenant Salkeld, when dangerously wounded, bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, and had him removed without further injury." Lance-Corporal Smith gallantly carried away a wounded comrade under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, in the assault of Delhi; and Sergeant Bernard Diamond and Gunner Richard Fitzgerald were both decorated for working their gun under a heavy fire. After every other man belonging to it had been either killed or wounded, these two stood quietly by their gun, and cleared the road of the enemy, as they were told to do. But Gunner William Connolly was one of the most devoted of them all. We will let Lieutenant Corkes tell the story:

"About daybreak," he says, "I advanced my half troop at a gallop, and engaged the enemy within easy musket range. The sponge-man of one of my guns having been shot during the advance, Gunner Connolly assumed the duties of second sponge-man, and he had barely assisted in two discharges of his gun, when a musket-ball through the left thigh felled him to the ground; nothing daunted by pain and loss of blood, he was endeavouring to resume his post, when I ordered a movement in retirement, and though severely wounded, he was mounted on his horse in the gun-team, and rode to the next position which the guns took up, and manfully declined going to the rear when the necessity of his so doing was represented to him. About eleven o'clock A.M., when the guns were still in action, the same gunner, whilst sponging, was again knocked down by a musket-ball striking him on the hip, thereby causing great faintness and partial unconsciousness, for the pain appeared excessive, and the blood flowed fast. On seeing this, I gave directions for his removal out of action; but this brave man, hearing me, staggered to his feet, and said, 'No, sir, I'll not go there whilst I can work here;' and shortly afterwards he again resumed his post as sponge-man. Late in the afternoon of the same day my three guns were engaged at one hundred yards from the walls of a village with the defenders, viz. the Fourteenth Native Infantry—mutineers—amidst a storm of bullets which did great execution. Gunner Connolly, though suffering severely from his two previous wounds, was wielding his sponge with an energy and courage which attracted the admiration of his comrades, and while cheerfully encouraging a wounded man to hasten in bringing up the ammunition, a musket-ball tore through the muscles of his right leg; but with the most undaunted bravery he struggled on; and not till he had loaded six times did this man give way, when, through loss of blood, he fell in my arms, and I placed him on a waggon, which shortly afterwards bore him in a state of unconsciousness from the fight."

Lieutenant Aikman got the Cross for routing five hundred infantry and two hundred horse, for capturing their two guns, and cutting up more than a hundred men; all on broken ground and under the flanking fire of an adjoining fort, while at the head of only one hundred Sikh cavalry. He was badly wounded in the face, but never flinched, and won the day and his reward in rare, dashing, gallant style.

Lately two civilians have been decorated, richly meriting the distinction. The one was Mr. Kavanagh, assistant commissioner in Oude, who, when Sir James Outram was besieged in Lucknow, volunteered to pass through the enemy's force and make his way to the camp of the commander-in-chief, and guide him back to Lucknow. By a miracle of prudence and daring he succeeded in his attempt, and has received his reward. The other was Mr. Ross Lewis Mangles, assistant magistrate at Patna. Mr. Mangles, who was himself also wounded, carried for several miles out of action (on the night when Captain Dunbar, on his way to relieve Arrah, fell into an ambuscade) a wounded soldier of the thirty-seventh. He had bound up the soldier's wounds under a murderous fire, and then bore him for miles in safety to the boats. The two civilians have earned their gun-metal cross as truly as any red-coat or blue-jacket of the service; and it is matter for rejoicing that valour is not considered merely professional, but is to be recognised in civilians by the same means with which it is rewarded and distinguished in the army and navy.

The Victoria Cross carries 10*l.* a year pension with it, for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of 5*l.* for every additional bar. The difficulty experienced in obtaining materials for this article had to be overcome, also, by Mr. Desanges: it was the extreme modesty of the originals. Never from the hero himself could that gentleman extract enough for the baldest sketch. It was in some spectator of the exploit that his hopes lay.

And when that source failed, he was driven to adopt a harmless trick: he painted the incident half at random, showing the rough sketch to the subject of it, and profiting by his reluctant corrections and criticisms. Mr. Desanges himself almost deserves to be decorated for his devotion and skill in producing his truthful and most illustrative gallery, that pictures so vividly the scenes which in each case won the Victoria Cross.

In the street you meet decorated soldiers with their medals at their breasts; you stop them, ask them of their adventures, and why they received such and such medals and clasps; above all, why they received the cross for valour? They shift about from one leg to another, look terribly embarrassed, sometimes black, mutter something wholly unintelligible, and stalk away, more unwilling to speak than so many coy school-girls. Perhaps this very modesty is a necessary accompaniment of courage; and yet, look at the Frenchman: brave as a lion, he is also as naïvely vain as a pretty woman. Whether you like it or no, you must perforce hear all the story of why he was décoré, and what prodigies of valour he performed. Ma foi! yes, monsieur, prodigies—ha! It is all owing to the different genius of the different countries, and their different habits and manners. Merit in France goes about with a looking-glass in her hand and the most piquant of little caps on her coquettish head. Merit in England muffles herself up in a poke bonnet and a dark-blue, ugly veil, and is more than half offended if any one call out to a bystander to look and see what a fine face she has underneath!

THE BACHELOR BEDROOM.

The great merit of this subject is that it starts itself. The Bachelor Bedroom is familiar to everybody who owns a country house, and to everybody who has stayed in a country house. It is the one especial sleeping apartment, in all civilised residences used for the reception of company, which preserves a character of its own. Married people and young ladies may be shifted about from bedroom to bedroom as their own caprice or the domestic convenience of the host may suggest. But the bachelor guest, when he has once had his room set apart for him, contrives to dedicate it to the perpetual occupation of single men from that moment. Who else is to have the room afterwards, when the very atmosphere of it is altered by tobacco-smoke? Who can venture to throw it open to nervous spinsters, or respectable married couples, when the footman is certain, from mere force of habit, to make his appearance at the door, with contraband bottles and glasses, after the rest of the family have retired for the night? Where, even if these difficulties could be got over, is any second sleeping apartment to be found, in any house of ordinary construction, isolated enough to secure the soberly reposing portion of the guests from being disturbed by the regular midnight party which the bachelor persists in giving in his bedroom? Dining-rooms and breakfast-rooms may change places; double-bedded rooms and single-bedded rooms may shift their respective characters backwards and forwards amicably among each other—but the Bachelor Bedroom remains immovably in its own place; sticks immutably to its own bad character; stands out victoriously whether the house is full, or whether the house is empty, the one hospitable institution that no repentant after-thoughts of host or hostess can ever alter.

Such a social phenomenon as this, taken with its surrounding circumstances, deserves more notice than it has yet obtained. The bachelor has been profusely served up on all sorts of literary tables; but, the presentation of him has been hitherto remarkable for a singularly monotonous flavour of matrimonial sauce. We have heard of his loneliness, and its remedy; of his solitary position in illness, and its remedy; of the miserable neglect of his linen, and its remedy. But what have we heard of him in connexion with his remarkable bedroom, at those periods of his existence when he, like the rest of the world, is a visitor at his friend's country house? Who has presented him, in his relation to married society, under those peculiar circumstances of his life, when he is away from his solitary chambers, and is thrown straight into the sacred centre of that home circle from which his ordinary habits are so universally supposed to exclude him? Here, surely, is a new aspect of the bachelor still left to be presented; and here is a new subject for worn-out readers of the nineteenth century whose fountain of literary novelty has become exhausted at the source.

Let me sketch the history—in anticipation of a large and serious work which I intend to produce, one of these days, on the same subject—of the Bachelor Bedroom, in a certain comfortable country house, whose hospitable doors fly open to me with the beginning of summer, and close no more until the autumn is ended. I must beg permission to treat this interesting topic from the purely human point of view. In other words, I propose describing, not the Bedroom itself, but the succession of remarkable bachelors who have passed through it in my time.

The hospitable country seat to which I refer is Coolcup House, the residence of that enterprising gentleman-farmer and respected chairman of Quarter Sessions, Sir John Giles. Sir John's Bachelor Bedroom has been wisely fitted up on the ground floor. It is the one solitary sleeping apartment in that part of the house. Fidgety bachelors can jump out on to the lawn, at night, through the bow-window, without troubling anybody to unlock the front door; and can communicate with the presiding genius of the cellar by merely crossing the hall. For the rest, the room is delightfully airy and spacious, and fitted up with all possible luxury. It started in life, under Sir John's careful auspices, the perfection of neatness and tidiness. But the bachelors have corrupted it long since. However care-

fully the servants may clean, and alter, and arrange it, the room loses its respectability again, and gets slovenly and unpresentable the moment their backs are turned. Sir John himself, the tidiest man in existence, has given up all hope of reforming it. He peeps in occasionally, and sighs and shakes his head, and puts a chair in its place, and straightens a print on the wall, and looks about him at the general litter and confusion, and gives it up and goes out again. He is a rigid man and a resolute in the matter of order, and has his way all over the rest of the house—but the Bachelor Bedroom is too much for him.

The first bachelor who inhabited the room when I began to be a guest at Coolcup House, was Mr. Bigg. Mr. Bigg is, in the strictest sense of the word, what you call a fine man. He stands over six feet, is rather more than stout enough for his height, holds his head up nobly, and dresses in a style of mingled gaiety and grandeur which impresses everybody. The morning shirts of Mr. Bigg are of so large a pattern that nobody but his haberdasher knows what that pattern really is. You see a bit of it on one side of his collar which looks square, and a bit of it on the other side which looks round. It goes up his arm on one of his wristbands, and down his arm on the other. Men who have seen his shirts off (if such a statement may be permitted), and scattered loosely, to Sir John's horror, over all the chairs in the Bedroom, have been questioned, and have not been found able to state that their eyes ever followed out the patterns of any one of them fairly to the end. In the matter of beautiful and expensive clothing for the neck Mr. Bigg is simply inexhaustible. Every morning he appears at breakfast in a fresh scarf, and taps his egg magnificently with a daily blaze of new colour glowing on his capacious chest to charm the eyes of the young ladies who sit opposite to him. All the other component parts of Mr. Bigg's costume are of an equally grand and attractive kind, and are set off by Mr. Bigg's enviable figure to equal advantage. Outside the Bachelor Bedroom he is altogether an irreproachable character in the article of dress. Outside the Bachelor Bedroom, he is essentially a man of the world, who can be thoroughly depended on to perform any part allotted to him in any society assembled at Coolcup House; who has lived among all ranks and sorts of people; who has filled a public situation with great breadth and dignity, and has sat at table with crowned heads, and played his part there with distinction; who can talk of these experiences, and of others akin to them, with curious fluency and ease, and can shift about to other subjects, and pass the bottle, and carve, and draw out modest people, and take all other social responsibilities on his own shoulders complacently, at the largest and dreariest county dinner party that Sir John, to his own great discomfiture, can be obliged to give. Such is Mr. Bigg in the society of the house, when the door of the Bachelor Bedroom has closed behind him.

But what is Mr. Bigg, when he has courteously wished the ladies good night, when he has secretly summoned the footman with the surreptitious tray, and when he has deluded the unprincipled married men of the party into having half an hour's cozy chat with him before they go up-stairs? Another being—a being unknown to the ladies, and unsuspected by the respectable guests. Inside the Bedroom, the outward aspect of Mr. Bigg changes as if by magic; and a kind of gorgeous slovenliness pervades him from top to toe. Buttons which have rigidly restrained him within distinct physical boundaries, slip exhausted out of their buttonholes; and the figure of Mr. Bigg suddenly expands and asserts itself for the first time as a protuberant fact. His neckcloth flies on to the nearest chair, his rigid shirt-collar yawns open, his wiry under-whiskers ooze multitudinously into view, his coat, waistcoat, and braces drop off his shoulders. If the two young ladies who sleep in the room above, and who most unreasonably complain of the ceaseless nocturnal croaking and growling of voices in the Bachelor Bedroom, could look down through the ceiling now, they would not know Mr. Bigg again, and would suspect that a dissipated artisan had intruded himself into Sir John's house.

In the same way, the company who have sat in Mr. Bigg's neighbourhood at the dinner-table at six o'clock, would find it impossible to recognise his conversation at midnight. Outside the Bachelor Bedroom, if his talk has shown him to be anything at all, it has shown him to be the exact reverse of an enthusiast. Inside the Bachelor Bedroom, after all due attention has been paid to the cigar-box and the footman's tray, it becomes unaccountably manifest to everybody that Mr. Bigg is, after all, a fanatical character, a man possessed of one fixed idea. Then, and then only, does he mysteriously confide to his fellow revellers that he is the one remarkable man in Great Britain who has discovered the real authorship of Junius's Letters. In the general society of the house, nobody ever hears him refer to the subject; nobody ever suspects that he takes more than the most ordinary interest in literary matters. In the select society of the Bedroom, inspired by the surreptitious tray and the midnight secrecy, wrapped in clouds of tobacco smoke, and freed from the restraint of his own magnificent garments, the truth flies out of Mr. Bigg, and the authorship of Junius's Letters becomes the one dreary subject which this otherwise variously gifted man persists in dilating on for hours together. But for the Bachelor Bedroom nobody alive would ever have discovered that the true key to unlock Mr. Bigg's character is Junius. If the subject is referred to the next day by his companions of the night, he declines to notice it; but, once in the Bedroom again, he takes it up briskly, as if the attempted reference to it had been made but the moment before. The last time I saw him was in the Bachelor Bedroom. It was three o'clock in the morning; two tumblers were broken; half a lemon was in the soap-dish, and the soap

itself was on the chimney-piece; restless married rakes, who were desperately afraid of waking up their wives when they left us, were walking to and fro absently, and crunching knobs of loaf-sugar under foot at every step; Mr. Bigg was standing, with his fourth cigar in his mouth, before the fire; one of his hands was in the tumbled bosom of his shirt, the other was grasping mine, while he pathetically appointed me his literary executor, and generously bequeathed to me his great discovery of the authorship of Junius's Letters. Upon the whole, Mr. Bigg is the most incorrigible bachelor on record in the annals of the Bedroom; he has consumed more candles, ordered more footmen's trays, seen more early daylight, and produced more pale faces among the gentlemen at breakfast time, than any other single visitor at Coolcup House.

The next bachelor in the order of succession, and the completest contrast conceivable to Mr. Bigg, is Mr. Jollins. He is, perhaps, the most miserable-looking little man that ever tottered under the form of humanity. Wear what clothes he may, he invariably looks shabby in them. He is the victim of perpetual accidents and perpetual ill-health; and the Bachelor Bedroom, when he inhabits it, is turned into a doctor's shop, and bristles all over with bottles and pills. Mr. Jollins's personal tribute to the hospitalities of Coolcup House is always paid in the same singularly unsatisfactory manner to his host. On one day in the week, he gorges himself gaily with food and drink, and soars into the seventh heaven of convivial beatitude. On the other six, he is invariably ill in consequence, is reduced to the utmost rigours of starvation and physic, sinks into the lowest depths of depression, and takes the bitterest imaginable views of human life. Hardly a single accident has happened at Coolcup House in which he has not been personally and chiefly concerned; hardly a single malady can occur to the human frame the ravages of which he has not practically exemplified in his own person under Sir John's roof. If any one guest, in the fruit season, terrifies the rest by writhing under the internal penalties in such cases made and provided by the laws of nature, it is Mr. Jollins. If any one tumbles up-stairs, or down-stairs, or off a horse, or out of a dog-cart, it is Mr. Jollins. If you want a case of sprained ankle, a case of suppressed gout, a case of complicated earache, toothache, headache, and sore-throat, all in one, a case of liver, a case of chest, a case of nerves, or a case of low fever, go to Coolcup House while Mr. Jollins is staying there, and he will supply you, on demand, at the shortest notice and to any extent. It is conjectured by the intimate friends of this extremely wretched bachelor, that he has but two sources of consolation to draw on, as a set-off against his innumerable troubles. The first is the luxury of twisting his nose on one side, and stopping up his air-passages and Eustachian tubes with inconceivably large quantities of strong snuff. The second is the oleaginous gratification of incessantly anointing his miserable little beard and mustachios with cheap bear's-grease, which always turns rancid on the premises before he has half done with it. When Mr. Jollins gives a party in the Bachelor Bedroom, his guests have the unexpected pleasure of seeing him take his physic, and hearing him describe his maladies and recount his accidents. In other respects, the moral influence of the Bedroom over the characters of those who occupy it, which exhibits Mr. Bigg in the unexpected literary aspect of a commentator on Junius, is found to tempt Mr. Jollins into betraying a horrible triumph and interest in the maladies of others, of which nobody would suspect him in the general society of the house.

"I noticed you, after dinner to-day," says this invalid bachelor, on such occasions, to any one of the Bedroom guests who may be rash enough to complain of the slightest uneasiness in his presence; "I saw the corners of your mouth get green, and the whites of your eyes look yellow. You have got a pain here," says Mr. Jollins, gaily indicating the place to which he refers on his own shattered frame, with an appearance of extreme relish—"a pain here, and a sensation like having a cannon-ball inside you, there. You will be parched with thirst and racked with fidgets all to-night; and to-morrow morning you will get up with a splitting headache, and a dark brown tongue, and another cannon-ball in your inside. My dear fellow, I'm a veteran at this sort of thing; and I know exactly the state you will be in next week, and the week after, and when you will have to try the sea-side, and how many pounds' weight you will lose, to a dead certainty, before you can expect to get over this attack. He's congested, you know," continues Mr. Jollins, addressing himself confidentially to the company in general, "congested—I mean as to his poor unfortunate liver. A nasty thing, gentlemen—ah, yes, yes, yes, a long, tiresome, wearing, nasty thing, I can tell you."

Thus, while Mr. Bigg always astonishes the Bedroom guests on the subject of Junius, Mr. Jollins always alarms them on the subject of themselves. Mr. Smart, the next, and third bachelor, placed in a similar situation, displays himself under a more agreeable aspect, and makes the convivial society that surrounds him, for the night at least, supremely happy.

On the first day of his arrival at Coolcup House, Mr. Smart deceived us all. When he was first presented to us, we were deeply impressed by the serene solemnity of this gentleman's voice, look, manner, and costume. He was as carefully dressed as Mr. Bigg himself, but on totally different principles. Mr. Smart was fearfully and wonderfully gentlemanly in his avoidance of anything approaching to bright colour on any part of his body. Quakerish drabs and greys clothed him in the morning. Dismal black, unrelieved by an atom of jewellery, undisturbed even by so much as a flower in his button-hole, encased him grimly in the evening. He moved about the room and the garden with a ghostly and solemn stalk. When the ladies

got brilliant in their conversation he smiled upon them with a deferential modesty and polite Grandisonian admiration that froze the blood of "us youth" in our veins. When he spoke it was like reading a passage from an elegant moral writer—the words were so beautifully arranged, the sentences were turned so musically, the sentiment conveyed was so delightfully well regulated, so virtuously appropriate to nothing in particular. At such times he always spoke in a slow, deep, and gentle drawl, with a thrillingly clear emphasis on every individual syllable. His speech sounded occasionally like a kind of highly-bred foreign English, spoken by a distinguished stranger who had mastered the language to such an extent that he had got beyond the natives altogether. We watched enviously all day for any signs of human infirmity in this surprising individual. The men detected him in nothing. Even the sharper eyes of the women only discovered that he was addicted to looking at himself affectionately in every glass in the house, when he thought that nobody was noticing him. At dinner-time we all pinned our faith on Sir John's excellent wine, and waited anxiously for its legitimate effect on the superb and icy stranger. Nothing came of it; Mr. Smart was as carefully guarded with the bottle as he was with the English language. All through the evening, he behaved himself so dreadfully well that we quite began to hate him. When the company parted for the night, and when Mr. Smart (who was just mortal enough to be a bachelor) invited us to a cigar in the Bedroom, his highly-bred foreign English was still in full perfection; his drawl had reached its elocutionary climax of rich and gentle slowness; and his Grandisonian smile was more exasperatingly settled and composed than ever.

The Bedroom door closed on us. We took off our coats, tore open our waistcoats, rushed in a body on the new bachelor's cigar-box, and summoned the evil genius of the footman's tray. At the first round of the tumblers, the false Mr. Smart began to disappear, and the true Mr. Smart approached, as it were, from a visionary distance, and took his place among us. He chuckled—Grandison chuckled—within the hearing of every man in the room! We were surprised at that, but what were our sensations when, in less than ten minutes afterwards, the highly-bred English and the gentle drawl mysteriously disappeared, and there came bursting out upon us, from the ambush of Mr. Smart's previous elocution, the jolliest, broadest, and richest Irish brogue we had ever heard in our lives! The mystery was explained now. Mr. Smart had a coat of the smoothest English varnish laid over him, for highly-bred county society, which nothing mortal could peel off but bachelor company and whisky-and-water. He slipped out of his close-fitting English envelope, in the loose atmosphere of the Bachelor Bedroom, as glibly as a tightly-laced young lady slips out of her stays when the admiring eyes of the world are off her waist for the night. Never was man so changed as Mr. Smart was now. His moral sentiments melted like the sugar in his grog; his grammar disappeared with his white cravat. Wild and lavish generosity suddenly became the leading characteristic of this once reticent man. We tried all sorts of subjects, and were obliged to drop every one of them, because Mr. Smart would promise to make us a present of whatever we talked about. The family mansion in Ireland contained everything that this world can supply; and Mr. Smart was resolved to dissipate that priceless store in gifts distributed to the much-esteemed company. He promised me a schooner yacht, and made a memorandum of the exact tonnage in his pocket-book. He promised my neighbour, on one side, a horse, and, on the other, a unique autograph letter of Shakespeare's. We had all three been talking respectively of sailing, hunting, and the British Drama; and we now held our tongues for fear of getting new presents if we tried new subjects. Other members of the festive assembly took up the ball of conversation, and were prostrated forthwith by showers of presents for their pains. When we all parted in the dewy morning, we left Mr. Smart with dishevelled hair, checking off his voluminous memoranda of gifts with an unsteady pencil, and piteously entreating us, in the richest Irish-English, to correct him instantly if we detected the slightest omission anywhere.

The next morning, at breakfast, we rather wondered which nation our friend would turn out to belong to. He set all doubts at rest the moment he opened the door, by entering the room with the old majestic stalk, saluting the ladies with the serene Grandison smile, trusting we had all rested well during the night, in a succession of elegantly-turned sentences, and enunciating the highly-bred English with the imperturbably-gentle drawl which we all imagined, the night before, that we had lost for ever. He stayed more than a fortnight at Coolcup House; and, in all that time, nobody ever knew the true Mr. Smart except the guests in the Bachelor Bedroom.

The fourth Bachelor on the list deserves especial consideration and attention. In the first place, because he presents himself to the reader, in the character of a distinguished foreigner. In the second place, because he contrived, in the most amiable manner imaginable, to upset all the established arrangements of Coolcup House—inside the Bachelor Bedroom, as well as outside it—from the moment when he entered its doors, to the moment when he left them behind him on his auspicious return to his native country. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a rare, probably a unique, species of bachelor; and Mr. Bigg, Mr. Jollins, and Mr. Smart have no claim whatever to stand in the faintest light of comparison with him.

When I mention that the distinguished guest now introduced to notice is Herr von Müffe, it will be unnecessary for me to add that I refer to the distinguished German poet, whose far-famed Songs Without Sense have aided so immea-

surably in thickening the lyric obscurities of his country's Harp. On his arrival in London, Herr von Müffe forwarded his letter of introduction to Sir John by post, and immediately received, in return, the usual hospitable invitation to Coolcup House. The eminent poet arrived barely in time to dress for dinner; and made his first appearance in our circle while we were waiting in the drawing-room for the welcome signal of the bell. He waddled in among us softly and suddenly, in the form of a very short, puffy, florid, roundabout old gentleman, with flowing grey hair and a pair of huge circular spectacles. The extreme shabbiness and dinginess of his costume was so singularly set off by the quantity of foreign orders of merit which he wore all over the upper part of it, that a sarcastic literary gentleman among the guests defined him to me, in a whisper, as a compound of "decorations and dirt." Sir John advanced to greet his distinguished guest, with friendly right hand extended as usual. Herr von Müffe, without saying a word, took the hand carefully in both his own, and expressed affectionate recognition of English hospitality, by transferring it forthwith to that vacant space between his shirt and his waistcoat which extended over the region of the heart. Sir John turned scarlet, and tried vainly to extricate his hand from the poet's too affectionate bosom. The dinner-bell rang, but Herr von Müffe still held fast. The principal lady in the company half rose, and looked perplexedly at her host—Sir John made another and a desperate effort to escape—failed again—and was marched into the dining-room, in full view of his servants and his guests, with his hand sentimentally imprisoned in his foreign visitor's waistcoat.

After this romantic beginning, Herr von Müffe rather surprised us by showing that he was decidedly the reverse of a sentimentalist in the matter of eating and drinking. Neither dish nor bottle passed him, without paying heavy tribute, all through the repast. He mixed his liquors, especially, with the most sovereign contempt for all sanitary considerations; drinking champagne and beer, the sweetest Constantia and the tawniest port, all together, with every appearance of the extremest relish. Conversation with Herr von Müffe, both at dinner, and all through the evening, was found to be next to impossible, in consequence of his knowing all languages (his own included) equally incorrectly. His German was pronounced to be a dialect never heard before; his French was inscrutable; his English was a philological riddle which all of us guessed at and none of us found out. He talked, in spite of these difficulties, incessantly; and, seeing that he shed tears several times in the course of the evening, the ladies assumed that his topics were mostly of a pathetic nature, while the coarser men compared notes with each other, and all agreed that the poet was drunk. When the time came for retiring, we had to invite ourselves into the Bachelor Bedroom; Herr von Müffe having no suspicion of our customary midnight orgies, and apparently feeling no desire to entertain us, until we informed him of the institution of the footman's tray, when he became hospitable on a sudden, and unreasonably fond of his gay young English friends.

While we were settling ourselves in our places round the bed, a member of the company kicked over one of the poet's capacious Wellington boots. To the astonishment of every one, there instantly ensued a tinkling of coin, and some sovereigns and shillings rolled surprisingly out on the floor from the innermost recesses of the boot. On receiving his money back, Herr von Müffe informed us, without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, that he had not had time, before dinner, to take more than his watch, rings, and decorations, out of his boots. Seeing us all stare at this incomprehensible explanation, our distinguished friend kindly endeavoured to enlighten us further by a long personal statement in his own polyglot language. From what we could understand of this narrative (which was not much), we gathered that Herr von Müffe had started at noon, that day, as a total stranger in our metropolis, to reach the London-bridge station in a cab; and that the driver had taken him, as usual, across Waterloo-bridge, On going through the Borough, the narrow streets, miserable houses, and squalid population, had struck the lively imagination of Herr von Müffe, and had started in his mind a horrible suspicion that the cabman was driving him into a low neighbourhood, with the object of murdering a helpless foreign fare, in perfect security, for the sake of the valuables he carried on his person. Chilled to the very marrow of his bones by this idea, the poet raised the ends of his trousers stealthily in the cab, slipped his watch, rings, orders, and money into the legs of his Wellington boots, arrived at the station quaking with mortal terror, and screamed "Help!" at the top of his voice, when the railway policeman opened the cab door. The immediate starting of the train had left him no time to alter the singular travelling arrangements he had made in the Borough; and he arrived at Coolcup House, the only individual who had ever yet entered that mansion with his property in his boots.

Amusing as it was in itself, this anecdote failed a little in its effect on us at the time, in consequence of the stifling atmosphere in which we were condemned to hear it. Although it was then the sultry middle of summer, and we were all smoking, Herr von Müffe insisted on keeping the windows of the Bachelor Bedroom fast closed, because it was one of his peculiarities to distrust the cooling effect of the night air. We were more than half inclined to go, under these circumstances; and we were altogether determined to remove, when the tray came in, and when we found our German friend madly mixing his liquors again by pouring gin and sherry together into the same tumbler. We warned him, with a shuddering prevision of consequences, that he was mistaking gin for water; and he blandly assured us in return that he was

doing nothing of the kind. "It is good for My——" said Herr von Müffe, supplying his ignorance of the word stomach by laying his chubby forefinger on the organ in question, with a sentimental smile. "It is bad for Our——" retorted the wag of the party, imitating the poet's action, and turning quickly to the door. We all followed him—and, for the first time in the annals of Coolcup House, the Bachelor Bedroom was emptied of company before midnight.

Early the next morning, one of Sir John's younger sons burst into my room in a state of violent excitement.

"I say, what's to be done with Müffe?" inquired the young gentleman, with wildly staring eyes.

"Open his windows, and fetch the doctor," I answered, inspired by the recollections of the past night.

"Doctor!" cried the boy; "the doctor won't do—it's the barber."

"Barber?" I repeated.

"He's been asking me *to shave him!*" roared my young friend, with vehement comic indignation. "He rang his bell, and asked for the 'Son of the House'—and they made me go; and there he was, grinning in the big arm-chair, with his mangy little shaving-brush in his hand, and a towel over his shoulder. 'Good morning, my dear. Can you shave My——' says he, and taps his quivering old double chin with his infernal shaving-brush. Curse his impudence! What's to be done with him?"

I arranged to explain to Herr von Müffe, at the first convenient opportunity, that it was not the custom in England, whatever it might be in Germany, for "the Son of the House" to shave his father's guests; and undertook, at the same time, to direct the poet to the residence of the village barber. When the German guest joined us at breakfast, his unshaven chin, and the external results of his mixed potations and his seclusion from fresh air, by no means tended to improve his personal appearance. In plain words, he looked the picture of dyspeptic wretchedness.

"I am afraid, sir, you are hardly so well this morning as we could all wish?" said Sir John, kindly.

Herr von Müffe looked at his host affectionately, surveyed the company all round the table, smiled faintly, laid the chubby forefinger once more on the organ whose name he did not know, and answered with the most enchanting innocence and simplicity:

"I am so sick!"

There was no harm—upon my word, there was no harm in Herr von Müffe. On the contrary, there was a great deal of good-nature and genuine simplicity in his composition. But he was a man naturally destitute of all power of adapting himself to new persons and new circumstances; and he became amiably insupportable, in consequence, to everybody in the house, throughout the whole term of his visit. He could not join one of us in any country diversions. He hung about the house and garden in a weak, pottering, aimless manner, always turning up at the wrong moment, and always attaching himself to the wrong person. He was dexterous in a perfectly childish way at cutting out little figures of shepherds and shepherdesses in paper; and he was perpetually presenting these frail tributes of admiration to the ladies, who always tore them up and threw them away in secret the moment his back was turned. When he was not occupied with his paper figures, he was out in the garden, gathering countless little nosegays, and sentimentally presenting them to everybody; not to the ladies only, but to lusty agricultural gentlemen as well, who accepted them with blank amazement; and to schoolboys, home for the holidays, who took them, bursting with internal laughter at the "molly-coddle" gentleman from foreign parts. As for poor Sir John, he suffered more than any of us; for Herr von Müffe was always trying to kiss him. In short, with the best intentions in the world, this unhappy foreign bachelor wearied out the patience of everybody in the house; and, to our shame be it said, we celebrated his departure, when he left us at last, by a festival-meeting in the Bachelor Bedroom, in honour of the welcome absence of Herr von Müffe. I cannot say in what spirit my fellow-revellers have reflected on our behaviour since that time; but I know, for my own part, that I now look back at my personal share in our proceedings with rather an uneasy conscience. I am afraid we were all of us a little hard on Herr von Müffe; and I hereby desire to offer him my own individual tribute of tardy atonement, by leaving him to figure as the last and crowning type of the Bachelor species presented in these pages. If he has produced anything approaching to a pleasing effect on the reader's mind, that effect shall not be weakened by the appearance of any more single men, native or foreign. Let the door of the Bachelor Bedroom close with our final glimpse of the German guest; and permit the present chronicler to lay down the pen when it has traced penitently, for the last time, the name of Herr von Müffe.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVII. ONE NIGHT.

NEVER did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho, than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London, than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

They had said little, though they had been there a long time. When it was yet light enough to work and read, she had neither engaged herself in her usual work, nor had she read to him. She had employed herself in both ways, at his side under the tree, many and many a time; but, this time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed — my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. But, if my life were not to be, still consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now, than I can tell you. Even as it is——"

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight, she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast. In the moonlight which is always sad, as the light of the sun itself is—as the light called human life is—at its coming and its going.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? *I* know it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her: "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father!——"

"Believe it, love! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot freely appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted——"

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word.

"—wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but, only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation while his words were in her ears; and she remembered it long afterwards.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand towards the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison walls. I have looked at her, in a state so dulled and lethargic, that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them." He added in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon, "It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him

go back to that time, deepened as he dwelt upon it; but, there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive, or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father. (There was a time in my imprisonment, when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.) Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story; who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter, who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter, to myself, as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed, strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, Lucie? It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me, that these remembrances arise, and pass between us and the moon on this last night.—What did I say, just now?"

"She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you."

"So! But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have affected me with something as like a sorrowful sense of peace, as any emotion that had pain for its foundations could—I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell, and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight, often, as I now see you; except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But, you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of?"

"The figure was not; the—the—image; the fancy?"

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued, was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie? Hardly, I think? I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold, as he thus tried to anatomise his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state, I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was I."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed a prison of the State, they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me; I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees, and blessed her."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. O my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recal these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by, they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So, the time came for him to bid Lucie good night, and they separated. But, in the stillness of the third hour of the morning, Lucie came down stairs again, and stole into his room: not free from unshaped fears, beforehand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then, leaned over him and looked at him.

Into his handsome face, the bitter waters of captivity had worn; but, he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong, that he held the mastery of them, even in his sleep. A more remarkable face in its quiet, resolute, and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant, was not to be beheld in all the wide dominions of sleep, that night.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast,

and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then, she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So, the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-tree moved upon his face, as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII. NINE DAYS.

THE marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconcilement to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing. How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter of fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well; but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "*you* are."

"I, my Pross?" (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as you have made 'em, is enough to bring tears into anybody's eyes. There's not a fork or a spoon in the collection," said Miss Pross, "that I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though, upon my honour, I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance, invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, any time these fifty years almost!"

"Not at all!" From Miss Pross.

"You think there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry?" asked the gentleman of that name.

"Pooh!" rejoined Miss Pross; "you were a bachelor in your cradle."

"Well!" observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig, "that seems probable, too."

"And you were cut out for a bachelor," pursued Miss Pross, "before you were put in your cradle."

"Then, I think," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was very unhandsomely dealt with, and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Enough! Now, my dear Lucie," drawing his arm soothingly round her waist, "I hear them moving in the next room, and Miss Pross and I, as two formal folks of business, are anxious not to lose the final opportunity of saying something to you that you wish to hear. You leave your good father, my dear, in hands as earnest and as loving as your own; he shall be taken every conceivable care of; during the next fortnight, while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts, even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the fortnight's end, he comes to join you and your beloved husband, on your other fortnight's trip in Wales, you shall say that we have sent him to you in the best health and in the happiest frame. Now, I hear Somebody's step coming to the door. Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing, before Somebody comes to claim his own."

For a moment, he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright golden hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of colour was to be seen in his face. But, in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honour of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighbouring church where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were newly released from the dark obscurity of one of Mr. Lorry's pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret, were mingling with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But, her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms, "Take her, Charles! She is yours!" And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross, were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall, that Mr. Lorry observed a great change

to have come over the Doctor; as if the golden arm uplifted there, had struck him a poisoned blow.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But, it was the old scared lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clasping his head and drearily wandering away into his own room when they got up-stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine-shop keeper, and the starlight ride.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then, we will take him a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's, than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; going thus into the Doctor's rooms, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. "O me, O me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the Doctor's room. The bench was turned towards the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The Doctor looked at him for a moment—half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to—and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was open at the throat, as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard—impatiently—as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him, and asked him what it was?

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it be."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but, no persuasion would extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air. The only ray of hope that Mr. Lorry could discover, was, that he sometimes furtively looked up without being asked. In that, there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity—as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution, by giving out that the Doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was, to have a certain opinion that he thought the best, on the Doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became worried. He abandoned that attempt on the first day, and resolved merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen, or was falling. He remained, therefore, in his seat near the window, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his tools aside as useless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But, Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of

the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but, when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day; at those times, they quietly spoke of Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing amiss. This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough, or often enough, to harass him; and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him.

When it fell dark again, Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before, he repeated, "Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time, Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and, after remaining absent for an hour, returned. In the mean while, the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane-tree; but, on Mr. Lorry's return, he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but, he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skilful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert, as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT WOOLWICH.

Our Eye-witness has spent the greater part of two days in a careful examination of the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich.

Before proceeding to enter into any description of what he saw on the occasion of this visit, the writer wishes to record here his sense of the obligation he is under to Colonel Tulloh, and the other officers and gentlemen engaged in the superintendence of the different departments, for their readiness to facilitate his examination of the place, and to afford him every assistance which lay in their power towards forming a correct idea of the resources of this splendid arsenal.

The great war establishment which covers upwards of two hundred and sixty acres of ground, is divided into three departments, which are arranged in the following order:

The Royal Gun Factories, under Colonel Eardley Wilmot;

The Royal Carriage Department, under Colonel Tulloh; and

The Royal Laboratory Department, under Captain Boxer.

In the Royal Gun Factories a large portion of the brass and iron guns used in our army and navy are cast, bored, and finished.

In the Royal Carriage Department are made the carriages on which these guns are mounted, and by means of which they, and the ammunition they require, are conveyed from place to place.

While the Royal Laboratory Department is for the construction of the heavy shot for cannon, of shells, bullets, cartridges, percussion-caps, and many other implements of death and mutilation.

The order in which the Eye-witness visited the different wonders of this great workshop of destruction is that in which he now proposes to treat of them, and as the introduction with which he entered the Arsenal gates was to Colonel Tulloh, it was naturally the department under the especial care of that officer which the Eye-witness examined before any other.

It happened that the day on which the Eye-witness first visited Woolwich was Friday, and that on that day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the men employed on the works are paid their weekly wages. The amount earned by each workman during the week is calculated beforehand, and placed ready for him in a numbered compartment of a tray, before which each one passes in a regular succession. As the workman reaches the paying-place he hands in his ticket, on which his number is inscribed. Instantly the money in the compartment bearing the corresponding number is handed to him, and he passes on, the ticket which he has just given up being considered as a receipt. This is the only way in which the thing could be done. The number of men employed in the Arsenal reaches to something like twelve thousand, and as they work by the piece as well as by time, there are hardly two in the place who receive the same sum. It would be, therefore, impossible to calculate how much is due to each at the time of payment. The affair is settled, according to the arrangement just described, in a few minutes.

Through acres of timber, ranged in stacks, your Eye-witness was conveyed to the great saw-mills of the Carriage Department, where the logs from which the gun-carriages are made are handed over to a mass of machinery, by which they are hewn into shape with an almost inconceivable rapidity and precision. The timber is moved along on iron tramways, which intersect

the whole area of the Arsenal from end to end, and from side to side, and is dragged by horses, and sometimes by certain mules brought over from the Crimea. These mules are of such immense size, that they would be large even for horses, and are of such outrageous obstinacy and intractability, that asses or ordinary mules are docile creatures in comparison with them.

To give the reader some idea of the energy which has been exerted during the last few years at Woolwich, it may be well to mention that, before the late Russian war, the roads about the Arsenal, now so well paved and furnished with the iron tramways just mentioned, were in such an impassable condition that the Superintendent of the Gun Factories informed the writer that four years ago he used to be obliged to go from one part of the place to another in fisherman's boots. The changes wrought by the Russian war are obvious on every side, and the influence for good, exercised by Colonel Tulloh, Colonel Wilmot, and Captain Boxer, meet one at every turn, and amply justify the amount of confidence which has been placed in those gentlemen by Government.

It was but a few years since that a travelling commission, consisting of the first named of these officers and certain other gentlemen, made an expedition through the north of England in search of any new inventions which might be serviceable in the peculiar kind of manufacture under their superintendence, and the United States and the Continent have been ransacked as well, for anything that could contribute to the success of the Arsenal Works of Woolwich.

Amongst the machinery thus assembled together, the writer was especially struck by two sawing machines in the Royal Carriage Factories, through which, it will be remembered, we are now passing. One of these was a ribbon saw, and the other a circular saw. The ribbon saw was brought from Paris and is an invaluable instrument in all cases where curved or intricate cutting is required. It is a ribbon of perfectly flexible steel, passing round and round for ever, like that leather strap, or band, which every one has observed as being so important a part of all kinds of machinery. This ever moving strip, which is not more than an inch wide, and as thin as a paper knife, has one of its edges serrated with teeth, and against this edge the thing to be cut is pressed continuously till it is through. To give some notion of the intricate cutting that may be achieved by means of this ribbon of steel, the writer may mention that he saw the letters V. A., which had been cut with much flourish out of a thin sheet of wood by this beautiful instrument.

Of a far different character from this delicate weapon was the next which attracted the notice of your Eye-witness. He had heard of circular saws, and had already conceived that such an engine must be a thing of mighty capabilities, but he had conceived nothing so fine as the fact.

Along the whole length of the saw-mill workshop there ran a very narrow groove—much such a one as a flat pasteboard caldron will ascend through on the stage when the play of Macbeth is in course of representation. Through this groove your Eye-witness was told that at the proper moment the circular saw would rise, so he drew back from it to a little distance, and waited with much curiosity for what was to come next. In order to show the capabilities of the saw, a trifle in the shape of the trunk of a large tree had to be brought to the saw-mill and wedged firmly into its place across the fatal groove. While this was being done, the attention of the Eye-witness was solicited to other matters in the building, but still something seemed to whisper in his ear that he should keep his eye upon the groove, and he did so. He did well.

He had not kept his watch very long, before there slowly dawned through the aperture which he regarded so eagerly a long steel tooth, hooked, pointed, terrible to look at. Then, as he continued to look, more teeth appeared in a continuous succession, all like the first, hooked and pointed, and all like the first, terrible to look at. As this dreadful instrument rose gradually out of the ground it became apparent that these teeth were part of a vast circular plate of polished steel, which was very slowly, but quite smoothly (or the effect would have been nothing), coming up like the moon from behind a bank of cloud.

It rose, then, thus stealthily out of its groove, till half the circumference of this huge spur-rowel was visible. Then for a single moment it paused, and then—flew at the tree which had been placed in its way, and, with a screech like a cry of rage, deadly and remorseless, it tore its way through the trunk more rapidly than I can write the words, and slowly sank back again into its lair, like a monster that was gorged with blood.

Instantly availing himself of an offer to go down and visit this desperate character in his den, your Eye-witness passed through a trap-door, and, descending some steps, came upon him while he was yet burning hot and quivering with recent cruelty. Here, alone, underground, this savage of the saw-pit resided, then, in darkness. Here he meditates on past carnage, and revels in the thought of more. And here, too, they come from above at times to sharpen up his wicked teeth till they yell under the file with hunger. There was something almost fearful in the suggestion of consciousness about this inanimate thing. Your Eye-witness could not shake it off, and thinks of the monster now in his dark and secret cellar with something of hatred in his wonder.

The wood thus cruelly dealt with, is passed on to other workshops, where it is placed under the action of the different kinds of machinery which form it into the separate portions of the gun-carriages, ammunition cases, and other special produce of the Royal Carriage Factories. Of these branches of manufacture, one of the most important, and one of the most interesting, is the process by which are constructed the wheels which are required in vast numbers

for the service of the cannon, and the perfect truth of whose construction, it will be obvious to every one, is a quality wholly indispensable to their action, and yet somewhat difficult of attainment.

It is in such a case as this that machinery strikes us at once as invaluable. Thousands of wheel-spokes all alike, all the same size to a hair's breadth, are required; what hand-work could turn them out with the exactness of machinery? Again, the circular portion of the wheel, the part on which it runs, is composed, as most persons know, of a number of short segments of a circle, all of which, when joined together, form the circle complete. These separate pieces are called felloes. If they are not perfectly accurate, how is the wheel to run? Once more: the carriages and the wheels made in this factory are destined for services which so put their strength to the test, that even the extraordinary solidity with which they are constructed not always proof against the shocks they have to sustain. It will be seen at once how necessary it is, in the event of any part giving way, to have another member of exactly similar size ready to take its place. Here, then, is the function of machinery, and here that function is performed with a uniformity and regularity that leave nothing to be desired. Here the felloes just spoken of are cut in the exact curve, and even with the alternate peg in the one and the hole for its reception in the other, which is to unite them together. Here the spokes are shaped by instruments which revolve so rapidly that they are not visible as they move, but which gradually and swiftly do their office as if they worked by magic.

Nor is this all. The putting together of all the separate parts of the wheel, which used to be accomplished by a long process of knocking and banging, is now effected by one squeeze of the hydraulic press, and effected not only more rapidly but much more completely. It is a curious and interesting arrangement this by which the wheel is finished, and is quite worthy of description. The different component parts of the wheel are brought together and laid on a flat surface. The nave is placed in the centre, the spokes are laid all round it and radiating from it towards the felloes, which, it will be remembered, are the curved pieces of wood which, when joined together, form the outside circle of the wheel, on which it runs; one end of each of the spokes is placed at the mouth of the hole in the nave which is prepared for its reception, and the other end at the opening of a similar orifice in the inner or concave side of the felloe. The whole as it now lies, looks like a disjointed wheel, all the parts of which require forcing together, a process which will demand an excess of strength, as all the joints are an exceedingly tight fit. Whilst you are thinking of this, you become conscious of a movement in your neighbourhood, you become aware of a general stir round about you, of a slow and stealthy nature, and you hasten to ascertain what occasions it. Six blocks of iron advancing from six hiding places on the edges of the flat surface on which the wheel was laid, occasion it. Each of these iron blocks is concave on the side nearest the wheel, and will obviously fit exactly the outside of the felloe towards which its course is tending. These rams are propelled from behind by hydraulic pressure, and advance towards the wheel with uniform strength and degree of progress. And here again that apparent consciousness of the thing operating and the thing operated upon, which has already been alluded to in the description of the circular saw, suggests itself very strongly. Here, again, the machine is a cruel tyrant and the wheel a helpless victim; and when that dreadful squeeze, which caused a creaking and whining of the wood that sounded like the groans of women in a crowd, was withdrawn, and when the wheel visibly expanded throughout on its release, your Eye-witness thought that the perfectly audible sigh with which it did so was heaved like a gasp of relief.

That squeeze over, all the parts of the wheel are together, and so firmly joined that even a drive over a newly macadamised street (which is the strongest test your Eye-witness can think of) would not shake them, and the iron hoop being placed outside all, the wheel is completed and ready to conduct the cannon to the theatre of its operations.

It is difficult to give the reader any idea of the amount of work going on at one time in these workshops at Woolwich: of the number of wheel-spokes being operated upon at the same moment, for instance. It is difficult to convey the impression of what may be called the orderly bustle which seems to characterise the place, the perpetual clatter of the machinery, and the rapid action of the busy hands that supply it. This Royal Carriage Department alone contains, as the statistical account informs us, 22 steam-engines, amounting to a nominal power of 245 horses, but usually worked at between 300 and 400, 3 steam-hammers, 16 steam-boilers, equal to 475 horse power, and 4265 feet of shafting in motion, transmitting the power to upwards of 300 machines.

Infinitely delicate as are some of the processes connected with the department just described, such as the cutting of dovetails and mortises, and the production of articles of intricate form, by means of the guiding influence of a slip of metal having a profile of the required figure—infinitely delicate as are some of these operations, they are perhaps less so than those which are found in the vast workshops of the Royal Laboratories, which your Eye-witness next visited, and where shot and shell, fuses, cartridges, rockets, percussion-caps, and other deadly instruments, are made in numbers of which it is enough to say—taking one instance alone—that during the late war 10,500 shells passed through the shell machines in one day of twenty-four hours.

The first process brought under the observation of your Eye-witness in the Royal Labora-

tories was that made use of in the manufacture of bullets. It is very simple, very easily explained, and singularly satisfactory. The lead, melted in a furnace, is poured out in a stream as thin and liquid as water, and as bright as quicksilver, into a long iron tube, about a foot, or perhaps more, in diameter, and rising in a perpendicular position to the height of eight or nine feet. As soon as the metal has had time to set, but not to become cool, a mighty mass of iron, of cylindrical form, and fitting exactly into the tube which contains the molten lead, descends upon it from above. This great iron mass is perforated upwards, throughout its whole length, with a small hole of the exact diameter of a bullet. What is the lead to do now, under this extreme compression? There is but one course open to it, which is to rush up through the small hole. It does so, and comes out at the top of the iron press in a long line, which is first wound upon reels and then conveyed to another part of the Factories, where it is chopped into pieces of the required form, which, by-the-by, is very much that of a long, narrow thimble. The old round bullet is almost entirely superseded now by this one of oblong shape, though it is difficult to say, with the amount of discussion which is now going on upon the subject of rifles and rifle charges, how long this may be the case. The writer has one of these thimble-like bullets before him at this moment, with the little box-wood plug and the Admiralty broad arrow on its thinnest edge, complete. As he examines it, noting the dull, hard point at its end, and poising the bullet in his hand, he thinks with sorrow how well that deadly weight is formed to crush the subtle and tender mechanism of some organ more intricately beautiful a million-fold than the most complex and delicate piece of machinery that can be found even among the triumphs of man's invention which are exhibited in this strangely terrible place.

A strangely terrible place indeed, when one comes to think of it—a place where courteous and urbane gentlemen, who subscribe to hospitals and other charities, and who would not hurt a fly, retire into their "studios" and mildly spend a morning in taxing their brains to devise an invention which will cause the death calculations inscribed upon a fuse to work more truly, and to carry a greater certainty and a greater amount of destruction with them. Strange to think that this is so, and that, as things are, it is inevitable, and even right; and that the ingenious gentleman who has found out that a shell filled with red hot iron will sprinkle a fountain of death around it on its bursting, more completely than one containing a charge of ice-cold bullets, was doing his duty when, with all the cheerfulness which a successful morning's work engenders, he communicated his pleasant little discovery to the War-office.

After examining the process by which the rifle-bullet is made, and which has just been described, your Eye-witness next followed his conductor to the workshop where the fuses are constructed. These important instruments, which are placed in the inside of the shell, contain the deadly matter which causes it to explode at the proper moment, and are marked with a graduated scale, by means of which it can be determined to a second how long a time shall elapse between the moment when it leaves the mouth of the mortar and the moment when it bursts into fragments. Your Eye-witness was much struck by the immense number of processes through which one of these small instruments (not bigger than a beer-tap) has to go before it is completed, and by the regularity with which it passes on from one operation to another of cutting, turning, tapering, and perforating. This fuse machinery is capable of providing eight thousand fuses per day, and is mainly worked by young lads, who are employed here in vast numbers. There was one amongst them who, especially caught the attention of your Eye-witness. He was a pale and sickly lad, who, while working at one of these deadly little engines of carnage, had stuck into one of the holes of the machine at which he worked, a bunch of red sweet-william.

Percussion-caps stamped out of the sheet copper, and lapped up at the sides into the required shape, are turned out here at a rate of which your Eye-witness can give no idea by figures. They are then filled by one shake of the machinery with the requisite grains of detonating powder; and one drop of varnish, to hold this in its place, having fallen into each, the cap is finished, and turns out such a delicate little toy, that an extra allowance is always given to the soldiers in action to make up for those which are lost in their efforts to take them up in their thick and horny fingers.

The making of the cartridges—the thick paper tubes in which the bullet and its charge of powder are encased, ready to be rammed into the rifle—is almost entirely the work of boys. These youngsters are not so industrious, it seems, as they might be, and various "dodges" are tried to make them work. Over each boy's head, for instance, is placed upon a framework, a ticket showing the amount of work turned out by the individual in question during the past week. This is a good idea, appealing strongly to their ambition and their sense of shame. Here, as throughout the Arsenal, the plan of working by "the piece" rather than by time, is found to answer. A man who is paid by "the piece," obviously having every inducement to get a bigger "piece" done, than he who is paid by the hour. The hour wears away of itself and the money is won, but the piece by no means *does* itself, and if not done, is of course not paid for. Your Eye-witness thought he could tell by the look of the boys in the Cartridge Factory which had made most during the last week, without reference to their tickets, and certainly there was no occasion to look at that suspended over the seat of one little man who had fallen fast asleep, with his head upon a heap of cartridges.

There are some branches of manufactory in

this department which are carried on so rapidly, that you find yourself in contact with the raw material and the completed article in the same workshop. Thus, in the factory where the sabots are made for the shells, you will kick against half the trunk of a tree with the bark on at one step, and the next will place you where the completed trencher on which the shell is to rest awaits your inspection. The manufacture of the barrels in which the different stores are packed for transport, is also carried on with extraordinary speed. The staves cut out of the wood, bent to the proper form, put together and hooped, almost quicker than the eye can follow. There was something especially agreeable to your Eye-witness about this peculiar branch of the work. He supposes that this must arise from his convivial nature and happy associations with barrels and what they contain. Alas, these are destined to hold nothing more toothsome than gunpowder, fuses, percussion-caps, and cartridges; and although we should doubtless be told by gentlemen of the teetotal persuasion that these are infinitely less injurious than the ordinary contents of barrels, the present writer is yet of opinion that they are, on the whole, less satisfactory.

Passing through a large and rough-covered building where old iron is wrought again into bars, your Eye-witness paused a moment to notice of what various and inconsistent objects this "old iron" was made up. Bolts and bars, old cuirasses, ancient gun-barrels battered flat, all mixed together. And sometimes you will find among these heterogeneous gatherings of metal to be made into cannon-balls many things that speak of peace and rustic, homely life: so that by the side of an old gun-lock that has snapped away a hundred lives, you will see the latch that has belonged to some cottage door—a latch that children's fingers have often pressed, and round which the tendrils of the clematis above the door have trifled in the summer wind.

But there is no time here for thought. We are entering a place barred across to keep out intruders. It is the smiths' workshop where the shells are cast, and is vast and black and dark as such places are. It is barred across to keep people out, because these smiths who cast the shells are such indifferent, careless sort of fellows, that they will run against you, if you don't take care, and splash your legs with drippings of the red-hot liquid iron which they carry about in caldrons in all directions. Wild, reckless chaps, who glare at you with eyes that show the brighter for their begrimed faces. Fellows always grand, indifferent, and picturesque in their actions as smiths always are, and careless!—why, there is a lad walking about the workshop and using an iron crowbar some six feet long as a walking-stick, apparently not the least affected by the fact that one end of it is bright red-hot.

Bright red-hot, too, is the liquid iron which, in the casting of the shells, pours out of the furnaces into the moulds, looking, as the stream descends in the darkness of the smithy, like a sheet of molten gold. It splashes over as it falls, and each splash, as it drops to the ground, flashes in an uncertain radiation like a star that is seen through tears. This is even a finer sight than the white-hot blocks of iron seen just before, which it almost blinded one to look at, and which seemed to scorch one's eyelashes away as one stood at a distance watching them. The shells cast in this place are rolled along a sort of wooden trough which runs all over the department and by which they reach other workshops, where they go through the processes of cleansing, drilling, and bushing, and are finally conveyed, when finished, to the wharf.

There is, in one part of the enclosed space belonging to the Arsenal at Woolwich, a place set apart by itself, and separated entirely from the rest of the works, which immediately strikes one as wearing an aspect of its own. Surrounded by water, divided from the rest of the Arsenal by a canal communicating with the Thames, there is here a marked quietness and hush which is very different from the other portion of the Great Laboratory, but especially from that just described, where the rattle of the machinery and the clang of the hammer cease not for a single moment. Here, too, are trees and verdure, the workshops very small and with large spaces between them. In the canal, branches of which intersect the whole region, are boats of a peculiar flat-bottomed construction, and with covered cabins like gondolas, and here and there are placed at regular intervals fire-engines, which, covered over with a canopy to keep them dry, have a strange look of litters in which patients struck with fever are carried to the hospital. There is about this isolated place a stilled sense of apprehension, which suggests that it is a territory of risk and the head-quarters of danger.

And so, indeed, it is, but ordered with such care, guarded with such watchful diligence, that the place is a triumph of precaution, and a standing honour and credit to all connected with its organisation. It is here that the cartridges are filled, that the rockets are driven, and the signals prepared; in one word, it is the peculiar region set aside for the execution of all the more dangerous operations connected with the Arsenal.

Before entering this department, your Eye-witness, and the gentleman who accompanied him (and to whose patience and courtesy he is much indebted), were shod in leather slippers, lest by any chance there might be a nail in the heels of their boots, which, coming in contact with some grain of grit, might raise a spark of fire. In the room in which they were thus shod were hanging the ordinary clothes of the workmen employed in the place, who are all compelled to put on the safety dress of the War Department: parting with their own garments before they enter on their labours lest it should happen that an old tobacco-pipe, or a lucifer-match, or anything else considered dangerous by the authorities, should be introduced into the workshops.

The houses in which are carried on these different processes of danger, are long low buildings, fireproof, and constructed with one end entirely open and simply glazed as a window, so that, in the event of an explosion, the line of direction would not be towards the adjoining powder-sheds. There is also between each of the buildings, a massive buttress, or, as it is properly called, a "traverse," of solid brickwork of immense thickness, which could act as a check on any spread of explosion. One building of the old kind still remains standing by itself. It is as remarkable for its extreme lightness of construction as the modern buildings are for their extreme solidity. It used to be considered the safest plan to make such workshops as were used for purposes where explosion might be apprehended, so slight, that, in the event of an accident, they would fly to pieces without resistance; a plan in exact opposition to the modern system, and certainly infinitely less rational. In this old edifice the rockets are still driven with the old machine called a "monkey," a leaden weight raised by pulleys and suffered to drop at regular intervals upon the composition which is to be driven into the rocket-tubes.

In this department, too, the fuses are filled with that composition which is to burn slowly on till the moment when, reaching the particular hole of communication fixed upon, it touches the powder in the shell and the bursting takes place. The accuracy of this is, of course, of immense importance, and is attained in wonderful perfection. Here also the fireworks required for signals are prepared, and every necessary combustible process is carried on. The covered gondola-like boats mentioned above, are used to convey all these inflammable wares, when finished and packed, to the magazines where they are kept: which are certain old hulks placed far out in the river, and beyond the reach of accident.

It is gratifying to be able to add, that owing to all these admirable precautions, no explosion has taken place in the whole of this department, nor does there seem any reason to apprehend that any accident will occur while so much care and watchfulness continue to be observed. Everything is done here with the view of diminishing the risk, and even the plantations and shrubs, which have been noticed above, as rendering this part of the Arsenal so unlike the others, have been planted with the view of keeping sand, dust, or grit of any kind, from being blown towards the workshops. There is plenty of grass, too, in the enclosed spaces among the embankments on which the buildings stand; and here a curious combination of peace and war caught the attention of your Eye-witness; for in the midst of all this danger and warlike preparation, the grass in these little meadows had grown to such luxuriance that some men were making hay.

It was somewhat of a surprise to your Eye-witness when, on requesting that he might be allowed to follow the course of a gun's creation from first to last, he was taken into a large bare-looking brick building, which apparently contained nothing but certain conical heaps of dirt piled up upon the floor. It was still more of a surprise to him, however, when the superintendent of the place, approaching one of these heaps and taking up some of the powder and crumbling it between his finger and thumb, said, "This is what we begin with."

"Do you mean to tell me," said your Eye-witness, "that cannons are made of *that* stuff?"

"They could not be made without it," said the superintendant. And with that he proceeded to develop the whole process from beginning to end. The story was told intelligently and well, and the reader shall have the benefit of it.

The heaps of dirt which had caught the attention of the Eye-witness, and which it had surprised him so much to hear were indispensable in the construction of the mighty guns which he had seen placed about the Arsenal—these heaps of dirt are composed of a mixture of sand and a sort of fine loam, with the powdered dust of coke.

A large mass of iron tubing, of much greater dimensions than the largest cannon that was ever seen, is the next thing required. It looks so like the iron drains which one sometimes sees placed by the side of the road when repairs are going on in the sewerage, that for the sake of explicitness we will take leave to call this tube a "drain" throughout this description of the gun-casting operations. Inside this drain, then, is placed a model the exact size and shape of the gun required, and the space between this and the inside of the drain—which is considerable—is completely filled with the composition of sand, loam, and coke-dust just described, forced in in a moistened state. It is needless to say that this composition takes the exact shape of the model which it surrounds, even in the minutest degree. If, however, the model were now withdrawn, the mould which it left, being moist, would tumble to pieces. So the next thing to be done, is, to put the whole affair into a huge oven and there bake it till it is perfectly firm and hard. The model is then taken out with safety, and a complete impression of a cannon is left in the inside of the drain-resembling tube, as perfect as the print of the savage footmark on the sand of Crusoe's desert island. The next thing to do, is, to convey the whole of this bulk to the pits in which the guns are cast. This is done by means of travelling cranes which run upon rails high above one's head, and then the drain, with the impression of the cannon in hardened loam in its inside, is placed in a perpendicular position in the pit, with the breech end of the future gun downwards, and the mouth, or what is to be the mouth, upwards. The process is now simple enough. Close to the opening of the pit, is a mighty furnace, and from it the iron of which the gun is to be made, reduced to a liquid by the agency of heat, pours into a receptacle which the workmen call a "sow"

(more about that presently). Thence it runs along a spout, and falls—a mass of blazing, splashing, red-hot liquid iron—into the mould we have spoken of, which bears, as will be remembered, the impression of the model cannon. The liquid iron, of course, fills up this impression with perfect exactness. It is then allowed to cool, the joints of the drain are unfastened, the mould breaks up, and there is a solid mass of iron, the exact shape and size required, and almost ready to be bored.

It is conveyed into another building, where its "dead head" is cut off. This "dead head" is a large mass of iron which renders the cannon when it comes out of the mould, about one-third longer than is required. The gun is made with this addition, because it is found that the worst part of the iron, or its scum, rises to the surface: so that in a casting, the uppermost portion of the iron is less dense and strong than that below. If, therefore, the gun were cast the right length at once, the iron at the cannon's mouth (which it will be remembered was uppermost as the mould stood in the pit) would be porous and imperfect, whereas, by this plan, the porous and imperfect portion is cut off, and the iron below is even improved by the condensation effected by this superincumbent weight.

This overplus of iron being removed, the next process the cannon goes through, is called being "centred." That is to say, the centre of the section left by the removal of the dead head is found, and in it a small hole is bored. At the other end of the gun there is, as most of our readers know, a sort of nob or projection. The use of this, and of the hole just mentioned, become now apparent: for, in every machine through whose rough handling the gun has now got to pass, there is a socket into which the nob will fit at one end, and at the other a steel point which fits into the hole. Supported, then, at each end by these means, the gun revolves with perfect ease in spite of its immense weight; a capability which is of great importance, as the whole finishing and boring process makes this facility of revolving the most indispensable of qualities. The gun revolves now, more or less, till it is done. It revolves while the superfluous iron is being pared from off its outside: being scraped as it turns by steel edges, which peel off the supererogatory iron as easily as a sharp chisel deals with soft pine-wood. It revolves while its outside shape is being completed, and the refinements of taper and polish are imparted to it, and it revolves lastly while it is being bored. For, in this last operation, the gigantic gimlet, which gouges with slow persistence a hole some six or eight inches in diameter, does not turn itself, but simply advances, forced onward by a dread pressure of wheels and machinery. The gun it is that turns, and not the instrument. This boring, which is a long process, being accomplished, and the lock adjusted, the gun has only to be proved and it is ready for use—ready to break down a rampart, to destroy a dozen lives, to make a hole in a ship's side, to carry death with one charge, and to announce a prince's birth with another.

There is, in the museum attached to the Gun Factories, a very curious register kept of the history of each gun, and how it has stood the proof. In this register, which your Eye-witness was permitted to see, the guns which fail under the test are recorded, as well as those which are pronounced fit for service. The register goes into the minutest details, and even the state of the weather at the time of the gun's casting, the degrees of temperature, the quarter of the wind, the pedigree of the iron of which the gun was made, where it came from, and by whom it was supplied, all these things are put down most carefully, and form a register of immense value and interest. In this museum, too, is an extraordinary machine by which the iron is tested before it is used at all, and the degree of pressure which it will bear accurately ascertained. Your Eye-witness saw this machine made use of in a manner he could hardly have conceived possible. The iron to be tested in this case was tried by weight: the question being, how much pressure it would take to *tear it asunder*.

The E. W. was much interested in this experiment. To him it seemed impossible that a piece of iron could be pulled in two. The thing appears almost impracticable, even with wood. Let the reader take a lucifer match, which is about the slightest piece of wood one can think of, and let him, taking hold of each end, try to pull it asunder. He can snap it across, of course, almost by a thought, but he may pull for ever, and it will not come apart.

The piece of iron to which the writer saw this extraordinary test applied, was shaped something like a dice-box, large at the two ends and small in the middle. Each of the ends (having a shoulder to prevent its slipping) was firmly grasped in the vice-like claw of the machine and screwed immovably tight. One of these claws is a fixture; the other, is connected by means of a lever with the steel bar, at the end of which the weights used in the test are placed; and the machinery is so constructed that every added ounce tends to pull this claw further from the other. They are kept from flying asunder, simply by the piece of iron which is to be tried, and the degree of pull upon this, augments, of course, as the different weights are added at the end of the lever. It is the last hair that breaks the camel's back, and it is the last pound that pulls the iron in two. It was at a pressure of about twenty-eight thousand pounds that the iron parted with a mighty crash, leaving an end in each of the claws of this remorseless machine.

Among the many objects of interest in this museum, a new method of firing large guns by electricity ranks conspicuously. It is an immense improvement on the old system, as an anecdote related to your Eye-witness by the superintendent will show. The guns used formerly to be fired by means of a fuse, and it was the custom of the gunners to ignite several of them at once, along a whole row of guns, and

then, while the fuse was burning, and before the fire reached the charge, he had time to run away and get out of reach of the recoil, which in these large cannon is very considerable. An accident, however, which occurred one day when some practising was going on in the Woolwich Marshes, and which might have cost several lives, probably helped to direct the attention of the authorities to the imperfection of this plan, and in good time. Some men were firing at a mark in the artillery ground, and the guns were placed in the customary manner in a row, side by side, and pointed over Woolwich Marshes. The gunner lighted the fuses as usual, and skipped off to a place of security. The first gun went off in the proper direction harmlessly enough, but, unfortunately, in its recoil, it knocked against the gun next to it with such force, that it turned it round with its muzzle towards Woolwich, and, before anything could be done to prevent it, had discharged a 68-pounder shot into the town.

That shot, which might have carried death and mutilation with it, fell, by a merciful chance, in the Dockyard, and was buried deep in a massive brick wall, which it struck and shattered. According to the new system, such an accident is impossible: the gunner stands at a distance, and fires each gun singly, by pulling a string.

Included within the province of the Royal Gun Factories is the manufacture of brass guns as well as iron. They are made almost in the same manner. The great advantage of brass over iron guns is in their superior lightness: a very valuable quality where rapidity of locomotion is desirable. The Royal Gun Factories when in full operation are able to keep up a supply of eighteen iron guns per week.

It will be remembered that in the account just given of the mode of construction adopted in the manufacture of iron guns, mention was made of a certain receptacle into which the liquid iron flows, and which is called by the workmen a "sow." The manner in which English artisans bestow these animal names on inanimate things is sufficiently remarkable to make the subject worth reverting to, for an instant. They not only call this magazine of liquid iron a "sow," but they have also gone further with this elegant image, and given to the iron which runs out of it the name of "pig." Again, the machine by which all the great weights are lifted is, as everybody knows, called a "crane," and in the travelling cranes which move the guns from place to place, the part of the machinery which does the practical work bears the title of the "crab." It has been mentioned in another part of this article that the instrument by which the rockets are driven, is called a "monkey." This tendency to apply animal names is by no means confined to those workmen who are connected with machinery, but is prevalent among the lower classes generally. There is an engine used by tailors which is called a "goose;" and the British tar has given to a certain instrument of punishment the name of the "cat and nine tails."

The Eye-Witness was much impressed in going over the Arsenal by the obvious effect upon the different workmen, of the peculiar branch of occupation in which they were engaged: insomuch that each trade seemed to leave its stamp upon those who followed it. Who has not observed that engineers, as a class, are apt to be fat, and that they are taciturn men, who, from long living in a clatter of machinery which renders their voices inaudible, have got at last to give up talking generally, as a bad job? The only known instance of a loquacious engineer is Mr. Albert Smith's, and it will be acknowledged that *he* seems to find some difficulty in expressing his ideas. Who has not remarked that carpenters are ordinarily a cheerful and communicative race; that superintendents of machinery are the most intelligent persons in the world, and delightful to talk to; and that smiths—as has been said before—are always picturesque, and that whether they "strike while the iron is hot," or idle against the bellows, there is always something grandly careless in the way they work or lounge?

Were the space at his command less limited, the E.W. would gladly describe the excellent arrangements connected with the Infirmary, the Library, and the Schools which are attached to the Arsenal, and through which he was taken at the conclusion of his second day at Woolwich. As it is, he can only mention that these things exist, that every comfort is provided for the workmen who may be disabled through accident, and medical attendance for the sick. The beds in the Infirmary were so clean, the room so airy and cheerful, that the Eye-witness almost felt inclined (being much fatigued) to take a siesta there himself.

The Schools attached to the Arsenal are of great value, as the boys are trained on the spot for their future labours; and though an attendance of eight hours per week is all that is exacted from them (in consideration of their other work), they have yet, many of them, attained such a proficiency as to have passed out of arithmetic into mathematics and equation.

It is worthy of remark that the Library at Woolwich is found to answer better than the Reading-room. The men dislike to turn out when once they have reached their homes after a hard day's work, and the cheap newspapers enable them to get what information they require without leaving their own houses. This operates against the Reading-room; but, the Library, from which they may take books to their own houses, by a subscription of fourpence per month for labourers, and sixpence for artisans and foremen, is very popular. Your Eye-witness observed that the shelves where the novels were kept, were almost emptied, so great is the natural and wholesome enjoyment of Fiction among these hard-worked men; he also remarked that the demand for Locke on the Human Understanding, for Choker on the Law of Nations, and Shuttle on the Differential Calculus, was far from brisk.

As your Eye-witness passed out of the gates of Woolwich Arsenal (even the posts outside are old cannons), and as he reflected on all that he had seen, he was struck by the healthy tone and activity pervading the whole place, and sought to trace it to its source. The great activity observable in all these different departments succeeds a condition of affairs precisely the reverse. The long peace which preceded our Russian and Indian wars, had been productive of a deadly stagnation and inactivity: just as, in individuals, long success and quietness will lead to a sleepy condition, from which it takes some stroke of adversity to rouse them. The Russian war was such a stroke, and was of absolute service in calling the attention of Government to the desirableness of increased energy in connexion with our arsenals and dockyards, and to the necessity of a greatly augmented expenditure, which has turned out, as all judicious liberality does, the safest and wisest of economies. When is this otherwise? Where is there such bad economy as in stinginess—where such certain saving as in a wise but courageous outlay? The saving effected by Government in preparing their own stores, and doing away with contracts as much as possible, is very remarkable, and is suggestive of the importance of carrying the system yet further, and even, perhaps, of applying it to matters connected with the Commissariat Department. One instance of what has been saved by the new plan may be mentioned here in illustration of what has just been said. The cost of a single shell when furnished by contractors, used, in its completed state, to be estimated at one guinea—such a shell can now be made at the Arsenal for about thirteen shillings! Nor is this all. The saving is effected, and a greater point still achieved, in the superiority of the article manufactured by Government to any supplied by contractors.

Having concluded his Report of what he did see at Woolwich, the Eye-witness now wishes to say a few last words about what he did not see. He did not see the Armstrong Gun; but only the outside of a building in an unfinished state, which he was told was being erected for the construction of such weapons.

The tendency (which is a very strong one) to keep secret all the particulars connected with the exact nature and capabilities of the Armstrong Gun seems to the Eye-witness perfectly rational and good. The rumours which creep out upon the subject—nay, the descriptions and diagrams which have appeared—would be of little use to foreign powers without a degree of accuracy which they neither have nor profess to have; an accuracy which could only be ensured by such minuteness of examination and such exactness of measurement as are not at present, owing to the precautions of Government, obtainable.

What, however, we do know about Sir William Armstrong's invention is briefly this. It is an invaluable addition to our engines of warfare, but it is simply a thing to be added to, not to supplant, those already in use. The Armstrong Gun combines extraordinary lightness with immense length of range and great accuracy of aim. It is loaded at the breech instead of at the muzzle. It can be used for shell or for shot equally well, and the ball which Sir W. Armstrong has invented is so regulated that (as has been proved by experiment) it will act first as a cannon-ball and afterwards as a most destructive shell. It will pass through a ship's side without exploding, and will burst when it gets among the crew, instead of flying at once into fragments, as soon as it touches the timbers of the vessel. The lightness of this gun strikes one as a very remarkable feature in it, and is such that we may at once reduce the weight of our naval guns by nearly three-fourths without impairing the length of their range or the accuracy of their aim. This, as well as the breech-loading capabilities of the new guns, will render it possible to work them with fewer men and with less risk. The Armstrong shells, made of cast iron coated with lead, are shaped like the new Minié rifle bullet, and are three diameters in length. Such shells can of course be fired through a gun much more slender than those used for round charges, and consequently the gun itself can be thrust through a smaller port-hole, and offers a less conspicuous mark to the enemy. While mentioning these advantages of the Armstrong Gun, which we know to be true, we may add that rumours have reached us of its being possessed of capabilities such as we are hardly disposed to give credit to, and some of which reports go to the length of ascribing to it the power of sending a shot clean through a mass of oak nine feet thick, without bursting, and at a distance of six hundred and seventy yards. It has been lately a topic of much discussion how far Sir William Armstrong can lay a legitimate claim to the invention of a gun which bears his name. A great deal has been said and written to prove that he has been forestalled by others; that as early as 1741, a certain Mr. Gilbert Hadley obtained a patent for a breech-loading cannon, and that other features of the new gun were found out by different mechanical geniuses at different periods between the date just mentioned and the present moment.

Now in all this there is in reality nothing that detracts from the credit due to Sir William Armstrong. Are there any instances in the annals of mechanics o. any invention which has not been led up to by other men? In the ordinary history of such matters the inventor merely moves on a step. He adds something of his to what others have discovered before him. He takes their work, thinks over it, comes to it with a fresh eye, detects the weak parts and the imperfections of what is under his consideration, corrects these things, and adds some point distinguishingly his own. Or he finds other men labouring through a whole lifetime to make some half-discovered truth of practical service. They are unable to do so, and their discovery is consequently useless. Once made practicable,

it is—what it was not before—an invention, and he who has made it so is—in the opinion of one who knows what practical difficulties are—rightly endowed with the credit of the discovery.

DRIVER MIKE.

How can I find words to describe the barrenness of Connemara, except by comparing it to that of county Mayo; and how can I describe county Mayo except by comparing it to Connemara?

Here have I been riding on one of Bianconi's cars ten miles, from Clifden to Galway, and have not seen a soul yet, and scarcely a body, except the two half-naked children that were playing round a peat-heap at Ballyrag, and the old woman with the grey hair tied in a knot who put to the horses at Croppy town. Not a house either but that one hut, beyond the old castle of the Martins in the lake, which was announced to us by two or three spindly trees full an hour beforehand.

Bog, bog, bog, mountain, lake, like the enchanted, doomed country in a fairy story.

Two inns to-day—the first kept by a Church of England clergyman, the second by the parish doctor—do not indicate much traffic or commerce in this beautiful region of blue mist and brown, burnt-sienna-ish bog. It remains, I should think, much as it did when St. Patrick, in his white robe, tramped barefooted to seek audience of the savage Irish king, who was dressed in wolf-skins, and had a spiky mace for a walking-stick; much the same as when the black Danes carried their raven banner through it; quite the same as in the croppy times, or when cocked-hats and swords were seen in Galway streets.

A heron stands on one leg, in a meditative way, like a one-legged pensioner, waiting till the coach-wheel nearly touches him, as if he were stopping there to hand the coachman a parcel. Rushes, with their little green tubes, burnt red-brown tops, and little bushes of flowers, are pretty enough; but ten miles of rushes is too much of a good thing. If we do see any children, ragged and picturesque, in the scarlet frocks worn by the Connemara peasantry, they run from us frightened, like a parliament of rats disturbed by the appearance of a terrier.

There are two other depressing things about Connemara. One is, that the road is so wild, and mournfully desolate, and unpeopled, that wild creatures have claimed it, and claim joint possession, particularly the wild ducks and the magpies. They form a feature in all the wild parts of Ireland. Looking far ahead down the dry, blue, hard road, you see suddenly a flock of black spots in the centre of it, perhaps a hundred yards off. As you get nearer you find this is a batch of little, callow, half-fledged wild-ducks, brought here by the fussy mother to dust and sun themselves from some adjacent bog-hole or clump of friendly rushes. The young ones have never heard of coaches, and would not rise at all but for the pecks and bustle of their mother, who fluffs them up and scrambles them off just in time to be saved from our swift revolving wheels. Off they waddle, only disturbed for a moment; and, as you look back, you see them again just where they were before.

Then the magpies—those black and white clerical-looking birds you see in England, perhaps once in a long summer day's walk—here you put them up in couples, ten in a mile, with their long tails and their shy, mischievous manner, jerking about in the road-side trees (when there are any), or balancing awkwardly on the clumsy stone walls.

Then, as for weasels running across the road, and carrion crows looking out for lamb, they are seen constantly, and, in Connemara, eagles too, as you will hear. Before I get to my account of this energetic Italian Bianconi, who single handed has permeated all Ireland with cars, and done more good to poor Ireland in twenty years than——But I am getting treasonable. In the midst of these observations, my Bianconi driver, Mike Joyce, breaks out with a song, written by the schoolmaster at Derry Knouring, and, as it is not devoid of quaintness, I give it:

Tune of the Nate Gould Ring.

"O gra machree,
You don't love me,
Or else you wouldn't linger,
This little ring,
Which now I bring,
To slip upon your finger.

"Colleen asthore,
My heart is sore,
Two long I have been waiting,
I've feed the priest,
And cooked the feast,
It is no lies I'm stating;
It's truth, bedad, I'm stating.

"Mavourneen, then,
Be one in ten,
And do not look so tazing,
The pig is bought,
The fish are caught,
The day and hour are flaying;
O Kitty ain't they flaying.

"You smile at me,
O gra machree,
Love, dear, you will not linger.
'No blarney, Tom!'
I'm deaf and domb,
The ring is *on* her finger;
Whoop, boys, it's on her finger."

I had complimented him on his song, when who should get up at a road-side whisky-shop where we changed horses, but two bagmen? who, having hoisted up their tin boxes and mackintosh-covered bundles of patterns till the car groaned again, began at once, before the car moved off, playing at gambling games of cards, with an ardour worthy of a better cause. We were still in sight of Benatola, king of the twelve Pins (or skittle mountains), and they were on the seat with their backs to me and Mike, who drove sideways, as carmen love to do.

Mike cast a malign glance at the bagmen, as they imperiously stowed away their tin boxes.

"One would think," he muttered to me, "it was the Juke of Wellington and Admiral Nelson out, arm in arm, for a holiday. I'd upset them in the next bog-hole for a tinpenny."

But the red-whiskered, fresh-coloured, pompous, slangy bagmen went on throwing down the red and black pipped cards on the car cushion between them quite unconcerned, the money lying between them in reasonable pools of silver. If we had been driving through Paradise they would not have looked up.

As a road-side dog broke out on us from a cabin, Mike began to talk.

"There's a power of agles," said Mike, suddenly, "up in Derryclare, there. I sometimes am getting them at three-and-sixpence the couple for gentlemen that keep menageries on their lawns. I'll tell you a story about them."

"Give that yelping dog a cut with your whip," said one of the gamesters.

Mike replied, seriously, bending down to them, "Perhaps one of you gents would be kind enough to fling half-a-crown at him. Well, as I was saying when the dog interrupted me, I had a man from Letterfrach on the box the other day, who was a powerful one on agle stories, but it's not worth telling.—Hold up, Jinny!"

"Oh, the story, by all means, Mike," said I.

"A year or two ago," said Mike, "it may be more—there was a poor widdy had her slip of peaty ground not far from the foot of Benbaun, that big blue fellow there to the right. She had ust her handful of goats, that nibbled about Bencullaghduff, and her slice of bog, and such parquisites as she had got given to her by one of the great Martins of Ballinahinch, before old Cruelty to animals reigned in Connemara (rest his soul!). Convaynient to the widdy lived an eagle. 'Do you see that tree we're passing?' said the Clare man to me. 'To be sure I do,' said I, 'how can I help it?—did he live in that?' 'No,' says he, as pat as could be, 'he didn't, but he built on that wall just beyont it.' Well, one unlucky Friday, the widdy's sons—two stout lads, ready for any mischief, and more fond of snapping at snipes and listening to the gentlemen's beagles than work—climbed up that wall of a rock, pulling themselves up by the long green strings of ivy and the little hollybushes that grew in the clefts, and, when up there, what did they do but bring down two of the young birds. Soon afterwards, the widdy's lambs began to decrease in number (it was yearning season at the time), and so it went on, till only forty of seventy were left. The widdy, thinking it had been the herd, had him watched, and then found out, sure enough, it was devil a one but the ould thafe of the world, the agle. So she goes to a wise gossip, and asks her what was to be done. Says the gossip to her, 'Have you never done any provocation to the agle?' And the widdy says to her 'that her sons had taken two of the young birds to bring up in the house as pets.' 'That's it,' says the ould woman, 'and there'll never be good blood between you, Widdy Grattan, and the agle, till you give back them cubs, and the boys go up again and put back the birds, and make all smooth.' The boys took back the eaglets, and from that day no more lambs were taken out of the flock; nor was that all, for the agle behaved like a jintleman to her, and because he couldn't give them back—seeing as how they were picked to the bone—he flew forty miles a day for thirty days running into county Clare, and brought back every day a lamb, to make up the number he and his family had eaten. And this is how it was found out. The man that told me, and who lived near the widdy, had lately married a Westport woman, and came out of Clare into these very parts, and he declared the brand on the lambs the agle brought back was the brand of a squireen from his own neighbourhood. Now, isn't that mighty quare?"

"It is, indeed," I said, believingly.

Mike continued: "Well, this same Clare man told me another story of an agle that beats Banagher. There was a countryman near Bencore who used to cross a ford every day to cut his little slip of turf to boil the wife's praties with. One day, as he goes across with his log over his shoulder and his kippeen at his back, balancing himself on the stones, that the water dips and tumbles over, what does he see but a big baste of an agle, with wings as big as a fishing-sail, sitting on a rock half-way across, ating a salmon with all the relish of a priest at a wedding? The man up's with a cleaver he has with him to cut a stick or two of bog-wood, lets fly at the agle, who drops the salmon down at his feet, and, without waiting for the change, flies off, as he thought, to his wife and family in Bencullaghduff. Pleased enough, the man goes into the bog, scoops out his kippeenful of the driest turf, ties the cords across, hoists the fish, shining like a new dish-cover, in between the fastenings, and hurries back to the cabin, glad to bring Biddy, who was ailing, so pretty a dinner without changing a one pound bill for it. But he hadn't got the pot that was to boil that fish; for, as he has got half across the water, flop comes his friend the agle down on the creel, pitches on his head, gives him a buffeting with his wings that half blinds him, and flies off with the salmon in his claws.

"Teaching him to do as he'd be done by," said I.

"Divil anything else," said Mike. "'Be-dad,' says the man to Biddy, 'I'm not the Christian to be made a fool of by an agle that has only two legs and no arms. No,' says he, 'and he loads a blunderbuss up to the muzzle with swan shot, and goes off to the ford the very next day, and hides under an alder bush to wait for the agle when he came to drink. In about half an hour, he sees a dark spot over Derryclare that gradually gets larger as it gets nearer, and by-and-by turns out to be the agle. Now, I'll tache you manners,' says Murphy Joyce, 'but before he could pull the trigger which was rather stiff—it hadn't been used much since the throubles in 'ninety-eight—the agle was down

upon him again, and gave him such a dose of it as knocks his sinses quite out of him. He could not see out of his eyes for a month afterwards, and I don't think would have ever seen again, if he hadn't made a pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, and drank out of the Holy well three mornings running, fasting.'"

The moral, thought I: Never take a salmon away from an eagle without remembering his bill.

"How can those fellows go on playing at cards instead of listening to your good stories," I whispered to Mike.

"Oh, bad luck to them," said Mike, "they always make up their losses the first fool they get hold of. Hear me now."

"The twelve Pins look well, gentlemen," said I, stooping down.

The gents, looking up in a desultory way, said, "Oh, very—wonderful! Fifteen-two and a pair are eight—that makes me three-and-sixpence."

"Oh, let them be, the nagurs," said Mike, with extreme contempt.

Just then, a pig-driver passed, trimly dressed, driving, with unnecessary noise and solemnity, four pigs, completely tatooed with red bars across the back.

"That's a young pig-jobber, I know," said Mike.

"How do you know he's only just begun business," said I.

"Why, there's too much ruddle. He's more ruddle than pigs. As he gets older he'll put less."

Mike, the Connaught man, was a shrewd, good-humoured, sagacious madcap; a man's body and a boy's heart, like half his countrymen; a voice stammering with fun, but, when he grew serious, deep, rhythmical, earnest, and pathetic. Having sounded him in legends, I waited till moon-rise for his ghost-stories.

After a short stare at the horses' ears, which passes with a car-driver for meditation, Mike said, abruptly, "Did you like Sligo, your honour?"

In the course of my reminiscences of Sligo, I mentioned a one-eyed and left-handed waiter.

Mike laughed, and said, "I know that waiter. Ben and me have an old grudge; he's one of the ferocious O'Flaherties."

Here our recollections of Sligo were interrupted as we approached Letterfrach, the Quaker settlement, by a sinister-looking old man with bare feet, and a patched great coat, with a scrubby ram's-wool collar, who bore on his back an enormous round bundle of old clothes, wrapped in a rug, that gave him the air of Atlas, learning the use of the globes. After much higgling he gets up to ride to Cliforn, and ties his bundle to one of the jaunting-car rails.

"Is your portmanty safe, Tom? Are you insured from fire, or wont they insure tinder?" said Mike, in a kindly voice.

"I'm all right, Thag, and thanks to you," cried grateful Tom.

"Very well, Tom. Then chip, Jinny. I thought you were off to Coleraine, Tom?"

"No; I've just been reprimanded" (he meant remanded).

The picking up of passengers makes a long day's ride, on an Irish jaunting-car, one of the merriest things in the world. Nowhere can you pick up stranger sayings or more pleasant bits of observation to chew the cud of in after and duller days. Now we drew up at a white-washed cabin, with its brown pool and dung-hill before it, the pigs muzzling at the potatoes, smoking and straining in the basket-lid before the door. Facing the door, slops down a peat buttress-trunk, which feeds the fire ingeniously enough, and also keeps out all pure air from the circle round the red-hot peat. Our friend Tom, the pedlar, was snugly established as a balance to the commercial gentleman, who, with antagonistic rows of half-crowns, were now absorbed in the mysteries of blind hookey, and were blind to everything else except an occasional tinted yellow glass of whisky, brought out from a shabbeen by a bare-footed urchin who acted as pot-boy.

A turn of the road brought us to one of those cottage stations where Bianconi keeps his relays of horses. A thin, cheery old woman, with her dry grey hair blowing in wisps over her face, tripped out, and began to put to the horses. "Fergus and Kitty," were marked by Bianconi's royal decree upon the collars; so that Fergus should never wear Kitty's collar nor Kitty Fergus's. She slipped in the buckles and whipped up the cheek-straps as deftly as a smart young ostler of sixteen. She even smeared some black ointment on Kitty's cracked hoof, and had the leather case on, before the Connaught man could get round and help her. I rejoiced to see her slap the wet flank of Jinny, to send her into the stables, and pull Brian's mane as a token of recognition. Five minutes more and Mike was on the yellow box, tucking the oilskin apron over my legs, and hoping I had room.

"Now, your honour," said Mike, "for the next ten miles you'll have as pretty a rocking as ever a rowler tourist had in his born days. You might as well be at sea in a gale of wind."

The next time we stopped, Mike exclaimed: "You see that nate little gurl that brought us the parcel at the gate?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," said Mike, "she's one of their *jumpers*."

"Jumper. What's that?"

"Why one of the *soupers* that went over to the black faith in the famine times for soup. She is a nate little girl, and takes in millinery. I've seen fellows change their faith for a pair of breeches."

"No?" I said.

"Is it no you say; it's yes I say," cried Mike. "There was young Brady, of Moycullen. When the committee was giving away the clothes, he sees a pair of breeches as mightily takes his fancy. 'Give me them,' says he, 'and I kiss the

Bible.' Well, next day when he went, they'd been given to somebody else, so what does Brady do but come back again to the ould faith, though divil of a haporth of credit he is to that same. Look there, your honour, at that field where the potatoes are lying out in clean rows. What young children for work, and how charming that handsome girl with the bare legs shows them how to use the long spade. That land was all bog four years ago, and all that torrent fir, too. It belongs to a Scotch farmer, who turns out his children to work directly the corn begins to thrive, from six years old to sixteen, all the same. That gurl is the beauty of the place. Now if he had been Irish she would have been working at her piany, and had her big lump of a novel, and have been looking out of the window for the purty young man."

"Yes," thought I, and fell into a reverie, "the Scotch are conquering Ireland. The old hard drinking, open house days are gone by for ever; witness the Martins, who ruled half Connemara and had the lands of a prince; witness —— and —— and all the old clans."

Before I could finish my apostrophe on the Middleman question, the Orange and Green question, the Absentee question, the Tithe question, the Popery question, and some others, I was interrupted by our stopping to take up one of the county constabulary, a force which few armies of Europe could match. The smart young fellow, in his light rifle green, flat cap, and side bayonet, leaped up with a soldierly-like nod to the driver, bound for some session then sitting.

As he alighted, a mile further on, Mike said, "Good luck go with him, it's some poor widdy's heart he'll make ache to-night, sorra guide him!"

"Have you been long in Bianconi's service, Mike?"

"Ten years last Rogation."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Have I ever seen him! Often and often, your honour. He's a little, smart man, with a quick eye, and have heard him tell his own story how he was shipwrecked, when he was quite a boy, on his way from Rome, and left with only three shillings in his pocket on a *desert island*. With these he bought some pictures that he saw in a window in Dublin, and selling these got more, and so on, till he started a car, and then another, till now he employs ever so many hundred drivers, and the divil knows how many horses, and lives in a grand place near Clonmel. They say if he gets a halfpenny a day from every horse it pays him."

"I suppose that B on the harness stands for his name," said I.

"An' be sure it does," said Mike. "Every horse has its own name and its own harness. He's mighty sharp. He has travellers to look after us who come about on the road and are taken up as regular fares, and who note down the time they get on and off to compare it with our bills at the station. Now in London, they tell me, they do it by getting into an omnibus with a right-hand pocket full of marbles. For every one that gets in, they move a marble into the left-hand pocket; isn't that cute?"

"Very," said I; "but is he kind to the poor?"

"He is," said Mike, "and to his old drivers, if they do their duty, but if they ruin a horse he is out with them in a jiffy. His way of rewarding is by taking you off a wild, scanty road, and putting you on a good one; or by changing you from night to day duty. He tried me once, but I bet him. I had to take some horses for him down into Tipperary, and when I got near his house my money ran short, and I went up to his house, told him my case, and borrowed five shillings. 'Be sure you pay it again, my man,' says he, 'next time we meet.' I thanked him, drove off, and six months after this he met me somewhere about here, and got on my car to go as far as Clifden. Now I knew he had my five shillings down in his red pocket-book, and remembered it, so I went up to him and said, 'Here's the five shillings, Mr. Bianconi, that I borrowed at Clonmel, and thanks to you.' 'Keep it, my good man,' said he, with a pretty smile that did me good. 'I like to see my drivers remember their debts.' I'd as soon put my head into a menagerie of wild bastes as see him again if I hadn't."

Our next passengers were two decent country-women, with their gowns tucked up and their shawls drawn over their heads.

It was getting cold, and as it grew cold we grew silent, only now and then blurting out a sentence when we got down sullenly, with heads butting at the bullying wind, to walk slowly up a hill beside the car. But it was every moment with Mike some kind, encouraging, cheery words.

"Well, girls, how are you by this time?" cried Mike.

A chorus of women replied, "Och! dead entirely with the chill."

"And if I sat like that," said Mike, reprovingly, "all the time in the car wouldn't I be as dead as the fur that was under me?" then added, under breath, "There's no worse driving than the women, 'cause they never get out to spare the horse, poor craytur."

With the exception of a dark avenue just as we entered Galway, which was rendered dangerous by the rush of cars coming home from the fair, filled with reckless, exhilarated country people, we had no risks to encounter on our way to the semi-Spanish city where judge Lynch hung his own son.

We had traversed that day a wonderful panorama of Irish scenery, bog, coast town, arms of the sea, lakes, and mountains—country wild as Siberia, ending in civilised city, with rich suburbs, packet station, and commerce. In the morning, a stone-built whisky-shop; in the evening, a civilised hotel, with conventional waiter, and all other sophistications. This morning, untrod mountains, miles of snipe track, and wild duck country; to-night, paved streets, neat shops,

and starry rows of columned lamps. It was like coming from the thirteenth century into the nineteenth, and I felt grateful for the change, yet pleased with my experience.

GREAT ODDS AT SEA.

A LEAF OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Our ships lay under Florez. You will mind
'Twas three years after Effingham had chased
The Pope's Armada from our English side.
We had been cruising in the Western Main,
Singeing some Spanish beards; and now we lay,
Light-ballasted, with empty water-casks,
And half our crews disabled; our six sail—
Beside two pinnaces and victuallers—
Pester'd and rommaging, all out of sorts.
My ship was Richard Grenville's, the Revenge.
They knew Sir Richard in the Spanish seas,
And told wild stories of him; their brown dames
Frighted the babes with fancies of his deeds.
So hard-complexion'd was he (they would say)
That, when a health was drunk, he crush'd the glass
Between his teeth, and swallow'd cup and all.
And then his blood-draughts——Tush! such idle tales!
We only knew a gallant gentleman
Who never turn'd his back on friend or foe.

Well, lying by Florez—as I told you now—
The Spanish force, unlook'd for, hove in sight,
A force of fifty-three great men-of-war.
Lord Thomas, taking note of their array,
Deeming it vain to grapple with such odds,
Signall'd his company to weigh or cut:
And so all did, except our Grenville's ship.
You see, we anchor'd nearest to the town,
And half our men were sick on shore. Besides,
Sir Richard never hurried from a fight.
We got our sick on board, and safely stow'd
Upon the ballast; and, that done, we weigh'd.
By this, the Spaniard's on our weather-bow;
And some would fain the captain should be led
To back his mainsail, cast about, and trust
Our sailing. Nothing of that mind was he.
He would not so, he said, for any fear
Disgrace his flag, his country, or himself;
But pass their squadrons through, despite of all,
Forcing the Seville ships to give him way.
And thus he did, on divers of the first.
So—as we mariners say—they sprang their luff,
And fell under our lee. But windward bore
A huge high-cargèd ship the Spaniards call'd
San Philip, took the breeze out of our sails,
And ran aboard us. Then, entangled so,
Four others, two upon our starboard bow
And two on the larboard, up and boarded us.

We helped San Philip from our lower tier,
And flung her back; the other four closed in,
Drove on us like so many hornet nests,
Thinking their multitudes could swarm us down.
We brushed them off, and brushed them off again.
The fight began at three o' the afternoon;
And all the night through we kept up the game,
Darkening the stars and the full harvest moon
With the incessant vomit of our smoke.
Ship after ship came on at our Revenge,
Ne'er less than two big galleons on her side,
Boarding her, as the tides wash up a rock,
To fall off broken and foamy 'mid the roar
Of their own thunder. They so ill approved
Our entertainment, that by break of day
They had lost appetite for new assaults;
And slunk far from us, like a ring of dogs
About a crippled lion, out of reach
Of daring that has taught them due respect,
Watching till his last agony spends itself.
Some fifteen of them grappled us in vain,
Two we had sunk, and finely maul'd the rest.
But, as day broaden'd out, it show'd our plight:
No sail in view but the foes that hemm'd us round,
Save one of the pinnaces, which had hover'd near
To mark our chance, and now, like hare with hounds,
Was hunted by the Spaniards, but escaped.

A bare one hundred men was our first count;
And each slew his fifteen. But by this time
Our powder was all used, and not a pike
Left us unbroken. All our rigging spoil'd;
Our masts gone by the side; our upper works
Shattered to pieces; and the ship herself
Began to settle slowly in the sea.
It was computed that eight hundred shot
Of great artillery had pierced through her sides.
Full forty of our men lay dead on deck;
And blood enough, be sure, the living miss'd.
Sir Richard, badly hurt at the very first,
Would never stand aside till mid of dark;
When, as they dress'd his wounds, he was shot through,
The surgeon falling on him. Still he lived,
Nor blench'd his courage when all hope was gone;
But, as the morning wore, he call'd to him
The master-gunner, a most resolute man,
And bade him split and sink the unconquer'd ship,
Trusting God's mercy, leaving to the foe
Not even a plank to bear their victory.
What worth a few more hours of empty life,
To stint full-handed Death of English fame?

Brave Gentleman! I think we had no heart
To sink so rare a treasure. Some of us
Were stiffening in our pain, and faintly cared
For loftier carriage; cowards were there none;
But so it was, that we among us chose
An honourable surrender—the first time
Our captain's word refusing. I must own
The Spaniard bore him very handsomely.
Well pleased he was to give us soldier terms
Rather than tempt the touch of our last throe;
And courteously were the conditions kept.
The Spanish Admiral sent his own state barge
To fetch our dying hero—for our ship
Was marvellous unsavoury, and round
The Southern warriors reverently throng'd
To look upon the mighty in his death:
So much his worth compell'd acknowledgment.
And well-nigh a new battle had burst out
'Twixt the Biscayans and the Portugals,
Disputing which had boarded the Revenge.

For him, he bade them do even as they would
With his unvalued body. A few hours,
And Death bow'd down to crown him. Never sign
Of faintness show'd he; but in Spanish said
These words, so they might be well heard by all:

"Here, with a joyful and a quiet mind,
I, Richard Grenville, die. My life is closed
As good a soldier's should be, who hath fought
For Country's sake, and for his faith and fame.
Whereby from this body gladly parts my soul,
Leaving behind the everlasting name
Of a true soldier and right valiant man
Who did the work that duty bade him do."

When he had finish'd these and other words
Of such-like grandeur, he gave up the ghost

With stoutest courage. No man on his face
Could see the shade of any heaviness.
So He and Death went proudly on their way
Upon the errand of Almighty God;
And God's smile was the gladness of that path.

And now immediately on this great fight
So terrible a tempest there ensued,
As never any saw or heard the like.
Nigh on a hundred sail of merchantmen
Join'd their Armada when the fight was done,
Rich Indian argosies. Of all the host
But thirty-two e'er reach'd a Spanish port.
Their men-of-war, so riddled by our shot,
Sank one by one; and our Revenge herself,
Disdaining any foreign mastery,
Regarding else her captain's foil'd intent,
Went down, as soon as she was newly mann'd,
Under Saint Michael's Rocks, with all her crew.
The Spaniards said the Devil wrought their loss,
Helping the heretics. But we know well
How God stands by the true man in his work;
And, if he helps not, surely will revenge
The boldly dutiful. My tale is done.

Sir Walter Raleigh—Grenville's cousin—he
Has given the tale in fitter words than mine.
My story looks like shabby beggar's rags
About a hero. But you see the Man.
The diamond shines, however meanly set.
Sir Walter laid his cloak before the Queen;
But Grenville threw his life upon that deck
For Honour's Self to walk on. 'Twas well done.
For fifteen hours our hundred kept at bay
Ten thousand: one poor ship 'gainst fifty-three.
The Spaniard proved that day our English pith.
No new Armada on our cliffs shall look
While English Valour echoes Grenville's fame.

PITY A POOR BRIDGE.

I BELIEVE that, by this time, the public is pretty familiar with me; if not, I know this, that I am pretty familiar with the public. I have carried them on my back now for eight-and-twenty years, and my ancestors have carried them for more than eight centuries. My ancestors were the old roadways across the river Thames, known as Old London Bridge, while I am the same roadway (about one hundred feet westward of the site of the other) known as New London Bridge. My ancestors were relieved (by an act of Parliament in seventeen hundred and sixty, and by several fires at divers times) of various encumbrances in the shape of houses and water-works; while I, in this present scorching month of July, am having my back mended after a severe course of heavy and crowded work, and am waiting for something to turn up that may improve my prospects and condition.

There is no doubt about it, that I am shamefully overworked, and no gentleman knows this better than Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, the City Police Commissioner. He has done everything that an active gentleman could do, by separating the carriage traffic over my back into fast and slow—light and heavy—two lines running one way, and two the other, but he cannot perform a miracle. I may not be very long, and I am certainly not very broad, but I am the most overloaded thoroughfare in the whole world, for all that. It was all very well—at least comparatively well—before those bustling South-Eastern, South Coast, and North Kent railway termini began to lay their heads together, near the hospital that was providentially placed at my southern base. Then I did enjoy an occasional calm, and what, I suppose, I must consider only a fair amount of burdens; but from that day of steam encroachment, my tranquillity was at an end. For the last ten years there has been such a frightful increase of persons passing through the London-bridge station alone, that what numbered six hundred and twenty-four thousand travellers in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, has reached thirteen millions and a half in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Everybody seems desirous of riding or walking across my back, and it puzzles me sometimes to discover what they can find to travel for. It seems to me that there must be much more comfort and wisdom in sitting still, or dabbling with your feet in the water (like I do), than in walking over the red-hot stones, under the unchecked glare of a tropical sun, or trusting yourself to the mercy of a capricious horse, or the guidance of a daring driver. The public seem, however, to be of quite another way of thinking; an average day of four-and-twenty hours, during the present year (1859), will witness one hundred and sixty-eight thousand persons passing across me, from either side: one hundred and seven thousand on foot, and sixty-one thousand in vehicles.

These vehicles (during the same average day of twenty-four hours) number twenty thousand four hundred and ninety-eight, including fifty-four horses that are led or ridden. The same vehicle may, and does, pass over many times in the course of the day, as well as the same passenger, turning these figures into the simple record of bridge journeys; but that, I apprehend, makes little difference to me. A man is a man, for all that, and a hop-waggon is still a hop-waggon.

The waggons and carts in this endless procession number nine thousand and a quarter; the "other vehicles"—unclassable trucks of passage—reach nearly two thousand and a half; the cabs are close upon four thousand five hundred, and the omnibuses are four thousand two hundred and eighty-six.

With regard to these omnibuses alone, they struggle up like members returned to represent the outskirts of London in some great central City parliament. They belong to what may be called two divisions—the railway traffic and the through traffic—that is, omnibuses which pass over my back simply for the railway station, and others that pass over it on their road to distant suburbs.

What have I done to Paddington that Paddington should worry me so? Fifty-three omnibuses come from that not very interesting part of London every day, making twelve double journeys each, by the way of

Holborn, and crossing and recrossing me five hundred and sixty-six times. This is not even much more than half enough to satisfy that active and populous suburb; for another deputation of thirty-nine Paddington omnibuses favours me with three hundred and ninety crossings every day by the way of the Strand; and another deputation of eight, with eighty crossings, by the way of the New-road and Finsbury.

Next comes merry Islington, with its twenty omnibuses, making two hundred and forty crossings a day. Then follows that invisible forest, St. John's Wood (as if its neighbour, Paddington, had not done enough!) with twenty-three of the same vehicles, making two hundred and thirty crossings. They call themselves City Atlases, although I *bear* their weight, and they have probably some Irish idea that the account is balanced because they carry their passengers.

Hammersmith, with its twenty-six omnibuses, pays me two hundred and eight of these unsolicited visits every day, and its opposite suburb, Bayswater, is not far behind it. Fourteen omnibuses from this latter place cross me one hundred and forty times by the way of Holborn; and seven more, by the way of the Strand, are able to swell the list with another fifty-six crossings.

Brompton—the gay and salubrious Brompton—is represented by eighteen omnibuses, which perform their one hundred and eighty crossings a day; and the more remote Putney, with its twenty-one omnibuses, is only able to reach one hundred and sixty-eight crossings.

Distance, in this case, lends a little improvement to the view, and a little more in the case of Acton and Ealing. These last-named places, with their five omnibuses, cross me twenty times a day, and close the account of my special railway traffic with a daily total of two thousand two hundred and seventy-eight single journeys.

The next thing that worries me in connexion with omnibuses, is the through traffic.

Kingsland and Newington must start forty-nine of these vehicles, which ride daily over my back six hundred and eighty-six times; Peckham and Camberwell are represented by twenty-five conveyances, which appear two hundred and fifty times; Brixton keeps close to these with twenty-four omnibuses, which make two hundred and forty single journeys; and Clapham, Balham Hill, and Tooting, by joining together, come in next in the race, showing two hundred and thirty crossings, with twenty-three vehicles.

The Old Kent-road has very ancient claims upon my roadway, and they are received by fourteen omnibuses, which punish me with one hundred and ninety-six daily visits. Greenwich I cannot object to on the score of insufficient acquaintance, and I amiably tolerate forty single journeys a day, performed by five of these conveyances, notwithstanding the existence of the railway.

Deptford and Rotherhithe are represented by two omnibuses, that make sixteen single journeys a day; and Wandsworth, which I have no sympathy with, is satisfied with exactly the same traffic facilities.

The last place that imposes upon my good nature in the matter of omnibuses, is Lewisham, which crosses me, with one vehicle, six times a day, and winds up the list of crossings with another total of sixteen hundred and eighty. This being added to the other total gives a round sum of nearly four thousand crossings, which is what I have to bear daily from metropolitan and suburban omnibuses, in addition to my many other burdens.

My period of comparative rest from my miscellaneous trafficmongers is from two o'clock to five o'clock in the early morning, and my periods of particular frenzy are from nine o'clock, A.M., to seven o'clock, P.M. At ten o'clock in the morning, I can count, in one hour, nearly thirteen thousand five hundred foot and carriage passengers passing across me, besides nearly eighteen hundred vehicles; and during the hour ending at five o'clock in the afternoon, I am compelled to bear twelve thousand passengers, mixed, as before, and seventeen hundred miscellaneous vehicles. This is being put upon with a vengeance!

I often amuse myself by watching my tormentors, guessing where they have come from, and where they are going to; admiring some of the pedestrians, and some of the cargoes in the waggons, and taking as little notice as possible of others, for obvious reasons. I have a particular aversion to "knackers'" carts (although I see plenty of them), because the legs of the dead horse hang out at one end and his head at the other, like the legs and head of a Patagonian gentleman who has got into a little boy's bed. I have no love for those waggons that carry skins from the different slaughter-houses to the Bermondsey scraping and drying-grounds, especially in the middle of a very hot summer's day—the cargo floats about too much in its open carriage to please me; but perhaps I am over-fastidious. It is far more agreeable to look upon a fresh country waggon laden with hay, and bearing on its summit a brown-faced boy, who is lying at full length on his stomach, chewing a straw.

There are waggons full of round cannon-ball Dutch cheeses, purple as plums; waggons loaded with brown treacly-oozing sugar-casks, faithfully attended by a few wasps, and a good many flies; heavy brewers' drays filled with large jolting casks, and driven by drowsy giants in flannel costume, who sit asleep upon the shafts. There are strong timber-waggons, piled with heavy yellow planks, like a river-side wharf; there are coal waggons laden with black sacks and driven by black drivers; and there are flour waggons laden with white sacks, and driven by white drivers. There are waggons full of carboys of vitriol, casting a pungent odour about them as they go; waggons full of casks of oil, smelling like Vauxhall when the lamps have burnt out; waggons, like moving mountains, crawling under the heavy weight and towering height, of half a hundred full hop-sacks.

Now and then, the slow-moving, small-windowed, smoking-chimneyed fair waggon appears to swell the ceaseless procession; and the gilded carriage of a lord mayor or a City sheriff. Sometimes I am permitted to gaze upon the very last of the hackney coaches, which still plies for family hire at the South-Eastern railway terminus, and a four-horse stage-coach still determined to beat the parliamentary train, or perish in the ambitious attempt.

Dust-carts claim their right to a passage across my overloaded back, in company with innumerable travellers' traps that are painted with sham doors and windows, to look like carriages filled with the aristocracy, instead of with ribbons, shawls, and lace. Small pony-gigs are observed, conducted by timid drivers, who wish they had taken a less frequented highway; and fast tandem dog-carts, coming from some livery stable near the Stock Exchange, and going to a whitebait dinner at Greenwich.

There are waggons, again, full of brown sides of bacon, lying in the straw, and looking like mattresses; waggons full of steaming grains, or dark cocoa-looking tan; and carts full of large birch-brooms which stick out on each side, and sweep the windows of the vehicles as they pass.

Here all desperate omnibus rivalry ceases, all "nursing" is unknown, and for five minutes, at least, the weary opposition conveyance is at rest. Each vehicle takes its allotted place, according to its turn, in its allotted "fast" or "slow" groove, governed by the dusty policemen on duty, who stand in the middle of the road.

Trucks drawn by donkeys, and filled with heavy costermongers, returning home after their day's sales are concluded, mingle with other trucks, full of square patches of peat, and drawn by boys: or full of toys, in which strange faces of wooden figures peep from between the rails, and painted wooden soldiers lie helplessly on their backs, like dead warriors after a battle.

Country drays, from small country ale breweries, appear with curtains at their sides, which look like hammock fittings on board ship; and waggons, filled with empty baskets, glide along from the Borough or Covent-garden Market, while their light but lofty cargo sways on high like the leaning tower of Pisa or the spire of Chesterfield church.

The humble wheel-barrow is not unrepresented in the procession, any more than the child's perambulator (going home quite new), or the slender, fragile, spider-like velocipede.

Shining prison-vans, driven and conducted by policemen, sometimes give a variety of interest to the show; and also dingy, letter-empty post-office vehicles, with their doors flying open, and their dark interiors turned into a free-and-easy omnibus by half-a-dozen bold and ragged boys.

Fat men squeeze themselves, by pairs, into narrow Hansom cabs, and roll over my back, with their perspiring, shiny, uncovered heads protruding from the hooded front of the vehicle.

Ladies pass over me in neat little broughams, to stockbrokers, bankers, dividend-offices, and visits; dozing, apoplectic men, whose heavy heads are buried in their bulging shirt-fronts, roll by in feather-bed fitted chariots; servants pass over in four-wheeled cabs, on their road to a new place, with their faces looking very anxious, and the whole of their worldly goods exposed on the roof of their conveyance; pleasure vans are seen in the throng, filled with equal layers of men's hats and women's bonnets, and watched over by a gentleman, who stands upon the steps, and disturbs the business reveries of the passers-by, by playing on the cornopean.

Joyous boys are being brought from school, with fishing-rods and cricket-bats sticking out of the windows of their carriages; and melancholy boys are being taken back to school, looking very sick and miserable in their threadbare cab corners.

Pale invalids are being supported in carriages by anxious friends, who are conveying them to some last hope of infirmity, where the winds of heaven are said to blow less roughly; and rollicking sailors are balancing themselves on the top of bedding placed upon the top of their overloaded cabs on their way to Portsmouth, to join their outward bound vessels.

The foot-passengers, who are never forbidden to crowd upon me, even when I am under repair, are often loaded in a way that adds materially to my burden. Baskets, carpet-bags, portmanteaus, reticules, walking-sticks, umbrellas, bird-cages, dogs, and fish-baskets, I may fairly expect; but, pick-axes, shovels, warming-pans, chests of drawers, window-blinds, and a variety of other similar things are carried to increase my torment. Nearly every overloaded vehicle is driven on my road, and nearly every overloaded porter or errand-boy is sent across my foot-way. Taking the number of persons as well as the vehicles that pass across me in the course of the year, the delays and loss of time they suffer, and the value to them of the time they lose, I have often endeavoured to arrive at the money cost of the obstructive annoyance on my back. It seems to be that the national debt is a mere milk-score in comparison.

The government that rules over me is the stern government of Move-on; but accidents will occur, even on the best-regulated bridges. Stray dogs will be run over, horses will tumble down, or hop-waggons will give way; and the latter event is a thing that at once makes itself felt through all the main thoroughfare arteries of London.

One annoyance I am happily spared by my tormentors, though only from a purely selfish consideration. A stately funeral, making its pompous way from Finsbury to Norwood Cemetery, never attempts, for a moment, to encumber my unfortunate back, but seeks a more congenial passage through the black and silent cloisters of the iron bridge of Southwark. I am afraid that such an extra procession, however costly and imposing, would stand but little chance of being treated with becoming respect, especially if it made its appearance on my road in the busy part of the four-and-twenty hours.

What can I do to obtain out-door relief? What can my guardians do to relieve me?

It was of no use placing that fat statue of that harmless king upon that slender pedestal at my northern end, making the fourth William stand like an omnibus time-keeper to watch my struggling traffic, and smile complacently upon my torment. It was of no use placing that fragment of a parish church steeple, sprouting out of the sewer at my southern end, to carry a clock, which only tends to madden the passengers, by showing them what time they are still losing—what time they have already lost. As well might my stone parapets be adorned with the choicest examples of fresco painting; my muddy seat-niches—those little footway harbours of refuge—be filled with smooth-faced statuettes, and planted with beds of flowers.

My railway termini tormentors are praiseworthily striving to remove themselves and their traffic by an extension of their line to Charing-cross, and let no man dare to stand in their way, on any pretence whatever.

This is something, but it is not all.

It is not the duty of a government to do many things that it does do—not even to build its own ships, or make its own guns, at a heavy annual loss—but it is the duty of a government to provide important bridge roadways. My black neighbour, the iron bridge of Southwark, was built some forty years ago, at a cost of eight hundred thousand pounds, and its proprietors, I should think, would be glad to sell it for half the money. How often has a much greater sum been wasted in the "estimates" of a single year, or melted in dishonest, unearned, and injurious "pensions"?

Must I wait for even such a simple reform as this, until the worst constitutional monarch and the best director of roadways of his day, has fulfilled his supposed destiny by conquering England?

A PHYSICIAN'S GHOSTS.

III.

With respect to visual proofs of the moribund human influence, I might refer to a hundred admitted instances. The following narrative is so remarkable, and so well attested, that although it has been already given to the world, I shall preface with it those histories that I can give at first hand. It is from Mrs. Bray's Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A., and relates to the death of Stothard's eldest son, Thomas, who was killed by an accident at the age of thirteen.

After mentioning that the boy's mind had been much and religiously impressed by a singular dream that he had had three months before the accident, Mrs. Bray thus proceeds:

"But there was a more awful, a yet more mysterious, circumstance connected with the boy's death, which the afflicted mother used to relate, and to which Alfred Stothard, on reading my first account of it, added some few particulars previously unknown to me, as he had derived them from his parents. I do not pretend to judge of it. It might have been the effects of a *deceptio visus*, produced by a strong and anxious imagination; or it might have been a warning more than natural. It is not, however, my place to decide what it was, but simply to relate those particulars which so deeply impressed the mind of one whose veracity was never questioned in the relation of them.

"On the day the fatal accident occurred, the boy, in a very lively mood, came to his father, and asked him to give him some money, with permission to go out and buy a bird. His request was granted, and he left the house. As it afterwards appeared, on his way to make the purchase, he called on a favourite schoolfellow to ask him to go with him. Mr. and Mrs. Stothard that afternoon proposed, what they often did in the summer months, to take a walk together in the neighbourhood, or in one of the parks. They went, therefore, to their sleeping-room to make some change of dress. Mrs. Stothard had desired a servant to air a gown and to bring it up to her room. The servant had neglected this last part of the order. Mr. Stothard was standing before a glass with his back towards Mrs. Stothard, when she suddenly exclaimed (as if addressing her son), 'Tom, what do you here? But, as you are here, go down and tell the servant to bring up my gown.'

"Mr. Stothard, knowing that his son was out by his permission, said, with extreme surprise, 'What do you mean? Tom cannot be here; he is gone out to buy a bird.'

"'I saw him but this instant, standing by the side of the bed yonder,' replied Mrs. Stothard, and a cold chill ran through her husband's veins, as she added, that, when she spoke to him, he moved strangely, seemed to stoop down, and she saw him no more. She was greatly agitated, yet retained a perfect possession of her senses; but almost began to doubt their evidence, when she heard a knock at the house-door. On eagerly inquiring who it might be, the servant told her that two strangers were below, asking for Mr. Stothard. She rushed down the stairs and wanted to know their business. They would tell her nothing, but persisted in their desire to see her husband. He at length appeared. They requested to speak with him alone. 'It is about Tom,' said Mrs. Stothard, in the greatest perturbation of mind. Mr. Stothard and the gentlemen went into a front parlour: the door was shut. The anxious mother could not restrain the feelings of agonised curiosity that possessed her; she listened at the door, and heard that her son Thomas was shot dead by a schoolfellow, who was accidentally handling a gun, and who, not knowing it to be loaded, aimed it at the unhappy boy when they were about going out together."

Such is the remarkable story told by Mrs. Bray. Of similar narratives, all bearing upon the same point, I could relate a hundred. Indeed, it is a sort of evidence that is always accumulating on my hands.

A well-known medical man, whom I will call Sigismond, narrated to me the following:

"I was staying," said he, "down in Wales, at a beautiful but lonely cottage. I was in a melancholy and distressed mood, on account of an absent friend whom I dearly loved, and whom I knew to be dangerously ill. One evening, late in autumn, I was sitting by a fire, which was acceptable at that season, but, as I am fond of air, had left unclosed the window of my little sitting-room, which opened down to the ground, and gave access to the lawn in front of the house. There was a bright moon shining out of doors, so that I could see distinctly anything moving in the garden. Suddenly I saw very near to the window what seemed to me the face and figure of the friend about whom I was anxious. I did not see him as a shadow, or as an unsubstantial shape and coinage of the brain, but as a real material being, as completely external to myself as you are at this moment. As the last accounts of my friend had been more favourable, I made no doubt it was himself, who had by some miracle come down to Wales. I must say, however, that this was more an impression arising from the reality of the appearance than any consequence of reasoning about the matter. The whole took place so quickly, I had no time to reflect. I went out to meet my friend, but, as I passed into the garden, he seemed to recede from me, and to retire altogether from my view. I went round the little territory, calling out and looking round the shrubberies for my friend; but, as I saw nothing, I began to conclude the whole affair had been my fancy. So I returned into the parlour, saying to myself, 'How strange!' I sat down by the fire again, but, with a sort of restlessness, had taken a different chair to what I had at first, and placed myself in it on the other side to where I had been sitting before, so that the empty chair faced me. Suddenly, as I lifted up my eyes, I saw my friend sitting in the opposite chair. This time there seemed no possibility of illusion. There he was, looking at me most kindly and affectionately. The light of the fire shone brightly on his face, which was a remarkably handsome one, and which now bore the aspect of health. There was about the countenance a beauty and a radiance that looked angelical, and which I shall never forget. The next moment I lost my recollection, and was only aroused from a kind of fainting fit by the restoratives applied by my landlady, who had heard me fall heavily on the floor, where she found me lying senseless."

"Well," I asked, "and was your friend dead?"

"Yes, he had died on the same night, and, as far as could be ascertained, at the very hour when I thought I saw him."

"Well," I asked, "does not this strike you?"

"It is singular, certainly," responded the doctor; "but my fainting fit showed I was in a disordered state, such as might, probably, produce an ocular illusion."

"Yes, but what say you to your friend having died at the identical time of his appearing to you?"

"Oh!" was the answer, "that was certainly a singular coincidence; and yet I consider it only as a coincidence."

It is remarkable how generally—indeed universally—I have found that, like Dr. Sigismond, the seers of apparitions were not believers in apparitions. I do not find that fear or superstition has grown out of these visitations, but the contrary; and this unbelieving belief, this quiet acceptance of a fact as a fact, argues, I think, an instinctive feeling that such visitations are subject to a natural law, and are *not* those real presences from another world, at the idea of which we revolt as with an innate sense of disorder and incongruity.

Another singular fact, respecting thought-impressing by dying friends, is that nearly all the apparition stories which have been related to me by the seers themselves have not come out of the mouths of pale, wild, distractedly staring mortals, but of decent-looking bodies, who were remarkable for what is called "good sense." Sometimes, as in the foregoing story, the narrator has been a doctor, a man of fact, and materialistic tendency; sometimes a staid mathematician, who would ask, à propos of Milton's Paradise Lost, the famous question, "What does it prove?" Another remarkable thing is, that all these common-sense narrators believed in their own stories, but not in ghosts; and that, when hard-pressed by the number of recorded visions similar to their own, which invariably occurred under similar circumstances, namely, at the very moment when the person supposed to be beheld was in the act of dying; all agreed in one common explanation, *visual delusion* and mere coincidence.

These ghost-seers, then, were not credulous persons; nay, so little credulous, as to refuse to connect by any substantial link two phenomena which—not twice, but twenty times—occurred in sequence. Philosophy says otherwise, the doctrine of chances says otherwise, Bacon and Babbage (in any matters *not* ghostly) say otherwise. Phenomena that happen more than a few times coincidently are allowed to be related in the manner of cause and effect.

The two instances of simple vision resulting from thought-impressing at the moment of death, which I am about to bring before the reader, were related to me by just one of those undeniable witnesses. They were told me by the Rev. W. W—n, mathematical tutor at one of the Cambridge colleges: a man of talent, and of undoubtedly hard brains, for he has written more than one work upon the most crabbed questions of Fluxions and the Differential Calculus—works highly esteemed.

Number One happened to the Professor himself.

"When I was about ten years old" (W. W——n loquitur) "I was taken much notice of by a lady of rank and fortune. My own mother being dead, this excellent person almost supplied to me her place. Very often I stayed for weeks in her house. The last time that this was the case, Lady M. was suffering from indisposition. First she kept her room, then her bed. I had

not seen her for some days, but that she was dangerously ill I was not told. Indeed, from her native kindness of heart, I am sure all those about me were studiously warned not to alarm or distress me by speaking to me of Lady M.'s precarious state. Yet, though I felt that the watchful care of this lady was still over me, that through her invisible attention my meals were brought to me as usual, and my pony came to the door at the accustomed hour, I was rather pining for the society of my kind friend, and often asking, 'When shall I be allowed to see Lady M.?' The answers to this question were evasive. But the last thing a child thinks of is death. I had no fear that Lady M. would die.

"One night I was lying in my little bed. It was winter. The fire cast a bright light all over the room. I had not long been in bed: I had not been asleep. Indeed, I know that I was at that moment as wide awake as I am now. Suddenly, though I neither saw nor heard the door open, I saw Lady M. quite distinctly, advancing as if from the door towards my bed. She was dressed in a white wrapper. The fire shone upon her face. I never doubted that it was herself. Stretching out my arms, I cried, 'Oh! Lady M., are you indeed come once more to see your little prince?' (her favourite name for me). But she did not answer a word. She came on to within a certain distance of my bed, then stood still, and looked upon me with such an intense expression of kind affection that I never saw equalled. Then, somehow, I can hardly tell in what manner, she seemed to retreat from me, and, as it were, to go out through the wall. She was gone. But I did not feel frightened. I supposed that Lady M., having come, as she sometimes did, to my room, to see I had everything comfortable, had feared to disturb me by speaking, and so had gone out quietly somehow by the door, or *a* door, of course. So I fell asleep, greatly comforted and pleased by having seen Lady M.

"The next morning there was a mixture of silence and mysterious sound in the house. Strange persons crept about. I was hindered from going near the door of Lady M.'s chamber. At last I was told, in answer to my reiterated entreaties that I should see Lady M., for she was now well, I said (had she not come herself to my room the preceding night?), that Lady M. was dead—had expired at the very moment (as far as could be ascertained) when I had seen her, the evening before, come to my bedside and look at me so yearningly."

I, of course, asked the Professor if, by possibility, Lady M. (unwatched during that moment) might *really* (as in the case of some other supposed spectre) have come to his bedside, and returned to die in her own room? The Professor declared that such a thing was impossible, for Lady M.'s own mother, knowing her daughter's moments were numbered, had never left the sick-bed for a single moment, and in her arms the poor patient breathed her last, at the identical time when the appearance visited Mr. W——n.

The second story told me by mathematical Reverend W——n, runs thus:

At St. John's College, Cambridge, was a professor of the name of Fallowes, ci-devant senior wrangler, "a rosy man right plump to see." He was an especial friend of Mr. W——n, who was in the habit of seeing him constantly. One morning calling upon him, Mr. W——n found his friend in his dressing-gown at a later hour than usual, reclining on his sofa, and looking pale and dispirited. To continue in the words of Mr. W——n: "I asked Fallowes, 'What is the matter with you? Are you ill?' 'No! I am not ill.' I rallied him on his despondency, and entreated him to tell me the cause. He said, 'You will laugh at me if I tell you.' I assured him, I promised him, that I would not. At length, after much pressing, he said, 'If ever I saw any one, I saw my friend M. last night at the foot of my bed.' 'Why,' replied I, 'he is in Scotland.' 'I know it!' said Fallowes, 'and that is the wonder of it, and the horrible thing. For he appeared to me with dripping hair, and swollen features, and with all the appearance of a drowned corpse. And I cannot get it out of my head that something has happened to him.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'you have only had a horrible dream, and be sure nothing will come of it.' However, do all I could, I found it impossible to remove the impression from Fallowes's mind. For days he continued melancholy, and at length one morning he put a letter into my hands with merely these words: 'You see I was right!' The letter was to narrate that on the very night when Fallowes had received the impression, his friend had been drowned in crossing a ford in Scotland."

Many of my contemporaries at Cambridge will remember that portions and distortions of this story (of which I now give the correct version) were dimly bruited about, and that it was reported (which was the truth) that Fallowes could never endure to be interrogated on the subject. They will also bear witness that Fallowes did not look like a man addicted to seeing ghosts.

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CHAPTER XIX. AN OPINION.

WORN out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own; for, did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual; and was there any sign within their range, that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened?

It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding, and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep, in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting-room, and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bedroom door in the early morning?

Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left, her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross, submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilette, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour in his usual white linen and with his usual neat leg. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the only safe advance, he at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week, and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself, that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly:

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me; perhaps, to your better information it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discoloured by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled, and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake—and above all, for his daughter's—his daughter's, my dear Manette."

"If I understand," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, "some mental shock—— ?"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the Doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the—the—as you express it—the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one cannot say for how long, because I believe he cannot calculate the time himself, and there are no other means of getting

at it. It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered, by a process that he cannot trace himself—as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner. It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered, so completely, as to be a highly intelligent man, capable of close application of mind, and great exertion of body, and of constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge, which was already very large. But, unfortunately, there has been," he paused and took a deep breath—"a slight relapse."

The Doctor, in a low voice, asked, "Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands again, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"That is the fact."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the Doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit originally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he in most respects—or in all respects—as he was then?"

"I think, in all respects."

"You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand, and murmured, "That was very kind. That was very thoughtful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, in his most considerate and most affectionate way, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. I do not possess the kind of information necessary; I do not possess the kind of intelligence; I want guiding. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance, as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Is there danger of another? Could a repetition of it be prevented? How should a repetition of it be treated? How does it come about at all? What can I do for my friend? No man ever can have been more desirous in his heart to serve a friend, than I am to serve mine, if I knew how. But I don't know how to originate, in such a case. If your sagacity, knowledge, and experience, could put me on the right track, I might be able to do so much; unenlightened and undirected, I can do so little. Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it a little more clearly, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not press him.

"I think it probable," said the Doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much." He said it with an involuntary shudder. "You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind, and how difficult—how almost impossible—it is, for him to force himself to utter a word upon the topic that oppresses him."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to any one, when it is on him?"

"I think so. But it is, as I have told you, next to impossible. I even believe it—in some cases—to be quite impossible."

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the Doctor's arm again, after a short silence on both sides, "to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is probable that there had long been a dread lurking in his mind, that those associations would be recalled—say, under certain circumstances—say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself, in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself, made him less able to bear it."

"Would he remember what took place in the relapse?" asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The Doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered, in a low voice, "Not at all."

"Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

"As to the future," said the Doctor, recovering firmness, "I should have great hope. As it pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should have great hope. He, yielding under the pressure of a complicated something, long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and contended against, and recovering after the cloud had burst and passed, I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry, "on which I am anxious to be instructed. I may go on?"

"You cannot do your friend a better service." The Doctor gave him his hand.

"To the first, then. He is of a studious habit, and unusually energetic; he applies himself with great ardour to the acquisition of professional knowledge, to the conducting of experiments, to many things. Now, does he do too much?"

"I think not. It may be the character of his mind, to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural to it; in part, the result of affliction. The less it was occupied with healthy things, the more it would

be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery."

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now——"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me, as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment, that he *was* overworked; it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Doctor Manette with the firmness of self-conviction, "that anything but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it. After what has happened, and after his recovery, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organisation of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but, remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, "we will call—Blacksmith's work. Blacksmith's work. We will say, to put a case and for the sake of illustration, that he had been used in his bad time, to work at a little forge. We will say that he was unexpectedly found at his forge again. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"He has always kept it by him," said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. "Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?"

Still, the Doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"You do not find it easy to advise me?" said Mr. Lorry. "I quite understand it to be a nice question. And yet I think——" And there he shook his head, and stopped.

"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost workings of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practised, the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture; that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when, I believe, he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might need that old employment, and not find it, gives him a sudden sense of terror, like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child."

He looked like his illustration, as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry's face.

"But may not—mind! I ask for information, as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas, shillings, and bank-notes—may not the retention of the thing, involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it? In short, is it not a concession to the misgiving, to keep the forge?"

There was another silence.

"You see, too," said the Doctor, tremulously, "it is such an old companion."

"I would not keep it," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head; for he gained in firmness as he saw the Doctor disquieted. "I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear good man. For his daughter's sake, my dear Manette!"

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him!

"In her name, then, let it be done; I sanction it. But, I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there; let him miss his old companion after an absence."

Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days, he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day, he went away to join Lucie and her husband. The precaution that had been taken to account for his silence, Mr. Lorry had previously explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it, and she had no suspicions.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose), was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire; and the tools, shoes, and leather, were buried in the garden. So wicked do destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds, that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, while engaged in the commission of their deed and in the removal of its traces, almost

felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XX. A PLEA.

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared, to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours, when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner; but, there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech; but, I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humour and good-fellowship, what he did mean?

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind, than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than—than usual?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me!—Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you, is anything but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insufferable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again! But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not so easy to me, as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dismiss! Have I had nothing more important to remember, in the great service you rendered me that day?"

"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you, when I rendered it.—Mind! I say when I rendered it; I am speaking of the past."

"You make light of the obligation," returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with *your* light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose; I was speaking about our being friends. Now, you know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I do, and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as an useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance I detected between you and me, an unornamental) piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterwards, he was, to all outward appearance, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but, when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful to-night!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my Love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my Life?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very, seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

"It is a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed; there is scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But, I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful, in the purity of her faith in this lost man, that her husband could have looked at her as she was, for hours.

"And, O my dearest Love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast, and raising her eyes to his, "remember how strong we are in our happiness, and how weak he is in his misery!"

The supplication touched him home. "I will always remember it, dear Heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, and could have seen the drops of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have cried to the night—and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time—

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

SHIPS AND CREWS.

What is the Naval Question?

It comprises all sorts of inquiries in one, and that one is really this: Can Great Britain be, at sea, in these days, what she was in old days? Make that all clear, and your work is done. She can, on one condition — that no energy nor expense be spared in carrying out the object. No one can reasonably doubt this, whatsoever views he may bring to the consideration of the question, and with whatsoever preconceived opinions he may have ascertained all about our Position and Policy from the excellent work of "A Naval Peer," from the book by Mr. Hans Busk, or from other recent authorities.

How Britain came to be such a maritime power as she has been and is? It is not an affair of race only, nor of insular position only; but of these two fundamental things working upon each other, and both worked upon by our political history. Some will tell you that commerce created our marine; but what created our commerce? and how long would our commerce have lasted if we had not been able to protect it by force? Originally, of course, it must have been something in our blood that fitted us for the sea; but this would not have produced our greatness alone. The Saxons seem never to have kept a navy till the Danes forced it upon them. The Norman invasion was unopposed in the Channel, but it led to the Cinque Ports being established, and to a constant communication between England and Normandy very favourable to nautical progress. The Plantagenet wars with France had the same effect; and, in those days, we were as victorious at sea as in later times. Now it is worth notice that what we call seamanship has changed its character quite as much as other things, and that if steam is one change more, we ought to remember the consoling as well as the alarming side of the fact. Steam, they tell us, is an affair of science. Very true. But so was it an affair of science when the old rough hand-to-hand fighting, between huge galleys, was exchanged for the evolutions of squadrons under Blake and Nelson. It was a French Jesuit—L'Hoste—who was one of the earliest and best writers on naval tactics. But we, too, became masters in the tactics, and why not now in the new tactics?

It is steam war versus old war that makes the great feature of the new generation, and undoubtedly deserves the most careful inquiry. Still, let us remember that success in war depends at bottom on moral and physical superiority, and that the conditions under which this is exercised, though of great, are only of secondary importance.

Certainly the rapidity of the change is a conspicuous feature in it. So late as fifteen or twenty years ago, there was not a screw liner known, and the steamers were all paddle steamers. Our ideal of a line-of-battle ship was one of Sir William Symonds's vessels built for sailing, and beautiful to behold. Now, there are not much above a dozen effective sailing liners in the navy, and they are chiefly used as guard and receiving ships. The best are converted into screws; all new liners are built for screws; and, when a great battle comes, it will be fought with screws. This Spring, England and France had some thirty-five of them afloat each, and both are still building steadily.

"Steam"—this is the regular saying—"has bridged the Channel." The exact amount of truth here is, that it has made it easier to bridge. But there are the piles and piers to lay down, and our fleet must be disposed of before that is possible. All talk of invasion is based on the supposition that the Channel is cleared of our squadrons before the army is brought across. That secured, steam has shortened the

time necessary for the transit, and there is sufficient fine weather in the course of every summer to make a satisfactory passage possible.

It is plain that, under these circumstances, everything will depend on the old story of the "command of the Channel." If Englishmen and Frenchmen are relatively what they were, and have taken equal pains with the new work, the Englishman ought to beat. Twenty screw liners under the union jack ought to beat the same or a greater number under the tricolor. But—seamanship? Well, the same kind of seamanship will not be employed, that is, in perfectly fine weather and smooth water, and going into action with masts bare. But even under these circumstances (the most favourable to the French) there will be fleet-manœuvring necessary, an eye for combinations, a general readiness in clearing wreck and other obstructions for action, and in action, in which we ought to have the superiority. Of course, too, many accidents may occur; such as a fouled screw, to meet the consequences of which requires the old seamanlike qualities. And, when it comes to making sail, and working under sail, whatever advantages we ever had, ought still to be on our side. Assuming, in fact, a perfect equality of conditions between two squadrons, why should the new seamanship give us less advantage than the old? It was once new, and we had to learn it, and we did so successfully. All that is wanted is that we shall learn, as Sir Howard Douglas enforces upon us, and not content ourselves with thinking that there is some mystic quality in our blood which will enable us to do miracles upon salt water more than anywhere else. This last notion is loudly maintained by many British amateurs, whose stomachs indignantly revolt against it by the time they get outside the Nore.

Assuming, then, that a perfect British screw fleet will defeat a ditto of any other nation, the next question is, how we have been accommodating ourselves to those changes which alone could bring such an assumption into a moment's doubt? Good dockyards, good ships, good men, and good discipline—these are the necessities for a sovereign of the seas.

If we wanted a proof of the French zeal in naval matters (and there are a score forthcoming from any inquirer at once), it would be afforded by the familiar instance of Cherbourg. There we have, or rather they have, a kind of model modern dockyard, free from the faults of old ones, and rich in all that ought to be found in the new. It is much nearer to us than older French arsenals, is built in the smoothest part of the Channel, and on a scale suited to the most formidable preparations. Take Portsmouth and Plymouth dockyards, and you find that there is a great deal of time lost in consequence of the departments being separate from each other; whereas rigging, arming, and victualling all go on at Cherbourg within the same walls. In our ports above named, boats, lighters, buoys, keep endlessly moving through the yellow water (at the risk of wetting and otherwise damaging goods); while, in Cherbourg, everything is put on board from the wharfs, alongside which the ship lies. And so, of course, with coaling. Coal must be hoisted out of a ship's hold, and thus taken on board—a tedious process, "hateful to the seamen," as The Naval Peer justly observes, instead of being moved from the quays by machinery, as in the Norman port. Again, the Cherbourg authorities don't "hulk" their seamen as we do in narrow, dirty, old-fashioned hulks; but march them aboard comfortably, from a kind of naval barracks. Surely all these are sensible business arrangements vastly superior to our old happy-go-lucky way of managing matters; and ought to teach us to mend it. Dockyards are the "positions" on which fleets retreat for refreshment and repair; and rapidity in, and convenience for, refitting a fleet would be half the battle in war time. That the French are eminently business-like in their way of doing work was shown at Genoa in the late war.

This general superiority, of sizes and of arrangements about Cherbourg, and its nearness (only fifty-two miles) to our coast, makes Cherbourg an ugly neighbour. Blockade it, you will say, as Collingwood did Toulon, so persistently. Nobody supposes that such traditions will not be honestly acted on by our service. But blockades have been evaded before; and a steam fleet, running twelve miles an hour, would not be so easy to catch if once a feint had drawn the blockading force from before its prison. Observe, too, as an instance of the organisation of Cherbourg, that French ships can enter Cherbourg docks at all times of high water, and that our ships can only enter those of Portsmouth and Plymouth during spring tides.

The fortification of our dockyards and arsenals involve a military question. But it is not denied that Cherbourg is very strong from that point of view, nor that the improvements which have been going on at Portsmouth of late years still fall short of what is wanted.

Turn now to the question of ships. It is a curious fact, illustrative of the excellent character of our seamen, that we English have never been so superior in ship-building as some among us seem to fancy. We imitated the Dutch, before beating them, in the seventeenth century, and we captured from the French, before beating them, in the eighteenth century. Some of our finest vessels were prizes during the last war, and inflicted deadly injury on the nation that had produced them. Nelson's exclamation, "Thank God, the Spaniards cannot build men!" is well known. So that the mere fact of the French having fine vessels is not one which ought to alarm or astonish us by itself. When a late wit, who had once been a sailor, heard that the French were building steamers rapidly, he said, "Glad of it—we want a few more!"

But, suppose the French *have* been building on a scale which alters the old proportions of force between the two countries in this depart-

ment? We are a naval power, before all and above all: a power that has its roots in the sea, like a water-plant. The sea made us rich and powerful; gave us colonies; brought us commerce; has been, not our bride, as it was to Venice, but our nurse and our foster-mother. We ought to be a match for all the world afloat; and, virtually, we have been so. If France, then, becomes equally strong, afloat, with us, we must have been retrograding. There was a time when such a competition would have seemed an absurdity. At that time France accepted naval inferiority to England as a mere matter of course.

But that time has gone by—went by twenty years ago and more. Under Louis Philippe there was a resolute determination exhibited to match us, if possible, in naval matters, by the French government; and the Prince de Joinville took the lead in showing how it ought to be set about. Has the reader ever perused the prince's paper on the Mediterranean Squadron, which appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes in August, 1852? It is equally curious from its facts and from its tone. His highness shows how a French squadron gradually formed itself, in 1839, on the Levant station, and amounted to thirteen vessels in the November of that year. It was the time of the Turkish difficulties, on which France and England held different views, and the prince expresses himself with great frankness, on the feeling inspired in his squadron by the neighbourhood of ours. His admiral—Lalande—was one of their best officers, and spared no pains to make his force qualified for every contingency. A sentence shall show us the sentiment prevailing on board his ships:

"The Vanguard (says Prince de Joinville) passed close to us, as if the better to show her superiority. It was a beautiful vessel; our jealous eyes could find nothing to criticise in her. . . . The commander—an old man of noble and respectable figure—stayed in his balcony, and saluted us in passing. Perhaps we were prejudiced, but we thought we saw in this salutation another expression than that of cordiality; and a thousand bitter memories made our hearts swell."

Pretty strong this! It conjures up in my mind the whole scene—Besika Bay, with the plains of Troy behind—black rocky Tenedos away opposite—French and English facing each other, where Trojans and Greeks had fought face to face ages ago. I remember the Vanguard (one of Symonds's finest line-of-battle ships) well. She was not only in beautiful, but even in luxurious order; what sailors call "a gingerbread ship." But, bless your highness, old Sir D. D. (the "noble and respectable") never meant anything sarcastic in bowing that fine grey head of his! We did expect to come to blows with your ships that winter, and most of next year; and our squadron was not all it ought to have been, except in heart. But we took things coolly, and never thought of pouting and sneering, as you seem to think we must have been doing.

A few pages afterwards, the prince goes on, speaking of the time when the Eastern question was more and more complicated:

"Our squadron, equal in number to the British squadron, was worth more than it. We fired, as well as they; and we were very superior to them in manœuvres. . . . *To us this spectacle was the naval reawakening of France; we found in it an enjoyment and a patriotic satisfaction that we could not express.*"

No doubt their enthusiasm was genuine, and our "Naval Peer" tells us that Lalande went so far as to ask leave to attack the British fleet. It is worth people's while to reflect on all this; for the great object of the French government was to establish "a tradition;" and, in the absence of a victory, the tradition of a squadron that believed it could have got a victory is, it thought, better than nothing.

The danger blew over. England went her own road, and France did not resist her. In a few months we youngsters were all singing,

"And what became of Mahmoud Bey?
He mounted his moke and he rode away;
And d—d his eyes if he would stay
At the siege of St. John d'Acre!"

By '41 the Mediterranean station had relapsed into its old, pleasant, gentlemanly, and dissipated dulness. But the French have been proud ever since of "l'escadre de la Méditerranée," and of the compliments paid to it by Sir Charles Napier in Parliament; and we may date from 1839-40 a new hopefulness and activity in the French marine. Since that time they have never wanted the powerful and disciplined nucleus of a strong force.

The face of France changed in '48; the monarchy vanished in a cab; but France, once more revolutionised, did not neglect her navy. That very year she appointed a commission—an enquête parlementaire—to overhaul the marine affairs of her empire, to report, and to recommend. The commission did all three, in many scores of business-like sittings. I can only, from my space, give the briefest notices of the results come to by the commissioners, after examining eighty-nine witnesses; but here are a few of them, abridged from the valuable work of our "Naval Peer:"

"The number of line-of-battle ships, fixed at forty in 1846, to be raised to forty-five, or thirty afloat and fifteen building."

"The squadron of evolution to consist of ten sail of the line."

"A steam-engine to be fitted to *all* ships of the line."

"Twenty frigates of great speed, and twenty of less, recommended."

"The command of forts at naval posts to be under the Minister of Marine."

"The Inscription Maritime and Levée Permanente to be preserved."

"Naval cadets in the school-ship to be at sea three months in a year."

"Among ships' companies there shall be a special body of seamen gunners."

"The store of coals at the ocean ports shall be always for one year at the least."

Here is a handful of dragon's teeth out of many, to be sown for future crops of "glory" of the French stamp as quickly as possible. And no doubt the recommendations of this com-

mission have been steadily attended to — and most especially since the Russian war. During the brief interval since that struggle (when the French fleets, acting with ours, made a very respectable figure) our neighbours have been more active than ever. The tables in Mr. Hans Busk's Navies of the World surprise us by showing how new their big ships are—their Algesiras, Eylau, Arcole, and so forth. It is impossible to get perfectly exact information on such points, and, in times like these, the facts are changing every week. But the general impression to be derived from the authorities is that, during this summer, France has been equal to us in line-of-battle force, and, on the whole, ahead in the matter of frigates. Our largest vessels seem somewhat superior to theirs, taken altogether. Their nineties, however, of which a line of battle would be mainly composed, seem to be fit to stand up against the corresponding class of any other navy.

Superiority, however, does not depend on ships only. Superiority is the result of the aggregate of advantages. Say that wood, iron, and energy, enable the French to turn out thirty-two screw-liners to our thirty-two — to keep twelve in commission to our twelve in any given sea, and so on—a phenomenon we must expect, if we don't work harder than they, what is the next point of comparison? Just at present it is rather a disadvantageous one for us; it opens the question of "manning."

The French meet this difficulty like a great military and despotic power. Their "inscription" simply views the whole seamen of France as liable to serve in the marine, and organises them accordingly. The Minister of Marine disposes of ninety thousand seamen, as our Scotland-yard disposes of the metropolitan police. The whole system is different from ours, and based on different principles. Our ancestors went to work in a free-and-easy way in manning the navy. They respected the liberty of Jack at ordinary times, and were glad to have him as a volunteer; but they had no notion of doing without him when the country was threatened; and, when fitting out for war, they pressed him, remorselessly. There are old gentlemen now tottering about the seaports who think that "a hot press" would put everything to rights; but they must have observed the signs of the times to little purpose, if they fancy that the system would be found practicable in 1859.

Is there a naval officer who has not waited for weeks and months in port till H.M.S. Intolerable, or H.M.S. Procrastination had got men enough to proceed to her station decently? Devices are resorted to of all kinds to coax them to enter. Sometimes, seamen are made drunk and "done out of their certificates"—not a very honourable method. Sometimes bills of an electioneering character are placarded over seaport towns, calling on men to rally round So-and-So, the popular skipper of the Such-and-Such. Then it is that a captain's former commissions are brought up against him—if he has been a tight hand, "a regular devil;" if, when he "had" the Peahen, the black-list was large, the "liberty" (leave to go ashore) scanty, and all the rest of it. A captain's character sticks to him through life, and is an important element in the manning question. The Admiralty have been known to reserve an unpopular appointment till the time when the vessel has been manned under somebody else, and to effect the change at the last moment. Every "dodge" of the kind tells against the service in the long run; for sailors have longer memories than people generally think, and a sharp eye (like the rest of the world) to their own convenience. If the Admiralty goes on the principle of "using" them, they fairly repay the Admiralty by "using" it.

Manning is our greatest difficulty, and endless plans have been suggested of meeting it. The men do not positively dislike the royal service; only they prefer the greater freedom of the merchant seaman's life. You send ingenious gentlemen to make specches to them at the seaports. They tell them of the advantages of the navy, and they tell them what is literally true. You live more comfortably, Jack, in a sanitary point of view (which he proceeds to explain). Very true. Look at the attendance and comforts you have, when sick. Yes, sir. Then there is your pension after length of service. Yes, sir. Greenwich Hospital. Very true, sir. And are you ever knocked about in that brutal kind of way aboard a man-of-war that the police reports show us, every now and then, is known aboard merchant men? No, sir. And so the confab goes on. But still there is an impatience of routine—a "wild ass" sort of feeling—in salt human nature, which is hard to contend with, especially during peace time. Men don't go by their mere practical interests; but by a medley of instincts and whimsies far less easy to deal with.

This great obstacle is not altogether to be regretted, however, since this very element in their character is a part of the superiority of our seamen to those of France. But here, again, we are reminded that we live in "changed times." It is the age of steam and artillery. We still count on Tom Bowline; but Tom is not born a gunner, and both Tom and his inferior messmates must submit to drill and discipline before entering into a general action of a scientific character. Seventy years ago, the case would have been more in his favour. Admiral Blowhard would have outmanœuvred the French squadron altogether—got to windward of them—attacked them just when he liked—and pummelled them before they had got their sea-legs. Now, we require more preparation, and a preparation more scientific; and we ought to have a permanent body of naval seamen, just as we have the Horse Guards and the Rifles. The use of a Channel squadron would be to afford these men an exercising ground; and it would be an admirable arrangement if we could have all our naval seamen going into and out of that squadron in turn.

Whatever plan may be ultimately adopted—whether we have to establish a standing naval

force of a certain size, with higher pay and advantages than other seamen—all present means should be taken to make the navy as popular and tempting as possible. A bounty once in a way is, though a violent, a serviceable fillip. Much depends on the conduct of officers themselves in each ship—which should be kindly, hearty, encouraging—without molly-coddling, or undue interference. We do not want the sea-fogy—the paternal despot—who irritates by petty and minute regulations, sets his face against smoking, potters over people's welfare, and ruins it by over-nursing. Curiously enough, it is not always the severest men who flog most; their character inspires a certain wholesome respect, which keeps the men in order. As for flogging generally, the feeling of the service is so strongly against any improper amount of it, as to establish a check on the practice. But there might be stronger restraints on it than this, or than the regulation which compels a warrant and twenty-four hours' delay before its infliction. One of the worst features of the punishment is, that there is no definite list of offences for which it is to be inflicted; and that a man may be flogged in one ship for what would be passed over more mildly in the ship lying at the next mooring.

Discipline in its largest sense has not been neglected on the other side of the Channel. The French have dockyards, and ships, and men, and they know that, in all matters military and naval, government is an immense thing.

There is our Admiralty for instance. A country squire to-day, a foolish old lord to-morrow, may be at the head of it, with just as much fitness to manage the navy as to manage a dairy or a paper-mill. He may undo all yesterday's work, dismantle ships and pay off seamen for the sake of a "cry," leaving us a panic and a struggle in reserve for this day twelvemonth. He has not naval help enough, and he does not go the right way to get the best of it. The "Admiralty" is a standing subject of growl, a perennial object of ridicule, on board ship; and the blunders of the institution are at the bottom of that anxiety and uneasiness everywhere felt about our naval affairs. The Admiralty admits no improvement till it is forced upon it; rushes into the opposite extreme when it takes one up, and overdoes it, at the waste of thousands of pounds. Who does not know the story of the new anchor, and mourn over the absurdity of associating ships any longer with that symbol? Who does not know about the iron-built vessels, and the choking up of the Medway? about ships of war broken up without ever being used, pulled to pieces by way of "conversion;" altered in the sterns and spoiled; altered in the bows and then neglected? Above all, who does not know how this beautiful branch of government has managed in the affair of officers, choking up the lists (as it choked up the river above mentioned) by negligence and jobbery, giving commands to dotards, and putting merit on the shelf? We are now suffering (strange to say) at once from too many admirals, and from the want of one good naval commander.

In France, the Minister of Marine now in office is a seaman; and, though this is not always the case, it is the case with the secretary, who must be a "capitaine de vaisseau," or hold equal rank in one of the branches of the service represented in the council. Of that Council of Admiralty (the Minister of Marine being president) there are "membres titulaires," viz. four flag-officers, an inspector of naval engineers (architecture), a commissary-general, and a captain who has for two years commanded a line-of-battle ship; there are, also "membres adjoints," viz. a capitaine de vaisseau, a first-class naval architect, and a commissary or controller. Briefly, the whole profession in France is represented in the French Admiralty, and that in an efficient manner; for all these officers must be on the active list, and all are appointed for three years at least.

Touching promotion, the French Government makes an effort, at all events, to organise it into a sound system on honest principles. Every year there is prepared by the Council a "Tableau d'Avancement" — Promotion-Table — drawn up after an examination of the reports and recommendations of inspectors-general, commanding-officers of squadrons, and other chiefs of departments. The whole personnel of the service thus passes under review. To describe the whole machinery, would be tedious, but the reader sees the main wheel. It seems rather a complicated scheme; but our simplicity is hardly preferable, for it means no scheme at all. We cannot employ our admirals, and cannot get rid of them: we are starved, and swamped, as regards our general supply of officers, by turns. Party politics and personal connexions carry the day. Somebody's voters, or somebody's aunt:—these are the motive powers of British promotion.

It is important to observe, also, that the French Navy List not being choked as ours is, French officers see much more active and practical service than ours do. The French keep up a squadron of evolution permanently: a system quite neglected in the British navy of late years. How came Jervis, with fifteen ships, to thrash twenty-five Spanish ones? By knowing how to handle them; by knowing how to manœuvre ships as a commander of cavalry manœuvres cavalry. In the great war, a British fleet stuck together for weeks across hundreds of miles of sea. Daylight dawned, and revealed them to each other in their places on the grey water; night came, and the moon found them bowling along harmoniously, like a flock of birds. How different when our friend Rubadub used to creep out of Malta, for a fortnight's cruise in fine weather! "What's that signal?" "Hottentot, keep your station." "Where the blazes is the Ringtail going? Oh, she's missed stays. By Jove! she'll fall aboard the Potentate. No, she won't." Why not keep our squadron (now that we are getting one at last) out for weeks, and let our admirals try those movements in

Sir Howard Douglas's book, of which at present they only talk? If we have a policeman, he may as well be on his beat, and occasionally, also, learning to handle his truncheon.

In the matter of the education of officers, we have lately (within two years) borrowed one good thing from "over the water." The French have a naval school on board a line-of-battle-ship in Brest roads; we have established the Illustrious, 74, Captain Harris, for the same purpose at Portsmouth. We are more exacting, too, than we used to be in our examinations. In fact, the modern importance of science forces a higher standard upon us, and we must come up to it to avoid being disgraced. There can be no reason now, why naval officers should not be as generally accomplished as other gentlemen. Many of them are so. What with peace, leisure, constant communication with the shore, all the advantages of travel with the additional zest (a great one) of a reason for travelling; with copious access to books also, and time to read them, there is no excuse for their remaining at the artistic level of Benbow or Shovel, however excellent these worthies may be as merely professional examples. Fifteen years ago there were naval men who sneered at all this, and yet were not Benbows either. They entered the service just in time to imitate the roughness of the real old school; but, being caught by the peace in a year or two, missed that grand Spartan experience of war which to their predecessors was an education in itself. These are the real fogies, whose influence is a nuisance and a bore. They governed the service during the long slumber which came after 1815, and from which we have wakened to find that a new era has begun in Europe, and that the French know it. Let us shelve these old men and their ideas, before they shelve the country's naval power and renown.

The naval power and renown of England are secure, if we do our best to make them so: not if we go to sleep again: not if we pooh-pooh all suggestions of reform, and repose on traditions which were only established by that genius and energy which it has been our modern habit to ignore. Fortify and improve the dockyards; build your ships with an eye (not a hasty but a prudent eye) to the latest inventions; keep up a standing force of trained seamen, making the navy an object of good-will among all seamen under the British flag; institute a formal inquiry into the Admiralty administration of the last twenty years before reforming that department; exercise your officers, from those of the flag downwards, in all that it becomes them to know; do these things, and the country is safe, under Providence, for ever and a day.

The announcement of general reductions by land and sea commenced by our imperial friend opposite, is welcome enough. But we have seen too many of these fluctuations to attach much importance to them; the natural mutual watchfulness of powers like France and England is too deep and permanent a fact in European politics ever to lose its consequence. Let us, of course, meet all friendly demonstrations with hearty friendliness. But, as regards our navy, it would be easy to make a reduction which might nominally be tantamount to that of the French, yet virtually be something far more serious than theirs. They can whistle their men back when they please; we cannot. They have completed Cherbourg; we have not completed Portsmouth and Plymouth. Besides, there is the old fundamental distinction between us;—a Channel squadron to an island power with commerce and colonies, is a necessity which no squadron can ever be truly and reasonably made out to be to an empire like France.

A PIECE OF BLOOD-MONEY.

Botany Bay, that mouthful taken out of the land by the hungry sea, on the east shore of Australia, some five miles south of Sydney, was so denominated by Captain Cook, some few years before he was eaten, on account of the nest of wild flowers, bulbs, and creepers that grew on the beach. How little did the observant captain think, when he looked on that primeval nursery-garden of nature, of the moral weeds that were hereafter to fester on this purgatorial coast. How little he foresaw the prickly Whitechapel thistles, the Westminster teazles, the Hockley-in-the-Hole brambles, that would one day grow in rank hideousness on this shore, so dark and high that some men, looking this way for a glimpse of heaven for a moment, would scarcely see it, so darkened would be God's blessed sun by the hideous undergrowth and the dark branches of this swampy jungle of crime, and misery, and sin.

A little unpretending book, entitled Lost and Found, published by Mr. Bensley, that lately fell into our hands, gives us a curious picture of convict life in 1802. We abridge some of the statements; as furnishing a curious picture of manners, not in Botany Bay but in the neighbouring settlement. The story of Lagged, let us call him so, is affecting but simple. In 1801, Lagged was a well-to-do die-sinker and engraver in Birmingham, with an amiable wife and an only child. During the war with France, forged assignats and forged bank-notes were both common, and were used by politicians, more patriotic than good-principled, to injure the finances of this or that side. The punishment for forgery was death, but men who find it hard to live are sometimes not unwilling to lay down life as the dreadful stake in the gambling game of life. Lagged was the starved apothecary over again; not so starving, but quite as greedy for the gain. One day, to this man thus ready for crime, comes the devil, in the shape of a stranger, muffled to the eyes, false wigged, and otherwise disguised. He whispers a wish that Lagged would prepare an imitation of the Bank of England copper-plates, for the purpose of printing and circulating bank-notes in France. Lagged, in an evil hour, consents. Lagged little knows that the masked man is a government informer, paid with "blood money" for ripen-

ing, discovering, and sometimes inventing crime. Lagged works on at the plate, and finishes it, with anxious and suspicious eyes ever on the door of his workroom. He goes, at the hour and day appointed, to take the plate to Mr. Judas, his employer; is dogged, seized by the constables with the plate in his hands, examined before a magistrate, and swept off to London and Newgate, for what seems certain death.

In prison, Lagged is lucky enough to find friends in some influential visitors; they interest the solicitors and engraver of the Bank of England. Here, religion softens him, and he became a changed man. Soon he is removed to Warwick for trial, pleads guilty, is sentenced to death; and this sentence, ultimately, by influential intercession with the Secretary of State, commuted to transportation for life—a slower and more merciful death. At Warwick gaol, Lagged seems to have been kindly treated, as he gratified the Bank authorities by making many disclosures about the various remedies of forgery. He rose at six, had three cups of tea and a cake for breakfast; two eggs, with a glass of wine, for dinner; and a crust and a glass of wine at night — sometimes a walk in the governor's garden—then bed at eight. At Newgate, he had the chain on his leg, and the degradation of perpetual staring visitors. Here at Warwick, the being allowed nothing but a tin knife was almost his only humiliation. In one week, however, eight men were hung from the prison, for at this time Justice had her weekly battues. It was a terrible moment for the prisoner's heart when his wife came to take farewell of him, and saw, printed in black letters over the fireplace of the cell, those ghastly, coffin-plate words, "IMPRISONED FOR LIFE!"

After narrowly escaping being sent, as some of his persecutors wished, to the West Indies—as soon as the gaols are clear of nine hundred guilty Cains, who have been shipped off—Lagged is sent to a gaol at Portsmouth, and there makes an enemy of a fellow prisoner, who, being reproved for swearing, promises he will get Lagged "double ironed;" but, unluckily striking a turnkey, is himself punished, so fails to fulfil his charitable promise.

At last, comes the order to start. The governor takes him to the shore in his gig, fourteen other prisoners following in a waggon.

Lagged pines for months on board the Captivity hulk, surrounded by five hundred sick, hopeless ruffians, whom he employs his time in teaching. The greatest "black" on board becomes under his care an improved man. All that come near seem to grow gentler and tamer. He will not let his child come to see him, that he may not be shocked by the sight of his father's irons. He found the worst villains the greatest hypocrites, attending the sacrament for the wine, and singing hymns at the captain's door to, what they called, "Blind the Skipper," that is, to induce him not to have them sent to the dreaded Bay. The last days of Lagged in the hulks were spent in cutting ornaments out of beef bones, and in writing to the Bank, denouncing the wove paper as easily imitable by forgers, and suggesting various precautions.

Going out to "the Bay," Lagged was treated kindly. The convicts never addressed him without putting a respectful Mr. before his name. His wife and child accompany him, and he is allowed the carpenter's cabin for himself and family.

At Rio Janeiro Lagged earned some money by piercing plates for tradesmen's cards, and could have got more by making crucifixes; but in spite of the idols and slave-chains that his native place (Birmingham) exports, his scruples would not let him earn money.

At Derwent River, where a settlement was then forming, Lagged becomes, on landing in Australia, quite a leading mind. He begins the soap trade and buys tallow, and discovers a plant that produces the marine alkali, or soda, equal to the best London pearlash. The governor soon declared he would rather lose any ten persons in the colony than Lagged. At Oystermouth Bay, the quick-witted man feeds his sheep on tea (during a scarcity)—tea which he had found and manufactured himself at Port Phillip. He encourages whale fishing, and makes a large profit by soap. The governor allows him to pursue his own trades, and to build a house close to his.

Of the missionaries of that time, the letters of Lagged give an unsavoury account. Their best man was a sulky old discharged ship's carpenter, who quarrelled with everybody, and was so lazy that he would eat his meat raw rather than take the trouble to cook it. The name of "missionary" was then a byword at Sydney. Some missionaries intrigued with the natives, others entered into trade, and gave up religion as a less profitable profession. Others, as at Otaheite, fomented divisions between two warring tribes of aborigines, which led to a battle, wherein a black king was killed, and the pro-missionaries routed with slaughter. The result was, that the diplomatic missionaries only escaped massacre by at once shipping for Sydney.

Seven years of labour followed, and Lagged, escaping an Irish riot, where three hundred men were killed, grew every day more respected and beloved, and in due time, just after settling at Hobart Town, received a free pardon.

With all the love and good opinion he had here, however, Lagged was never happy. The brand of degradation was on him. The iron had entered into his soul. The scar of the wound was indelible. He burned now, at the close of his life, to expiate the crime he had long since repented of. Strong as were his ties, both of love and interest, in the new colony, he determined to break them all and go and die where he was launched—at home. Governor Collins, now known in history as "the good governor," was deeply sorry to part with so useful a coadjutor as Lagged; but, giving up his house and garden, and well-stocked farm and manufactory, he prepared to sail for England. In the midst of these preparations his friend the governor suddenly fell sick and died. Now his strongest

tie was broken by the stern black hand, he had less than ever to detain him, but he must stay to shed a few tears over the closing grave. With his own hands he had built the governor's house, with his own hands he built the last narrow home, and himself screwed down the lid and engraved the good man's name on the silver coffin-plate.

Lagged little knew, as he worked at that square plate of silver, how soon he, too, would cross the black sea and go where the sun is not. He returned from the good man's funeral nervous and depressed; took to his bed, and in a few days he departed—not for England, but for a more distant world.

Let such stories lead us to temper the severity of our modern laws, remembering the thousands of victims whom the timidity and rage of commercial greed drove in the last century to the scaffold.

NEW VIEW OF SOCIETY.

In these times, when a man sits down to write, it is considered necessary that he should have a purpose in view. To prevent any misapprehension on this point, so far as I am personally concerned, I beg to announce at once that I am provided with a purpose of an exceedingly serious kind. I want to know whether I am fit for Bedlam, or not?

This alarming subject of inquiry was started in my mind, about a week or ten days ago, by a select circle of kind friends, whose remarks on the condition of my brains have, since that period, proved to be not of the most complimentary nature. The circumstances under which I have lost caste, intellectually speaking, in the estimation of those around me, are of a singular kind. May I beg permission to relate them?

I must begin (if I can be allowed to do so without giving offence) in my own bedroom; and I must present myself, with many apologies, in rather less than a half-dressed condition. To be plainer still, it was on one of the hottest days of this remarkably hot summer—the time was between six and seven o'clock in the evening—the thermometer had risen to eighty, in the house—I was sitting on a cane chair, without coat, waistcoat, cravat or collar, with my shirt-sleeves rolled up to cool my arms, and my feet half in and half out of my largest pair of slippers—I was sitting, a moist and melancholy man, with my eyes fixed upon my own Dress Costume reposing on the bed, and my heart fainting within me at the prospect of going out to Dinner.

Yes: there it was—the prison of suffocating black broadcloth in which my hospitable friends required me to shut myself up—there were the coat, waistcoat, and trousers, the hideous habilimentary instruments of torture which Society actually expected me to put on in the scorching hot condition of the London atmosphere. All day long I had been rather less than half dressed, and had been fainting with the heat. At that very moment, alone in my spacious bedroom, with both the windows wide open, and with nothing but my shirt over my shoulders, I was in the condition of a man who is gradually melting away, who is consciously losing all sense of his own physical solidity.

How should I feel, in half an hour's time, when I had enclosed myself in the conventional layers of black broadcloth? How should I feel, in an hour's time, when I was shut into a dining-room with fifteen of my melting fellow-creatures, half of them, at least, slowly liquefying in garments as black, as heavy, as outrageously unsuited to the present weather as my own? How should I feel in three hours' time, when the evening party, which was to follow the dinner, began, and when I and a hundred other polite propagators of animal heat were all smothering each other within the space of two drawing-rooms, and under the encouraging superincumbent auspices of the gas chandeliers? Society would have been hot in January, under these after-dinner circumstances—what would Society be in July?

While these serious questions were suggesting themselves to me, I took a turn backwards and forwards in my bedroom; and perspired; and sat down again in my cane chair. I got up once more, and approached the neighbourhood of my dress coat, and weighed it experimentally in my arms; and perspired; and sat down again in my cane chair. I got up for the third time, and tried a little eau-de-Cologne on my forehead, and attempted to encourage myself by thinking of the ten thousand other men, in their bedrooms at that moment, patiently putting themselves into broadcloth prisons in all parts of London; and perspired; and sat down again in my cane chair. Heat, I believe, does not retard the progress of time. It was getting nearer and nearer to seven o'clock. I looked, interrogatively, from my dress trousers to my legs. On that occasion, only, my legs were eloquent, and they looked back at me, and said, No.

I rose, in a violent perspiration, and reviled myself bitterly, with my forlorn dress trousers grasped in my hand. Wretch (I said), you are unworthy of the kind attentions of your friends—you are a base renegade from your social duties—you are unnaturally insensible to those charms of society which your civilised fellow-creatures universally acknowledge! It was all in vain. Common Sense—that low-lived quality which has no veneration for appearances—Common Sense, which had not only suggested those terrible questions about what my sensations would be after I was dressed, but had even encouraged my own faithful legs to mutiny against me, now whispered persistently, My friend, if you make yourself at least ten degrees hotter than you are already, of your own accord, you are an Ass—Common Sense drew my trousers from my grasp, and left them in a dingy heap on the floor; led my tottering steps (to this day I don't know how) down stairs to my writing-table; and there suggested to me one of the most graceful epistolary compositions, of a brief kind, in the English language. It was addressed

to my much-injured hostess; it contained the words "sudden indisposition," neatly placed in the centre of a surrounding network of polite phraseology; and when I had sealed it up, and sent it off upon the spot, I was, without any exception whatever, the happiest man, at that moment, in all London. This is a startling confession to make, in a moral point of view. But the interests of truth are paramount (except where one's host and hostess are concerned); and there are unhappily crimes, in this wicked world, which do *not* bring with them the slightest sense of misery to the perpetrator.

Of the means by which I contrived, after basely securing the privilege of staying at home, to get up a nice, cool, solitary, impromptu dinner in my own room, and of the dinner itself, no record shall appear in these pages. In my humble opinion, modern writers of comic literature have already gorged the English public to nausea with incessant eating and drinking in print. Now-a-days, when a man has nothing whatever to say, he seems to me to write, in a kind of gluttonous despair, about his dinner. I, for one, am tired of literary gentlemen who unaccountably take it for granted that I am interested in knowing when they are hungry; who appear to think that there is something exquisitely new, humorous, and entertaining, in describing themselves as swallowing large quantities of beer; who can tell me nothing about their adventures at home and abroad, draw me no characters, and make me no remarks, without descending into the kitchen to fortify themselves and their paragraphs with perpetual victuals and drink. I am really and truly suffering so acutely from the mental dyspepsia consequent on my own inability to digest other people's meals, as served up in modern literature, that the bare idea of ever writing about breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, or supper, in my own proper person, has become absolutely revolting to me. Let my comic brethren of the pen feed in public as complacently and as copiously as they please. For myself, if I live a hundred years, and write a thousand volumes, no English reader—I solemnly declare it—shall ever know what I have had for dinner, in any part of the world, or under any stress of gastronomic circumstances. Dismissing my lonely meal, therefore, with the briefest possible reference to it, let me get on to the evening, and to the singular—or, as my friends consider it, to the crack-brained—occupation by which I contrived to enliven my self-imposed solitude.

It was approaching nine o'clock, and I was tasting the full luxury of my own cool seclusion, when the idea struck me that there was only one thing wanting to complete my sense of perfect happiness. I rose with a malicious joy in my heart; I threw my lightest paletot over my shoulders, put on a straw hat, pulled up my slippers at the heel, and directed my steps to the house of my friend and host, from whose dinner-party "sudden indisposition" had compelled me to be absent. What was my object in taking this extraordinary course? The diabolical object—for surely it can be qualified by no other term—of gloating over the sufferings of my polite fellow-creatures in the dining-room, from the cool and secret vantage-ground of the open street.

Nine o'clock had struck before I got to the house. A little crowd of street idlers—cool and comfortable vagabonds, happily placed out of the pale of Society—was assembled on the pavement, before the dining-room windows. I joined them, in my airy and ungentlemanlike costume—I joined them, with the sensations of a man who is about to investigate the nature of some great danger from which he has just narrowly escaped. As I had foreseen, the suffocating male guests had drawn up the blinds on the departure of the ladies to the drawing-room, so as to get every available breath of air into the dining-room, reckless of all inquisitive observation on the part of the lower orders in the street outside. Between us—I willingly identify myself, on this occasion, with the mob—and the gorgeously-appointed dessert-service of my friend and host, nothing intervened but the area railings and the low, transparent, wire window-blinds. We stood together sociably on the pavement and stared in. My brethren of the mob surveyed the magnificent epergne, the decanters glittering under the light of the chandelier, the fruit, flowers, and porcelain on the table; while I, on my side, occupied myself with the human interest of the scene, and looked with indescribable interest and relish at the guests.

There they were, all oozing away into silence and insensibility together; smothered in their heavy black coats, and strangled in their stiff white cravats! On one side of the table, Jenkins, Wapshare, and two strangers, all four equally speechless, all four equally gentlemanly, all four equally prostrated by the lights, the dinner, and the heat. I can see the two strangers feebly dabbing their foreheads with white pocket-handkerchiefs; Jenkins is slyly looking at his watch; the head of Wapshare hangs helplessly over his finger-glass. At the end of the table, I discern the back of my injured host—it leans feebly and crookedly against the chair—it is such a faint back to look at, on this melancholy occasion, that his own tailor would hardly know it again. On the other side of the table, there are three guests only: Soward, fast asleep, and steaming with the heat; Ripsher, wide awake, and glittering with the heat; and Pilkington—the execrable Pilkington, the scourge of society, the longest, loudest, cruelest, and densest bore in existence—Pilkington alone of all this miserable company still wags complacently his unresting tongue. There is a fourth place vacant by his side. *My* place, beyond a doubt. Horrible thought! I see my own ghost sitting there: the appearance of that perspiring spectre is too dreadful to be described. I shudder in my convenient front place against the area railings, as I survey my own full-dressed Fetch at the dinner-table—I turn away my face in terror, and look for comfort at my street-companions, my worthy fellow outcasts, watching with me on either side. One

of them catches my eye. "Ain't it beautiful?" says my brother of the mob, pointing with a deeply-curved thumb at the silver and glass on the table. "And sich lots to drink!" Artless street-innocent! unsophisticated costermonger! he actually envies his suffering superiors inside!

The imaginary view of that ghost of myself sitting at the table has such a bewildering effect on my mind, that I find it necessary to walk away a little, and realise the gratifying certainty that I am really a free man, walking the streets in my airy paletot, and not the melting victim of Pilkington and Society. I retire gently over the pavement. How tenderly the kind night air toys with the tails of my gossamer garment, flutters about my bare neck, and lifts from time to time the ribbon-ends on my cool straw hat! Oh, my much-injured host, what would you not give to be leaning against a lamp-post, in loose jean trousers (as I lean now), and meeting the breeze lazily as it wantons round the corner of the street! Oh, feverish-sleeping Soward—oh, glittering Ripsher—oh, twin-strangers among the guests, dabbing your damp foreheads with duplicate pocket-handkerchiefs—oh, everybody but Pilkington (in whose sufferings I rejoice), are there any mortal blessings you all covet more dearly, at this moment, than my vagabond freedom of locomotion, and my disgracefully undressed condition of body! Oh, Society, when the mid-year has come, and the heavenly fires of Summer are all a-blaze, what unutterable oppressions are inflicted in thy white and pitiless name!

With this apostrophe (in the manner of Madame Roland) I saunter lazily back to my post of observation before the dining-room windows. So! so! the wretched gentlemen are getting up—they can endure it no longer—they are going to change from a lower room that is hot to an upper room that is hotter. Alterations have taken place, since I saw them last, in the heart-rending pantomime of their looks and actions. The two strangers have given up dabbing their foreheads in despair, and are looking helplessly at the pictures—as if Art could make them cooler! Jenkins and Wapshare have shifted occupations. This time, it is Wapshare who is longingly looking at his watch, and Jenkins who is using his finger-glass; into the depths of which I detect him yawning furtively, under cover of moistening his lips. Sleepy Soward has been woke up, and sits steaming and staring with protuberant eyes and swollen cheeks. The glittering face of Ripsher reflects the chandelier, as if his skin was made of glass. Execrable Pilkington continues to talk. My host of the feeble back is propped against the sideboard, and smiles piteously as he indicates to his miserable guests the way up-stairs. They obey him, and retire from the room in slow funereal procession. How strangely well I feel; how unaccountably strong and cool and blandly composed in mind and body!—Hoi! hoi! hoi! out of the way there! Lord bless your honour! crash! bang! Here is the first carriage bursting in among us like a shell; here are the linkmen scattering us off the pavement, and receiving Society with all the honours of the street. The Soirée is beginning. The scorching hundreds are coming to squeeze the last faint relics of fresh air out at the drawing-room windows. How strangely well I feel; how unaccountably strong and cool and blandly composed in mind and body!

I once more join my worthy mob-brethren; I add one to the joyous human lane which watches the guests as they go in, and which has not got such a thing as a dress-coat on either side of it. I am not in the least afraid of being recognised—for who would suppose it possible that I could conduct myself in this disgraceful manner? Ha! the first guests are well known to me. Sir Aubrey Yollop, Lady Yollop, the two Misses Yollop. "What time shall we order the carriage?" "Infernal nuisance coming at all this hot weather—get away as soon as we can—carriage wait."—Crash! bang! More guests known to me. Doctor and Mrs. Gripper, and Mr. Julius Gripper. "What time shall we order the carriage?" "How the devil should I know?" (Heat has made the doctor irritable) "The carriages are ordered, sir, at one." "I can't and won't stand it, Mrs. Gripper, till that time—cursed tomfoolery giving parties at all, this hot weather—carriage at twelve." Crash! bang! Strangers to me, this time. A little dapper man, fanning himself with his hat; a colossal old woman, with a red-hot garnet tiara and a scorching scarlet scarf; a slim, cool, smiling, serenely stupid girl, in that sensible half-naked costume which gives the ladies such an advantage over us at summer evening parties. More difficulty with these, and the next dozen arrivals, about ordering the carriage—more complaints of the misery of going out—nobody sharp enough to apply the obvious remedy of going home again—all equally ready to bemoan their hard fate and to rush on it voluntarily at the same time. I look up, as I make these reflections, to the drawing-room story. Wherever the windows are open, they are stopped up by gowns; wherever the windows are shut, Society expresses itself on them in the form of steam. It is the Black Hole at Calcutta, ornamented and lit up. It is a refinement of slow torture unknown to the Inquisition and the North American savages. And the name of it in England is Pleasure—Pleasure when we offer it to others, which is not so very wonderful; Pleasure, equally, when we accept it ourselves, which is perfectly amazing.

While I am pondering over Pleasure, as Society understands it, I am suddenly confronted by Duty, also as Society understands it, in the shape of a policeman. He comes to clear the pavement, and he fixes *me* with his eye. I am the first and foremost vagabond whom he thinks it desirable to dismiss. To my delight, he singles me out, before my friend's house, on the very threshold of the door, through which I have been invited to pass in the honourable capacity of guest, as the first obstruction to be removed. "Come, I say, you there—move on!" Yes, Mr. Policeman, with pleasure. Other men, in

my situation, might be a little irritated, and might astonish you by entering the house and revealing themselves indignantly to the footman. I am a philosopher; and I am grateful to you, Mr. Policeman, for reminding me of my own liberty. Yes, official sir, I *can* move on; it is my pride and pleasure to move on; it is my great superiority over the unfortunate persons shut up in that drawing-room, not one of whom can move on, or has so much as a prospect of moving on, for some time to come. Wish you good evening, Mr. Policeman. In the course of a long experience of Society, I never enjoyed any party half as much as I have enjoyed this; and I hardly know any favour you could ask of me which I am so readily disposed to grant as the favour of moving on. Many, many thanks; and pray remember me kindly at Scotland-yard.

I leave the scene—or, rather, I am walked off the scene—in the sweetest possible temper. The carriages crash and bang past me by dozens; the victims pour into the already over-crammed house by twenties and thirties; Society's gowns and Society's steam are thicker than ever on the windows, as I see the last of them. Shocking! shocking! I am almost ashamed to feel so strangely well, so unaccountably strong and cool and blandly composed in mind and body.

On my airy way home (in excellent time) I endeavour — being naturally a serious and thoughtful man—to extract some useful result for others out of my own novel experience of Society. Animated by a loving and missionary spirit, I resolve to enlighten my ignorant fellow-creatures, my dark surrounding circle of social heathen, by communicating to them my new discovery of the best way of attending London dinner-parties and soirées in the fervid heat of July and August. In the course of the next few days I carry out my humane intention by relating the true narrative here set down to my most valued and intimate friends. I point out the immense sanitary advantages which are likely to accrue from the general adoption of such a sensible and original course of proceeding as mine has been. I show clearly that it must, as a matter of necessity, be followed by a wise change in the season of the year at which parties are authorised to be given. If we were all to go and look in at the windows in our cool morning costume, and then come away again, the masters and mistresses of houses would have no choice left but to adapt their hospitalities sensibly to atmospheric circumstances; summer would find us as summer ought to find us, in the fields; and winter would turn our collective animal heat to profitable and comfortable results.

I put these plain points unmistakably; but to my utter amazement nobody accepts my suggestions. My friends, who all groan over giving hot parties and going to hot parties, universally resent my ingeniously unconventional plan for making parties cool; and universally declare that no man in his right senses could have acted in such an outrageously uncustomary manner as the manner in which I represent myself to have acted on the memorable evening which these pages record. Apparently, the pleasure of grumbling is intimately connected, in the estimation of civilised humanity, with the pleasure of going into Society? Or, in other words, ladies and gentlemen particularly like their social amusements, as long as they can *say* that they don't like them. And these are the people who indignantly tell me that I could hardly have been in my right senses to have acted as I did on the scorching July evening of my friend's dinner. The rest who went into the house, to half suffocate each other, at the very hottest period of the year, are all sensible persons; and I, who remained outside in the cool, and looked at them comfortably, am fit for Bedlam? Am I?

STORM EXPERIENCE.

If there be any matter about which I am enthusiastic it is Thunder and Lightning. I love it. And yet, strange to say, up to the age of thirteen years it inspired me with a painful terror. Of this terror, which amounted to a disease, I was cured in one night aboard a man-of-war, a line-of-battle ship. We were in Bass's Straits, where it lightens and thunders in real earnest. It was twelve o'clock at night; the watch below had been piped on deck, and before the relief took place, the well-known voice of the first lieutenant gave the mandate, "Reef the topsails: mizen, fore, and main!" Cool as the freshening breeze was, I perspired from head to foot, and I could distinctly hear the beating of my young heart; for I well knew that in less than half a minute, as soon as the hands were all aloft, the fiat would go forth, as it did in all weathers and under any circumstances, "Midshipmen into the tops to see the points tied!" I had often been aloft before, but never in a thunderstorm; and no craven culprit about to suffer death on the scaffold ever experienced pangs of fear superior to mine when I placed my hands on the shrouds (the main shrouds), and lightly touched with my feet the lower rattlings. There were no less than eighteen of us appointed to this duty, six into each top. The boy who accompanied me (he is an admiral now, and one of the most distinguished officers in the royal navy) was, thank Heaven, as much terrified as myself. I say "thank Heaven," for it was the witnessing of his fear that inspired me to take the courage which I knew he would emulate. "Come along!" I said to him, "come along!" He responded, and we literally raced for the lubber's hole, through which we crept, and then stood in the top to survey the scene. And such a scene! There were no flashes of lightning and no peals of thunder. There was one continuous blaze of lurid glare, and there was roar, and roar, and roar, without any intermission. It was all lightning, lightning, lightning, thunder, thunder, thunder, "nothing but thunder" and lightning. If every piece of ordnance that man ever invented and brought into the

field of battle had been simultaneously discharged that night, the combined sound would have been as a whisper compared to the roar of heaven's artillery that thundered in the skies. We once in a harbour fired a starboard broadside, to burst the gall and bring up to the surface of the water the dead body of an officer who was unhappily drowned in coming off to the ship. It shook to their very foundation the walls of a fortress, and broke the windows of every house within a quarter of a mile from us, not excepting those of the Government House; but I am quite sure that if every cannon on board had been fired that night, we in the top would have been ignorant thereof, except from the shaking of the vessel, so awfully loud was the thunder. We had lightning-conductors, of course, and on the decks were various metallic substances which attract, or are supposed to attract, lightning; but neither the ship, nor any one on board of her, was injured, albeit we frequently saw the forked fluid descend into the waves at no great distance from us.

I could not help looking at the faces of the men, as they lay along the yard, tying the reef knots. Not one of them exhibited any fear, nor anything approaching bravado. There was no talking aloft, but after we returned to the deck I took an opportunity of asking a man, who was a great favourite of mine, what he felt on the occasion? "Well, sir," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I should not have liked to have been up there all alone, but where there's so many on a yard it makes all the difference; the chances are, if the yard is struck, you may not be the man who is killed." And this appeared to be the general feeling of the men. In proportion to the number of sharers in the danger individual fears diminish.

Up to that night the thunderstorm, to which I have just alluded, was the heaviest that I had ever seen, on land or at sea. Since then I have travelled round and over the whole world, and in some climates have witnessed storms which in their grandeur have eclipsed any that I witnessed off the coast of New Holland, or in the interior of that colony.

In the harbour of Rio, I once saw a very pretty and very grand thunderstorm, which lasted the whole night and the following day without intermission. The lightning, however, was chiefly "sheet lightning," though now and then "chained" or "forked" was visible, and not far off.

On the coast of Java and Sumatra, these storms are so frequent that it must be, indeed, an awful one to attract attention. Such a storm I saw in 1842. We were in sight of land, though twenty miles distant. It was just such a storm as the Shannon encountered in the same latitude, when the late Captain Peel was taking her to the East. (A description of it appeared in several of the illustrated papers.)

During a residence of several years in Calcutta I did not witness more than two thunderstorms that made any impression on me. Of course I saw, in the course of every summer, at least a dozen that would be considered "frightfully heavy" in Europe, but the reader will be pleased to remember that I am speaking comparatively, and that since my return to Europe I have really "missed" my Australian and Asiatic thunder. The Calcutta storms twisted every lightning conductor on almost every building, public and private, and killed numbers of those valuable birds as scavengers, commonly called adjutants. The loss of human life, however, was very trifling. Two natives in the bazaar only were killed. No one ever heard, I believe, of a European being killed in Calcutta by lightning, although numbers of vessels in the Hooghly have been struck and set on fire. During a residence of six years in the upper provinces of India, I witnessed only three great storms. One was at Meerut, in 1847; one at Agra, in 1849; and one at Benares, in 1851.

The Meerut storm was very grand in tone, loudness, and light, but the country was too flat, and not sufficiently picturesque, to give it any "loveliness" to the eye. There was nothing to light up but a few bungalows and moderately sized trees. Some cattle were killed, and a few goats; but only one man, a native, was injured.

The Agra storm, which I witnessed from the lofty battlements of the fortress, I would not have missed on any account. The thunder was loud, long, and rolling; the lightning (sheeted) almost red, and the "chained," or "forked," pale blue, and when you looked at it and watched it, you experienced a sensation of coldness—real coldness—not the coldness that is often the result of fear; it cooled the blood and the marrow in the bones, without fluttering the heart, or making the nerves tremble. And here, too, the scenery, in the strict sense of the word, failed. But there was one glorious object that the lightning tore from the darkness of night, and revealed to my eyes and those of the friend who stood with me on that large, black marble stone, on which Ackbar Shah used to sit—that stone which was struck by lightning and split across, in the reign (I think) of Aurungzebe. (The Hindoos, of course, regarded the breaking of that stone as an omen foretelling the fall of the Mahommedan dynasty.)

What was the one glorious object? It was the snow-white marble walls of the Taj Mahal, with the broad stream of the river Jumna laving their foundation. Every minaret was distinctly visible, and with an opera-glass I could trace the gigantic Arabic characters inscribed on the centre building, and descry in the distant fields the golden ears of corn waving in the gentle breeze, until the hail came and battered them. Numbers of oxen were killed by the hail, but the lightning, which lasted the whole night, did not destroy a single human life.

The Benares storm I had the joy of beholding from the minarets. That storm was also in the night, and was grand to the last degree. But, like the Meerut and Agra storms, it wanted scenery.

The storms in Italy and Switzerland are very beautiful, and well worthy of those glorious stanzas of Lord Byron, beginning

The sky is changed! and such a change! oh, night
Of storm and darkness! &c.

I once stayed a month at Lausanne, on purpose to see a thunderstorm on Lake Léman, and witnessed one that the inhabitants thought very severe. In comparison with others I had seen, and may describe presently, I did not think much of it, though it was certainly exceedingly beautiful, the lightning flashing continually, and the thunder very loud and reverberating. At Beveno, too, I saw a storm that lighted up the Lago Maggiore, and the islands thereon, and the heights behind the solitary inn at which I had put up.

But those who really wish to witness the grandest of all scenes in the world must journey to the Himalaya Mountains—to Mussoorie, especially—and behold the thunderstorm that usually ushers in the rainy season—about the middle of June, or early in July. For some days previously the weather, even in the mountains, is intolerably hot, while from the plains below you can see the steam and vapour rising and mingling with the atmosphere. Dehwah Dhoon, too, is enveloped in mist. It takes at least three days for one of these storms to gather the materials for its matchless strength. On the evening of the first day you can descry, at the setting of the sun, banks of dense, dark clouds, which wall in the horizon; on the second day, they are denser and higher; on the third day, denser and higher still. The battle generally begins in the plains. You can see from Mussoorie the lightning, and the hail, and hear the distant thunder; while all around you, on the mountains, is calm and still, and in reserve—the sun sometimes shines while the plains are wrapped in the storm. Towards night the Dhoon, seven miles distant, takes up the strain, and becomes a perfect blaze of light, while the mountains still hold their ordnance in reserve. Dense as is the rain and hail in the Dhoon, the lightning shows the barracks, the church, and the dwellings of the residents. Ere long there comes a flash of lightning, which is instantly followed by a deafening clap of thunder, which rolls and reverberates through the innumerable deep valleys for several minutes. This is soon followed by another flash, and another roar even louder than the first, and before its rolling is half completed, there comes another and another, in rapid succession. Farewell to sleep, all you who wish to sleep on such a night! Now is the time to stand out in a verandah and watch the progress of the storm. The Dhoon—a plain twenty times the extent of Domo d'Ossola—is lighted up by her own incessant flashes; and so are the plains beyond the pass which skirts the Dhoon; while all around you, far and near, is one constant blaze of lurid glare, which reveals to the eye every mountain and valley, every rock and every tree thereon or therein.

To me there is nothing more provoking than to see persons, especially ladies (and sensible women on all other points), in a state of intense alarm during a thunderstorm. They say they cannot help it, and perhaps they cannot, because they have never been educated to help it. If the truth were known they were, when little children, just as frightened of a cold bath; but they were dipped, nevertheless, and inured to it. One lady will tell you that the thunder makes her head ache; another that the lightning hurts her eyes. As children they were no doubt alarmed by the report of a pistol, and cried at the sight of the soap, so painful to the eyes. Had they been inured to look at these storms as soon as they could be made to understand their use and admire their magnificence, the case would be otherwise.

The Jews open all their doors and windows during a thunderstorm. This is in obedience to a religious tenet: it is expected that the Messiah will come. There can be no question that opening the doors and windows lets out the foul air and admits the fresh; and this is a matter of no small importance to persons who value their health and comfort. I am not aware that the houses of the Jews, or the Jews who reside in them, are struck by lightning oftener than other people, or that they have any reason to repent of their rational proceeding in this respect.

I was at a dinner-party a few weeks ago, and, soon after the cloth was removed, the lightning began to play, and thunder was heard in the distance. The lady of the house became alarmed, and gave sundry orders to her servants. The first was to pin a large cloak over the mirror; the second, to remove the fire-irons; the third, to close the shutters and draw the curtains. The atmosphere was unbearable, for the day had been intensely warm, and I never felt more rejoiced than when I took my departure. Oh! what a luxury to get out into the street, and enjoy the cool air!

If it be urged that "it is impossible to cure nervous people of their fears," I admit it, supposing those fears to have become rooted. But the great point is to begin early, with boys and girls. Children may be taught not to fear thunder and lightning, just as they are taught not to fear the sea. To neglect teaching them is to exhibit an indifference to their happiness in after life.

ALDERSHOTT TOWN AND CAMP.

Whatever Aldershott may have been in the former history of its country, it is now a place which the British soldier has thoroughly taken by storm. He has squatted (in obedience to superior orders) upon its peat and sandy common; he has pitched his white tents in groups upon the scanty patches of grass, until they look, in the distance, like conjurors' cups arranged upon a green baize table; he has had planted his long black rows of dwarfed wooden huts down the gravelly slopes, like streets in the early days of some English colonial settlement; and he has had built a long and lofty range of clean, new yellow-brick barracks which overshadow the little mushroom town that has risen up hurriedly to meet and trade with them.

Along the High-street of this military village runs a single line of railway, devoted to the carriage of coal and building material for the large barrack streets that are still being erected for the accommodation of future cavalry regiments. Every hour of the day a train of luggage trucks is panting along this tramway, and the only wonder is, that the driver who conducts the engine is not attired in some variety of military undress costume. The omnibuses that come in at intervals from the different railway stations are more often loaded with scarlet heroes in the shape of non-commissioned officers, than with the dingy-coated civilian who is always smoking the pipe of peace. The old familiar face of the Hansom cab is seen in the one main street of this mushroom village, as well as its companion vehicle that runs upon four wheels. A little search will discover a well-stocked stable-yard, as full of these metropolitan conveyances as any cabman's mews in town.

The old red-brick poor-house has been taken possession of — has been legally purchased, I suppose, from the parochial authorities—as an hospital for invalided soldiers. Walking in a small, dusty garden, or sitting on benches under the shadow of the side walls, are a number of convalescents, dressed in light blue serge trousers, jackets, and night-caps, which make them look like comic performers of the Pierrot class in a circus of French horse-riders.

The mushroom village does not seem able to increase its building accommodation fast enough. Twenty thousand men (the number at present stationed in barracks, huts, and tents) require amusement; to say nothing of the officers, who require various little luxuries, and furniture for their quarters. Scaffold-poles, and unfinished brickwork are seen sprouting up at each end of the straggling mile of shops and houses, while the ringing of trowels and the noise of hammers striking nails into wooden planks mingle with the incessant roll of drums from the barracks and the blowing of bugles from the camp camp beyond an intervening hill. Certain enterprising speculators are not content to wait for the slow, substantial work of bricklayers and stonemasons, and they have erected little roadside zinc structures in which to carry on their commerce, imported from an emigrant's house depôt in London in a few hours, and put up in a single night. The wooden shed is not unrepresented in the town, any more than in the camp, and the whole line of houses—large and small—is joined together in some places with clothes'-lines of dangling stockings and shirts. Bright, new, glaring shops are opened for active business before they are painted, or finished; and the stock-in-trade of one furnishing draper (the chief warehouseman in the place) has fairly oozed out into the road.

The titles of most houses have a warlike character, and those who do not advertise themselves as being "by appointment to the camp," attract attention by sticking up "Sebastopol" or "Waterloo House," the "British Hero," and the "Crimean Arms." The road in front of these places is either the dusty highway which has few traces of country left; a patch of mangy common which still exists to show the miserable little plot of village that answered to the name of Aldershott half a dozen years ago, or a layer of egg-shaped stones thrown down in a swampy piece of ground before the crowded doors.

Towards evening the British soldier comes out to be amused. If he is quartered in the barracks, or the huts, and is not under canvas, nor yet upon guard, he is at liberty up to half-past nine P.M., at which time he is summoned back to his quarters by the firing of guns, and the sound of regimental bands. A special order will allow him to enjoy the seductive gaieties of the town long after this time, but these privileges are granted to very few. If he neglects to return to his disconsolate regiment at the appointed period, he suffers for it the next day, and several following days, by the extra exertion of "pack drill," if not by a more severe punishment; for the shadow of the hateful "cat" still hovers over the pet military settlement, still comes up through the dust and theatrical glory of a sham field-day, still dims the brightness of the medal and the cross.

About seven o'clock P.M. the British soldier rushes into the mushroom town of Aldershott for entertainment, and the mushroom town of Aldershott responds most vigorously to the call. The private soldier is able to save about threepence-halfpenny or fourpence out of his thirteenpence a-day, and this, by a mutual arrangement with some comrade who is on duty for that particular night, is swelled into sevenpence or eightpence. A party of six men will sometimes club together, making a common fund of their individual savings, and this will give the one man out, the command of about two shillings.

When two or three thousand soldiers are prowling about, with only two or three hours of time before them, and only fourpence each in their pockets, it is not surprising that a number of beer-shops should strive to commend themselves to their notice. There are wooden beer-shops, and brick beer-shops, central public-houses (those immediately opposite the leading barracks, and the road over the hill into the camp), and zinc beer-shops, pitched at the extreme end of the present town-line. There is a very primitive, early Australian mingling of occupations exhibited in some of these mushroom taverns, and while it is probable that you could have your hair properly cut by some of the landlords who draw a rather muddy ale for the refreshment of the British soldier in his hours of relaxation, it is certain that one public-house displays an announcement in its windows about photographic likenesses being taken within at a moderate price. There have been many combinations over the tavern counter before this, but it was reserved for Aldershott to get rid of the conventional sandwich which has hitherto—for fourpence—gone with the glass of ale, and to substitute a doubtless highly artistic portrait in its place.

No tavern, however small, has the boldness or the folly to attract the British soldier, without providing him with a room in which he can either sing, or hear singing—can either dance, or be amused by professional performers who dance. To obtain this very necessary hall of entertainment nearly every back garden has been covered over with a rude, temporary structure, having something of the camp-hut in its composition, and something of the travelling show. Those houses that have been denied the advantages of a back garden are driven to erect a side building, which sticks out, like a huge wen, from the main establishment. Some have pressed the first-floor rooms into this semi-theatrical service, and a small stage with a very hastily painted back scene, and two wings of forest-trees, like nothing known by botanical students, are erected at one end of the largest apartment, covering about the same space as a very small shop-front, and being approached by a short flight of movable steps. In these rooms the British soldier assembles in happy, half-drunken, beer-table rank and file, and in the intervals between the appearance of the "infant Teresa," who has just gone through the Highland fling, and the appearance of "Madame de Pumpadoor, the great English soaprano," he is gratified by witnessing a solemn amateur hornpipe performed by a corporal with two medals dangling from his breast, whose motions are directed by the harmony of an ear-piercing fife and jingling piano, and whose bronzed and bearded face, when he leaps up every now and then, disappears amongst the "flies," like the automaton skeleton's head in the street Fantoccini theatre.

Not far from this entrancing temple of recreation on the first floor is another temple on the ground floor, the programme of whose entertainments, placed upon a board outside the door, in coloured, ill-drawn letters, comprises singing, hornpipes, and Ethiopian serenading up to the military time of half-past nine, and "dancing after gun-fire." Looking through the open door into a kind of tent, with a stage at the bottom, you see a solid square of military audience, the scarlet coatee of the Guards relieving the half-naval blue hussar-like uniform of the Royal Artillerymen, and the more sombre green dress of the regular Rifle Corps. The undress cap which these latter soldiers wear in their hours of ease contrasts very favourably with that fearful shako, whose body is like a patent leather crucible or pipkin, and whose summit, at the fore part, is ornamented with a round mossy black ball, that looks like a property apple placed upon the bonnet of Tell's (theatrical) child, and which must be a fruitful source of temptation as a target to those who are anxious to try their skill with the rifle. Heavy as the leather shako is, when weighed in the scale against other purgatorial penal hats, it must certainly be considered light and airy by the side of the artillery rough beaver head-gear. This drum-shaped military hat, which looks like a lady's hand muff, is heavier and warmer than even the immortal grenadier's cap. They are all a protection against sun and rain, and they all need a protection against themselves.

The attractions of these two concert-saloons are not sufficient to silence the voice or dim the lustre of the Apollo Music Hall, which, having the rather unpromising frontage of a labourer's cottage (part of the original village), suddenly invested with a liquor and music license, and being separated from the main road by the mangy bit of swampy common before alluded to, is compelled to hang out rather prominent signs of the entertainment and conviviality to be found within. A chandler's shop, not far from this abode of melody, has set up a tap of drinkable beer, and though it has not yet been able to bud into the full honours of the Aldershott music-halls, it is not without a little knot of patrons bearing the true military stamp. The eggs, the bacon, the butter, tea and cheese, and the loaves of bread, are huddled in a heap in a small window and a few shelves on one side of the shop, while all the available space on the other side is turned into a small red-curtained tap-room. The stray child who goes to this mongrel shop for its mother's breakfast or tea is introduced with gaping mouth into all the humours of rollicking military canteen life, and is made to take a sip out of a mug of ale by a staggering hero in a scarlet coat, while its packet of grocery knick-knacks is being prepared.

The British soldier is not entirely of a musical turn, and though he is seen through many tavern-room windows standing up against a fireplace, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, in a rapt and enthusiastic manner, singing a sentimental song for the amusement of his comrades, or leading a wild chorus in which they are all endeavouring to join, he likewise haunts the road-side in little knots, which look, at a distance, like beds of geraniums, and he marches in along the dusty main road in groups of ten or twelve, as if he had been for an evening walk to Farnborough, or some adjacent town.

Scarlet does not always consort with scarlet, nor green with green; and a Stirlingshire militiaman, in his white jacket, plaid trousers, and Scotch cap, relieves the monotony of colour by walking between two green riflemen and an artilleryman in blue.

A close examination of the many passing sunburnt faces shows how largely the Irish peasant has, at some time or another, taken the Queen's shilling, as well as the agricultural operative of our provincial farms and fields. The Scotchman is there, in spite of his reputed caution and love of money; and the Yorkshireman is sometimes content to forget his proverbially assigned keenness, and to mount guard, fire cannon, and practise with the sword. One class, however, has never yet been represented in the British army, and probably never will be, and that is the English Jew. Whatever trouble or madness has fallen upon the chosen people of Old Jewry in this country since the bad old times when they were persecuted by half-savage kings, there has never yet been any young runaway sprig of

Israel who was weak enough to rush into the arms of that model dancing-master-looking, faultlessly-dressed sergeant, who stands at likely street corners with those fluttering ribbons and that light and elegant gold-headed cane. He has been weak enough to get into Parliament, but he has never been weak enough to get into the ranks.

It is an affecting sight to see a couple of soldiers staggering under the too heavy weight of their detestable shakos, and not, of course, under the strength of the Aldershott ale, supporting each other, although belonging to different corps, to the best of their ability; wearing their oppressive head-dresses tilted over to the backs of their heads (of course, for relief), regardless of the even set of a breast-belt, or an epaulette (of course for the same reason), their eyes dull and sleepy, their steps uncertain, their mouths vainly endeavouring to relate some barrack story, and their hands ever ready to give the proper mechanical military salute to every person whom they pass. As the evening advances, many groups of these suffering military pedestrians may be seen upon the Aldershott roads, the stiffness of the tried soldier, in which they started with such pride from their barracks, having entirely melted away, and their bodies being as limp as those of the rawest recruit who has never had the advantage of a day's effective drill. They are not always the latest to get into hut or barracks, although so seemingly uncertain in their steps. Sometimes they escape the sentries, and roll into their own proper beds; at other times they pass their slumbers in a cell of the guard-house, to dream, towards morning, of "pack-drill," or, perhaps, the "cat."

Mingling with these men for a moment, but hurrying by them with the dignity of a heavy day's good work done, and done well, and the sense of another heavy day's work to follow to-morrow, will be half a dozen stonemasons and bricklayers, speeding home with their empty dinner-basins swinging in handkerchiefs from their hands. No signs of fraternity are exchanged between these soiled and powdered labourers and the steady or unsteady red, white, blue, and green groups of lounging heroes whom they pass. They each belong to different worlds, and they know it.

The principal resort of the "crack" soldiers and the non-commissioned officers (corporals, sergeants, sergeant-majors, and such-like) is a crimson music-hall attached to the principal hotel in the mushroom town. This place is well ventilated by numerous windows that open on a small side street, and is fitted up with a stage, the chief object at the back of which is a clear-faced, full-sized circular clock. The moment the hands of this clock draw near half-past nine P.M. the amusements (consisting chiefly of singing) work up to a climax; allusion is made to the approach of "gun-fire" from the stage; an acrobat boy, in crimson leggings and spangled body, makes himself very busy in washing the empty glasses of the drinkers; while his father, a middle-aged acrobat, in a precisely similar dress, is extremely active in performing the duties of a waiter. The leading comic singer having sung his last popular song, for that night, to an almost exclusively military audience, comes down from the stage to exchange congratulations all round, with his scarlet and blue admirers (after the style so much in fashion at distinguished London music-halls); the hands of the stage clock reach the expected period, the gun fires, the bugles sound, a brass band at the opposite barracks begins to play, the soldiers slowly disperse, having a quarter of an hour's grace before them; and a long interval takes place in the amusements of the crimson saloon, until its civilian patrons begin, somewhat later, to assemble.

Following the last military straggler, I pass a little knot of artillerymen, who are taking an affectionate leave of two young ladies (without bonnets) at the corner of the street, and ascend the gravelly hill before me, on which stand the huts of the staff-officers of the camp; for I have arranged to pass the night in the quarters of my friend, Lieutenant Hongwee, of the Antrim Rifles.

I reach the brow of the hill in the dark, leaving the row of lights of the mushroom town beneath me, and behind me, and coming upon long, silent, black lines of huts, varied and divided by broad gritty roads of stony gravel, and surmounted by a wide semicircle of streaky orange horizon in front.

Before I have found out the line of huts, and the particular "block" in which I am to pass the night, I am challenged half a dozen times by half a dozen sentries, but as I reply, according to my instructions, "A friend," I am not arrested, run through the body, nor shot through the head.

I pass a few glimmering lights in hut windows, and a few murmuring huts, where the men are divided off in small parties to sleep, and find my lodging on the tented field at last.

Lieutenant Hongwee's quarters (like the quarters of every subaltern) are not sufficiently commodious to accommodate two persons with comfort; but that young and promising officer is taking his turn as the captain of the watch (a twenty-four hours' guard-house duty which falls to his lot, perhaps, once in six months), and I have full permission to usurp his bed. If any difficulty should occur (which is not anticipated), I am furnished—no doubt, against strict military rule—with the "parole" and "counter-sign." "Romsey" will carry me through anything (except officers' practical jokes) up to the solemn midnight hour, and "Stockport" will be of equal service to me at any time afterwards.

After being disturbed by a variety of noises throughout the night, the clanking of arms, and the talking of the men on guard in the adjacent guard-house, the squabbling of the sentry when he took a drunken straggler into custody, and the mysterious humming of the telegraphic wires, which stretch across the line of the camp, and form a gigantic Æolian harp; the dweller in

the hut is thoroughly awakened at five o'clock A.M. by the sound of bugles arousing the men for the day. The officer seldom makes his appearance before the hour of ten A.M., having nothing to do before the parade duty at eleven A.M.; but the men are considerately beat into bed at the almost infantine time of half-past nine at night, and they are punctually beat up in the morning to be stirring with the lark.

The hut of a subaltern may be described in its outline as part of a coal-shed, a corner in a black, tarred wooden block that is all ground floor. These huts are built of rough, unseasoned planks, too thin to keep out the cold in winter, or the heat in summer. The temperature, even at five o'clock on a July morning, is that of a bakehouse shortly after the batches of bread have been drawn. The sun finds means to come through the slender roof, if it does not appear in actual beams upon the floor.

The taste of a young officer may lead him to decorate this cupboard in any variety of style, but the size of the area to be decorated will impose a limit on his fancy. There is room for a small iron bedstead, a table, a washstand, a chest of drawers, and two chairs; which will leave about a square yard of flooring for exercise and the toilet. A fireplace and one small six-pane window complete the fittings of these huts, which look like the lodgings let to single young men about Stepney, at two shillings a week, or the summer-houses that used to be erected in the grounds of the market-gardeners at Hoxton.

A "block," as it is called, contains six compartments, each one of which is considered to be sufficient for a sub-officer's sleeping quarters. A captain takes two of these cupboards; and a field officer the whole block of six.

Standing upon the brow of the hill at the highest part of the South Camp (on the other side of which lies Aldershott Town), and looking towards the north, the whole encampment lies in a hollow bow before you. At your side is the hut of General Knollys, the commander-in-chief at the camp: who saw a night attack about five-and-forty years ago. The ostensible design of Aldershott is the practical education of the soldier and his officer.

The huts of the South Camp are arranged in alphabetical lines, or rows, for the sake of easy reference, and they stretch down the gravelly slope, towards the north, in many broad black parallels for full half a mile, until they reach the sandy flat that lies between them and the North Camp, on the further ascent. This flat is divided by a canal that is crossed by a pontoon bridge supported by tubs; the real artillery glowing red pontoons lying high and dry at the side, looking like gigantic German sausages of a light and brilliant hue. A winding gravel pathway crosses this desert for nearly a mile, and then you enter the corresponding black lines of the North Camp huts, which look thinner from the distance, and ascend for another half mile upon a more moderate slope.

A line of these huts, in which, perhaps, the officers and men of two different corps may be quartered, is constructed in divisions, each one of which is exactly like all the rest.

There is a bread-hut, a meat-hut, and a library-hut; a men's school-hut, a children's school-hut, which latter looks like the national schools in many small villages. There are a number of officers' sleeping-huts, placed back to back, and also a number of men's sleeping huts, in the same position. There is an orderly hut, and a guard-hut, the latter provided with several cool though dismal cupboards, that are called cells, in which are confined the refractory privates who have fallen under the too tempting dissipation of Aldershott Town. There is the women's wash-hut, at which stray pedlars' carts, that are passing through the country, are observed to stand, without any visible driver, for a very long period of time; there is the family hut, for the married men, and the long canteen, facing the yellow, burning, gravelly road, where the soldier indulges in a little half-baked conviviality during the middle of the day. There is the armourers' hut, a brick edifice, with a fluted zinc roof; the shoemakers' hut: in which a number of soldiers are at work, with cobblers' shirts, and military legs; and there is the tailors' hut, where our future field-marshals are sewing on a button, or repairing a yawning rent. There is a hut that is labelled "Ablution," which is very good language for a building containing a long bench and a number of bowls, where the common soldiers go to wash. There is an officers' mess-room hut: a long, black wooden building containing many small windows adorned with crimson curtains; and there is a non-commissioned officers' mess-room hut, in which the corporals and sergeants are accustomed (when single men) to refresh their exhausted bodies. There is a cook-house hut, a fair-sized fluted zinc building, which is filled with steaming ovens, containing many shapes of beef, a roaring furnace, a number of perspiring half-military greasy cooks, presided over by a stiff corporal who orders the addition of a little salt, or the uncovering of a pannikin, as if he were leading on to glory. From the open doors of this dinner-magazine is wafted a fragrant breath of onions and cabbage: a perfume that carries you in imagination to some of the back streets of Paris on the noon of an August day.

At the back of the cook-house hut is the Quartermaster's store hut, a precisely similar fluted zinc building, that looks like a railway goods depôt, being devoted to boxes, packages, and bags. The hospital huts are placed by themselves, being distinguished by white-painted doors. They hold about a dozen beds each; and some of the French circus-like Pierrot convalescents are lounging about them, as they were lounging about the red-bricked Elizabethan hospital in the town. These are the main features of a line of huts, at any part of the camp.

Still standing upon the hill by the General's hut, and looking across the camp, you can see to your right, towering above the huts, the shed-

like church of the South Camp, and, further on, the shed-like church of the North Camp; the white, gleaming, cup-shaped tent of the Royal Artillery, who are roughing it under canvas, and in the distance, across the common, an enclosed racket-ground, which looks like a large stone dust-bin. To the extreme left are the distant tents of the guards, brought out in pleasant relief against a green back-ground of foliage. Trees are by no means plentiful at or near Aldershott Camp, any more than grass, and very few of the hot, dusty elevations can boast of a top-knot, or a whisker of verdure.

I pursue my survey, by walking through the camp, and discover a telegraph-office hut, a fire-brigade hut, a post-office hut, and a luggage-office hut. The latter belongs to the South Eastern Railway Company, who are commencing great railway works in connexion with their line to this camp, an important, although a quiet, and, as far as the country is concerned, an inexpensive step on towards the perfection of the national defences. Close by this building is a privileged yard, conducted under military law, for the hire of Broughams, dog-carts, and the ubiquitous Hansom. There are certain camp-followers which dog the steps of the soldier, wherever he goes, from the General-in-Chief, to the lowest private in a regiment.

Towards nine o'clock in the morning the sounds of many military bands of music begin to be heard, and the shrill whistle of the fife comes from the open windows and doors of huts, as well as the more mellow tone of the clarionet. Bodies of men, in different uniforms, appear in oblong masses upon the burning stony slopes, and artillery soldiers driving heavy waggons or field trains, pass along the cross-roads from side to side. Heavy dragoons in thick, muddy, unbraced trousers, and very dirty shirts, with bronzed faces, chests, and arms, appear with pails and cans from behind the tarred huts, and disappear again. A company of bugle-youths plunge out from a side lane, followed by a little girl child, who strides widely to keep step with them. Children play about the red-hot gravel, regardless of sun-strokes, amusing themselves, in one instance, with a worn-out battered shako. Stern warriors are seen through laundry-hut windows, nursing babies amongst the baskets of clothes, or drinking tea out of large blue saucers. Other stern warriors come out attired in all the regulation glory of thick, warm, close-fitting costume, with the glass standing at one hundred degrees in the shade—even keeping to that wonderful instrument of military torture, the immortal stock. For two hundred years this ingenious, unbending variation of the old cravat has gripped the soldier by the neck, and there is no prospect, at present, of its relaxing its hold. It has many things to recommend it. When a regiment, from overwork, or an insufficiency of food, has presented a sickly appearance, by obliging the men to tighten the stock as much as they could bear without suffocation, a ruddy glow was produced in the face, and every sign of a full habit of body. These instruments of cloth-ing, before now, have been made of black horse-hair, tolerably hard, and transformed into a collar as firm as iron by the insertion of a slip of wood, which, acting on the larynx, and compressing every part of the neck, gave the eyes a wonderful prominence, and the wearer an almost supernatural appearance of healthy vigour. The present military stock is not quite as bad as this, although it is bad enough.

A squad of raw, unformed lads is marched out for drill, showing the material that the recruiting sergeant is driven together together with the Queen's shillings, in default of better youths, or men. They drop out of the ranks, even on an ordinary field-day, and on real and active service, they would die, like children, at the roadside. They have been plucked too early for the game of war, and they are as worthless as all untimely fruit.

A sombre-looking soldier is walked slowly down one of the lines, carrying a bag in one hand and a can in the other, and followed by a shabbily dressed woman, who is nursing a sleeping child. His head is bent down, and he has no remark to make, as she pours some low, ceaseless story of wrong and suffering into his ear.

By this time I thought it right that I should pay a visit of condolence to my friend, Lieutenant Hongwee, who had been compelled to pass the night in dismal communion with a whisky-bottle, at the regimental guard-house of the Royal Antrim Rifles. I looked round the apartment. Two Windsor chairs (the everlasting regulation chair all through the army), a dirty table, a fireplace, and deal shelf, were all the furniture. A bit of composite candle had burnt out and guttered down in a champagne bottle, and the shutter of the window at one end of the hut was kept open with a short rusty poker. The bare walls were ornamented with fancy cartoons, mottoes, and initials, drawn by idle, yawning heroes, with pieces of burnt wood; and the few pegs that were intended to support any superfluous out-door military gear, were cut to pieces with sword-thrusts. The floor was blackened with accumulated dust, and the whole place, which was about ten yards long and five yards broad, looked like a good dry skittle-ground, without the skittles.

"My poor friend," I said, with compassion, looking at a tin machine that resembled a number of large shaving-pots and boxes rolled into one, "what have we here?"

"Don't allude to it," he said, with a sudden spasm, "you see my dinner-pan."

"Your what?" I asked.

"My dinner-pan," he answered. "To add to the needless torment of the wretched officer on guard, his messman—his club steward, whom he liberally pays—declines to send him his proper food. His regimental servant goes up to the mess-room, and brings down the concrete structure now before you. The bottom of the can contains the soup, a greasy broth; a box above contains potatoes and peas floating together in more greasy broth; the next step in the pyramid is another box, full of a dry and

leathery grilled beef-steak; and the apex is a metal pill-box containing pepper and salt."

The first thing we did, when the guard was properly relieved, and an unfortunate Highland ensign was imprisoned in the place of Lieutenant Hongwee, was to visit Truefitt's. Truefitt's is a living example of how a good fight may be won by combination, courage, and determination. Who would care to live without his "toilet club?" The great barber has got his hut—his little oasis of luxury—firmly planted in the desert, under the constant patronage of military men, far more than the constant regulation of military law. Faithful camp-follower—true and reliable as the Hansom cabman, he is found, in the hour of danger, at his post. What would the regulators of the British Army do without such a comforting retreat?

Why are private soldiers warned off from this agreeable lounge by a notice outside the door which says, "For officers only?" The private soldier is not in the habit of having his hair worried with strange and varied brushes, nor of having it pacified afterwards with alchemical ointments. The private soldier is not in the habit of paying half-a-crown to have his hair clipped at the back, washed with egg-flip, watered with a watering-can, his beard shaved, and his pocket-handkerchief scented with the latest perfume known. Perhaps it was thought that private soldiers sometimes come in for legacies, and go in for the genteel thing, vastly, and the notice was meant to provide against such a contingency. Many officers would have to be excluded, too, if they had no property, and were compelled to live on their pay. Five shillings a-day for an ensign, and six shillings for a lieutenant, will not go far in mess-dinners and tailors' bills, much less in toilet clubs.

Passing out of this fragrant warehouse in the desert, on our way to visit one of the encampments, we came upon half a dozen artillerymen, who were undergoing the punishment of "pack-drill." They were the drunken prisoners of last night, who, after being tried before their superior officers in the orderly room, were condemned for a certain time to walk the day in the full heat of the sun, in their heaviest marching clothes, and with their full marching "kit" upon their backs. They had now been walking up and down for some time, and their legs seemed to give way in their heavy jack-boots.

Going across the black lines of huts, our ears were suddenly saluted with a terrific outburst of military melody, and looking in one of the quartermasters' store-rooms, we found about thirty men and boys of all sizes, furnished with sax-horns of curious shape, and ophicleides as large as pumps, blowing up the roof with a popular quick-step march. The conductor, with the most vigorous action, was endeavouring to keep them in order, as they stood amongst the boxes and packages of their temporary practising-room. One short-necked, full-blooded performer, whose back was towards me, caused his neck to contract and expand in such an extreme manner, while supplying his unwieldy instrument with air, that I expected every moment to see him burst, and his head drop out of sight into his opened body. I never saw anything like it, except the left cheek of an old trumpeter, which from long use, and from being nothing but thin skin, used to sink into a hole when his instrument was at rest, and blow out in an almost transparent bladder when he began to play.

Leaving this close-packed hall of harmony, we made our way to the theatre, a building that stood fairly in our road to the canvas quarters of the artillery. A wooden hut, with several entrances, looking like a travelling show that has squatted upon common land; an audience portion, capable of seating about a hundred persons; an orchestra, like a large tank; a stage such as is generally run up during a violent private theatrical fever in a back drawing-room; and a property-room, in which the hollow mockeries of the drama are combined with the solid realities of a habitation and a laundry, comprise nearly all that need be described of the well-known Theatre Royal, South Camp, Aldershott. It was manned, during the day, by one male attendant, who managed it as if it had been a ship, hauling up the scenes like sails, and putting it in trim working-order for the performance of the evening.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought us, at last, to the Royal Artillery encampment. There was a large square enclosure full of horses, like a horse fair, railed in with ropes and stakes, and surrounded by an irregular line of tents. A man in military trousers and a dirty shirt—the amateur blacksmith of the regiment—was hammering out a horse-shoe upon an anvil, which stood full and unprotected on the sand, under the noon-day sun. Not far from this workman was a camp fire, over which was cooking the dinner of the men. A couple of narrow ditches, first cut in the earth in the form of an equal cross, and then filled full of wood, furze, or any dry rubbish about, that will burn; a covering of sheet iron strips placed over these ditches; a peat chimney built in the centre, for the purpose of drawing the fire below; the wood or furze set alight, and the kettles, like pails, placed along the iron plates on the side where they are most likely to avoid the smoke and boil the quickest; and the rough and ready camp oven is complete. When the lids of the pail-kettles are lifted up, bushels of potatoes, spungy masses of cabbage, and irregular blocks of heavy pudding, like lumps of clay, are boiling and bubbling away; and one glance of the glaring mid-day sun seems to stir up the broth as much as the hidden, choking fire below.

"That is the elegant kind of pic-nic," said Lieutenant Hongwee, "which we are often required to assist at: with this difference, that we are marched twenty miles away to some solitary spot, kept out for several days and several nights under canvas, and made to kill our own meat before we eat it, or feed upon blackberries, like the Children in the Wood."

I saw that this was a tender subject, and I made no reply, but contented myself with observing the other features of the camp.

Most of the men were having a short rest under the tents, being disposed of in the same manner as they sleep at night. About a dozen were lying together on straw, with their heads resting on their great-coats at the lower circumference of the tent, and their feet meeting together at the pole in the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. At a given word of command, they all started up, and went to work with their horses, looking more like dirty gipsy ostlers than the clean and clipt soldier who parades the London streets.

The tent of a sub-officer, to which we were invited, was not remarkable for any luxury, except the luxury of being a lodging for one. The sand at the bottom was covered over with a layer of green leaves, and a sprinkling of straw; the occupant's soap, and towel, and brush were lying on the top of a tin box; his small looking-glass was on the ground, leaning against the side of the tent; he had made a reclining couch of one portmanteau, a money-box to hold loose silver of another, and he had still another huge, black, drum-like box to offer a friend. He was quite a gipsy king, in his tent.

As we sat looking out of the mouth of the tent across the Artillery encampment, and past the lower end of the North Camp, we could see a thin winding line of scarlet, that looked like a row of poppies in a field. There were a few black patches (the blue Artillerymen and the green Riflemen) studded about the sandy flat of common, with here and there a few white stragglers, probably the Stirlingshire militia, or some Foot Guardsmen in flannel undress jackets; but the scarlet patches prevailed in that direction; and, looking further, we saw the white peaks of another range of tents.

"The Guards are as badly off there as you are here," said Lieutenant Hongwee, alluding to the scarlet patch and the distant tents, and addressing the gipsy king.

"Worse," returned the gipsy king; "infinitely worse. We only came from quarters at Woolwich at the dull time of the year; but those poor fellows have just been sent down from London in the height of the season, to be placed under canvas at once. Canvas is a capital thing properly applied—when it means a dancing tent on a lawn at Fulham—but canvas at Aldershott is a far less agreeable affair."

We sauntered slowly towards the Rifle mess-room for breakfast; Lieutenant Hongwee rather despondingly, and I rather disposed to condole with my friend and companion.

The mess-room was a long, airy building, very lofty for the camp, with a small ante-room in front, and having the mysteries of the cooking department concealed by a chocolate-coloured cloth curtain stretching right across the apartment near the back. The long dining-table and sideboard were well covered with food, and the chairs were the everlasting Windsor regimental kitchen. To give a dining-room aspect to these rough companions, they were covered with a padded leather seat and back: a contrivance which each officer provides himself, and carries about with him from one station to another.

"Is this a fair specimen of your ordinary day?" I inquired, as we proceeded with our morning repast.

"It is: with the exception of a few field-days, and our penal servitude under canvas. We rise about ten A.M.; we show upon parade for about an hour; and after twelve, until the bugle sounds to dress for mess, at seven, we have no settled occupation whatever."

"There is a club-house built in the South Camp, is there not?"

"There is, but with a lofty rate of subscription, almost prohibiting the entrance of poor subalterns. When there, you can only read, play at billiards, or talk. Most men, like myself, who get five or six shillings a day, spend twice as much as they earn, and that without indulging in any particular extravagance. As most things are done by mutual and equal subscription, the pressure of the service outlay falls heaviest upon the junior members. The major, or colonel, who sits opposite to me at dinner, pays no more to the mess fund than I do."

"You have field sports for your amusement, which need not cost anything."

"No one cares for them. A few men use the racket-ground; but very few. Rowing up the canal is a favourite recreation; to drink beer at a public-house, where they profess to keep an 'officers' room,' and then to row back again. The common soldier is better off than we are, for he has his town and his concert-rooms; but we can do nothing except wait wearily for the welcome summons to mess.

My vehicle, on its road to the North Camp railway station, rolled me past trucks of camp furniture, past cabs containing field officers, past solitary scarlet soldiers who stood like lonely poppies in the meadows, past other scarlet soldiers who wound slowly along the drab and dusty lanes, and past a group of boy children in green uniform, coming through a hedge, who looked as if the very cradles of the country had been emptied for their contents to be pressed into the ranks. I broke through another crowd of soldiers at the station, and plunged into my carriage, glad to be whirled away.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXI. ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For, there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes, of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's, firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words!

Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there, heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes tell; but, it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him, almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favoured is usually in a rough plight

and mostly under water, so, Sydney had a swamped life of it. But, easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal, than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen, Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from every pore, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying, "Halloa! here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread-and-cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to beware of the pride of Beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Some of his King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often, that he believed it himself—which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offence, as to justify any such offender's being carried off to some suitably retired spot, and there hanged out of the way.

These were among the echoes to which Lucie, sometimes pensive, sometimes amused and laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came, and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed, and those of her dear husband's, need not be told. Nor, how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Nor, how there were echoes all about her, sweet in her ears, of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married (if that could be) than single, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him, and asked her "What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being everything to all of us, as if there were only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

But, there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late, from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day, that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is!" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was! My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now, come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off,

as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there, held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past,

bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but, when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop!—Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the wormeaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the court-yard: seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hôtel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was

a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down—down on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville where the governor's body lay—down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder?" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheavings of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended—not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, "THOU DIDST IT!"

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts,—such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

RICE.

THE sun had set heavily behind a range of low hills topped with mango topes, after one of those oppressively hot days known only in India during the dry season. The sky was of a deep coppery hue, without one fleecy cloud to relieve its intensely fiery sameness. Not one of the parched leaves in the jungle moved; nor did there appear to be a single living creature for miles, save myself, as I rode slowly towards a little seaport town in Western India. The season had been a very trying one for the natives, nearly all their grain crops in that part of the continent having perished for want of the usual periodic supply of moisture.

In the opening of the monsoon the rain had fallen very heavily, had swollen the streams, filled the few imperfectly formed bunds or reservoirs to overflowing, and these, not sufficiently strengthened and mostly out of repair, giving way, had flooded the entire country for many miles, and, when the season of drought arrived, were of course empty. Deprived of the ordinary means of irrigating their lands, the ryots had beheld with dismay the setting in of an unusually hot and dry season. The grain crops had indeed come up after a fashion, but rapidly fell away before the hot blast of the sirocco months, and left the bewildered villagers without the means of support.

In many of the villages through which I passed I had not seen half a dozen inhabitants; and, the few I had seen, appeared emaciated to the last degree. Hunger was stamped on their haggard countenances, children lay exhausted and dying at the doors of some of the miserable huts. All work appeared to be abandoned. Fields lay sterile, burnt up by the scorching heat; gardens, with a few exceptions, were withered and brown, as blasted by lightning; the nullahs were quite dry; the small rivers crept sluggishly over their pebbly beds with scarcely sufficient water to keep themselves moving. The roads were strewn with dead cattle; and, not unfrequently, with human corpses, over whom scores of birds of prey were hovering, to whom this season of affliction was an unexpected boon.

Passing through these scenes in the country, I was prepared for what I beheld in the town. The same deep lines of hunger were stamped upon the countenances; but, unlike the inhabitants of other places, the people were flocking through the streets in sad and melancholy throngs, in one direction. Mothers were dragging their children after them, scarcely able to support their own tottering steps. Fathers were passing outwards with uncertain haste, carrying young squalid infants in their arms.

As I drew near the sea-beach the eager throngs appeared to thicken, and looks of startled excitement in their faces told of some import-

ant event expected to take place. The sea-washed shore was crowded with thousands of emaciated creatures standing, squatting, reclining, kneeling, in every conceivable posture and attitude; but all gazing in one direction—seaward.

Following the direction of their gaze, I beheld in the offing a small schooner. Her sails were scarcely filled by the sluggish evening breeze, and her progress was so slight as scarcely to form a ripple upon the face of the calm sea. Not a sound was heard amidst all the gazing multitude save the soft tread of new comers upon the sandy beach. These were absorbed in the one great idea—preservation of life. Food was in the schooner, and O how each starving wretch longed for its approach!

The dark coppery sky became duller and fainter in colour until the grey of evening, and then the leaden tint of night absorbed all other shades. Still the silent multitude waited anxiously on the sea-beach, hoping, but vainly, to feast their sunken eyes upon the welcome vessel and her blessed cargo. Never before was ship so longed for.

Some hour or two after nightfall a heavy splash was heard not far from shore, and lights were visible flitting about above the water's level. The small craft had anchored, and her crew were loading their boat with a supply of the staff of their life—rice. No sooner was the quick, short plash of the oars heard, than hundreds of the crowd rushed to the water's edge. Some waded out to their necks; others swam boldly towards the boat, clung to it, and tried to spring into it and pounce upon the longed-for food.

How many miserable wretches died that night by drowning, or by eating ravenously of the raw grain as they tore it from the half-opened bags, I know not. I shall not easily forget the scene I witnessed. The boat's crew had a hard struggle to bring their little cargo to the shore, so pressed were they by the hungry mob. The excited forms of the sailors, struggling by torchlight with hundreds of famished ryots, the latter falling over each other and desperately striving for only a handful of the coveted grain; the few fortunate ones crouching down on the sands, hoping to swallow the stolen food unobserved; but soon, set upon by others, lost half upon the shore.

Again and again this sad scene was enacted: fresh boat-loads were landed until all had partaken of the treasured gift, by which time it was far on towards morning. Next day a guard was formed to protect the landing; the cargo was stored in a puckha building, and distributed. Of the aftercourse of events I know nothing, as my duties called me to a distant part of the country; but I have reason for believing that there was a vast amount of suffering after that time. Private charity did much; public aid did not a little; but how was it possible to feed an entire nation for months until the next crop could be got in? It could not be done. It was not done. Half the people died before the next harvest time.

Rice is to Orientals what every other description of food is to Europeans. It is their bread, their potato, their meat, their all. They know of no substitute for it. When it fails them, they starve. Admirably adapted to the soil and climate of the East, rice in many varieties may be found growing from Japan to the east coast of Africa. It is found flourishing also in the West Indies, in some parts of South America, and in the southern states of the American Union. It is certainly not too much to say that this article forms the staple food of two-thirds of the human family. Yet, enormous as is the extent of land under rice cultivation, great as is its value to the mass of the people, we do not find that in any single respect the growers of it have modified in the least degree the system of culture pursued in the days of Moses and the Prophets. The same rude, fragile implements, the same scratching of the surface of the ground, the same irrigation, the same barbarous harvesting, prevail now that were the style and fashion of the ryots of King Porus.

In one respect it would doubtless be no easy task to improve upon the system of the rice-growers of the year "one." Their extensive irrigation works for storing and supplying water in dry seasons are so essential, that no ryot would think of sowing his seed if he could not count upon an artificial supply, failing plentiful showers.

In eastern countries where manures are almost unknown, and where such a process as deep ploughing is unheard of, water is the one great fertiliser. It is seldom, indeed, that more than one crop in the year is taken from the same soil, though in favourable localities, and with plenty of water at hand, two harvests may be secured. Generally speaking, a crop every other year, and not uncommonly once in three years, will be the rule; the land in the mean time growing up in coarse grass, on which cattle is grazed.

There can scarcely be imagined a more uninviting picture than a wide expanse of country in any part of India lying fallow after rice cultivation. Deprived of irrigation, the soil has a parched, exhausted, barren appearance, not unlike Romney marshes in the midst of summer, or some southern moors deprived of their stunted vegetation. Hedges are altogether unknown; the sole boundaries of the various patches of rice-land are narrow channels cut in the soil, with large stones or a bamboo placed here and there to mark the termination of each cultivator's holding.

A month previous to the fall of rain, the Hindoo brings out his buffaloes and his queer little old-fashioned wooden instrument, that looks so very like anything in the world but what it is—a plough. The cattle are none of the strongest, the soil is none of the stiffest, and it is only necessary to scratch little furrows in the ground at right angles to each other, to enable the ryot to carry on his culture. At length the rain begins to fall, and the dry sandy clods of weedy soil are saturated, and assumes something more of the appearance of cultivation. Then, when another earth-scratching has taken place, and a "lucky

day" has been named by the priest of the nearest temple, the grain is scattered broadcast; after which the simple harrowing takes place. This is effected by a large flat board, or the bough of a large tree, to which, in order to impart the necessary weight and effect, a heavy stone is secured; or perhaps one or two of the ryot's children may be seated upon it.

To any one not accustomed to this style of agriculture, the whole process appears absurd in the extreme. But in the course of a very few days the sense of the ridiculous will be lost in astonishment, at the rapid and very regular vegetation which appears after the early falls of rain. Another shower and a day of sunshine, and behold that wide expanse of sterile, forbidding country is stretched before the spectator a brilliant sheet of lovely green.

From the first growth of the young rice ears, the progress to maturity is always in proportion to the abundance of the water supply, natural or artificial. From three to seven months, but more frequently four months, is all that is required to grow and ripen this crop; the return from which is from twenty to eighty fold. In spite of the simplicity of the process, and the rapid growth and large returns, the rice cultivator in most parts of British India is rarely free from debt. Once in the hands of the Mahagrin, or money-lender, he can seldom hope to escape. The exactions, too, of the Zemindars, or landowners, are of themselves quite sufficient to impoverish a class of men whose ignorance and simplicity render them an easy prey.

When we reflect that, out of the twenty-two or three millions of annual revenue raised in British India, from fifteen to sixteen millions are the produce of the land culture, we can at once see how important is this great staple of industry.

Amidst populous districts, or on the banks of rivers, or near seaports, the ryot finds a ready sale for his produce at prices which in most ordinary times should leave him a liberal profit over all outlay; but, in more remote parts, where roads and intercommunication are scanty, a superabundant yield is not unfrequently a positive loss. Without the means of finding other markets for his crop, he is compelled to sacrifice it at the ruinously low rate a year of plenty entails; for the Mahagrin must be paid forthwith, and there is no alternative but to dispose of his grain at the rate of the day. In like manner these remote places suffer in proportion during seasons of great scarcity, at which times—and these frequently occur—it is impossible to procure food in sufficient quantities: so that whole provinces are laid waste by famine as completely as though a pestilence had swept over the land.

In Europe there are but a few varieties of rice procurable. In the producing countries there are scores: indeed, every island in the Eastern seas, every province and territory, enjoys some peculiar varieties not elsewhere met with. These may in a general way be classed under two great divisions: the field, or wet rice—the cultivation of which I have already endeavoured to describe—and the hill, or dry rice, grown on the slopes or summits of hills, and without careful irrigation.

The yield of this latter is very small, and is only produced on soil which would scarcely grow any other grain, and by villagers of the most limited means. But hill-sides are frequently made to produce the heaviest crops of wet rice in many parts of the East when the means of irrigation are at hand, and when the soil to be worked is of suitable character. In such cases the whole side of the hill to be cultivated is cut into terraces, into the topmost of which water is conducted; whence it flows to the terrace-field below, and so on until it reaches the base.

The ground in these instances is dug up and not ploughed, for want of sufficient space; but the produce is fully as great as in any ploughed land. These terraces, when in full verdure, present a most strikingly picturesque appearance, rising often to the topmost summit of rather lofty hills. Indeed, in almost any position, a succession of fields of half-grown rice, forms one of the loveliest scenes that can be imagined. The soft brightness of its tropic green is so enchanting, and offers such a strong contrast to the clumps of yellow bamboos about it, and the brilliant blue above, that it excels anything of the kind that can be met with in colder regions.

For hundreds of miles along the banks of the principal rivers in India the eye rests upon continuous tracts of rice; and large is the up-country trade in this article, and vast the fleet of up-country boats required to carry it to the cities and ports of the low country. Some of these rice lands occasionally encounter strange adventures during the heavy floods which periodically swell the Ganges and the Burhampootra into rolling, resistless seas. Bursting from their wonted bounds, and cutting for themselves new channels, these mighty rivers often detach entire fields, and sweep them away on their turbulent waters, carrying with them cattle, men, huts, and trees, to deposit them miles down the rivers at any sharp angles or narrow bends.

In some part of India, but especially in Lower Scinde, there is a peculiar description of rice cultivation, unknown, I believe, to any other part of the world. It is known amongst the Scindians as the Bhull-rice culture, from its being carried on upon what are termed "bhulls." These lands are neither more nor less than alluvial deposits washed down by the freshets of the rivers, and left by them to form islands of soft quagmire at the low summer tides, along either side of the debouchures of these streams into the ocean. At the mouths of the Indus there are hundreds of these bhulls, varying in extent from one to fifty acres. During ordinary tides, for five or six months in the year, they will have a surface three or four feet above the tide level, composed to that depth of extremely soft mire. This will be surrounded, by the Zemindars who lay claim to them, by low mud banks

sufficiently strong to keep out any ordinary rise of the tide, which is there perfectly salt, except during the season of the freshets.

These bhulls are rendered fertile by the inundation of the sea, which usually sweeps over them, burying them from the sight during the first three months of the year. The sea at that time retiring, is bunded or walled out, and the mud thus fertilised is prepared for sowing. The ryots put off to the bhulls in canoes, swimming behind them the buffaloes required for treading the soft mass of soil, to plough which would be impossible, even if requisite. Carrying a flat basket of seed on his back, the ryot crawls along the slimy face of the ground, previously gone over by a well-trained buffalo, led by a child, also crawling. To walk on the soft treacherous mass would be impracticable; the sower, therefore, with his seed, half crawls, half swims, along this jelly-like surface, dropping, as he goes, a seed or two into each foot-print of the buffalo, making no attempt to cover it, which, indeed, is not necessary. The heat and moisture combined quickly cause the grain to germinate, and in a week or two these sea-fields are green with waving corn blades. The salt water at ordinary high tides rises nearly to the surface of the low embankments, and the bright green fields seen at a distance, as it were, floating on the ocean, wear a most singular appearance. When the spring freshets set down the river sufficiently strong to fling back the salt water, and rise to the level of the mud dykes, openings are made in them to allow the fresh water to cover the young crops and give additional fertility to the soil. As these freshets subside, the water is permitted to escape, the apertures are again closed, and the rice is left to arrive at maturity.

A harvest-home amongst the bhulls of Scinde is a remarkable ceremony. The ryots put off to the bhull-lands in boats, and launch themselves, with their long knives, to gather in the harvest, upon rafts made of light dry sticks and bundles of straw, or dried grass firmly tied together. At that season the water is generally high over the embankments, and little more than the upper parts of the ripe corn can be seen above the surface of the sea. The ryots, therefore, are compelled to paddle about with their sickles, and sometimes swim with their loads to the large boats waiting at a distance for the harvest crop. When all is cut, the long line of boats, canoes, and rafts make for the land with loud shouts, beating of tom-toms, and waving of flags, ending their labours with a feast.

The fact of the large consumption of rice in many European countries speaks highly for it as a useful addition to the vegetable food of the world. Since the first famine in Ireland brought the cheap East India rices into notice in the West, the consumption of the grain has gone on steadily increasing until it now reaches the enormous total of from 70,000 to 80,000 tons yearly. The whole of this vast importation of rice is not, however, for purposes of food.

There are some inferior descriptions of the grain, such as those from Arracan, Java, and other places, which, though cheap and well cleaned, are not suitable for culinary purposes. These are taken in large quantities for grinding into flour, and employed by the manufacturers of cotton goods to impart tenacity to the threads whilst weaving.

Great quantities of starch of very fair quality are prepared from East India rice; and recently, it has been used in the distillation of spirits, thus tending to economise the employment of wheat and other European cereals.

BUYING A PRACTICE.

How to begin Practice? is a mighty question to young medical men who have advanced no farther than to the diploma, the first baiting-place upon the highway of ambition. If the world be as it used to be, there are brave hearts among those young men, covering noble aspirations under careless chatter; cherishing sacred dreams of future homes under an affectation of a worldliness that satisfies their comrades and strikes awe into their juniors. If the world be not changed, these young men, simple and warm-hearted, are the chosen worms of certain hard-beaked birds, who generously offer them a place in their own nests, who snap them up and convey them to those nests on terms of advantageous partnership. The worms are introduced for a consideration. I myself was once a worm in a rook's nest; we were Mr. Rook and Mr. Worm, surgeons, many years ago. But in my case the worm was lucky—wriggled out, had a bad fall, and a complete recovery.

If I am not quite an obsolete croaker, and if the world should have still a pinch of the old leaven in it, give me liberty to speak. There is a dear, kind-hearted, blundering old public, on the one hand; there is, on the other hand, a battalion of brave young aspirants. As a friend to the one and to the other party let me try to bring them fairly face to face.

Since rogues are to be mentioned, let me set out by declaring an assured belief that there are a thousand reasonably honest men to set against every rascal in the universe. Every man is indeed some sort of cheat; but the great majority of men err only by falling into pits and over snares; those are the few, who dig and spread them. We shall discuss medical rogues, and, therefore, let me for myself remember to how many of the men I honour and love most in the world, and have most reason to love and honour, physic is meat and drink. What noble toil, what sacred aspiration, what self-denial, what divine soul of charity, have I seen animating men of the prescription and the pestle! Well, I know by the old doctors what the young doctors—a still better educated race—will be. But if the world be not changed, the race of rooks is active in its search for worms. The recruit marching to join an army has to press through a rascal crowd of camp-followers before he reaches its main body, and will guard his pocket in their company. There are underground workers in

every profession. Those of the medical faculty work in two mines—public credulity and private innocence: the innocence of the young men who wander up and down, eager to learn how to begin practice. These young men may be worked most profitably. They are small capitalists, eager to find other men's pockets in which to place their money: happy to pay bank-notes for flourishes on paper. They are beset, therefore, with accommodating offers. What shall they believe? How shall they protect themselves, and avoid buying sorrow for the bright young partners of their hope with whom they exchange confidential details and suggestions through the country post—good little girls, who shall be doctors' wives some day?

Be shrewd, now, for your own sake, little girl, and lend the help of your bright eyes for the discovery of Doctor Corvus whenever he is at hand. He is your lover's demon, as you are his angel, and the tempter comes in many shapes. That true-hearted young fellow, whose diploma you have read with reverence, is quite a Faust for learning, and no Mephistopheles would make him wish for any other prize of beauty than yourself. But there is a Mephistopheles who finds him eager for a nest to take you to, ambitious and self-confident as youth should be. He it is who may fly away with the young man into a crow's-nest. Be a wise maiden, and keep watch.

I knew a clever youth—knew him because a day of sorrow opened to my sight for a few hours the depths of his warm heart—and when he had laboured much and suffered something, he was looking for his place in life. When should he, Biceps, begin practice? There was the usual little woman down in the country, writing the usual number of little notes; there was the lump of parental capital—an honest tradesman's entire earnings—to set up, in a profession for which he was competent. To Biceps, tenderly trained in a religious home, the tempter came, confessing that he was a scoffer. "There's only a thousand a year at Cheatenhall, expenses paid; but it's a large place where there are thousands to be humbugged. If you join me, we shall soon double the practice. Medical men take a great deal of solemn credit to themselves; but all these pills and draughts and mixtures really are for the most part humbug, and patients demand to be laboriously trifled with. Between ourselves, we are all of us humbugs. I profess only to be a man of the world, give people what they choose to pay for, and receive the benefit. I'm something of a betting man, I am ashamed to say, and have neglected practice rather to my hurt. Besides, I don't get the professedly religious people, who are a large body in Cheatenhall. If you stick to the work and go to church, you'll soon double the bulk of the day-book. Half of a thousand a year is not enough to live upon: but you know very well, as a man of the world, that two horses can pull a bigger load than one. However, I would advise you to take your time, if you think anything of our putting our horses together. Come down for a few months as an assistant, see what the work is, and look at leisure through the books. It is easier to tie a knot, you know, than to unpick it." Biceps went to see for himself, and walked up and down Cheatenhall for weeks in spectacles provided for him by the tempter, who was always at his side. There was practice, there was money, there was unlimited room for expansion. Corvus did truly repel the religious world; while all his talk was preternaturally laden with that selfish wisdom which young men—especially when they are themselves generous and trustful—often erroneously suppose to be the atmosphere of commerce: "I want this man," thought Biceps, "to help me to make money. Surely he is the right sort of man to be safe with in a pounds-shillings-and-pence relation." So the bond was signed, and the rash student became the slave of his familiar. Corvus, of course, intercepted and retained partnership money; disappointing facts came out; Biceps toiled and hoped. Corvus dipped into a private and personal bankruptcy of his own, and having already sucked up his partner's capital, tested in the next place his borrowing power, by involving him in fresh expense and risk. Years have run by, and Biceps fights alone a weary battle, still living on hope, with a sister for his housekeeper. The pale little woman in the country still comforts him with little letters; sometimes he can escape to her for a chance day. And the years are flying, and the five hundred a year, on which one cannot live, is longed for as a dream of competence which two may yet survive to share together.

Be true to your hearts, men and maids! Defy whatever tempts you with a sneer, and make no compact with avowed dishonesty. It is not getting support from without in the sort of worldliness you fancy to be wanting in yourselves. The temper of each age is its own proper worldliness. Joy is the worldliness of childhood, hope of youth, prudence of age; each does its own work in its own time, when it lives faithfully in natural communion with the other two.

Anceps wrote sentimental poetry and physicked another man's paupers in the west, before he went north to expend his capital in partnership with a philanthropist. Dr. Corvus, of Smashley, what an honest man, was he! Substantial was his build, his hair was crisp and grey, he abjured fermented drinks, making amends to his system with butter and potatoes, his house was his own freehold and the best house in the place, his tongue was (if Anceps had but known that soon enough) his whole estate. He was a temperance orator, a benefactor of A. B.'s trusted adviser, C.'s forlorn hope, and the friend in need of D. He could talk jauntily to young Anceps about Avicenna, create an impression of much hidden knowledge in himself while syringing the ears of the young dreamer with oil of flattery. "My practice," he said to the youth, "has been falling off for years. I have been established forty years in Smashley, and have done well; but a foolish desire to do what good I can in unprofessional ways causes

me to attend meetings and to be summoned frequently to London. I have withdrawn so much time from my practice that I shall be losing it unless I take a partner who will see that nothing is neglected. I am not wholly dependent on my profession, and I could not tie myself to any one who could not sympathise with my desires and be an intellectual friend. I do much hope that we shall come together. I liked you the first moment I saw you."

So Anceps yielded up his blood. The young fellow went to Smashley and began life as a working partner, while the benevolent familiar was in London, strewing blessings on his race, as he suggested. He was in reality spending the patrimony of Anceps in riotous enjoyment of the law-courts, upon which he had already wasted his own substance. For, among writs, subpœnas, attorney's costs, bailiffs, mortgages, and executions, this particular form of Corvus was at home. In his medical ledger there were many names; these had been all the wealthy and the honest people of the town, and there were still most of the rogues and paupers. There was only by the rarest chance ever a patient who paid money without compulsion, or was asked to pay less than four times an honest charge when finally by due process of law compelled. The weak point of the philanthropist was litigation. Some men love neighbours who will sit down with them to a rubber at whist: this sort of Corvus loved neighbours who would sit down with him—no matter for what stakes—to an action at law. A law-court was his gambling-house. He often won, and he had ruined many—ruined others even when he was himself a loser. When Anceps fell under his tempting, there were hidden behind the mask of the philanthropist the haggard lines of the long-ruined gamester. House and land were mortgaged, show of practice was a fraud; nobody warned the deluded youth, lest warning might be actionable. A little damsel, far away, doubted and hoped. The long-haired young doctor, if Nature had not made a fool of him had made one of himself; but alas! not for himself alone: also for the loving little heart that pined and sorrowed far away. Anceps became familiar with law procedure. He is grey, and lean, and broken—and the little girl is dead.

Forceps had money enough to buy "opening" after opening till all was spent. He had for his money three visits from Corvus, of whom he purchased: 1. A snug practice, with an open shop, which ceased to comfort him when he had eaten all the ginger lozenges that formed part of the stock in trade. 2. Partnership with a religious physician, who embezzled more than his share of the profits on the prospect of which Forceps married. 3. A nucleus, as it is called (a nothing which is paid for in the hope that it may grow to something), in a seaport town. He has ten children, and is medical adviser to the lighthouse. That was the nucleus, and the lighthouse has diffused none of its rays yet into his future. But Forceps is also surgeon to his parish, and receives the cost of the horse he rides and of the drugs he gives in labour for the poor, with nothing for himself. His pains are his own, and he is left with them.

Forceps, I am sorry to say, found Corvus behind the mask of a high professional reputation. He and another youth joined capitals to pay the heavy price required for introduction to an eminent position. They never doubted that where fame was, there was honour also. A legal evasion made it possible for the distinguished Corvus to retain the cake that he had sold. The two young men were ruined utterly. Forceps died long since of a broken heart. His friend lives under a blue light in a little by-street of the London suburbs. The trim little lady of old who was to have graced his drawing-room is to be seen at eleven o'clock any morning in a dirty gown, with a lean first-born clinging to it; excusing, perhaps, her neglect of payment to the butcher at the door, or uttering complaint to the baker on the price of bread.

Deinceps had suspicion, but was eager. Promise was very good in Corvus; but, would he perform? Then said the tempter, "Another presses me; agree now, or the opening is lost to you." He agreed, and this good opening in life was lost to him indeed.

Broken fortune can be mended; but, only with time, and patience, and minute attention. It takes long labour rightly to cement together all the pieces of a vessel that was shattered in an instant by a single fall. Broken fortune may be replaced with different and better fortune, by many who have capital enough of energy within themselves. There is no ruin for the strong of heart; but all hearts are not strong.

Every young doctor knows that a bought practice is not often worth the money it has cost. Prosperous men are not commonly disposed to make away with half their livelihood, or all of it, for ready money. So lightly are the grounds of this exceptional proceeding inquired into by the mass of beginners anxious to secure a footing in the world, that there is a race of disreputable doctors who live chiefly on the sale of practices. They choose a place of independent settlement, scrape a few patients together, and then sell them. A marketable nucleus is made in about two years. It is then cashed, and another is begun. The scraps of earnings and the purchase-money, put together, make the income of these people. They are not people of great ability; they are not gentlemen; yet they can make what will be bought as good beginnings by men abler and more honourable than themselves. Honester men working with equal energy might possibly dispense with service of this sort. The capital spent on a doubtful introduction by another man whose good word is notoriously bought, might enable many a beginner to take independent ground, and give him time to lay his own foundations of success. Again and again the word of experience is heard from all the letters of the alphabet; "I could have done more for myself than Corvus ever did for me, had I relied on my own work and kept my capital for my own uses."

Of course there are medical practices sometimes honestly sold for reasons told to purchasers without reserve. Doctors grow old; and, when they retire, often would rather sell than give away their good-will. It is true that such doctors usually have medical friends, and such introductions are not often to be found soliciting the stranger in the public market. The like suspicion commonly attaches to the public auction of a right of walking in some dead man's shoes. Whenever the seller of such bargains has to look for a purchaser wholly beyond the circle of the men who know him, it is probable that he might fairly advertise his sale, although he never does, according to manner of some drapers, to be "in consequence of a failure."

For my own part—and that is the sum of my argument—I cannot imagine why sick people, and their friends, not looking for the best help of skill available in their behalf, suffer themselves to be passed from hand to hand as articles of traffic. Further, I have learnt to be sorry at the waste committed by a great many young doctors, who buy only a false position for themselves with money that would enable them to stand on their own ground, and prove the power that is in their knowledge if they resolutely bound it to an upright, generous, and active life.

DRIFT.

The Inquisition's post mortem, or inquests after death, forming an unbroken series, extending from the reign of Henry the Third down to the twentieth year of the reign of Charles the First, at which period they were merged in the proceedings of the Court of Wards and Liveries, are among the most important of our national records. They furnish very valuable information on two topics peculiarly esteemed by Englishmen—property, and the line of descent. They are simply inquiries made after the death of all tenants in chief of the king, and their process runs as follows: The king issued his writ to his escheator for the province in which the death took place, commanding him to summon a jury, and institute an open and diligent inquiry into "what lands the deceased died seized of, in chief of the crown," "the day of his death," and the "name, degree of consanguinity, and age of the next heir." This inquiry was accordingly perfected in due form; and the escheator made his return into the Court of Chancery. A similar return, "by virtue of his office," and not requiring a writ, was also made into the Court of Exchequer, of which the escheator was an officer.

In connexion with the "inquisitions," are a set of documents entitled the "Probationes ætatis," or proofs of age, which originated under these circumstances: When the heir, having been a minor at the taking of the Inquisition on the death of his father or other relation, had attained his full age, he applied for "livery," or yielding up his lands out of the hands of his guardian. Before granting his application, the king required a "proof of age" to be rendered for his royal information. By these "proofs of age" instructive, varied, and amusing glimpses into the domestic habits and lives of our ancestors are often given, and as in all evidences of the past, through the medium of very quaint language, one learns how similar the feelings, pursuits, follies, and virtues of bygone generations were to our own.

The following is a translated extract from one of these "proofs of age," made in the first year of King Henry the Fifth (1413), to establish the majority of William the son of John, who was the son of Sir William Bonevile, knight; and the depositions of the witnesses are curious and remarkable, not only from the oddity of their disclosures, but for the unhesitating contradiction as to the particular fact of the date of the natal day, to which they are specially summoned to testify, running through the whole of their evidence. There is at least a fortnight's discrepancy between the two dates assigned by the various parties.

The first inquiry was made at Honiton on Tuesday Halloween (October 31st).

John Cokesdene, Nicholas Penerich, and William Hill, each of the age of 46 and more, sworn and examined upon the truth of the age of the aforesaid William Fitz John, say, and each of them, separately examined for himself, saith, that the aforesaid William Fitz John Bonevile is of the age of 21 years and more, for that he was born at Shete, in the county of Devon, on the last day of August, in the sixteenth year of the reign of the Lord Richard the Second after the conquest, King of England, and baptised in the parish church of the same place, on the same day, about the hour of Vespers. And this they well know to be true, because the said jurors were elected on that day to make peace between two neighbours, it being a "Love day," and on that same day came a certain Lady Catherine, widow of Sir John Cobham, Knight, and wife of John Wyke, of Nynhyde, aunt to the said William Fitz John, riding on her way to Shete, thinking to be made the child's godmother, when a certain Edward Dygher, servant to Sir William Bonevile, who was reputed to be half-witted, for that he was verbose and jocular, met her and asked her whither she was going? To whom she answered sharply, "Fool, to Shete to make my nephew a Christian man." Whereupon the said Edward, grinning, said to her, in his mother tongue:

"Kate, Kate,
Thereto by myn pate
Comystowe to late,
For the baptism of the child is over."

And she, mounting her horse in a passion, rode homewards in grave anger, swearing she would not see her sister, the mother of the said child, for half a year, unless she should be at the point of death; and all these things the jurors knew and saw.

William Hoderfield and Richard Damare, both of them of the age of 45 and more, sworn and examined, say and each of them saith, that the aforesaid William Fitz John was born at

Shete and baptised in the church there on the aforesaid last day of August, and is now of the age of 21 years and more. And this they know, because they were present in the church to hear Vespers at the time of the said baptism, which being over, a certain Walter Walsche, bailiff of Sir W. Bonevile's manor of Stapleton, told his master that he had just finished the autumnalia, or autumn gathering, both at Stapildon and Sokke, and that he had brought him 400 lambs as the year's produce of the latter manor. Upon which the said Sir W. Bonevile immediately gave the said child, so there and then baptised, 200 lambs (truly a useful present to a new-born babe); all which things the said William and Richard saw done. And so common report and the public voice proclaim throughout the country that the said Wm. Fitz John is of the age of 21 and more.

Thomas Bowys and Ralph Northampton, both 47 and more, sworn and examined, say, that they know the said William Fitz John to have been born and baptised at the time and place abovesaid, because they were in the church at the time of the baptism, and saw there three long torches burning, and two silver basins with two silver ewers, full of water; of which said Childe John Legge, then Abbot of Newenham, and Sir W. Bonevile were godfathers, and a certain Agnes Bigode godmother. And the said abbot then gave the child a silver-gilt cup, of the value, as it was said, of 100 shillings, and 40 shillings of money told were in the cup, which, as it seemed to them, was fairer to the eye than any they had ever before seen.

The second inquiry was made at Shute (they so call it now), on June 9th in the 2nd year of Henry the Fifth (1414).

Andrew Rydon, aged 53 and more, sworn and examined, sayth "that William Fitz John Fitz William Bonevile, was born at Shute, and baptized in the church there on the 12th day of August, in the 15th year of the reign of King Richard the 2nd;" and being asked and examined by the escheator how he knows this, says he knows it well, because on that day, and in that year, he came to that manor to speak with Sir William Bonevile on divers matters pending between him and others, and as he entered the manor gates, he heard a woman's voice crying piteously, in English, "Lady, help, Lady, help," so harshly that he made off as quickly as he could into the church to escape hearing so dolorous a clamour, and there conversed with the said Sir William for the space of nearly an hour. And while they were thus talking, there came a certain woman, by name Beatrice, and told the said Sir William of his son's wife's delivery, saying, "Your daughter, blessed be God, and his most holy mother the Virgin Mary, has been well and graciously delivered, and has brought forth a male child." Whereupon Sir William gave her for the news of the birth one noble; and despatched one of his servants to fetch the Abbot of Newenham to help make the child a Christian man. All which things made such an impression on the said Andrew that he has never been able to forget the day of the birth of the said William Fitz John Fitz William. William Atte Hulle, aged 80 years and more, being asked how he knows the said William Fitz John Fitz William to be 21 years old and more, says, he knows it well because that, long before the 15th year of Richard the 2nd, he was a servant of the said Sir William Bonevile, being employed to carry his letters and deliver his messages everywhere within the Kingdom of England, under the hope of a good reward, which as yet, as it appears to him has been very long in coming, although the said Sir William has been in no respect deficient in fine promises. Sir William, on the 12th day of August, in the 15th year of King Richard the 2nd, at Shute, aforesaid, called him, saying, "Hasten with all the speed thou canst to the Abbot of Newenham, and say to him that John my son hath this day a son born unto him by his wife. Bid him therefore to come here with all speed to baptize the child, and delay not in thy journey, for by the soul of the true God I will repay thee." So he, the said William Atte Hulle, bore the message, and the same day returned to Shute in the abbot's train, and while waiting for the expected reward of his labour, in the church there, he saw the abbot baptising the child, to whom the godfathers and godmother gave the name of William. Whereupon the said Sir William gave him 20s., and other recompense except food and clothing had he none, nor has he ever since received any in any shape from the said Sir William Bonevile. It appears to him pretty evident that William Fitz John Fitz William in the said writ named, was born on the 12th August in the 15th year of Richard 2nd.

Thomas Bower, aged 48 and more, sworn and examined, remembers the said William Fitz John Fitz William to have been born on the 12th August, in the 15th year of Richard 2nd, because on that day he came to shute with 12 bows, ordered for hunting, as had been agreed upon by Sir William Bonevile and himself, and showing them to the said Sir William, said, "Behold, sir, here are your goods." "Keep quiet a little ('custodi quiete parvum'—here's Latin with a vengeance, and a strong touch of the 'Dog'), for I am just now busy about making a Christian man: come to the church and thou shalt see:" and then and there the said Thomas Bower saw the child of John, the son of the said William, which had been born just before his arrival, baptised by the name of William. Which sacrament over, the said Sir William gave to a gentleman then staying at the manor, a bow, and paid the said Thomas 40s. Whereby it appears to him certain that William Fitz John Fitz William was 21 years old on the 12th August, in the 1st year of Henry the Fifth.

Although it is not the case in this particular instance, yet in almost all of these "proofs of age," the facts sought to be established are sworn to by one at least of the deponents as having been fixed in his memory by some accident which befel him on his way home from the

baptism of the child, mostly consisting of tumbles from horseback, whereby his legs or arms suffered severely. Accordingly, I think it is quite fair to assume from these premises, that christening parties then, as now, were merry parties, and that more caudle, wine, and nut-brown ale occasionally mounted into the heads of the guests, than was altogether consistent with the steadiness of their seats or the safety of their persons.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

Like dreary prison walls
The stern grey mountains rise,
Until their topmost crags
Touch the far gloomy skies:
One steep and narrow path
Winds up the mountain's crest,
And from our valley leads
Out to the golden West.

I dwell here in content,
Thankful for tranquil days;
And yet, my eyes grow dim,
As still I gaze and gaze
Upon that mountain pass,
That leads—or so it seems—
To some far happy land,
Known in a world of dreams.

And as I watch that path
Over the distant hill,
A foolish longing comes
My heart and soul to fill,
A painful, strange desire
To break some weary bond;
A vague unuttered wish
For what might lie beyond!

In that far world unknown,
Over that distant hill,
May dwell the loved and lost,
Lost—yet belovèd still;
I have a yearning hope,
Half longing, and half pain,
That by that mountain pass
They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,
Death has a mighty thrall;
There is another gulf
Harder to cross than all;
Yet watching that far road,
My heart beats full and fast;—
If they should come once more,
If they should come at last!

See, down the mountain side
The silver vapours creep;
They hide the rocky cliffs,
They hide the craggy steep,
They hide the narrow path
That comes across the hill,—
Oh, foolish longing cease,
Oh, beating Heart, be still!

THE SACK OF PERUGIA.

I.

The news of the victory of Magenta set the Papal States in a sudden blaze, like the falling of a spark on powder, and one city after another throughout the Legations and the March of Ancona rose as if by signal against the Papal rule. Bologna sounded the note of insurrection and defiance first. The cities of the Romagna, though weaker and nearer the tyrant's arm, followed the contagious example in rapid succession. Lastly, brave old Perugia, sitting on her oak-embowered Etruscan hill, looking over the storied waters of Thrasimene, dared to throw in her lot with her sister cities.

On the 14th of last June the people of Perugia, assembling in the great square, decided that they would no longer obey or acknowledge the Pontifical government. This facility of combination and spontaneous initiation is a very curious and noteworthy peculiarity in the character of the people inhabiting the ancient municipal cities of Italy. Having its root in the social forms of ante-Christian, and even, in many cases, of ante-Roman civilisation, it has, in a wonderful degree, survived all that has in these latter centuries so strongly tended to kill it, and still crops out to the surface whenever any "fault" in the monotonous dead-weight of despotic rule gives it the least opportunity.

On that bright June morning the city of Perugia was represented in the great square by a numerous but perfectly orderly concourse of persons belonging to every class of society. The crowd was at first nearly silent, but broke out into cries of "Viva Italia!" "Viva la guerra!" "Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!" as soon as the grave and dangerous determination to rise against the Pontifical government was understood to be definitively adopted. This determination was forthwith calmly and respectfully intimated to the Pope's delegate; who, having consulted the officers of such troops as were in the fortress, at once declared that he had no means of resisting the popular will, and demanded to be allowed to retire from the city with his soldiers. This was immediately conceded on the part of the citizens; and one of the members of the provisional government, which had been named by popular acclamation, accompanied him to the gate through the crowded but, while he was passing, perfectly silent streets. The creatures of the government, such as directors of the secret police, spies, and soldiers, left the city with the delegate, not only unmolested, but provided with a thousand crowns for the expenses of their journey. The authorities in thus leaving the city did not hand over the government, or any of the means of carrying it on, to their successors. On the contrary, they endeavoured to make the maintenance of civil order impossible by carrying away with them all documents and accounts of the tribunals, tax-gatherers, and other public offices. Even the archives of the registry-office and those of the keeper of mortgages were thus removed.

All that represented the Papal government, and, indeed, almost all the framework of civil society, thus marched quietly out of the dark-browed and frowning gateway, and down the picturesque oak-grown hill on which the Etruscans, after their fashion, placed their city; and Perugia was left to herself to meditate on the probable consequences of the step she had taken, and to manage her own affairs for herself as best she might.

II.

Away to the southward, some twenty miles behind the hill-tops and the oak-woods the little town of Foligno harboured the delegate, the police directors, the spies, and the soldiers; the thousand crowns journey-money so generously bestowed by the insurgent citizens having carried them no further. Great, they knew, would be the rage in Rome, and fierce the desire for vengeance among the priests.

Meanwhile, brave little Perugia was very unfavourably circumstanced for defending herself. The population of eighteen thousand souls had previously sent out the flower of its youth to fight for the good cause in the plains of Lombardy. Eight hundred volunteers from Perugia had joined the forces of Victor Emmanuel. They were fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French Emperor's troops as his allies. But the hopes of Italy were then high. If Perugia were trampled in the dust, Italy was being delivered. And the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted the Perugians scarcely to advert to the defencelessness of their position (the fact is not even alluded to in the statement of the provisional government) is one striking specimen of the community of feeling and true brotherhood with which Italy has regarded this struggle, every place having cheerfully accepted for the sake of all whatever portion of the burden and the work fell to her share.

The first attempts of the enemy which the revolted city had to meet were underhand temptations to treason. But unity of feeling was too great, every man's heart was too truly in the cause, and mutual confidence was too complete, for any danger to arise from this source. A well-known supporter of the Papal power, one Cavaliere Sgariglia, was found in Perugia, with private letters and public despatches from the authorities at Foligno, endeavouring to induce some of the provisional government to secure private advantages to themselves by betraying the popular cause. He was simply admonished, and warned to quit the city within a few hours. The Baron Danzetta, one of the provisional government, received a letter from Foligno with advantageous offers if he would proclaim a counter-revolution in the Pope's favour, and threats in case of his refusing to do so. He immediately showed the letter to his colleagues, who published it. The Papal government have declared, since Europe has begun to cry shame upon their conduct, that a messenger was sent to Perugia from the Papal authorities to endeavour, before proceeding to extremities, to persuade the citizens to submit. It is one of many falsehoods put forth upon the subject. No messenger from the Pope's government, and no message, ever reached them. There was not even the ordinary summons to surrender before force was proceeded to. A certain advocate Lattanzi came to Perugia three hours before the fight began, and visited the members of the giunta, lamenting over the impending calamities, but expressly declaring, that he was not the bearer of any message from the Pope's government, and admitting that resistance was now inevitable. While these things were going on—and it was well known that similar tentatives were being made—so sure were the Perugians of each other, and of the general loyalty to the cause, that the secrecy of the post was not once violated.

It is the honest boast of Perugia, that, during a week of deep anxiety, while the city was altogether without police of any kind, the public peace was broken by one single fact alone. The gaolers of the city gaol, who were of course creatures of the deposed delegate, had been suffered to remain in the exercise of their functions. These men, in the hope of throwing the city into disorder, permitted the criminals in their charge to escape. But the citizens, with spontaneous promptitude hastening to prevent the possibility of disturbance, soon succeeded in recapturing and leading back to prison the whole of them.

The first three or four days of freedom had passed in Perugia when it was learned with certainty that a force of two thousand two hundred men was marching from Rome against the city. It became necessary to ascertain what means of defence the city could muster, and whether it were the firm intention of the people to commit themselves to the chances of a struggle. The result of examination into the first question was very far from encouraging. They had no artillery. Eighty-three fowling-pieces were got together, and the government was in possession of thirty-nine military muskets. Ammunition, moreover, was scarce, even for this number of pieces. The government succeeded in obtaining four hundred muskets, and proportionable ammunition, from Florence. Men were far more abundant than weapons. Notwithstanding the absence of eight hundred of the best soldiers, the citizens thronged to the lists opened for volunteers for the defence. At the same time, to test the general feeling, an address to Victor Emmanuel was circulated, imploring him to accept the dictatorship of the city. This address received, in less than one day, the signatures of two thousand substantial citizens, affixed, while, as they well knew, the Papal soldiers were on their march to Perugia; a number which, as the members of the giunta truly remark in their statement, may be fairly considered, when the absentees, women, children, and illiterate persons are deducted, to represent the vote of the entire city.

With the miserable means at their disposal, therefore, resistance was finally determined on, and such plan as the desperate circumstances of the case permitted, was arranged for defending as best they might their circuit of six or seven miles of very imperfectly defensible wall. During the last four-and-twenty hours of the week a dark rumour had been creeping about the city that Perugia, if taken, was to be given up to the soldiery for sack and pillage. The report, however, was universally discredited. Bad as the Pope's subjects knew his government to be, it appeared to them incredible that such

a monstrous enormity should be intended. That their rebellion would be put down by force of arms was what they well knew they must expect, if their sovereign felt himself strong enough to venture on doing it. But that the head of the Christian Church should, in the face of Europe, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, calmly determine to deliver over a city, in which there must in any case be at least women and children innocent of all offence against him, to the unspeakable horrors of saccage, appeared to the citizens of Perugia wholly incredible.

During the night, however, of the nineteenth, two deserters from the Papal army reached the city; and these men confirmed the terrible report. At last, a few hours before the struggle began, the provisional government learnt that the incredible horror was but too true. The fact that the Papal government had promised the vile horde of mercenaries, the refuse of all nations, that composed its so-called Swiss troops, the sack of the city, was communicated to a gentleman representing the French government, by telegraph, from a person in high authority at Rome. The giunta in their statement refer to the telegraph registers for confirmation of this fact. It was afterwards known that, on a portion of the troops refusing to march against Perugia, the formal promise of being allowed to sack the city was held out to them as an inducement.

With the knowledge of this horrible fate before them, it is easy to imagine how the hours of that summer night must have passed in Perugia, and with what sort of feelings husbands and fathers went to their stations at the gates and walls on the morning of the twentieth.

III.

It was nearly three in the afternoon of the twentieth before the Papal soldiers reached the city. They had already on their way given a foretaste of their devoted zeal in the execution of the work committed to them. About three miles from the city there is a little hamlet at the bridge over the Tiber, called San Giovanni. There, the house of an aged man who had given no sort of offence to the government was broken into, one of his servants killed, another wounded, the house plundered, and the wine in the cellars distributed among the troops. A fine of two thousand crowns was demanded of him, and he was dragged off to prison.

Having thus tasted blood, and being heated with wine, they came on to the suburbs of the city. There was there a large woollen manufactory, which was first sacked and then burned. The people, who saw their means of earning their bread being thus destroyed, would have attempted to put out the fire, but they were thrust back and bid to "let it burn." Various dwelling-houses and shops were plundered, and their owners murdered in the same suburb. The statement of the provisional government gives in each case the name and description of the victim. Here, a blacksmith and his wife killed; there, a nun in prayer shot through her two uplifted hands; here, a mother bayoneted to death, and her daughter insulted while striving to stanch the mother's wounds. In the same suburb there is a Benedictine monastery, whose inmates were known or suspected to be favourable to the popular cause, or not sufficiently active on the other side. The convent was sacked, every atom of furniture smashed, the archives were dispersed, and a valuable library was utterly destroyed. Several monks were killed, and the abbot's cross and chain were snatched from his neck.

Then came the attack on the walls. For three hours some five hundred citizens kept the invaders at bay, but the conflict was too unequal. Ammunition failed, and not even despair could enable five hundred men to beat off two thousand two hundred. The secretary to the corporation, Giuseppe Porta, was then sent forth waving a white flag above his head, and bearing the surrender of the city. But, he was shot down with his truce flag in his hand before he had advanced many yards from the gateway. His clothes were dragged off, his body was disfigured with needless bayonet thrusts, and the corpse lay by the roadside for the next twenty-four hours. It was but the fitting prelude to the atrocities performed that evening in the hapless city. The members of the giunta in their published statement declare that they have not attempted to give a complete account of the massacres committed in cold blood, and of other more indescribable atrocities perpetrated by the unrestrained troops. Yet the long list they have put on record is too sickening in its monotonous repetitions of barbarities for reproduction in these columns.

A girl flying, half-crazed with terror, from the scene of her mother's murder, is pursued and dragged back by two officers, who compel her to serve them with food, while the bleeding corpse of her mother is lying by. A dressmaker's house, in which there were some six or seven girls at work, and where there was not a single man on the premises, was broken into, and, while the trembling girls threw themselves on their knees and offered whatever little money or ornaments they had, they were twice fired on, and one was left dead and a second was desperately wounded. At the house of one noble family, the soldiers filled many carts with booty to be carried off to the barracks of the gendarmerie. Even the hospital was not spared. More than fifty shots were fired at random among the beds, while the sick strove to save themselves by dragging themselves under the bedsteads. A crippled beggar at a street corner and a poor idiot staring at the scene were slaughtered. At the principal hotel in the city the landlord—a man who had never meddled with politics in any way—went down to his house door to explain that his hotel contained only passing travellers who could have nothing to do with the rebellion of the city. He was shot dead on his door-sill, his house was sacked from

garret to cellar, and an American family, who chanced to be there, with great difficulty escaped with their lives, at the cost of passing the night hidden in a sort of closet. Every atom of property belonging to them was carried off or destroyed. This family escaped from the doomed city, to Florence, and their narrative was one of the earliest certainties we had of the details of the sack. The ladies of this family were got out of the city blindfolded, to save their eyes from the horrible sights that must otherwise have met them as they passed through the streets. Yet one of them, a person in advanced years, had suffered so severely from the shock her nervous system had undergone, that it was many days before she recovered her usual state of mind. Throughout the city there were wounded men bayoneted a second time, many inoffensive and unarmed persons were slain, several old men, numbers of women; so that many more lives were lost in the sack than in the contest.

On other most frightful violences and hidden crimes we will be silent; for it is better to bury them in oblivion, lest the publication of them be an additional infliction on the victims.

These scenes continued without intermission for many hours; frightened crowds, as the night fell, begging mercy from the tired executioners, while it is testified that officers were heard to urge them to their work with the cry, "Kill! kill!" At length the slaughtering ceased, the soldiers retired to the barracks provided for them, and the city imagined that its punishment was over. But more murders and fresh robberies were committed the following day. The Papal troops slept upon their excesses, and arose refreshed to recommence them. And, when these were done, the city, placed under military rule, was ordered to illuminate in sign of rejoicing and gratitude; and it was intimated by the commander-in-chief to the citizens, that if the illuminations were not abundant, he could not answer for what might happen from the indignation of his troops!

IV.

It is to be hoped—and indeed can hardly well be doubted—that the consequences of the deeds done at Perugia on the 20th and 21st of June by the court of Rome, will be larger and wider spreading than could be indicated in the pages of this journal. The consequences, which have to be told for the completing of this little narrative, are only those more immediate results which have filled Europe with astonishment and indignation even more profound than that caused by the news of the atrocity itself, and which have, not unbeneficially, served to bring home with undeniable force of evidence the full responsibility of the deed to its real authors.

It was, of course, expected that the Pontifical government would hasten to cast from it the odium and the infamy attaching to so horrible a tragedy. Many who still believed in the benevolence and mild virtues of the benignant Pio Nono felt compassion for the agony of grief and shame which would wring his paternal heart when he should learn the horrors done in his name and by his agents. Even those who knew better than this—those who were instructed in the real spirit of the Apostolic government, and were skilled in sacerdotal nature—even those fully anticipated that, as usual in such cases, the blame would be laid on "orders exceeded," "ungovernable troops," "much to be regretted indiscretion of the military authorities," and so forth—the stereotyped phraseology of governments whose agents have faithfully executed atrocities of which they have not dared to face the infamy. But, tidings came that Rome not only avouched the deed, but approved and glorified it, and hastened to heap signal marks of its gratitude and approbation on the executors of it.

The official paper of the government announced to the world that "the Holy Father, in order to manifest to Colonel Schmid (the commander of the expedition) his very high satisfaction, has deigned to promote him to the rank of General of Brigade, and has commanded that due praise should be given to the troops who have taken part in this act (in questo fatto), and who have so distinguished themselves." The general accordingly issues an order of the day, in which he says, "Let all praise, then, be given to these brave soldiers, and may they be to us all, a noble and generous example!" A gratuity of six thousand crowns was furthermore distributed to these ruffians by their priestly paymasters, in addition to double pay and all the plunder of the city; and every man is to receive a medal bearing the effigy of the good Pio Nono in commemoration of his prowess.

Of course priestly defenders of the Pope and his counsellors have not been wanting on this as on every other occasion. The gist of what they say, is, that a sovereign must put down rebellion at any cost. Without adverting to the nature of the infamous rule which makes such rebellion a duty and a necessity, it may be answered that, if the position of a sovereign prince can, under any circumstances, force him to act as Rome has acted at Perugia, then, that circumstance alone is an abundantly sufficient reason why "Christ's Vicar on earth" should not hold such a blasphemous position.

PLINY MADE EASY.

The Biblical proverb tells us that "in the multitude of counsel there is safety." If this be so, the Romans who lived in the first century of the Christian era, and studied the Natural History of Caius Plinius Secundus, ought never to have known a day's illness.

Pliny put no trust in the occult prescriptions of those whom he terms "the magicians," who worked by spells and charms, in contradistinction to the learned physicians, Celsus, Heraclides, Cleophantus, Philistion, and others, who killed or cured, as at the present day—secundum artem. Nevertheless, like the traditional showman, Pliny allows his readers to take their choice of his collection, contenting

himself with wisely stigmatising that class of receipts as vain and empirical which are not recommended by legitimate authority.

As the effect that a story produces very much depends upon the manner in which it is related, I have thought that the singular remedies about to be cited cannot be more appropriately presented than in the quaint language employed by Dr. Philemon Holland, who, threeyears before the death of Queen Elizabeth, translated the Natural History of Pliny into the English vernacular; the more particularly, because those for whom he made the translation implicitly believed in the efficacy of the prescriptions thus newly set before them.

The "falling sickness," or epilepsy, to which Cæsar and Mahomet were subject, was a malady greatly feared by our own ancestors as well as by the antique Romans; but it was easy of cure, after the following fashion: "The braines of an asse first dried in the smoke of *certain* leaves" (there's the villany, though; what leaves?), "drunk to the weight of half an ounce every day in honied water, is good against the falling evil. Some give counsell to eat the heart of a black he asse, together with bread; but in any wise it must be done abroad in the open aire, and when the moon is but one or two days old at the most." But, without sacrificing asses, whether black or white, there were much simpler modes of proceeding. Philistion advises a decoction of the "wandering parsnep," or staphylinus; while Pliny himself observes that "there is a deepe and settled opinion among men" that the disease may be cured "if a man or woman do ordinarily take garlick with meat and drink;" a remedy sure to find favour in the south of France and in Spain. The juice of wild rue, the seed of "peniroiall," a cataplasm made of anise and parsley, the wild poppy beaten in a mortar and taken with white wine, a composite mixture of mustard, cucumber-juice, cummin, and figs, a spoonful of fennel-seeds at certain periods of the moon, a garland of violets, a drink made of thyme, a particular kind of "tadstole" boiled in wine, the vinegar of the squill, or sea onion, and a great variety of preparations of other herbs and roots, are all declared to be more or less efficacious. But, there were other remedies equally potent, though perhaps not so easily procured. For instance: The gall of a lion mixed with water, provided the patient, "so soon as he hath taken it, run a while for to digest the same;" the "bloud of a weazill" pulverised with snail-shells; the rough warts growing to the legs of mules, taken in oxymel; a stellion, or lizard, "rosted upon a wooden broch, or spit;" "the taile of a dragon bound within a buck or doe's skin to some part of the body with the sinews of a stag or hind." Or, if such a simple thing as a dragon were not come-atable, then you might cure the falling sickness by tying "unto the left arme the little stones that be taken out of the craw or gisier of young swallows." The reason for employing this remedy is thus stated: "For it is said that so soon as the old swallow hath hatched her birds, she giveth them such little stones to swallow downe; but, in case this dose be taken in the very beginning, and that the first time that one is falne of this disease there be given to him for to eate the young swallow that the dam hatched first" (how are you to find this out?), "he shall be delivered from it clearly, and never have more fits." The list is not quite exhausted: "Much talk there is also of a kite's liver, that it should be of singular operation to this effect, if it be eaten; as also of a serpent's old skin which she hath cast off, that it will do no lesse." Also, "the heart of a vulture stampt together with its own bloud, and given in drink three weeks together, worketh wonders in this disease. So doth the heart of the young bird of a vulture, if the patient weare it about his arme, or hang it at his necke; but then they give counsell" (I am afraid these are the magicians not much to be relied on) "to eat the flesh of the vulture itselfe, *and especially when he hath eaten his ful of mans flesh.*"

Gout was a comparatively new ailment when Pliny wrote; yet, from the number of remedies resorted to against it, it must have made rapid progress. Pliny confesses that: "The time hath bin when it was no common a disease, as now it is." Nor is this much to be wondered at when we recollect the luxurious Roman suppers, and the "calices majores," which the hard drinkers filled to the brim with Chian, Alban, and Falernian wine. "It were very good," says Pliny, speaking of gouty subjects, "for the easement of their griefe, eftsoons to lay thereto frogs, fresh and new taken; mary, the best way, by the direction of Physitians, is to split them through, and so to apply them warme." In another place he recommends a broth made of the sea scorpion, "sodden with dill, parsley, coriander, and leeks, putting thereto oile and salt;" also "the broth or decoction of a tortoise" (turtle soup, which one would suppose to be a cause of gout, and not its cure); split mice, laid hot to the afflicted joint; dogs' gall, the place to be anointed with a feather; viper's grease, or the powder of a dried viper calcined in a new earthen pot; sheep's suet, tempered with the ashes of a dog's head; and a liniment made with "the ashes of the wild wood-mice mixt with hony." As in old cookery books you are taught how to dress the same meat "another way," so you may please yourself, according to Pliny, with half a hundred different anti-podagral prescriptions. "A Cerot made of Beares grease, Buls tallow" (identical unguents in modern times), "and wax, of each an equall quantity, is singular good for the gout in the feet;" and "some there are of this opinion, that the gout of the feet will be assuaged, in case a man cut off the foot of a quick hare and carrie it about him continually." We have known ladies who carried the foot of a hare continually about them, *not* because of the gout.

There are not many people now-a-days who, if they were laid up by a sudden fit of gout,

would think of consulting a Hyena; yet, according to Pliny, "there is not a wild beast of the field that the Magitians have so much in admiration as it: for they hold that in the Hyæna itselfe there is a certaine magicall vertue, attributing a wonderfull power thereto, in transporting the mind of man or woman, and ravishing their sences so, as that it will allure them unto her very strangely." There was only one inconvenience in calling in a Hyena to prescribe, and that was rather personal to the Hyena; for, before it could do any good, its own life must be sacrificed. You were to take "the ashes of the Hyænes ridge-bone, the tongue and right foot of a seale, put thereto a Buls gall, seeth them all together and make a cataplasme thereof, spreading the same upon a piece of a Hyænes skin, and apply it accordingly, and you shall see how it will ease the pain of the gout!" A simpler mode of cure:—"The haire of yong boy-children which is first clipped off, is held to be a singular remedy for to assuage the painful fits of the gout, if the same be tied fast about the foot that is grieved; and generally their haire, so long as they be under fourteen yeres of age, easeth the said anguish, if it be applied unto the place."

I select a few of the most striking remedies for ague: "They say that the dust or sand wherein any hawke or bird of prey hath basked or bathed herselfe is singular good for the quartane ague, if the patient weare it in a linen cloth, tied with a red thred. Item, the longest tooth in the head of a cole-black dog is very proper for this purpose. There is a kind of bastard wesps, which the Greeks call thereupon Pseudospheces, and ordinarilie they do flie alone, and not in troupes as others doe; which, if they be caught with the left hand, and hanged about the necke under the chin, do cure quartans, as some Magitians say: howbeit, others attribute this effect to one of these wespes, which a man saw first the same year. Cut the head of a Viper off, or take out the heart alive, and wrap the one or the other within a little linnen rag, and carry it about you, the quartane ague will soon be gone, *by their saying*. Some of them take only the little pretty snouts end of a mouse or the very tips of the ears, and injoin the patient to lap the same in a red carnation coloured cloth, and so to carry it about him; but then the mouse must be let gone again and not killed. Others pluck out the right eie of a green lizard alive; which done, within a while after they chop off the head; they then infold them both in a picce of Goats skin, and give the patient in charge to have the same about him. Some there be who lap a caterpiller in a little piece of linnen cloth, and bind the same thrice about with linnen thred, making three knots thereof, saying at the knitting of every knot, that this they do to cure him or her of a quartane fever." In our younger days schoolboys used to adopt some such remedy as this to charm away warts; so long tradition lasts. "Others carry about them a naked snaile in a little piece of fine leather, or els foure heads of snails cut off, and inclosed within a small reed. They prescribe likewise to swallow downe the heart of a Seagul or Cormorent, taken forth of the bodie without any knife or instrument of yron, to keepe the same dried, to beat it to powder, and then to drink it in hot water." Cobwebs, spiders, goose-grease, oil of myrtles, and urchin's flesh are additional remedies; and, if taken in a trusting spirit, would without doubt have proved as useful as any of the preceding.

Fever is, of course, variously treated, its varieties being so many. Pendant remedies, or amulets, were, as they still are in the south of Italy, in high esteem amongst the Romans. For an intermittent fever, which, indeed, is ague, you are advised to take "the right eie of a wolfe, *salt it*, and so tie it about the necke, or hang it fast to any part of the person." Elephant's blood was also occasionally prescribed, and if the patient were of a very delicate constitution, then you might allow for diet a very pretty dish—lion's heart steeped in oil of roses.

If, in the course of your potations, you happened to imbibe quicksilver, the remedy was "the lard of a wolf:" an unguent rather difficult to obtain. Had you been poisoned by "the venome of the sea-hare"—a fish of which Pliny seems to have been terribly afraid—the counterpoise was a mash made of "the bones of an asse well broken, bruised, and sodden;" were your drink "craftily qualified," not with water, but the poison that is in "a rusticke weazill," then your sole resource was in the gall of a hegoat. This was pronounced "soveraigne." Headache might be got rid of by suffering the part affected to be touched by "the trunke or snuffle of an elephaunt," or its pain be assuaged "if a man poure vineger upon the hooks and hindges of doors, and make a linniment with the durt that commeth of the rust thereof, and therewith anoint the forehead." Deafness was to be cured with a compound of "goose-grease, fresh butter, and bulls gal, tempered with myrrh and rue, or the fome that a horse doth froth mixed with oile of roses." For sore eyes, all that was necessary was to "anoint them with wolfs grease or swines marrow;" but for actual blindness the remedies were more recondite: "The gravie or dripping of the hyenas liver, newly taken out of the body, and rosted, being incorporated with clarified hony into an unguent, riddeth a man from blindness;" or for a disfigurement of the organs of vision: "If the eies be dipped three times in that water wherein a man or woman hath washed their feet, they shall be troubled neither with blearednesse nor any other infirmity." Of doubtful efficacy, I imagine, was the experiment suggested in the following passage: "If one bite off a peece of some tree that hath been blasted with lightning, provided always that he hold his hands behind him in so doing" (a capital way to get a good firm bite), "the said peece of wood will take away" (or give) "the toothache."

While adverting to ailments of the throat,

the next receipt might be made available, if a very powerful acrobat were at your elbow—otherwise, not: "If the uvula be falne, it will up again if the patient suffer another to bite the haire in the crowne of his head, and so to pull him plumb from the ground." An ordinary accident in eating may be thus prevented: "If a peece of bread have gone wrong, or lie in the way readie to stop the breath, take the crums of the same loafe, and put them into both the eares, you shall see it will soon be gone, and doe no further harm." For an accident of a more serious nature: "If any fish-bone stick in the throat, and will not remove, it shall incontinently goe downe if the party ready thus to be choked withall put his feet into cold water; but if some peece of any other bones be ready to choke one, make no more adoe, but take some little spils of the said bone, and lay them upon the head, and you shall see it pass away and doe no harm."

It is as well to get out of the way of a mad dog; but, if you happen to be bitten by one, do this: "Make a decoction of a badger, a cuckoo, and a swallow, and drink it off." Are you nervous? Never mind the benevolent clergyman who advertises in the Times, but "take the pith or marrow out of the Hyena's backbone along and incorporate with old oil and hony: it is passing good for the nerves." We have seen, over and over again, what invaluable properties dwell in our honourable friend, the Hyena. You may deal with cramp, thus: "Make a cataplasme of a live wolfe, sodden in oile till the said oile be gellied to the height or consistence of a cerot." I should like to see a live wolf submitting to this process; but would decline to make up the prescription.

Suppose yourself exposed to danger from serpents, you have only to lay unto the bitten place "the braines of a Hen," and straightway you are whole again. But whether the wound be mortal or not you have your revenge, for—with the exception of salamanders—"serpents can hurt but once, neither kill they many together; to say nothing how, when they have stung or bitten a man, they die for very griefe and sorrow that they have done such a mischiefe, as if they had some pricke or remorse of conscience afterwards." A serpent's conscience!

One or two recipes are of special interest to the ladies. The first is for the complexion: "The pasterne bones of a young white bulkin, or steere, sodden for the space of fortie daies and nights together, until such time as they be resolved into the liquor; if the face be wet with a fine linnen cloth dipped in the said decoction, it causeth the skin to look clean and white, and without any rivels or wrinkles; but the said liniment must be kept all night to the face in manner of a maske." The second recipe is for the hair: "Ants eggs stamped and incorporat with flies, likewise pounded together, will give a lovely black colour to the hairs of the eie-brows." The mysteries of a hairdresser's shop are not easily fathomed, and that of Mr. Truefitt may contain the following substitute for curling-irons: "A cammels taile dried and reduced into ashes and incorporat with oile, doth curle and frizzle the haire of the head."

A PHYSICIAN'S GHOSTS.

IV.

As I have had what would be popularly called A Ghost in my own family, and as that case of what I denominate "thought-impressing" was very strongly impressed on my own thoughts when I was a child, by my Grandmother who was the Ghost-Seer, I think I can give the narrative at first hand, in the narrator's exact words.

My grandmother was a woman of strong mind—a good, bold, upright old lady (I mean, that she held herself upright), who had no nerves to speak of, and such sound health, that it was a favourite boast of hers, when long past seventy, that she had never kept her bed a single day, "except, my dear, you know" (she used to whisper), "upon eight certain occasions" (she had had eight children), "which cannot properly be called maladies."

My grandmother did not believe in ghosts. "Yet, my dears," she used to say to us young ones, "who *should* believe in ghosts but I? For when I was at school (a long time ago, as you may believe), I saw an appearance——

"When I was about eleven years old, I was placed at a very nice lady's school in the neighbourhood of Sloane-square. Miss Lloyd, who kept the school, was an excellent person, and we school-girls were all very fond of her—fond, though a little afraid of her too, for she was a strict disciplinarian. I was very happy at her school, and some of my firmest friendships that have lasted to me through life were formed there. But there was a girl there, a Miss Hake, who was not exactly a dear friend of mine, but who, nevertheless, took a great deal of notice of me, in a droll, half-joking sort of way. She was a good deal older than myself—she might be fourteen or fifteen—quite one of the older girls. And she rather provoked me, because she treated me as a child—kindly—yet still as a child. She used to plague me, too. She would pinch my little fat cheeks till they were redder than nature had made them, which was red enough—always playfully—yet still she hurt me sometimes; and when she said, 'Now I am going to have a cherry out of your cheek!' I used to run away, and hide myself in some dark corner. Still, I was rather fond of Miss Hake. The truth was, my feelings towards her were an odd mixture of liking and disliking, of attraction and fear. I am pretty sure the liking predominated. She was a tall, handsome girl, with dark curling hair, and large dark eyes.

"Vacation-time was past and gone, and we were all back at school except Miss Hake. No reason was given why Miss Hake was still absent, nor were we other girls surprised that Miss Hake should stay at home a week or two longer than we did. The thing had happened before. Miss Hake was a rich, a favoured pupil, and her holidays were apt to be rather of the

longest, as well as of the oftenest. I mention this to you, my dears, lest you should suppose that my much thinking about Miss Hake was the cause of the curious appearance which I am about to tell you of. I did not think about Miss Hake just at the time to which I refer. Indeed, I seemed to have forgotten all about her. No wonder! We were very busy, repeating the holiday tasks, which (I am sorry to say) we had not learnt—at least, I know I had not learnt mine. Miss Lloyd was, on such occasions, rather put out, and somewhat of the crossest. About her I was obliged to think a great deal. But, I do assure you, Miss Hake had gone quite out of my head.

"One evening—it was towards the latter end of August (our summer vacation was in July and part of August), one warm summer evening, at nearly eight o'clock, I was in my bedroom, with some other girls who slept in the same apartment (a good large apartment it was), and very busy sorting my linen, which had just come from the wash. By the same token, it was a Saturday evening. Everything was regular at our school. As soon as the linen was brought home from the wash on Saturday evening, we girls went up to our rooms to see that it was right, and to put it by. Each girl had a little clothes-basket of light wickerwork. Each girl had certain drawers to herself in certain chests divided between the occupants of the bedroom; and in these, one's own drawers, and no others, each girl was expected smoothly to lay away her linen—in nice order, too. Articles were not to be mixed, but sorted, so that caps should go with caps, and gowns with gowns. If we did not do this—if we tumbled our drawers—the inspectress, who visited matters daily, reported us for untidiness, and for untidiness Miss Lloyd exacted a fine. Our week's pocket money had to pay for it. These regulations were carefully enforced, in order, as Miss Lloyd observed, 'to give us tidy habits.' On the Saturday night I amention, I was very busy sorting my linen, which had come from the wash in a sadly mixed-up state. The bill that accompanied it was not so easy as usual to verify. I think some other girl's night-caps had got into my basket. At any rate, I was longer than usual sorting my things, and all the other girls had finished putting away their linen before me. They had all left the room, however, without my having taken much notice of that circumstance. I had laid by most of the things in the drawers, and was now stooping over my little basket in order to take the last articles from it. Though it was getting dusk, the light in the room was quite strong enough to admit of my seeing any object with perfect distinctness. Suddenly some feeling made me lift my head from the basket, and there, quite near me, close to the window, and, as it were, looking out from the window-curtain, though not at all shaded by it, stood Miss Hake.

"I called out joyfully (for I was really glad to see her), 'Oh! Miss Hake, are you come?' Miss Hake made no answer. I said, 'Oh! Miss Hake, won't you speak to me? How long have you been here?' No answer! Something else I said—I forget what—but all of a sudden a little feeling of fear crept over me, because Miss Hake would not speak, and because she looked at me very fixedly with her large dark eyes. Still, my only idea was that Miss Hake was at her old tricks, and wanted to frighten me. Indeed, I cried out, 'Oh! Miss Hake, you want to frighten me!' But in the same moment I felt something of more decided fear, and an impulse which made me throw down the wicker basket that I still held in my hand, run out of the room, and so down into the eating-room, where the girls were assembled for supper. 'Miss Hake is come!' I cried out, now not the least afraid. 'Miss Hake!' cried the girls; 'where is she?' 'Up in my bedroom.' On which some of the older and more privileged ran up-stairs. But they came back rather angry, and said I had been trifling with them, for no Miss Hake was up-stairs. I indignantly denied the trick. Then the talk and the tumult attracted the attention of Miss Lloyd herself. I was called up to her as she sat in the great chair at the head of the supper-table, and closely questioned as to why I had asserted, and persisted in asserting, that Miss Hake was come. I was known to be a truth-teller, and when I simply related my little story, Miss Lloyd so far paid respect to it as to go herself all over the house to see if Miss Hake *was* come. Perhaps Miss Lloyd, in fact, only went through this ceremony to pacify me, for I have since had reason to believe that the schoolmistress knew that Miss Hake could not be come; and, long after these things had passed away, I remembered that Miss Lloyd looked unusually scared and frightened at my reiterated assurance that I had seen Miss Hake. However, no word said she at the time, except (and this was said in a nervous way which strove to be dignified) that I, Miss Bridgeman, was mistaken in my idea that I had seen Miss Hake. Then it was hinted that the subject must be dropped—a hint which doubtless operated the reverse way. Of course I held very firm to what I considered the evidence of my senses; and when the girls of our room were unwatched and in bed, there went about a whispered talk, and many a whispered surmise, why Miss Hake had come (for that she had come was now the popular belief) and then gone away again. There was a decided feeling that Miss Hake had been smuggled out of the house, after having in some odd way smuggled herself into it. I believe murder was darkly hinted at. But, as to a supernatural appearance, no one seemed even to surmise anything so preposterous. For, was not Miss Hake alive and well—at least, when I saw her?

"Well, a few days, perhaps a week, had passed since the time of Miss Hake's supposed visit to the school. We were all assembled in the schoolroom, just going to our morning tasks. After prayers, there was a silence. Miss Lloyd hemmed, and cleared her throat, as if she had something out of the common way to say to us.

We feared a lecture of some kind, for the time when we were lectured was generally after morning prayer. Some of us, I amongst the number, thought guiltily that we had talked of Miss Hake. But now, Miss Lloyd looked more woeful than stern, and, drawing from her pocket a letter with a deep black edge, and a large black seal, said, in a sad voice, 'My dears, I am sorry to inform you I have just had a letter to tell me that your young comrade and friend, Miss Hake, is dead. She died last Saturday night at a little before eight o'clock. I need not point out to you, that, as this was the hour when Miss Bridgeman thought she saw Miss Hake, the idea of her having then been in the house was a fancy and a delusion. Take care, my dears, how you give way to fancies. I dare say Miss Bridgeman was a little unwell, a little timid, at being left alone in the dusk of the evening, and took the window-curtain for Miss Hake."

"But, grandmamma," we used to ask her, "did you really take the window-curtain for Miss Hake?"

"No! my dear children. I saw both window-curtain and Miss Hake as clearly as I now see you."

"But then, grandmamma," we used always to object, "if you did not take the window-curtain for Miss Hake, if you saw her as plainly as you do us, why will you not allow you saw a ghost?"

"Because, my dears, I do not believe in ghosts."

"But, grandmamma, you saw Miss Hake quite plainly. Now, do say, as plainly as I see you at this moment?"

"Quite as plainly."

"And yet you do not believe you saw a spirit?"

"Not a bit of it!"

This was all we could ever get out of my grandmother, and I believe it set me thinking on these matters long afterwards.

It was an Honourable Envoy extraordinary at the court of Saxony who informed me that his brother Alfred was residing at the time of the following apparitional impression, on his living in Ireland; that there was an old aunt of theirs, also in Ireland, but residing at some distance from the clergyman, who was much looked up to by the family; that the clergyman, Mr. Alfred, was desirous to consult her on some family matters that rather occupied his mind; but, that, though he knew she was ailing, he was unable, from a pressure of parochial duties, to go to her.

Mr. Alfred and his wife were in bed, in a room which opened into their drawing-room. Having not long retired, they had scarcely yet fallen into the incipient dreaminess of semi-slumber, when they were roused by hearing a voice in the adjoining apartment. "Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Alfred to her husband, "it is the voice of your aunt." The clergyman at once recognised that it was so. Both he and his wife, of course, imagined that the old lady had burst upon them with a sudden visit, and perhaps on some emergent occasion. But the voice said, "Don't be frightened; but get up, Alfred, and come to me. I don't want your wife. I will not have her leave her bed on any account." Mrs. Alfred would have remonstrated, and would have got up, but the voice was imperative, and as she knew the old lady to have a wilfulness of character that would not be trifled with, she remained where she was, while her husband, hastily throwing on a few clothes and his dressing-gown, proceeded with the light which he had struck, into the next room: leaving, however, the door between it and the bedroom partly open. In the sitting-room he found his aunt, attired as usual in plain old-fashioned neatness (in a brown dress), sitting on a sofa: from which she did not, on his entrance, rise, but, waving away, as it were, all ceremonials of greeting, signed to the clergyman to take his place beside her. He did so, and the old lady then entered on a long conversation with him, every word of which, as uttered by the two colloquists, was heard by Mrs. Alfred as she lay in bed in the next room. The old lady had been something of a sceptic on certain points connected with religion. These she first discussed, professing a more assured belief than formerly. After that, she entered at length upon family matters, and gave Mr. Alfred all the advice and information he required, on the subjects then agitating his mind. The information was valuable; was such as no one but the old lady in question could have furnished him with; and subsequently proved of material advantage to his interests. When all this had come to an end, the aunt rose from the sofa, and repelling, by a significant gesture, any hand-shaking or nearer approach to her person, seemed to melt out of the room—in a way so unlike an ordinary departure, that, for the first time, Mr. Alfred was roused out of a strange bewildered state into a feeling of dread. He, however, hurried after his aunt, whom he supposed to be descending the stairs. No aunt was there. The household were then roused, and the house was searched, with the same negative result. That the aunt had not been there in the body was proved by the intelligence, received a day or two afterwards, of her having been lying in bed dying—observe! not dead—at the time when the clergyman and his wife had supposed they were receiving indubitable tokens of her doubted presence.

This story, not only as regards the impression on two senses, but on the two senses of two separate persons, coming to me from an unimpeachable source, I have always considered of the highest interest. It would show that, in some cases, the cerebral agitation of a dying person is sufficiently strong to impress two brains—either immediately, or by transmission from one to the other.

There is, moreover, reason to suspect that even a non-moribund brain, in particular emotive

states, can produce apparitional impression on another, or others. From a valued medical friend I have heard a remarkable story tending to this. A gentleman and his wife, being in bed, had simultaneously the impression of a female being in the room, whom the husband alone recognised (for the wife had never seen her) as a lady to whom he had formerly been engaged to be married. It turned out, afterwards, that the spectral impression had been produced on the night of the marriage of the lady with another person.

In the following case, for which I am personally responsible, there is a singular complication of causes and transmission of thought:

There was a very dear friend of my younger days, whom I will call Owens. When we were both at a private tutor's together, at a sequestered village in Surrey, he, I, and a third young man, were almost inseparable, and used to spend our leisure time in rambling, side by side, through the romantic lanes that are not so beautiful anywhere as amidst the sand-rocks, hazel-hedges, and violet banks, of Surrey.

Imagine the three friends scattered into various paths of life. I am married; Owens who ran down from business to be present at that marriage, is in his father's banking-house; the third and youngest friend (give him the name of Inson) is studying for the Church at Cambridge. Now, Owens, who had been used to a country life, hard gallops over the Surrey heaths, and exercise of all kinds, pays the penalty of confinement to the desk, and falls ill. In this illness I visit him as a physician, twice, and find him suffering under a spasmodic affection of the hip, of a mysterious kind, to which all the resources of medicine bring no relief. The last time I ever beheld him on earth was at East Sheen, where his family had taken a cottage for the sake of affording him country air. The acuteness of his attack seemed passed. Only immense weakness remained behind the apparently conquered malady; but the patient was placed on a fortifying diet, and was promised eventual restoration. I found him dressed as usual, lying on a sofa, but I did not like the unearthly beauty of his face; always handsome, it was now refined into something spiritual, and the large blue eyes, the crimson lips, the hectic tinge upon a waxen ground, were indications not to be mistaken.

Still, I did not think the end near at hand. He had a good appetite, and was lively and confident, and so were those about him. When his two sisters came smiling into the room to warn me that my quarter of an hour had expired, and when, accompanying me into the drawing-room, they expressed their gay conviction that their brother was quite over the worst of it, and would go out walking in a few days, I caught some temporary infection from the cheerfulness of the family; all the more, too, because my friend's wasted face and thin hand were no longer before me.

I must observe that, in the course of the quarter of an hour's interview, Owens once gave a keen, quivering glance to the past days. Something like this he said: "I have been longing to have a walk in our old Surrey lanes again! Do you remember how often we used to stroll about there?"

On a calm reviewal of that quarter of an hour, I seem to discern that Owens knew he would die shortly. But, it is important to the integrity of my story that the reader should bear in mind the fact, that I left my friend without the least idea that he was in immediate danger.

I have to ask of my reader, belief in an assertion which may appear singular, but which is true, nevertheless, and which can only be accounted for, partly, by my own temperament, which with difficulty admits two co-existent trains of thought or sensation (if I am absorbed, I am absorbed), and partly by a general metaphysical mystery: namely, that things are sometimes holden from one, as it were, while they are taking place, or verifying themselves, till, at some stated hour, a light seems to flash in upon us, and show connectedly a hundred little separate circumstances all joining and coalescing together in one astounding group.

The assertion for which I demand belief is this: Owens, for many days, was put wholly out of my head. I was newly married: I was going with my wife a round of visits, and always changing scene and place. This is some explanation of a forgetfulness which, after all, is strange, and the more strange, because my wife and I were (at the period to which I would bring my reader) staying at a friend's house in Surrey, close upon the scene of my early intimacy with Owens.

One lovely summer evening, not a week from the time when I had last seen Owens on his sick sofa, Mrs. Cranstoun (I give myself the name) and I, rode out together on horseback. The day (a July day) had been hot; the evening was sultry. We buried ourselves in a labyrinth of those Surrey lanes, which form an arch overhead like the tilt of a waggon. We were in the neighbourhood of Hascombe—the old neighbourhood. But we approached the scene of old days by a way quite different from that to which I had been accustomed. Now, it was nearly nine o'clock; it was dusk; we were in a long lane that was all dark with boughs above us; but, where the lane seemed to take a sudden turn a good way off, the red-gold sky streamed brightly in. There was a dark archway to a vista of light; and, in that archway, just in the midst, and strongly defined by the light all around it, stood a figure. Right in the middle of the road it stood, and had the appearance of a man in a cloak, standing with his back to the light: with his face towards us, but bent down, and almost shrouded by the folds of the cloak. The lane was so narrow, that it did not admit of two persons riding side by side. I was first. From the moment I saw the figure an uneasy sensation came over me. Suddenly, I connected something sinister with this figure. Involuntarily, I recollected that a man, in the avenue leading to my father's house, had so waited for a guest coming

from the house, and seized the bridle, and had, with attendant circumstances of violence, taken purse and pocket-book from an unlucky guest. "How disagreeable," I thought, "to have to go by that figure! I wish the man would stand out of the way!" And then I whipped on my horse, looking back to see that Mrs. Cranstoun, who was close behind, was doing the same, with a dim-defined feeling that it was better to go by that figure quickly, to knock him down if he would not get out of the path, to trample over him if need were. But I did not call out to the man; I could not have spoken a word; I seemed to be under a spell. All this passed quickly, and seemed as if it could not happen otherwise, and as if I were fascinated and mastered by the figure. In a few moments I was close to it. Yet I did not see the face of the man more distinctly. No one can see a face that has the light directly behind it. All I saw was, that there was a face, that there was a human being, solid and material, for that form intercepted the light, which, pouring round it, gave it the distinctness of a statue. I could have drawn the outline, I could draw it now—head bent down, large cloak in picturesque folds, obscure, yet distinct. Now, the horse's nose seemed just about to touch the figure. "I shall certainly ride over this man!" just flashed over me; when, with a kind of relief, I saw the form draw on one side with an easy motion, and as if to give me more room to pass. I distinctly perceived the figure lean back upon the low sand-bank to the right of the lane. One inappreciable instant I saw it there—dark—enfolded in its ample garment, hiding the grass and the rabbit-holes, the tufts and inequalities. Another instant, the figure had disappeared. One moment, a figure shrouded in a cloak; another moment, grass and a bank.

Though all passed so rapidly as to be but the work of a moment, I must have checked my horse for that moment, because I had time to glance round, and to ascertain strictly and certainly that there was no place, no nook, no screen, which could have favoured the possible, or (as it seemed to me) impossible withdrawal of the figure. In that spot the bank was low, the bushes were scanty. I could see perfectly that there was no ditch. I could see all over the neighbouring field. Nothing!

Then, and not till then, a sensation never felt before, never felt since, but never to be forgotten, came over me—a sense of the supernatural. As Job says, "The hair of my flesh stood up." Not that I connected the shape that I had seen, and (if I may so speak) beheld to vanish, with any person, or thing, or boding, or warning. It was the mere manner of appearance and disappearance that so struck and shook me.

In the instant of being seized with the conviction that I had seen a disappearance, I was seized with a wild longing to get away from the spot as quickly as possible. I did not turn my head—I could not have spoken to my companion.

But here again is a curious thing.

From the time I first saw the form, to the moment when I sped away from the place where it had vanished, I knew that Mrs. Cranstoun saw all, felt all, knew all, and partook all, as if she and I had but one brain. There was no need for words. We were both flying from the same terror. Close behind me she came. I knew that she urged on her horse at the moment I urged on mine. So on we rode—silent and swift—enveloped in the same dread, nor ever checked rein till we reached the friend's house where we were staying.

Note again this remarkable thing. We neither of us said one word respecting the figure, to each other, to anybody: when we withdrew to prepare ourselves for tea, or during the whole evening. Only, when we were alone together at night, I began:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes!"

"Can you bear to think of it, or talk of it?"

"Hardly!"

"Do you shudder when you think of it?"

"Yes!"

But, now a strong curiosity took possession of me, and I (without a word that might suggest an answer) asked more particularly:

"What did you see? How did you feel?"

The repetition of what Mrs. Cranstoun had seen, felt, and thought, was the exact transcript of what I had seen, felt, and thought. Moreover, Mrs. Cranstoun had known, throughout, that I was feeling just as she did, and that we were thinking and acting as one person.

"When," she said, "you urged on your horse, I knew that it was to pass the ugly figure as rapidly as possible. I felt a fear that the man (for it seemed to be a man) would seize hold of my horse's bridle. I thought, surely we shall ride over this man! I saw the dark figure lean on one side, and recline, as it were, upon the bank. Almost in the same moment it disappeared. I looked through and over the hedge, almost incredulously—as if, to use an old expression, I did not believe my own eyes. I saw that the figure had really disappeared; and then I felt a creeping all over me, and a wish to get away, and to reach home, as if there would be something real there. I knew very well that you urged on your horse for the same reasons that I urged on mine. But I could not have spoken to you for the world."

After this conversation, we agreed that we would not—could not—speak of the thing again.

But I never thought of Owens.

Three or four days after (while we were still staying at the same friend's house where we had been at the time of the appearance) we went with our hosts in an open carriage to the neighbouring town. The ladies were in a mercer's shop, when a groom with black crape round his hat rode up to the carriage in which I was seated at the shop-door, and gave into my hands a letter sealed with black. Disagreeably impressed, I opened it, and found that it con-

tained rather a detailed account of the death of my dear friend Owens: which had occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly, on the evening when I had seen the dark figure in the lane, and at a little before nine o'clock—the hour of the appearance. The letter stated that an apoplectic attack had occurred in the morning. Bleeding had relieved the insensibility. Towards evening, the patient became conscious, and, from his own feelings, declared that he was about to die. He then sent farewell messages to various friends. I was particularly mentioned, almost at the last moment of life, and an earnest desire was expressed that I should be present at his funeral. Accordingly, the letter invited me and Mrs. Cranstoun to that sad ceremony, which was to take place in a day or two, at a village in Surrey, about ten miles off.

Impossible, after this, not to connect the appearance in the lane with the death of Owens. Besides, there now suddenly came into my head, a crowd of circumstances singularly connected with the impression—the apparition, as it would popularly be called. In those lanes, Owens and myself had often rambled, and when we last frequented those haunts of our youth, Owens, the time being winter, had constantly worn a large cloak, or roquelaure (as the article was called at that time), of a dark blue colour, which he was accustomed to drape about him as the figure's cloak was arranged.

Curiously, too, I had a miniature picture of Owens in that very cloak. But critical friends had exclaimed against the cloak, as affected and Byronic; and as, in that young season, I was apt to play the part of the old man with his ass, and to try to please everybody (let the reader believe I have given this up long ago), the miniature was, at that very time, in the hands of the artist (Miss Kendrick) to be altered. All this occurred to me now, but had had no place in my remembrance before.

The story is not quite finished yet.

Let the reader imagine the funeral long over. Time has passed, and I am down at Cambridge, to vote at an election. I find my friend Inson (the third of the private-tutor trio, be it remembered) in the agony of examinations and entrance into holy orders. Still, he has time to talk to me of old days, of the death of poor Owens, and of the sorrow that event had caused him. Of course, I tell him the story of the appearance in the lane.

In a breathless way Inson cries out, "Do you not remember what took place in that lane?"

"No."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Inson, "it was there, if I rightly understand your description, that you, and I, and Owens, solemnly swore to each other, that, he of us who died first, should appear to the others—that is, if there were a future state, which we, in our young scepticism, were not quite sure of."

The words of Inson were to me as the application of fire to a revelation written in sympathetic ink. Every syllable came out clearly. A connexion of events which I seemed long to have been seeking, now shot into its place, and that, too, with an astonishment that such a veil had been over my memory until now! Just there! Yes, indeed, it was the very spot where we had solemnly taken each other's hands, and sworn that the first dead should appear to the other two.

How could I have failed to recognise that spot? Surely it was marked enough by the long vista of lane, the turn at the end, the boughs getting scanty, the light coming through!

Why, now, enlightened as I was, I could have identified every inequality in the bank, every rabbit-hole, even a species of hemlock that grew thereabout.

And we had sat on that bank. And I had not remembered it.

I look upon this case of my own, as a most beautiful and interesting proof of the power of soul and brain, at the moment when they are about to be severed, to manifest their existence, to another soul and brain:—as a remarkable instance of a power there is in humanity, at that great extremity and verge of change, to impress humanity with kindred thought: and that so strongly that two brains may be impressed together, either simultaneously or by conveying the electric impulse from one to the other.

Be it remembered, Owens had been present at my marriage with Mrs. Cranstoun. He was not well at the time. He had left a sick-room to come to the church where the marriage took place. These circumstances would naturally impress his mind, and connect Mrs. Cranstoun and myself in one idea, as it were. Naturally, he might connect us two in a dying thought, and so, by the wondrous cerebral agitation of the act of dissolution, might make the idea of himself apparent to both of us at the same moment.

Or, the dying spirit and agitated brain might impress my brain and optic nerve alone; and I might convey my own cerebral impressions to the person who was close to me and in strict relation with me.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXII. THE SEA STILL RISES.

HAGGARD Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How, then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recal old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but, the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such house-

hold occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighbouring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvellous quickness, at a distance: the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length, the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favour was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long, went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now, full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the despatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him—would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company—set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the

time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbours cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well!" returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept: even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine, that blood and hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastille fell, or old Foulon was seized; not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII. FIRE RISES.

THERE was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body, together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do—beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide, lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shrivelled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements, surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But, this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase — now, found in hunting the people; now, found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiselled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labour and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise, that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow: then, suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the

mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe in his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveller then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain——"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labour, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it, that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woollen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveller had travelled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes, as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road-mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but, in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guard-houses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges, seemed, to the mender of roads, to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centres all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house-top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by-and-by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the court-yard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But, not for long. Presently, the château began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there

was saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen-officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help! help!" The officers looked towards the soldiers who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything, occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post-horses would roast.

The château was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shrivelled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallisation; stupified birds wheeled about, and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but, the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small instalment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him, and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon, Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was, that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house-top behind his stack of chimneys: this time resolved if his door were broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably, Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favour. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush-candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once-peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But, the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

FAIRY RINGS.

Funguses are everywhere.* Spreading from one end of the land to the other, they assert their dominion from cellar to garret: some even preferring to leave this earth, have been found suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between it and the stars, on the highest pinnacle of Saint Paul's. Few persons imagine that the delicious mushroom, the poisonous toad-stool, or the puff-balls of our pastures, bear any relationship to the mouldiness and mildew which so

* See Good and Bad Fungus, page 341.

speedily overruns books, papers, boots and shoes, or any other household articles when lying by neglected in damp situations, or to the dry-rot, which is one of the greatest enemies of our fleet, but all have a common origin. Their tissues are composed of simple cells.

The primary form or element from which all plants spring, is a little closed sack of transparent colourless membrane, round or oval in shape when existing separately, but assuming various forms, depending upon the degree of pressure against each other exercised by the cells, as well as upon the position they occupy in the structure of the plant. An acquaintance with the cell in its normal state, must necessarily precede all investigations into the different forms it is capable of assuming. These simple cells are large, and easily seen with the naked eye in the pulp of a fully ripe orange, owing to their being distended with the coloured juice; and the pith of all plants is entirely composed of loose cells. Another familiar illustration is to be found in the fruit of the snowberry tree. On removing the outer skin, this berry is seen to be formed of small, slippery, shining, white granules, each of which is a separate perfect cell.

The whole process which is termed growth in plants consists, in its essential elements, of a continuous multiplication of cells of this kind. If, says Schleiden, the nutrient matter within the cell increases in quantity beyond a certain measure, new cells are formed from it within the first, called secondary or daughter-cells; they propagate, and in the usual course the mother-cell then gradually dissolves and disappears, while the two, four, eight, or more young cells produced by it occupy its place. From these the number of cells becomes multiplied beyond calculation, nay, almost beyond credibility.

Most funguses retain nearly the same dimensions throughout their whole lives; but some few species, nevertheless, seem to have a faculty of almost indefinite expansion. The usual size of a puff-ball is not much larger than an egg, but they sometimes attain or exceed the dimensions of the human head. A Mr. Berkeley quotes the case of a Polyforus Squamosus, which in three weeks grew to seven feet five inches, and weighed thirty-four pounds. Clusius tells us of a fungus in Pannonia, of such immense size, that, after satisfying the hunger of a large household, enough of it remained to fill a chariot. Withering found an Agaricus, "which weighed fourteen pounds;" and Mr. Stackhouse another of the same species in Cornwall, "which was eighteen inches across, and had a stem as thick as a man's wrist." Mr. Badham mentions having found a fungus in the neighbourhood of Tonbridge Wells, which rose nearly a foot from the ground, measured considerably more than two and a half feet across, and weighed from eighteen to twenty pounds.

The rapidity with which fungi grow is one of their chief characteristics. Ward noticed Phallus Impudicus shoot up three inches in the course of five-and-twenty minutes, and attain its full elevation of four inches in an hour and a half. Fries saw a Bovista Gigantea, in a single night, increase from the size of a pea to that of a pumpkin, forming at the rate of twenty thousand new cells every minute. Monsieur Bulliard relates that, on placing a fungus within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly, that it shivered the glass to pieces, with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Dr. Carpenter, in his "Elements of Physiology," mentions that, in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring twenty-one inches square, and weighing eighty-three pounds, was completely raised an inch and a half out of its bed by a mass of toad-stools, of from six to seven inches in diameter; and that nearly the whole pavement of the town was heaving up from the same cause. Mr. Badham states that he himself witnessed an extensive displacement of the pegs of a wooden pavement, which had been driven nine inches into the ground, but were heaved up regularly, in several places, by small bouquets of mushrooms growing from below.

Funguses have a remarkable power of reforming such parts of their substance as have been accidentally or otherwise removed. Vittadini found that, when the tubes of a Boletus were cut out from a growing plant, they were after a time reproduced; and where deep holes have been eaten into these plants by snails, they have been refilled. If the tender Polyporus is cut across, the wound immediately heals itself, not bearing even a cicatrice to mark the original seat of the injury. Fries says that the Lycoperdons, which are often accidentally wounded by the scythe, have the same faculty of remodelling the parts that have been cut from them.

To the peculiar growth of one species of fungus is due those "green sour ringlets," commonly called fairy rings. These fairy rings, varying in size from one and a half to thirty feet in diameter, are formed by a floating sporule falling in a locality suitable to its growth, and on germinating, sending forth in all directions, from itself as a centre, a number of branched threads, which collect together and form a circular network. At the edge of this network the mushrooms or fruit are produced; and gradually extending its boundaries as the central part dies away, the fruit circle is year by year increased in size. The grass at the edge of the circle is always of a more vivid green than that beyond or within it, caused most probably by the recently decayed circle having added to the fertility of the soil. Thus are formed those emerald rings strangely attributed by some authors to the effects of electricity, but more picturesquely, and quite as truly, ascribed by the poets to the fairies, either as the traces of their moonlight revels—

> O'er the dewy green,
> By the glow-worm's light,
> Dance the elves of night,
> Unheard, unseen.
> Yet where their midnight pranks have been
> The circled turf will betray to-morrow—

or, as Shakespeare says:

> And nightly meadow-fairies, look you sing,
> Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
> The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
> More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
> And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
> In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and white:
> Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
> Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee!
> Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

The instantaneous appearance of the simple descriptions of fungi, such as mildew, mouldiness and dry-rot, together with the curious and unexpected localities wherein they frequently occur, as well as the rapidity with which the larger species, such as mushrooms and toadstools, spring up, and, more than all, the apparent impossibility of the introduction of seeds in many places where funguses are sometimes found—mouldiness for example in the very centre of a large apple—all tend to give an air of plausibility to an idea still somewhat entertained, that these plants are the product of spontaneous or equivocal generation. Botanists, however, know that a seed is as indispensable for the production of the minutest speck of mouldiness the microscope can reveal to our view, as the acorn is for the production of the giant oak of the forest.

Fries says, respecting this spontaneous or accidental growth of fungi, "The sporules are so infinite (in a single individual I have counted above ten millions), so subtile (they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke), so light (raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere), and are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, by insects, wind, elasticity, adhesion, &c., that it would be difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded."

In their shapes the funguses are ever varying. The simplest are like threads, but some shoot out into branches like seaweed, or puff themselves out into puff-balls; some are like a bunch of grapes, or the beads of a necklace; and others thrust their heads into mitres, or assume the shape of a cup, or a wine-funnel. Some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped, and others hang upon thin stalks like a lawyer's wig; some affect the form of a horse's hoof, others of a goat's beard; the "impudent fungus" looks the very thing it is called, and another is only to be seen through a thick red trellis which surrounds it. Other funguses exhibit a nest in which they rear their young, and passing by these vague shapes—

> If shapes they can be called, that shapes have none
> Determinate—

of tree parasites which mould themselves at the will of their entertainer, mention may be made of two singular and constant forms. The first is in shape exactly like an ear, clinging to trees and trembling when touched, and has been dedicated to Judas; the other, lolling out from the bark of chesnut-trees, is so like a tongue in form and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees and superstition none dare cut it off for eating or pickling purposes, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come and claim it.

Funguses are as varying in their colours and textures as in their sizes and shapes. The most splendid of all the mushrooms, Agaricus xerampelinus, is of a beautiful red and orange colour; while in a single genus there are to be found species which correspond to every hue. Some don the imperial purple, others dress themselves in violet and yellow, while another may assume a dingy black or milk-white complexion, or, what is rarest of all to meet with in this class of plants, a pale green colour. Sometimes the funguses are zoned with concentric circles of different hues, or spotted; at other times they are of a uniform tint. The bonnets of some shine as if they were sprinkled with mica, and others appear to be made of velvet or kid. The consistence of fungi differs according to the sort, from a watery pulp to a fleshy, leathery, corky, or woody texture.

The odours and tastes of funguses are very characteristic. Some yield an insupportable stench, as for example the Clathrus, the offensive odour of which had given rise to the superstition, throughout the Landes, that it is capable of producing cancer, and in consequence the inhabitants cover it carefully over, lest by accident some one should chance to touch it, and become infected with that disease. Others smell strongly of onions, or cinnamon, or apricots, or ratafia, or "like the bloom of May," or a stale poultice, or red mullet; the Hydna generally gives out a smell of tallow; and moulds have each their peculiar smell. As regards the tastes of fungi, sweet, sapid, sour, peppery, rich, rank, acid, nauseous, and bitter, are all terms which describe them. In a few, generally unsafe ones, there is little or no taste in the mouth while they are being masticated, but shortly after swallowing the throat becomes dry, and there is a sense of choking.

Of all vegetable productions funguses are the most highly azotised, that is to say, that in addition to the usual chemical constituents of vegetable tissues—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon—a fourth element is now found to exist in great abundance, which was formerly looked up to as affording the only mark of distinction between plants and animals. This element is azote, or nitrogen, and shows itself by the strong cadaverous smell which some of them give out in decaying, and also by the savoury, meat-like taste which others afford. Dr. Marcet has proved that, like animals, they absorb a large quantity of oxygen, and disengage in return from their surface a large quantity of carbonic acid, with the exception of a few, which give out hydrogen, or azotic gas. They yield, moreover, to chemical analysis, in addition to sugar, gum, and resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, and a variety of salts.

Several kinds of funguses, and the spawn of the truffle, emit a phosphorescent light. In Italy the olive mushroom (Agaricus olearius) is often seen shining brightly amidst the darkness of the

olive grove. A Mr. Drummond describes an Australian fungus with similar properties; and another very interesting one is noticed by Mr. Gardner, in his Travels in Brazil. "One dark night," he says, "about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but, on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, belonging to the genus Agaricus, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood on the decaying leaves of the dwarf-palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two-and-a-half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious soft-bodied marine animals, the pyrosomæ; from this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants 'Flor do Coco.' The light given out by a few of these fungi in a dark room was sufficient to read by. It proved to be quite a new species, and, since my return from Brazil, has been described by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, under the name of Agaricus Gardneri, from preserved specimens which I brought home." The genus Rhizomorpha, which vegetates in dark mines, is remarkable for its phosphorescence. In the coal mines near Dresden these fungi are described as covering the roof, walls, and pillars, their beautiful light almost dazzling the eye, and giving a coal mine the air of an enchanted castle. It is said by some authorities that the luminosity of funguses is increased by exposure to oxygen gas, the process being in reality a slow spontaneous combustion; while, according to others, it is referable to the liberation of phosphorus from some of its combinations in the plant.

COUNTY COURTED.

"Growler, throw the window open and let us have a good solid whiff of the river." Growler and I were having a quiet little dinner at Greenwich. "It isn't everybody has such a bouquet as that to sniff at every day, and whitebait is nothing without it now."

It was an unpardonable eccentricity on the part of Growler, but nothing could soothe him. The whitebait hadn't done it; the punch had apparently induced a contrary effect; Chablis was powerless towards that end, and claret only productive of irritability. The fact is, that Growler had been "County Courted." ("To County Court," I may observe in parenthesis, is a verb only admissible into dictionaries of recent date. "Come, Growler," I said once more, "let me admire the benevolence of a Government which has furnished a noble edifice for our disabled seamen like that"—and I pointed with pride to the Hospital, which we could admire from the window—"and speak no more about these County Courts."

"But I must, sir," said Growler, rather subdued, but frightfully dogmatical since the river had come into the conversation—"I must speak my mind about them. The County Court, sir, is an abominable, institution, worthy only of Naples and that wretched old tyrant who lay in state there the other day. It should be banished out of the land, and all the Judges boiled to death. I hold in my hand, sir," said Growler, diving into the recesses of his coat-pocket, and, before I could interfere, flourishing before my eyes the most dreadful looking pamphlet I ever beheld—"I hold in my hand, sir, a return which shows me that the number of persons of both sexes committed to prison—to prison, sir, you will observe—by the County Courts during the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, was eleven thousand five hundred and one! I am in a position to state," proceeded Growler, "that Captain Hicks, of the Whitecross-street Prison, has said that 'daily labourers, and men in the most abject poverty, even in rags, were constantly imprisoned there under the sentences of Metropolitan County Courts for sums varying from a few shillings to twenty pounds, and sometimes for a debt as low as two shillings. That he had had in his own custody, between September, 1857, and September, 1858, no fewer than one thousand one hundred and sixty County Court prisoners of both sexes, every one of them committed for debts under twenty pounds, very many of them for debts under twenty shillings, and one woman for a debt of twenty pence——'"

"Growler, that river is very offensive."

"'—For a debt of twenty pence,'" proceeded Growler, "'which she had reduced from nine shillings and twopence to that amount by hard work and great sacrifices, and for which she was after all sent to prison by the Judge of a Metropolitan County Court.'"

"I am very unwilling to believe it, Growler," I said; "there must be some check upon these men."

"No, sir, there is not," said Growler. "They are all Alexander Selkirks, or Robinson Crusoes, or Juan Fernandezes, or whoever he was—all monarchs of all they survey, sir, when they sit inside the court and have a good batch of debtors before them."

"But, my dear fellow," I said, "they are all very respectable men, these County Court Judges; barristers of seven years' standing; at least, I know, of unexceptionable character. It must be the system which is at fault and not the men."

"Well, sir, perhaps it is, and you have pretty good authority for saying so. "The Chief Baron, in a published letter, says: 'My remarks at Bedford' (and pretty strong remarks they were, sir) 'were not at all directed against the mode in which any County Court Judge has exercised his power, but against the power itself. . . . . I alluded to no particular case as one of injustice and oppression on the part of the Judge, but as illustrating the folly and absurdity and the mischievous results of the system. Judges differ

very much as to the cases in which they should exercise certain powers. I can imagine a County Court Judge to deem it his duty to send a man to prison twenty times if he owes sixpence and will not pay it, and to punish him for his obstinacy as often as it is brought under his notice. The Judge may be right or wrong, but the system is utterly bad which renders such a matter possible.' That's where it is, sir," said Growler, with a flourish of the dreadful pamphlet. "It's not so much the men as the system; not but what the men may be to blame sometimes. We can't be accountable for our digestion you know, sir, and County Court Judges, no doubt, are occasionally troubled with bile like the rest of us."

"But, Growler," I said, pushing the claret towards that irritable individual, "'every medal has its reverse,' and although the County Court system may be open to abuse, we must still allow it to be possessed of some advantages. Contrast, for example, the recovery by a county tradesman of a debt of say twenty pounds by the cumbrous machinery of the superior courts with the attainment of the same end by 'County Courting.' In the one case have we not issue of that peremptory queenly greeting by London agents —transmission of same for service in the country—long waiting for the slowly recurring assizes—long journey to the assize town—weary detention of paid witnesses in corridors of the court-house—melancholy attendance of the desponding suitor in ditto—heavy feeing of the British Bar—heavy squeezing of reluctant witnesses by pressure of the British Bar—wrong-headed jurymen, incapable of unanimity; and last, though, oh Growler, not least, that awful document, the 'Bill of Costs.' On the other hand, do we not find that in our County Courts justice has become a reasonable domesticated old lady, easy of access; holding her balance in hand untrammelled by coils of routine; not insensible to the advocacy of gentlemen innocent of horsehair, and benignly dispensing her favours once or twice a month in every town of any consequence in the country. If the powers with which she is invested be rather arbitrary, her decisions at any rate are speedy.

But even admitting the existence of the evils of which you speak, I think, Growler, that they may by possibility remedy themselves. I find, for example, a County Court Judge, who has had twelve years' experience in the matter, saying: 'I entertain no doubt that, unless the present arrangements are meddled with, the number of both judgment summonses and imprisonments will progressively decline, as debtors will be deterred, by the new facilities of imprisonment, both from rashly contracting debts and from vexatiously resisting payment after judgment recovered. Debtors,' he continues, 'as a class, are not always wealthy and designing, nor creditors, as a class, poor and simple-minded.'"

"Quite true, sir—quite true. When I read upon the cause list 'Solomon Levi *versus* Blank,' twenty times repeated, I do not necessarily infer that Solomon Levi is, upon the whole, a very poor or very simple-minded Israelite, and, for the rest, your humble servant, Jonas Growler, defendant, is not a Crœsus yet. But *that* does not settle the question. The 'facilities of imprisonment,' spoken of by the gentleman you quote, is capable of being placed in another light. To go no further, take it on the question of expense. 'It would have been cheaper,' says the Chief Baron (he is alluding to the commitments), 'in many instances, both for the Treasury and the county, to have paid the debts, for the expenses which fell upon the Consolidated Fund and the charge on the county would have been sufficient to pay many of them several times over.' So that the honest county gentlemen who pay their debts are called upon to liquidate the little accounts of their dishonest neighbours. That's what it is, sir; and so far from the evil 'progressively declining,' I am in a position to state" (Growler always puts himself into a 'position' when he is severe) "that it has been for the last four years steadily increasing. I find, sir, that in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, six thousand four hundred and eighty persons, throughout England and Wales, were sent to gaol for debt, by different County Court Judges, for debts of the most paltry description. I further discover, sir, from a statement made by Mr. Blundell, that in 1857, when the system had been so far modified as to reduce the fees payable by the creditor, before he could incarcerate his debtor, to two shillings and threepence, the number of committals had swollen from six thousand four hundred and eighty to ten thousand six hundred and seven; while the self-same return (a Parliamentary return obtained by Lord Brougham) proved that the average amounts of all the debts for which plaints were issued during 1857 was something under two pounds twelve shillings and one penny. 'Many, very many debtors of both sexes,' continues Mr. Blundell, 'against whom no fraud, no extravagance was ever alleged, much less proved, having been thus sent to prison, there kept at the public expense, and for the most part placed as criminals in a misdemeanant ward, in respect of debts ranging downwards from two pounds to thirty shillings, twenty shillings, ten shillings, five shillings, two shillings and sixpence, and even as low (as we have seen) as twenty pence. Think of that, sir," said Growler, and then tell me whether Lord Lyndhurst wasn't right when he said that this was 'not the poor man's law, but of all others the most oppressive to the poor man.' I must speak my mind about them," continues Growler, "and I must tell you more about them yet. What course does the law permit me to pursue, I would ask, with the Honourable Bellington Turfey, who owes me one hundred and fifty pounds, and who has as much intention of paying me one farthing of that amount as he has of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury? To send him to prison, and thus cancel my claim on him for ever. What course does the law permit me to pursue with Smith the tallow chandler, who owes me one shilling and eightpence? To send him to prison, and to commit and recommit him until he has paid me every

farthing. Prison fare and prison bounds, and the delightful society of the place, are of no account to Smith. He finds the debt carefully preserved in archives of the County Court to meet him on his reappearance there. A little loss of liberty, and leisure to make a good book upon the Derby, which the temporary retirement of the prison affords to the Honourable Bellington Turfey, are everything to him. They clear off the debt, and send the honourable gentleman into the world again a free man. There's a little difference in the cases, is there not, sir? But I have not told you all about these County Courts yet."

"There's not much more, Growler, is there? for the malaria from that horrid river has made me very drowsy, Growler—very."

"No, sir, there's not much now. The County Court judges throughout the country are, I am happy to say at present under examination on the subject, and I am willing to leave the solution of the question with them. They are asked whether they are of opinion 'that a power of imprisonment by the judge, as proposed to be modified, should exist as a means of compelling persons who have obtained credit to pay out of their future earnings,' and if they should be of opinion that such a power is advisable, then we can only hope that the modification hinted at will limit the period of imprisonment to something less than that usually accord to a felony. They are asked, 'If upon the hearing of a judgment summons, neither the judgment creditor nor judgment debtor appears, do you proceed to commit the latter for non-appearance?' 'Do you generally give directions that the warrant shall not issue if the debt or so many of the instalments as may be due be paid by a certain time?' 'Have you any rule which governs you as to the period for which you commit?' 'Do you commit a second time for the same debt?' Having obtained satisfactory replies to these questions," continued Growler, "we shall have inserted the thin end of the wedge, and it will then remain for the Legislature to drive that instrument home. You understand, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Growler, I understand, perfectly; it's decidenly time to be driving home."

"One word more, sir. 'Do you consider' (the question is addressed to the County Court Judges), 'that the credit given by travelling drapers, packmen, and others, to the wives of the labouring population should be discouraged, and if so, and to what extent?' Nobody who lives in the country, and is acquainted in the least with country life, can entertain a moment's doubt of the existence of the evil," said Growler, rather indistinctly, it seemed to me. "Let the County Court Judges speak as to the extent of the necessary discouragement. One word more, sir——"

"Growler, I think you said that before."

"The very last," said Growler. "The Government have already, by publication of the interrogations above referred to, endeavoured to discover how the law is at present administered, and I have no doubt the Commons' House of Parliament will take care for the future that none but fraudulent debtors should be imprisoned."

I have reason to believe that Growler continued to enlarge upon this interesting theme for some time; that he advanced many unanswerable arguments, and became eloquent beyond conception. I didn't hear him. Sleep overcame me.

SMALL SHOT.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND AT THE POST-OFFICE.

It will be perceived that the title of this journal, All the Year Round, is repeated at the head of every page instead of every alternate page, as heretofore. Our apology for this tautology, is obedience to the Majesty of the Law. That powerful engine is set in motion by the 18th Victoria, cap. 2, which, in its wisdom, commands that, not only the date of each number, but the title shall be printed at the top of every page of every periodical, before the Post-Office authorities can legally register it for transmission to foreign countries and the colonies.

The Law being the perfection of human reason, gives, as its reason for this absurdity, that the constant repetition prevents fraud. In what manner, or in whom, or where, or how, or why, we are unable to divine; neither is it in the power of the Postmaster-General to enlighten our benighted understanding.

THE PARISH STOCKS.

Not long ago, there was a paragraph on its travels through the English newspaper press, headed, sometimes, "A Man in the Stocks," and sometimes "March of Civilisation at Midhurst." The use of the stocks never has been formally abolished, either in England or in Scotland; but, in Scotland this ridiculous and barbarous machine has not been used for many generations past. There survive, however, a few men of the race of Shallow, among the country justices of England, and there is nothing within their reach senseless enough to be at the level of their understanding that is likely to become obsolete while they live. The disuse of the stocks might, but for these gentlemen, have been left to the discretion of the nation on one side of the Tweed as well as on the other.

Certainly we must account the Stocks an ancient institution. It is a part even of the wisdom of the East, and something of the destiny of England—say, for example, the safety of our glorious Constitution—may be bound up in its maintenance. More than two thousand four hundred years ago "Pashur smote Jeremiah the prophet, and put him in the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin, which was by the house of the Lord. And it came to pass on the morrow that Pashur brought forth Jeremiah out of the stocks. Then said Jeremiah unto him, The Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor-missabib." A picture of this prophet in the stocks was common in old Bibles. The most ancient of books represents Job reckoning the

stocks among human afflictions. From the East, stocks found their way to Athens, the head-quarters of ancient civilisation, and they are named (as the Podo kakke, or Foot Nuisance) in the laws of Solon. Greece had her stocks. There were stocks at Philippi, into which the gaoler who had charge of Paul and Silas made fast their feet. The past, therefore, upholds the stocks. The present contumaciously rejects them, and they would have vanished with the thumbscrew and the pillory if there were not a few men who have strayed out of the sixteenth or seventeenth century blinking in wonderment among us, and entrusted sometimes with the management of business in a world that has outgrown their opinions.

When the lady heard of the misfortune of Sir Hudibras and the afflicted Ralpho, she set out to do the office of a neighbour,

> And from his wooden gaol the stocks
> To set at large his fetter locks,

but after all, as she told him, she'd be loth to have him

> ——break
> An ancient custom for a freak,
> Or innovation introduce
> In place of things of antique use,
> Which if I should consent unto
> It is not in my pow'r to do;
> For 'tis a service must be done ye
> With solemn previous ceremony.

We have troubled ourselves to inquire a little into the details of the case which has directed our attention to this subject. The offence of "the man in the stocks" was, that he had been drunk, was often drunk, and was too poor to pay five shillings for thus offending. He was placed in the stocks for the six hours between eleven o'clock in the morning and five in the evening. The stocks used on the occasion had iron wrist fetters, which bound the victim so that he could not sit down or help himself in any way. In this manner the man hung in the market-place during the heat of the day, with an easterly wind assisting in his punishment. His hat was blown off, and he would have been uncovered if a bystander had not placed it on his head again. A policeman was condemned to share a part of this penance by standing as watch over the prisoner during the whole six hours. "But," somebody suggested to the watcher, "it may be that you must release him for a minute or two." "I am not allowed," was the reply. The people of the town who found their way into the market-place appeared to feel themselves insulted by this exhibition. They had not seen a man in the stocks for fifteen years, and then the machine had so long been out of use, that it had been necessary to make new stocks for the purpose. Three men were exhibited in them on that occasion, and the public indignation at their treatment took the form of sympathy expressed in beer. Those men were actually made drunk in the stocks. This man was exhibited for having been drunk.

A horse-jockey passed. He said, "If I served a horse like that, I should be fined five pounds by those very justices, for cruelty to animals."

A Queen's officer passed. He said, "If I served one of the Queen's men like that, I should be tried by a court-martial."

A lawyer passed. He said, "The man is not placed in the right way."

A teetotaller stood by, and repudiated this new argument against excess, declaring that it disgusted reasonable men as much as drunkenness itself.

But the culprit and the policemen bore the punishments to which they were respectively condemned, and homage was paid to the wisdom of the days of James the First, by whose statute the magistrates were justified in their discretion. For, the old law, congenial to their souls, had said, "If any person shall be drunk and thereof convicted before one justice, on view, confession, or the oath of one witness, he shall forfeit for the first offence five shillings, to be paid within one week after conviction to the churchwardens for the use of the poor. If he refuse or neglect to pay the same, it may be levied by distress, or if the offender be not able to pay, he shall be committed to the stocks, there to remain for the space of six hours."

There is no ultimate punishment assigned in case there should be no stocks in the parish. For a man once fairly set in the stocks there is no leg bail. No payment obtains any release. That was a decision solemnly arrived at by the whole Court of Queen's Bench in the case of a poor fellow who was put in the stocks for two hours because he had sold a pennyworth of fruit on a Sunday.

We do not know in what repute the stocks may be with country justices in other parts of England, but we were surprised to find that we could not ask questions about this machine at Midhurst, without hearing of it at Rogate also, where it has been recently the subject of a local war. Rogate is only five miles distant from Midhurst, in the extreme west of Sussex. Twenty years ago, a gallant colonel became possessed of the Rogate estate. There were the remains of stocks then standing about two feet from the churchyard gate—as they might be "the stocks that were in the high gate of Benjamin, that was by the house of the Lord." Last year, the stocks at Rogate having been entirely swept away, the vicar missed the comfortable presence of that little help upon the road to heaven, and insisted on their restoration. The colonel remonstrated. The vicar threatened the churchwardens. New stocks were erected. But, the colonel, though a magistrate, would not be reconciled to this one of the institutions of his church and country. War was declared by him against the stocks, and a great battle was fought last year in the parish vestry. The colonel sent his legal adviser to object to the charge for "new stocks" in the churchwardens' account. There was no victory achieved then on either side. There was a truce till the succeeding Easter—till last Easter. And at the Easter vestry of the present year, the

cost of setting up new stocks was disallowed from the expenses of the church. The stocks themselves nevertheless remained, and no remonstrance would induce the vicar to consent to their removal.

Here was a knot demanding—as Horace himself would have admitted—something in a machine for its solution. The something in a machine was the man in the stocks at Midhurst. They are orderly people at Rogate, although they were not ashamed to reply very swiftly to an outrage upon common sense and feeling with an outbreak of a more respectable description. With pickaxe and spade the stocks at Rogate were, upon provocation of the Midhurst case, uprooted by the villagers. The masses of West Sussex, to the number of forty, roared out their three cheers. The one policeman who preserves order in these regions, was exasperated, and desired the people to move on. But, the idol of the vicar was not only pulled up; it was also sawn into billets, and with part of it they dressed their meat—for it was employed to cook the roast beef that was eaten in the village at the anniversary dinner of the Rogate Friendly Society.

DREAM-LIFE.

Listen, friend, and I will tell you
Why I sometimes seem so glad,
Then without a reason changing,
Soon become so grave and sad.

Half my life I live a beggar,
Ragged, helpless, and alone;
But the other half a monarch,
With my courtiers round my throne.

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new;
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.

While I live and feast on gladness,
Still I feel the thought remain;
This must soon end—nearer, nearer
Comes the life of grief and pain.

While I live a wretched beggar,
One bright hope my lot can cheer:
Soon, soon, thou shalt have thy kingdom,
The bright hour is drawing near.

So you see my life is twofold:
Half a pleasure, half a grief.
Thus all joy is somewhat tempered,
And all sorrow finds relief.

Which, you ask me, is the real life?
Which the Dream, the joy or woe?
Hush, friend! it is little matter,
And, indeed, I never know.

DOWN AT DIPPINGTON.

BATHING.

Who invented sea-bathing? Chaucer's wife, of Bath, says A 1. A 2 says it is a sham, a fancy not fifty years old, and means only idleness, exercise, pure air, and unlimited washing. Men, before nerves were invented, never bathed; men, who did not use umbrellas for the sun—who, in fact, did not use umbrellas at all—never bathed. A 2 goes on to say that half of those who do bathe, bathe injudiciously, and do themselves harm; and he asks, with a wicked Wilkes-and-45 look, do the inhabitants of Dippington, where we are now, bathe? I trow not. I never saw them. What first set all of us, when the dog-days set in, rushing down steep places into the sea? I don't know, yet here I am, somebody telling me, "You want bracing." It takes a good many guineas to "brace," I can tell you, and guineas rhyme to "ninnies." I came down by railway, was sucked into dark pea-shooters of tunnels, spat out again into the sunshine, and was first aware of our propinquity to the sea by finding the trees diminish, and the fields get larger and wilder. Suddenly the great grey shield of the sea displayed itself.

A philanthropic grocer, who afterwards touted for my custom, showed me lodgings. I contracted finally for rooms with two old maids—one deaf, the other with a wax nose. I looked out on the sea.

The first thing Dippington mothers seem to tell their children about the sea is to learn to get something out of it. They are at it all day, dipping into it as if it were a lucky-bag, and had never swallowed their fathers or brothers. There they are, hooking out star-fish, jellies, crabs, shrimps, parchmenty ribbons of seaweed, purple strips, pink roots, yellow shells, rubbed down pebbles, cuttle fish, shreds of liquid glue, green slimy weed, round bits of slate, and other shreds and trifles from the great marine store shop and lottery. They never leave the beach, those Dippington children, never, for the chalky walks on the cliffs, where the poppies picked to pieces show where the lovers have been walking. No, they like to see the boats building, or the signal-staff painting. The wetter they get, the happier they are.

THE SEA AT DIPPINGTON.

The sea at Dippington is, as far as I can discover at present from my window at the Marine Crescent, much the same as it is at Shrimpington, Whitecliff, or any other fashionable bathing-place. This rippling gown of Amphitrite has always a white frill round the skirt of it. In the morning, when you go to bathe, there is a silver tinsel shimmer on it, and at dusk a soft blue grey haze seems to join it to heaven. It can never make up its mind whether to come in or go out, and the great object of existence here at Dippington seems to be to sit exactly opposite it all day, and stare yourself stupid, by looking at its broad, vacant face. The result of this is extreme sleepiness and a tremendous appetite. Wiggle, the great art-critic, is great down here with his telescope under his arm, his dust coat, his buff slippers, and his boating-hat. He asks the diving-machine men what such a vessel is "in the offing," and puts on a captain air, though I know he begins to get sick when he passes Gravesend. Excuse the transition, but that charming Miss Trippet, the belle of Dippington, has just passed down the Parade with such a little pink cockleshell of a bonnet on, and a little blue parasol, like a grown up air-bell. I wish you could see the pretty fits of abstraction she

throws herself into on that seat under the flag-staff. Three youngsters have just passed—all three sputtering—a certain sign, if their dank hair did not prove it, that they have been bathing. Indeed, it is surprising how every small thing cries aloud to one in a watering-place and says, "You are at Dippington, behave as sich." I look out of window now, and lo! on the green, crackling roof of the verandah below I see a white shell, and a dry, crimpy, star-fish, dead and colourless, that have been, I suppose, thrown in by the last children who occupied this room—this Dippington tabernacle—that has known so many occupants, but which a sanguine imagination might think had been tossed up there some stormy night by the sea down below there, for there is only a road, a railing, a grass-plot, an esplanade, and a cliff and the sands between my balcony and the poluphlosboyd.

Besides staring yourself into idiocy, walking your legs to pieces, and getting your feet wet, I see nothing to be done at Dippington. A little flirting, a great deal of tea and shrimps, billiards, novels, and talking to the sailors, that is our life—that is the creed and constitution of Dippington. Do anything else, and you become a Crusoe on a deserted isle.

"I assure you that last night," said Wiggle to me, as we were on our way to the billiard-table for a game of pyramids—"that last night, as I stood by the brink of that mighty ocean, and looked out over its changeless immensity—its great burial-ground of fleets and navies—its miser hoards of treasure that shall never see the sun—its millions of unrecorded and forgotten dead—I felt——"

"Like a shrimp, a stale whiting, a dried haddock?" I suggested.

"—I felt a mere insect—a transitory creature of less value than the spray that rolled white at my feet. I returned to my hotel——"

"And called for sherry and soda?"

"Stuff! for my bed-candle; and retired to my couch a better and a wiser man."

More wrecked-looking men going home from bathing. Then a great lull—that is breakfast. Breakfast at Dippington is a solemn thing, so is dinner, so is tea.

The sirens still haunt the sea-side, I think, only they have taken to a more respectable dress, and no longer sit rasping their fingers sore on Erard's harps. The sirens now are fascinating widows, with becoming grief in their beautiful eyes; bewitching maidens, just budding into womanhood, with round hats and azure "uglies." The siren widow passed just now, looking down, thinking either of the last wedding breakfast or the one that is to come, with violet ribbons fluttering about her black shawl—poetical grief-shroud, with a touch of hope trimming it. Violet, or was it mauve?—beautiful compromise with despair!

Wonderful air of Dippington, that, smelling of nothing, is yet so odorous of that nothing; so fresh, yet never cold; so balmy, so summerful, so flower-kissing, so health-giving! Blessed air, unpolluted by the fetor of cities! air that numberless interjections can alone describe, and then only by showing a redundant sense of pleasure—a freer pulse, a fuller heart, a brighter eye! Let the old writers say what they will of the unsuccessful voyages in the time of Columbus to discover the miraculous "Fountain of Youth," here it is:

THE BATHING-MACHINE.

The first thing, of course, I did when I got settled at Dippington was to inquire about the baths. In the true spirit of a discoverer, the very night I arrived I found my way by sloping paths to the beach, attracted by the ship lights, the red signal at the pier-head, and the sharp clear sound of the ship bells. I saw nothing before me but the boundless, the illimitable, the delight of the hardy Norseman, the terror of the squeamish, the silent highway, the green bank whose lock no burglar can pick, the unfillable graveyard, &c. The waves raced in, white-maned, many-trampling, and swift. They rolled in, twenty thousand abreast, and faded away like a charge of fairy Norsemen. I looked round: there stood the machines, solemn in the twilight, hooded-like sibyls, mysterious as the Pythonesses or the Fates, looking like the gigantic ghosts of the Titan bathing-women of the earlier ages.

"Do you want a machine to-morrow?" said a voice.

It was the disgusting voice of materialism and common sense, whose brutal foot (excuse the transition of metaphor) will trample on the fairest spots, and dissolve the spell of all the enchantments of the strongest imagination.

"No," said I, with all the severity, but less of the truth than the occasion demanded.

I write at a window, so you must pardon side-notes of digression. A moving tulip bed, or rather a similar bed of parasols, is floating by to take an airing. It is just meridian—ought I not to say so many bells? That night, sleep wrestled with, and threw me at an early hour. With the crescendo of the surge in my ears I went to bed (O divine snowiness of country beds!), desiring to be called at half-past six for bathing; the consequence of which, of course, was, that I woke at six, and lay grumbling till a quarter to seven, when a voice dropped my boots with a double clump at the door. Getting up for a first bath is, to a nervous, imaginative man, like Twitter, the epic poet, a dreadful thing.

Podgers, the cheesemonger in Fetter-lane, has just passed with his six children, who all seem to have been born on the same day. Quer: Can you call six children twins? ought not the last to be called twins, and so on? Podgers wears a high, brown, flower-pot hat, and, of course, black trousers. His crafty hole-and-corner face jars on the broad, frank, impatient sea. N.B. He has brought his day-book down to amuse himself with to-morrow (Sunday) while the Sextines are gone in procession to church, each with a large Common Prayer Book folded in a clean white handkerchief.

To return: I got up, trying to think it was very delicious, which it wasn't. I roped on my neck-

tie, sloughed on my oldest boots; and, buttoned up like a spy, a crimp, an escaped smuggler, walked down towards the sea, now a laughing, glittering green in the early sunlight—the shining opal collar that nature placed round a dove's neck was nothing to it. At the corner of the jetty a band of half-sailors, half-fishermen, beleaguered me with pulls at their forelocks.

"Want a machine, sir?" said one.

"Just look at this towel, fine white diaper," said another, with a white slab of a towel balanced on his hand.

No. 802 was already out. No. 910 was having the horse put to. Screams and laughter were pouring from 605, and from under the hood of 703 there was a splashing as if Kempenfelt and all his men were going down together in the Royal George with one consent. At the door of 320 a respectable City tradesman, well known on the Corn Exchange, was combing his hair inside the machine, and looking wet and bedraggled into the glass.

No. 450 was mine. A man they call something like "Loller" hands me three dirty-white tickets to frank me for three mornings' admission to the ocean—as yet unalloted or parkpaled—one shilling. Then he asks me for one of the three, and takes it just as a man does who is teaching you a game of cards, and is playing both sides. I am introduced as a victim to a brother in red-plush breeches and jack waterproof boots, who is the driver. I am handed two towels—sent up the steps of the "cairywan," and shut in. I am shouted to that when I have had enough of it I am to open the door and call.

I am scarcely in it before the machine begins to jolt. I feel like Jonas inside the whale. We go out to sea. There is a clink of chains—a crack of a whip—a shout—lower—lower. I try to keep my footing, and feel myself in a cart and yet in a ship. I undress and hook up everything to the nails round the wall. I don't know how it is, but I never in my life went down to the sea in a bathing-machine but I compared myself to Pharaoh entering the Red Sea in his chariot in hot pursuit after the Israelites. "Suppose," I say to myself, "there was a leak in this crazy hut? suppose it broke away from the wheel, and drifted out to sea, to be nosed and bumped by whales, and sniffed at by sharks? Suppose——"

Here a tremendous wave thumped at the door, as much as to say, "Come out and let us look at you, miserable creature of clay!" I am now without the cloak that shadowed Virgia—in Adam's livery—a poor forked creature shivering as if for charity, and trembling like Andromeda when the great sea serpent approached. The floor is gritty, the small slab of carpet is sodden and briny. I undo the door and look out, kicking down the tilted hood, and clinging to the rope that is fastened to the outside of the machine, and which, like everything else belonging to it, is crisp and salt. With crippled, crumpled step, I descend the steps; a wave lashes up, and all but washes me off—surfing me up against the hood, and all but whipping the rope from me. A singular creeping feeling of the blood as I step in waist high—a pull at my heart as if the blood were driven back to the citadel, then rallied, and spread victoriously through my veins—a taste of salt surf in my mouth—now a duck under. I emerge, blinded and dripping, and wade out beyond the hood. I come out as from a cave, and am in the wide, wide sea. The horizon towards the North Foreland a line of trembling silver—the junction of sky and sea—the welding line—the tenderest grey blue, which is neither opaque nor transparent—a soft apricot-coloured bloom in the eastward, Dover way—and here and there a sail catches the sun, and shines the colour of a light wallflower. The chalk cliffs, cleft in horizontal lines, and bushes with wild mignionette and wild geranium, look blocks of opaque silver.

But I don't come here to study landscape, but to tear health from the jaws of the sea: and health I will have—so here goes! How soft the sand feels under my naked feet! I wade out to meet the waves—one, two, three. Here comes a huge one, cresting and combing over with a metallic shine, but without foam: it laps over me and lifts me off my feet. I stagger on, defiant. Here comes one twice as high—the froth already out there rises above my head. Nearer—firm, prepare to receive cavalry! form square! bang! wash! splash! It beats me over, and foams over my head, and passes on to lash and rage up the steps of my machine, as if it were looking for me. I am cuffed and slapped warm, and am in high spirits—braced and nerved. Now I understand what Dr. Bleadon meant by always saying to my wife, "He (meaning me) wants bracing—he must have bracing." Here I am bracing—hard at it! Here comes another rolling monster. Hurrah! Brace away! I leap at it, but it has me down and tramples on me in a moment.

I am back under the hood. I got into the wrong machine first—they are so very much alike—and found myself in the presence of the Reverend Mr. Bellow, rector of the celebrated church of St. Barabbas. But then did I not see swimming near me just now, like a Ceylon diver going all naked to the shark, fast young Latitat, of the Middle Temple, swimming as if he were flying from the bailiffs, or as if Grinder and Crusher, the great attorneys, had sent for him to their chambers?

As I waded up the steps I met Bellow coming down. I bowed and he bowed—he laughed and I laughed, and splashed off, like a merman who has been paying a morning visit. I emerge from the wave and climb my steps. Delicious glow—warmth of health and life, enough to revive a dying man—rosy glow of invigorated and purified blood! I begin a Norse hymn to the sea, such as "Harold of the Blue Eyes" addressed to his sword, "the Land-giver:"

Health-giver, I hail thee!
Man-slayer, I fear thee!
Hope-bringer, I greet thee!
Dirge-singer, I fear thee!

I gave the signal for being restored to land. The horse is put to.

"Right!" cries a voice, and a jerk nearly sends me off my legs. I leap down into the soft ankle-deep sand, am wished "good morning" by the "two noble kinsmen," and depart to punish my breakfast; my chest expanded, my heart larger, my eyes brighter, my moral nature improved, my physical nature padded and developed.

NIGHT AT DIPPINGTON.

Night at Dippington is "mighty pretty to behold," as Pepys would have said. You can see the red light on the pier casting a quivering column of liquid ruby, like so much burning sea, below it in the harbour. Far away in the distance, starlike over the waters, twinkles the North Foreland light, answered right and left by corresponding guardians of the coast. Through the dusk you hear from your open window the buzz of a beetle, telling by association of the thundery warmth of the summer night, and of the hush that must be away there in the fields that lead down to the cliff, in the dense, dark clumps of elms, and in the feathering ashes. The ships' bells tell the hour with their monotonous but clear and decisive cling-clang, in the harbour where they are moored near the red light, and everywhere—whether in the high streets, between the rows of lamps by the market-place where the fisherboys stand, or in the sea-side billiard-room, or on the cliffs by the white lighthouse, or by the platform (as like a quarter-deck as possible) where the coast-guard man in white trousers, and the eternal battered telescope under his arm, paces—you hear the roll, and surge, and lash, and chafe, and splashing drag, and tumble of the breakers, that spread white through the night. Now, one by one, on Terrace, and Parade, and Esplanade, and Side-street, and Cliff-crescent, the pleasure-seekers put out their lamps, and as they close like so many closing eyes, I turn in, and put out mine likewise.

MORNING AT DIPPINGTON.

One hour ago, by this repeater, and I was up to my chin in the green sparkling waves, feeling a little anxious as the sand seemed suddenly to recede from the extended half of the great toe on my left foot, and I looked back, and I saw I was fifty yards from No. 68 machine, and seemed bearing out every moment imperceptibly a little further from the white cliffs, and the man who, shining white through the waves, is floating on his back, calmly, some twenty feet off. Now, I am here, calm as Cato, at my tea and prawns, divesting those mollusca of their pink armour, and looking out delighted at the diamond sparkle of the morning sea, the mile-long bars of purple cloud shadows, and the broad green field of opaque emerald, the long dim blue line of land, that seems but consolidated cloud, yesterday cloud turned solid, yet barely solid. It is a sight to make an old man young again. The line of foam that breaks along the shore glitters like quicksilver; a dancing diamond twinkle and restless glimmer is on the sea; and the brown sands, where the sea washes, are transparent and luminous as if they were covered with a thin glazing of ice. Children laugh on the balconies and on the terraces—they hop up and down in the water like so many chickens round the old mother hen of the machine. Bathing-women, witch-like and hideous, in sodden blue flannel bathing-gowns, float about like stale mermaids or water ogresses seeking their prey. The sands are like one immense laundress's drying-ground, with strings of coloured bathing-dresses, towels, and other apparatus of sanitary ablutions. The machines in the water remind one of a French village during the inundations; those on shore, of the first encampment of a fair. The machines echo with screams and laughter. The proprietor of the bathing-machines, a lame man, who swims like a frog, walks about the sands with a contemplative, benevolent air, with his hands behind him. There are ships in the distance at all degrees of obscurity, from the palpable black boat that seems made of sticking-plaister like the profile likenesses, to that brig out there, grey and dim as the Flying Dutchman. Truly, Dippington, of a bright morning, when the very air laughs, is a pleasant and cheering place. A little time and it will be a desolate Sahara of fishermen, moping lodging-house keepers complaining of taxes: no children, no laughing, no nothing. The wooden spades will gather dust at the shop door—the buff slippers hang purposeless in the window.

CHARACTERS AT DIPPINGTON.

I am just home from a burning walk along the top of the chalk cliff, where the pink valerian bushes over into the blue air, over some giddy eighty feet, and where the wild geranium lures the bees into its veined honey-cups, and where the wild mignionette spires up, crisp and perfumeless. Here I have been lying down on the scorched, half-burnt-up wild barley, by the side of the chalky path, where the wheat shoulders and billows, I especially enjoy the quiet cliff walks outside Dippington, where the park palings, as you pass, wake into a hot stinging buzz of flies, and where the great orange and black bumble-bee, bullying robber of the summer flowers, rifles the poppy that lies hid among the guardian spears of the wheat-field—a second Jason seeking his Medea. Am I to be called an idler because I lie down on my rough bed of half-burnt-up white clover, and listen to the lark rising, through vistas of blue, to the inner heaven where the angels call him?

"There ain't no thoroughfare this way, leastways there is no public road, but if you like to climb up, as I'm going off duty, and will come up through this gallery cliff, you're welcome." So said a coast-guard to me, as I find myself blocked up at a corner of the sands, and want to get back to Dippington.

I accept his proposal, and follow the sun-burnt Neptune up a dark gallery cut in the chalk, with loopholes here and there, letting in the clear daylight.

"Dull life this, isn't it?"

"Yes." So he was on board a man-of-war—petty officer, too—thirteen years, and wouldn't be here now but for an accident four months ago. Had been on the coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar a dozen times; didn't care for any sort of weather purwided there was plenty of sea-room, which there was not when he once was in a sou'-wester in the Mosambique Channel. No, a tornado was not sudden; contrairy, it always gave you three-quarters of an hour to take down sail and get all square. No captain, if he was really captain in his own ship and not a sort of foster-child of the first-lieutenant, had any right to let any of his men get wet in a tornado; there was time enough to put all under cover afore the tornado broke. Some of them white squalls were twice as bad. A captain as really was a captain in his own ship, such a man as Captain Rood as the Amphitrite buried when she was taking in money at Chili, was the captain as he liked to serve under. Did he carry pistols? Yes, one by day and two by night, for signals; and rockets too. Dippington was a troublesome station, because they wanted watches on the pier night and day to see everything as came in, right or wrong, riglar or unriglar. He wished me a very good night. That was eight o'clock; he was off duty now, and came on again at four in the morning. He wished me a very good night—"Good night, sir."

A gorgeous flame, however, was in the sky, wrangling with a pile of electric ash grey clouds. The sea was rose-coloured—the sky deepened to purple—it was dark before all the stars lit their lighthouse lamps, and so did the North Foreland, which shone out like a small sun among them. Here my friend Hanno, who prides himself on his Carthaginian descent, would quote Horace, but I will not, on any account; a truism not seeming to me anything wiser because it is in Latin.

I had need of a barber. I found one who kept the circulating library. He requested my name. He told me it gave him the greatest trouble to get distinguished visitors' names correctly. Would I believe it, only that morning a Mr. De Frieze had come and complained he was put down De Sneeze! Names were always getting into knots.

My friend was a perfect specimen of the poor watering-place barber. The weather was very catching (short or long, sir?); always observed it was so after a long prevalence of the east wind (hair very dry, sir; do you use any pomade?). Now it was first the wind, then the weather, got the upper hand—weather and wind, wind and weather (short over the ear? Yes, sir); glad to see I wore beard and moustaches, advised every gent to do so; acted as respirator, protected the tonsils, kept out the dust; had a brother, a fine tenor, yes, sir, who could get up to A and B with the greatest ease; he held out against beard for a long time, very long time; left for three months, came back with a swingeing pair of moustaches (look in the glass and see if that is short enough); had a dread now of their being sandy; advised him a certain wash that tinged without dyeing; it was a secret, but he did not care mentioning it; he told him—it was the very thing; he ordered a five-and-sixpenny bottle from London, and the effect was astonishing. Had I ever had excavation of blood on the head? Sometimes the effect of injudicious bathing. Could he recommend me any wash for the head? Certainly he could. Had I never heard of his celebrated Golden Oil? Agents all over London—cases sent away every day—surprised! Desk full of letters—sent off that morning a case of six to Hon. Mr. Foozle, Whitewash Villa, Worcester. A letter yesterday from Captain O'Toole, some castle near Dublin, couldn't remember the name of the castle; letter from Dr. Hardbox, mentioning astonishing effect of oil on Mrs. Blackline, who had evinced symptoms of baldness in lateral regions of the scalp—at once tonic, cleanser, and strengthener. The miserable London pomades left a deposit and turned acid—that was the end of it—turned acid. This was what he lived by, making the Golden Oil. Dippington season only three months; couldn't live without patent for Golden Oil. Did I see that transparent bottle? that was the beautiful and nutritious Golden Oil. Did I see that dark liquid? that was the Royal Odoriferous Fluid expressly made to be used with it, and which, shaken together, formed a mellow and invaluable cream.

My personal friend Coxen, who calls his boat by the aphonistic name of "Help me and I'll help you," is a good type of the Dippington boatmen. He has not a quick imagination, nor is he lightning-quick at repartee, but he is a brave, honest, stolid, unflinching, faithful, crafty old sailor, and I respect him, though he does hammer for half an hour at the same idea, and leave it at the end of this time rather bruised, distorted, and misshapen. His craft (I don't refer to the "Friend in Need" sailing-boat) consists in himself trying to charge you twice as much per hour as any one else, and in scudding you out to such a distance from any known land that no canvas wing, or flying jib, or any shaking out of canvas, will get you in at the time you expected and intended to pay for; otherwise he is a rare old Neptune, and his stories of diving, smuggling, and wrecking, throw great light on the manners, customs, and moral standard of Dippington, which, with its golden and emeraldine sea, and its chalky ramparts of cliff, I take to be quite a type of sea-side places.

It is a sight to see him with his massy red braces, a foot wide each, crossing his indigo-coloured Jersey, that fits his brawny chest and arms like a Norse body-suit of mail, his enormous full-bodied breeches, reaching up almost to his arm-pits, his alert, nimble feet (sailors' feet are generally small), cased in canvas shoes, his strong brown hands, white at the knuckles, grasping lightly, yet surely, the familiar oar, whose broad blades force the boat on with such quick, strong, and equal pulse. As my young friend Parkins sits gravely holding the tiller-ropes and nodding at us (me and Coxen), as we bend, like two portions of the same body, simultaneous at the oars.

Coxen, like Dogberry, prides himself on "having had losses." If right was right, and all things was as they should be, which they ain't, Coxen would be, by his own account, the lord of half Dippington. If you ask him how all these enormous territories passed from the family of Coxen, he will tell you, with a grave shake of the head, "that it was all the want of larning" that got it all "signed away." There cannot be the smallest doubt that Coxen's (let me see) uncle's father—no, aunt's sister—no—yes—father's uncle's mother—was descended from two East Indian captens, Capten Mover and Capten Redwood, which came to Dippington to moor quietly, and left their property tied up by the most solemn oaths and specific directions to the Coxen family to descend lineally and inalienably. There can be no doubt about this, because Coxen knows where to lay his hand on the house in Dippington whose best room contains a portrait of Captain Redwood in an oval gilt frame, and laying his hand on a terrestrial globe; and, moreover, the captains lie together under a flat black stone just as you enter to the right of St. Lawrence's church; and not only that, sir, there is, or was, in the same church a glass case, through which you see the worthy captain's will, leaving so much bread and meat to certain inhabitants of St. Lawrence's parish. And if anything else was wanted, there was a pilot as died last June was a twelvemonth, as told him (John Coxen) over a glass of rum and a pipe in the parlour of the Tartar Frigate Inn, that there was parties who could speak about that 'ere pier property if they had a mind; and, what was more, he (Coxen) had seen maps of the property which covered the site of the present Exmouth Crescent, and all the ground where the pier now stood. How the alienation occurred, no one could see, but all he knew was, that there was an uncle of his who always knew what lawyer to go to for a pound, and I suppose he was told that the site of certain property could not be secured without him, and that it was of no consequence, and "sich-like," and so it went, all through "a want of larning," in a certain drunken branch of the Coxen family, who, if "right was right," ought to be gen'lemen.

On a morning misty with intense heat, I and Parkins stroll down to the Pier-gate by appointment, to meet Coxen, and take a row and sail up the Sour river towards Shinglewich. The machines are all down on the beach, like an encampment of Tartar gipsies in an inundated steppe—a cutter with sunburnt sail is passing, dark in shadow. The bathers are bobbing up and down like floats fidgeting under a nibble. The delicious emerald water is rumbling in, and frothing and splashing about the scarlet wheels of the machines, and rolling in froth on the shore, as if white soapsuds were being swilled out. Redgauntlet sort of amphibia, in flaming plush breeches and bare feet, are riding on draggle-tailed horses at a merry trot knee-deep into the sea, to link to the machines, whose open doors announce their ripeness for return to land. A fop in Tweed suit has just loafed by with an umbrella up—frightful example of a nervous and debilitated age. Children are grubbing about in buff slippers and with wooden spades, as if to be a "navvy" or a gold-digger were the natural object of every man. The shore, rolled brown, level, and hard by the sea-mangle, is strewn with little green films and scarlet roots and purple shreds of seaweed, and here and there are piled with strips of parchment-looking fucus and bladdered tea-leaves-looking refuse of the waves. The green light on the pier, that looked last night so spectral in the gloom, is invisible; the distant Knock Sand and the North Foreland have no star lit. There is a fretted sparkle on the waves, and on the rolling crest of the surf there is a glow as of gold plate. The bathing-women are floating out like Norse witches wading out to curse a departing vessel and fling a foul wind on its track, as the falconer whistles his Peregrine after a flying heron out on the cliff. The flowers sway and nod, and mock at the danger, and the lark sings above the barley that rolls in glosses, like the wind over an animal's fur.

Now we pass down the pier, passing the shipwrights busy with their heavy hammers, boiling tar, and caulking, and piecing the ship's skeleton in the dry dock; the old boatmen with red button-holes of eyes and worn-out telescopes; the boys playing in boats; the life-boat, with its padded-looking sides; the floating shells of boats, like empty green pea-cods; the huge buoys of the Trinity House, looking like floats used by giants, or enormous iron fungi—and we are in Coxen's boat, stepping by a ship-boy of dandy habits, who is washing his shoes and bare legs with a stray cabbage-leaf.

We are in, past the keen-edged steamers, the yachts and pleasure-boats, and the dense, wedging sound of the shipwrights' hammers; past the cranes and clicking capstans and water-steps, and dredging-machines, and sluices, and great black and white diamond buoys that tell strange vessels silent tidings of the depth of water in the harbour.

We are off. There has been a scrambling out of oars, a hauling of ropes, an unbending of sails. We skim round the fort-like angle of the pier, with its massy stonework and its green-slimed and barnacle-crusted bulwarks, and are out at sea. The nor'-west catches the sail and strains it out; we leap and dance over the luminous water, which seems like so much opaque sunshine—yesterday's sunshine in fact—faster than those white-tipped, omega-shaped gulls that float questioning round our little red thread of a flag. The boat drives like a steam-plough through a trough of the waves, or dips down on one side till the gunwale nearly lips the tide. A boat lagging along slowly in the opposite direction, looks at us admiringly, and one of the sailors in it hums something. "What did he say, Coxen?"

"Only a werse of a hold song," smiles Coxen—"'Oh, scudding under easy sail,'—and we was scudding just then, sir, like flying Isaac, as they

say. Now, it's a curious thing"—on these reflective occasions Coxen always stopped rowing, tucked one oar under his knee, took off his cap, wiped the "prespiration" from his forehead, and leant forward with appropriate gesture, laying the chopped fore-finger of one hand in the woody palm of the other—"now, it's a curious thing, sir, that a man in a boat always thinks that the boat he see is going faster than he is. Many's the time as we've been going like glory, and the gentleman I've been a rowing of seen another boat not half as fast as we was, and, says he, 'Lord, Coxen, how that boat is walking along! what a lively boat!' says he, 'Coxen;' but it ain't my place, you know, to say anything; so, on I pulls.

"There," said he, "that's the Belly View (Belle Vue) Tavern, and now we steer straight across for the buoy there, at the mouth of the river out by Shellness; but to return," said he, "about that there crinkle on the water. People often says to me, 'Why, dear me, Coxen, how could you tell the wind was coming?' Ignorant them Londoners as the dirt you tread on, and worse too. Pull home, sir; keep time, not too quick; capital stroke, sir; keep your oar a little more in. I've been out once before to the Goodwin Sands this morning, with a young gentleman and lady. I think as they was a courting—I think they was."

Coxen here rambled on to a long and intricate statement of his ill-luck during the last year. This was an inexhaustible subject with him. He had a little house to let just up by the Subscription Billiard-room on the South Parade; he had not let it yet—such a thing had never happened before for twenty years. As for his old woman, she never went out for fear of anybody coming, but "yesterday a young fellar in the town who had been in the Lanceers, came back from India, and was brought in from the pier with a band, and in comes Mrs. Jones from next door, and says, 'Come along, Mrs. Coxen, put on your bonnet,' says she, 'and come down and hear the band.' Away went my wife. Why, will you believe it, sir, in that very hour comes a lady and gentleman to see the house, drat it! Then there was him and the boats, when he ought to have been painting and doing 'em up for the season, he was out in a lugger off the Goodwin Sands, looking out for salvage—(pull left-hand tiller rope, sir; leave that buoy to the right)—and now, when he ought to be looking out for gentlemen and sailing parties, he had to snatch a moment or two to paint and do up the Smiling Sally and the Friend in Need."

Coxen's notions about the morality of salvage were peculiar, and would not, perhaps, be thought orthodox out of Dippington, as you will see. I asked him about the wrecks in general, and he again tucked his oar under his leg, and volunteered a yarn.

"It's hard life, sir, out there by them sands, when a heavy sou'-sou'-west is blowing, and there's no rum or baccy aboard. Hard work beating round the nine miles of Goodwin Sands, and the sea washing over you, so that you can't look to windward, and it pours off your back in bucketfuls. Sooner be off the Knock Sand, or the Galloper, or plain out in the Gull Way than that. There we lay four nights, running, maybe, half asleep in the roads; no room for beds in a hoveller; half on watch, ten of us altogether, and maybe rousted out twice a night, and frightened out of your wits."

I asked if they gave warning to vessels that they saw likely to get on that burial-pit of sailors.

"No," said Coxen, with a sarcastic shake of the head, "not we; we don't rough it for that. Captains wouldn't give us anything for giving them notice. We are there to get 'em off, not to prevent 'em getting on. It was only last week we were there getting up pig-iron, with the nipping tongs as we use, from a wreck, and we were rousted out by the watch, because a French brig was going between us and the sand. Another moment, by the Lord, and she'd have been safe on, when one of our mates cries out, 'Helm a starboard!' and she was off it. We asked him afterwards, but he couldn't tell why he cried out—he couldn't help it."

I thought to myself of the old story of the dumb boy speaking, and of the natural outcry of the heart; but I said nothing.

"When the Goodwin lighthouse sends up a rocket we know it is time to go off, for some ship is in distress, and off we bundles. Often and often the men in the Goodwin light-ship, who mayn't, whatever happens, leave to help any wreck, hear the drownding men a singing out, though they are two miles off. Sometimes when we get out we finds the ship a bumping and bumping, and driving and tearing, and the sand all in a boil round them, and the waves ripping off their copper."

"Great moment," says Parkins, leaning forward with the strained tiller-ropes in his hands, his nautical straw hat and blue ribbon on one side, his spectacles in a glass stare of expectation, his cigar going out in his hand; "the joy of saving a human life, the transport and tears of gratitude!"

"Not they," says Coxen, winking at a passing gull; "not a bit of it. Last December twelvemonth as ever was, will you believe me, gentlemen, a vessel had gone down, and we was patrolling, as you or I might do, round the Goodwin, looking out for stray casks or an anker of brandy, or summut of that sort. Well, we heard a scream, and went up and found a man clinging to a spar. We went up and picked up a young Frenchman, who had been clinging there nine hours, till his hands would scarcely come straight again. He had washed off once, and made his way to it again. Well, we got him up, and then we picked up the captain. We nursed them up, and rubbed them, and gave 'em clothes and some rum, and I'll be hanged, next day when we met them in High-street, if they would even speak to us; but, then, there is one thing, they was parley voos."

"Do you find them on their knees," asked Parkins, timidly.

"We never find them praying, or shrieking, or nothing; sometimes they have been a drinking, and, in that case, often they won't leave the wessel, say what you will, and swear and curse at you."

"And what do you do," said Parkins, "in these distressing circumstances?"

"Do?" said Coxen, indignantly, as if all pity for anything but a family who had lost their property through want of learning was wasted —"do, young gentleman? why, leave 'em alone —leastwise if it is the master or capten; if it is only a common sailor, the rest force him into the boat—generally."

"Do they cheer," says Parkins the enthusiastic, "when they see the gallant fellows coming to their rescue?"

"Not they. What has ever put such things into your head?" said Coxen. "I never touches 'em either, till we have made a regular bargain what we're to get, or our damage wouldn't be much. Generally the leak is coming in hot and fast on them, for a vessel gets above its mast-head in the Goodwins, in three tides, and they want us at the pumps, and tremenjus hard they work us, and then sometimes won't give us even a Schnapps over. 'What for you English talk always so much about Schnapps? I no Schnapps for you.' They are of all sorts: some think nothing at all about it, others again cut it close and niggarly—there's where it is; and when the salvage money comes it has to be divided among a many hands. We saved a ship last year, a German emigrant vessel from Bremen, and got four hundred pound for it in the Salvage Court, and the Admiralty don't allow money as isn't well earned, and I got only thirty-five pound out of it. Unlucky vessel that was, too; dang if it didn't run against Dippington pier trying to come in! Well, all her goods were taken out and reshipped for Bremen. Back they went, and came here again in another vessel, and dang if that didn't rasp the same place and all but go down, too! There is a luck about some things."

"Were these Germans grateful?" said I.

"They were that," said Coxen, bending Titanically to his oar; "they hidolised me sure-ly. Wouldn't leave nohow; and if I went into a public-house they all came too, and stopped till I got up to go."

I pointed to some gulls, looking like specks of froth thrown from a wave, that were dipping and wheeling round the sole of an old shoe that was tied to a pole in the river to mark the practicable current. The "leather," as it is called, alternating with "twigs," placed in, probably, just as they were in King Canute's time.

Coxen looked at the wild birds with the tender eye of a farmer looking at his own poultry. "Yes," said he, "they don't come much here till the winter; in the summer they keep out at sea. Lord! you should see them stalking about the Goodwin Sands" (Coxen mostly spoke of them as the Goodins) "at low water, as large as fowls, looking out for drownded men."

"Have you ever been to London, Coxen?"

"Yes," said Coxen. "When I goes I like to see Hastley's and the Monyment, and the theaytres. Lord!" (tucking the oar again chattily under his left leg), "how the gents as come down here do like to get out of that suffocating place! 'Coxen,' says they to me, 'how glad I am to get out of that filthy London!' What with the bugs and rats, I think they has a hard time of it; and all I wonder is, with the jamming of houses and people, they escape being smothered."

From this our conversation turned to rats, about which I told Coxen the story of how, in George the First's time, the brown rat came from Norway, and, killing all the indigenous black rats, conquered the country. But Coxen, putting aside this story, would have it that London was the centre of all rats as well as of all evil. "There was a craft," said he, "the Simon Taylor, laden with sugar, as struck and was sinking just as me and my mates was a coming up in our lugger. One of us stuck his crowbar in the coating of the mast, and found the ship was choke-full of rats all under where the wedges of the mast was. I tell you what, sir, those rats will get so numerous that the sailors have to put victuals and drink for them reg'lar, or they eat the very planks through. They'll eat the horn buttons off the sailors' jackets, and the thick skin off the heels of the men as they lie in their hammocks.

A broad vein of dull purple, here spreading through the light chrysolite green of the sea, arrested Coxen's weather eye, who declared, as it moved along, that it must be a "school" of mackerel. It proved to be only the flying shadow of a grey cloud, but it was sufficient to turn the conversation on fishing, for, just at that moment, row after row of floating cork, branded with the letters of their owners' names, indicating sunk lobster-pots, brought us on to some busy boats of fishermen, who were drawing up the net cages, weighted with flints, inside which hung strings of dead plaice.

A word of mine about the fishing cormorants of China and the chance of taming the fishing eagle, led Coxen to curious revelations of the fish world; about the devil-fish, the jelly-fish, the fiddle-fish (shaped like the butt of a fiddle), the stotter, and especially the dog-fish, the special enemy of the fishermen of Dippington and everywhere else.

"Lord!" says Coxen, "you should see how them dog-fish tear bits out of the net, and swallow the lobster-nets right down in their hurry to get at the fish. I don't mean the piggy-dogs, the fellows all over prickles like, but the spur-dogs, the largest ones. The fishermen know when they are coming, they can smell 'em a long way off, when the dogs are coming in packs after the whitings, they are so oily and ranky. Why, I saw one just now on the pier as we pushed off that one could not bear one's nose near. They're as bad as the gannet, that the sailors declare lift up the net for each other to get the herrings out."

Here we sighted two Hastings fishing-luggers in which a crew of sturdy giants in orangy blouses, under their black patched and tawny sails, were uproariously shouting and rejoicing at having secured a boat and a half, fourteen thousand herrings, in one night.

This event having passed, we returned to the dog-fish, just as our boat passed a ruined castle on a cliff, whose broken towers cut dark against the great shining disc of the setting sun.

I inquired if the whiting were a peculiarly timid fish.

"That's right," said Coxen, dipping his oar in the water to try the depth; "they run from them dog-fish like a rat from a dog, or a mouse from a cat. You see, sir, the herrings are too fast for them till the nets stop them, so that directly they come up to the nets they gap at them; so when they do catch these customers the mentake and cut them up piecemeal, or stretch them across with a spritsail-yard. Same with crabs. Don't you buy those red prawns they hawks about, they're only bastard shrimps. We have no prawns; they've left the coast these twenty year. I can remember when I used to go on the main head and pass the net up the weeds off the pier, and hear them rustle in—a good basketful. The haddock, too, has left the coast. I don't know whether their food is gone, or how it is. I remember when they were a dozen for a shilling in these parts."

These parts meant Splashington beach, which was, by this time, scraping our keel.

ROWING AT DIPPINGTON.

The greatest jealousy exists between the people of Dippington and those of the adjoining watering-place of Splashington, "The Splashington people," according to Coxen, "are all bounce—awful bounceable they are, surely. Their boats are allays the best and the fastest, and when a gentleman asks them to have a nip of grog, they allays mention a shilling's worth."

"Bragging fellows?"

"That's right. Splashington for pluck, is their cry, and Dippington for money." Coxen had never seen the like of them, he hadn't.

Indeed, there had once been a regatta at Dippington, and he (Coxen) had to pick his crew, and he chose two Splashington men who was good hands, they was; but they came after a boosing party of three days, during which they had eaten scarcely anything, and so lost. "Oh, they were a queer lot, they were, at Splashington—no account at all."

Now came Parkins's rowing lesson.

"Keep time, sir; no chopping like a man-of-war's-man—hands closer together, sir—oar more aft, sir—now well home!"

The "well home" consisted in Parkins's missing the surface of the water, "catching a crab," and being nearly knocked off his seat.

More directions, to Parkins's confused and troubled mind: "Dip your oar a little deeper in the water, sir—to the end of the blade! It is no exertion if you lean well back, and then pull the oar home—well home.

Coxen might be right, and rowing may be no exertion, but Parkins certainly at that moment looked as if it was. His coat was off, his braces undone, his face a vivid carmine.

Steer straight, sir, for the Belly View Tavern—keep time, sir, or it's no use—the faster you go, you see, the worse you does. Now, one—two!"

And so we returned to Dippington.

A BOOK.

It is one of the numerous festivals kept in honour of the Madonna, we will suppose. The scene, a hill village among the Apennines, which the traveller crosses between Ancona and the Eternal City, not very far from either of those grand marts of sacerdotal tromperie, the "Holy House of Loretto," and Assisi, the birth and burial place of the great Mendicano, St. Francis. The village consists of one rudely paved street, at one end of which is the only substantial-looking house in the place, the walls of which were covered with numerous placards, all headed with an ill-printed representation of the Papal arms, and the ever-present symbolical keys. This house, in short, is the bodily presentment of civil government in Querceto, as our village shall be called. Two or three remarkably dingy and ill-looking officials are yawning on a bench at the open door, and occasionally exchanging with the peasants scraps of dirty-white paper, half printed, half written on, and covered with grit, for certain payments of cash counted out with long and difficult process of calculation in coins of infinitesimal value. What the designation of this department may be, I know not; but it is evident that "government," in Querceto, means paying cash. Half-way up the street two pairs of Papal gendarmes are sauntering along the middle of the causeway. They are tall, good-looking fellows, and the only well-dressed and apparently well-fed individuals the eye can rest on in the place. At the other and upper end of the village, which runs up a steep hill, is the church, with its principal front facing down the street. The great door is open, and looks, as seen from the blazing sunlight of the street, like the yawning mouth of a dark cavern, at the far end of which are seen a number of symmetrically disposed twinkling little stars of rather lurid light. They are the altar candles. The four or five priests, who have to get such living as they may out of the poverty of this little community, are busily at work in the church. It is their harvest-day. Two are saying mass at the high altar, one at a side altar, and one sitting half concealed in a very tumble-down little box, hearing confessions. A penitent is kneeling on either side of the box, with his face close to the little grating which gives communication with the holy father inside; and a long train are waiting their turn to con-

fess. Numerous strong-boxes, with small slits in their covers, are fixed in various conspicuous spots of the building; and inscriptions above them explain that the money to be dropped into them is "for the altar of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows;" "for the souls in purgatory;" "for the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary" (who seems to have "no connexion with the other" lady on the opposite side of the nave); "for the altar of the blessed St. Antony of Padua," and such-like other necessitous personages and purposes.

Almost the whole population of the village and the neighbouring hills is gathered in and in front of the church. The men wear blue frieze coats with short square-cut tails, dark-green velveteen breeches, thick home-knit woollen stockings, and dust-coloured buckled shoes. The smarter among them add to this costume a scarlet waistcoat. The women have long blue linsey-woolsey gowns, tied round them immediately below the armpits, and the square-folded napkin on the head, which especially marks the female peasant of the Roman States. But these are the aristocracy of the congregation. Around the door of the church are a crowd, of much wilder and rougher appearance—shepherds from the hills, bare-footed and bare-legged, and clad in jackets made of the skins of their flocks, hairy-faced and shaggy-breasted men, whose only covering is a hempen shirt, and breeches of the same material; and women in rags, making no claim to any describable form or colour. This sort of supplementary congregation extends far down the street, and a long line of devotees are kneeling, rank behind rank, down the middle of it, composed mostly of women, but tailing off into a party of half-naked, Murillo-like children, all duly kneeling, with hands upraised in the attitude of prayer, but every now and then momentarily withdrawn from supplication, to administer a punch or a slap to a neighbour worshipper.

In the midst of all this crowd, on one side of the great church door, and backed against the wall of the building, is the temporary stall of the itinerant vendor of devotional appurtenances. A few planks on trestles, arranged into a long counter, and two or three uprights at either end, support a light penthouse roof, necessary for protecting the goods and their proprietor from the sun. The counter is covered with a coarse white cloth, and displays a variety of commodities. The dealer is a long, lank, unwholesome-looking, greasy-parchment-skinned man, dressed in brown-black habiliments, either made in humble imitation of the sacristan style, or from the cast-off spoils of some of his ecclesiastical friends and patrons. He sits at one end of his long counter, and his fingers, which seem to need no supervision from his eyes for the work, are, with the aid of a pair of pincers, busily engaged in the manufacture of rosaries out of brass wire and little wooden beads. The conditions of the trade require that the articles should be sold at a very few halfpence each, and that they should nevertheless afford a profit of more than cent. per cent.; for, as it may be easily imagined, this has to be shared with the sacerdotal shearers of the flock, whose patronage, both as regards recommendation of his wares and permission to expose them for sale at the door of the sacred edifice, is absolutely necessary to his trade.

Truly extraordinary is the variety of objects which are found to unite the requisite conditions. Little pewter medals, intrinsically worth, perhaps, a penny a dozen, become cheap at a penny a piece when they have absolutely been blessed by the Pope in person. And the most curious fact with regard to these much-coveted talismans, which are sold by thousands to the peasantry, is that, for the most part, they really have been blessed as warranted. In irreverent heretic minds the suspicion would arise that it would be found easier and just as effective to say that they had been blessed. But the little bits of pewter actually have been blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff. Then there are abundance of little crucifixes cast in mixed metal of various colours: an article of which more particulars might in all probability be heard at Birmingham. Vile woodcuts, some coarsely daubed with paint, representing some saint with a hatchet sticking in his skull, or the naked bodies of half a dozen men and women standing in sheets of flame up to the middle, or the Madonna appearing in gorgeous coloured raiment to some favoured worshipper, contribute largely to the stock in trade. Rosaries are a great article. The most costly objects consist of little waxen dolls reclining on beds of white wool in glass-topped boxes surmounted by a cross; ornamented metal holy-water vases for hanging up at the bed head; and larger crucifixes for nailing as charms against the house door. Then there is the literature, of which one little book I buy is a choice specimen. And for all these articles—notwithstanding the payments at the placard-covered house at the opposite end of the village, notwithstanding the numerous begging-boxes inside the church, and notwithstanding bare feet, bare legs, and very poorly furnished cupboards at home—there is a brisk sale.

Such was the sort of scene which was going on when and where I bought "A Book," the existence of which I humbly think it wholesome that some in England should know of.

My book is entitled, "Copy of a Prayer found in the Sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem." It is printed at Rome "by superior permission," but without date. It is a misnomer to call it a prayer—which it is not, in any sense. A few lines of preface state that it was preserved—after having been found at Jerusalem, it is to be supposed—"by his Holiness and by Charles the Fifth in their oratories, in boxes of silver." The author seems to consider the present pontiff and Charles the Fifth contemporaries; but this is, probably, only a slip of the pen.

The work opens thus. "Saint Elizabeth,

Queen of Hungary, Saint Matilda, and Saint Bridget, being anxious to know some particulars of the Passion"—I omit the great name that follows here—"made especial prayer, in answer to which" the Divine Teacher, whose great name I omit again, "appeared to them, speaking to them as follows."

The text proceeds (I translate it with scrupulous and literal exactness) thus: "My beloved servants, know that the armed soldiers were an hundred and twenty-five in number. Those who led me, when I was bound, were thirty-three. The executioners were thirty-three. The blows which they gave me on the head were thirty. When I was taken in the garden, to make me get up from the ground, they gave me an hundred and five kicks. The blows given by the hand on my head and on my breast were an hundred and sixty-eight. I received eighty blows on the shoulders. I was dragged with cords and by the hair twenty-three times. The spittings on my face were thirty in number; stripes, six thousand six hundred and sixty-six. On my body I received an hundred wounds, and an hundred on my head. They gave me a thrust, which was mortal. I remained on high on the cross, by the hair, two hours. At one time I breathed forth an hundred and twenty-nine sighs. I was dragged by the beard twenty-three times. The pricks of the thorns on my head were an hundred. Mortal punctures on the forehead were three. The wounds which I received from a thousand soldiers who conducted me, were five hundred and eight. They who guided me were three. The drops of blood which I shed were four thousand three hundred and eighty.

"To any person who will recite seven Paters and seven Aves, for the space of twelve successive years, to make up the number of the drops of blood which I shed, and who shall live like a good Christian, I grant five boons."

The five boons are set forth as follows:

"1. Plenary indulgence, and remission of all sins.

"2. He shall be free from the pains of purgatory.

"3. If he should die before completing the twelve years, it shall be all the same as if he had completed them.

"4. He shall be as if he were a martyr, or had shed his blood for the holy faith.

"5. I will come down from heaven to earth for his soul, and for those of his relatives to the fourth generation."

These are the advantages to be obtained by the twelve years' Paters and Aves. But these promises do not by any means comprise all the benefits obtainable from this incomparable half-pennyworth of letter-press. The wonderful book proceeds as follows:

"Whoever shall carry this Orazione about him shall not die by drowning, or by other disastrous end, nor by sudden death. He shall escape from contagion, from the pestilence, from being struck by lightning; and he shall not die without confession. He shall be freed from his enemies, from the pursuit of justice" (a great temptation this to certain likely classes of purchasers) "and from all malevolent and false witnesses. Women in childbed, having this about them, shall be immediately delivered, and shall be out of all danger. In the houses where there shall be a copy of this Orazione, there shall be no treachery or other evil things; and forty days before his death (I translate literally, and without omission) he shall see the blessed Virgin Mary."

Who would not spend a halfpenny on such terms, even if it were his last? It is not necessary, observe, even to read a word of the miraculous little book. That might exclude a large number of purchasers from the market. But, neither will one copy—except in the case of that household copy which is to protect an entire family, from each other apparently—serve for more than one individual. The talisman must be carried about the person.

The book concludes with an anecdote explanatory and exemplificatory of its operation; and a remarkably strong case of its efficacy under difficult circumstances has been selected.

"A certain captain, while travelling, saw a head which had been cut from the body. That decapitated head spoke. It said, 'Since you are going to Barcelona, O traveller, bring me a confessor that I may confess myself; for three days ago I was killed by thieves and assassins, and I am not able to die without confessing myself.' A confessor having been conducted to that spot by the captain, the living head confessed itself, and then forthwith died. And this Orazione was found upon it."

Now is it not matter for sadness in all true men, whatever their creeds or opinions, to find an European government, at this period of the world's civilisation, shutting out from its people the rudiments of real instruction, and providing them with such mental food as this? Providing them with it, and selecting it for them; for, the system of press censorship and supervision of the vendors of such articles, which is most strictly enforced in the Papal States, saddles the government with this responsibility. Is it not evident that a people among whom such statements and promises can find acceptance, must be far from any conception of real Christianity? Indeed, this is abundantly well known to those who are acquainted with those populations. Englishmen at home who have beloved acquaintances and friends among English Catholics (as we all have), and who justly respect and honour them, are apt to think that it is mere odium theologicum and exaggerated Protestant sectarian fanaticism, which can assert that numbers of the Catholic populations of Central and Southern Italy are in fact pagan in sentiment, idea, and practice. But they are, too often and in great masses, to all effects and purposes, whether moral, religious, or intellectual, as much pagans as when their fathers sacrificed pigeons to Juno and Ceres, instead of sacrificing candles to one Madonna, specially powerful over one class of

events, at one altar, and to another Madonna, good for influencing a different sort of matters, at another altar.

NUMBER 186.

My godfathers and godmothers at my baptism gave me the cognomen of John—my whole name is simply John Mooner, not a hard name to write, or read when written; also, I should think—and I am an unprejudiced man—not hard to remember, but, what is easy for many, seems, in certain localities, by no means so. I am addicted to grumbling, so my wife says, and that excellent woman is always right—at least so she makes out. I may have an opinion of my own on the subject, but that is neither here nor there. I won't deny that I have my grievances, and feel that the only vent for them is by grumbling; besides, it's my privilege; I enjoy it in common with every Englishman, and it is not one that I feel disposed to give up. Now, I have had something on my mind for a very considerable time. Mrs. Mooner says she is tired of hearing about it; the subject is interdicted at the family breakfast-table, and I feel that my only resource is to make public the great wrong that I have suffered, and I am certain that the justice of my complaint will be acknowledged by every one!

Not a long time ago business took me to town, and, hoping to be able to return to the country almost immediately, I put up at the Great Centrifugal Railway Hotel, of which I had heard much, and I considered it would suit my purpose very well for the limited period of my stay in London. I arrived—engaged a room, the number of which was 186—sent my luggage up, and started on my business—found that I should have to remain a couple of days at least, but, congratulating myself on getting into such good quarters, rather rejoiced than otherwise! I strolled into the coffee-room at about one o'clock, looked around for anything in the shape of a waiter, but not a soul was to be seen! I am a stout man, require a good deal of nourishment, and as regularly as the sun goes round the earth so do I, at half-past one, have a mutton chop and a pint bottle of beer. But on the present occasion I gazed at what I may term vacancy. Finely painted walls, covered with representations of vases of flowers, fruits, game of all sorts, hanging up most temptingly within reach; magnificent damsels in not too much clothing, with unmeaning smiles on their faces, which seemed to invite one to partake of the delicacies of which they apparently were the guardian angels; enormous windows, with not much of a look out, though; tables, chairs, knives and forks, tumblers and napkins, with all the usual array commonly seen in a respectable coffee-room; but there were no attendants, and I suppose I may ask, without appearing cynical, what earthly use all these fine things are when I can't get any one to bring me what I want. If I had not been hungry I might have enjoyed all this display, but, being so, its only effect on me was to increase my appetite, and, as I had only had a cup of tea and a bit of toast at about half-past seven, I considered that I had a perfect right to something more substantial at half-past one. Of course, it's always the way, I had no time to get anything fit to eat when I left home. Mrs. Mooner did not make her appearance till ten minutes before I left, and when I ventured to complain, told me I was always grumbling, and if I had only told her the night before that I was going by the early train, everything would have been ready, and as it was, she did not know I was going at all! I told her in reply that she ought to have known, and that any wife of common sense would have done so! Grumbling, indeed! I think I may well grumble.

I now tried the bells, and went round the room pulling them one by one, as each seemed to fail in bringing any waiter up. I have reason to believe that they were constructed on a new principle, for when pulled, they, instead of sounding a good peal, gave out but one solitary ting! and, after keeping pretty well at this fatiguing work, I began to wish myself fairly back with Mrs. Mooner. I found out afterwards that there was not the slightest objection to any one ringing—not the slightest! You might ring as often as you liked; but as to anything like an answer to the summons that was another thing! Eventually an individual in a white tie sidled up, asking if I had rung. Too hungry to waste words, and bridling my impatience, I simply remarked that I had applied my digits fourteen times to the white nobs stuck in the walls, and should feel glad if something could be brought immediately. Waiter asks for my number. "Number!" said I; "what number?"

"Number of your room, sir?"

"Oh, 186. Mr. Mooner." He rapidly retires to a side door, and informs some one who is shrouded in a most mysterious darkness, that "186 'ull take p'nt bottle o' beer, mutt'n chop, 'nd pertaties." Mark this, I beg! Not Mr. Mooner would take this or that—but 186! I waited no less than twenty-three and a half minutes before it was brought, and then the chop was raw, and the potatoes like brick-bats! Satisfactory, certainly; but what was the use of complaining? My eye fell on a "carte." Mechanically taking it up, I read at the foot a notice to the effect that, if any one was kept waiting more than a quarter of an hour after ordering anything, would they kindly inform the manager? Of course I would—he should hear all about it. And I dare say I might have done something in that way, but I perceived the room was full, and almost every one was in much the same plight as myself, so I bottled my anger, and, walking out, inquired of the hall porter if there were any letter for me?

"186, I think, sir? No; there's none." I thought that he probably did not know my name, though, as he was well informed as to my number, he ought to have done so; however, I left my card, and went out. On my return, I was met at the door by the same individual, who began,

"186, I think, sir" (he always said "I think,

sir," as if he didn't know it); "there's a gentleman been calling for you—left his card—sent it to your room, sir." I mildly inquired for the name? Porter did not know—would ask—did ask—in the following manner:—"Stephen! what was the gemman's name as called on 186?" I could stand it no longer, and went up-stairs. Why was I to be thus deprived of the euphonious name which had descended unblemished from father to son through many generations? I objected to being ticketed in this way; I still object; what right has any man to call me by the number of my room, I should like to know? It was intolerable; I felt I was a marked man. I was henceforth to take my place among felons in grey clothes, with chains round their legs, with their badge and number placed where every one could see it. I might just as well have 186 written on my back. Can any one tell me what objection there can be to call me by my own name? Mrs. Mooner, with that perversity which, I am sorry to say, is a distinguishing mark of her character, tells me that I'm putting myself into a passion about nothing, and it's quite necessary in a large establishment to adopt numbers. Such nonsense! I don't deny that it's all very well to chalk one's number on the boots, and——But what do women know about these things? as I said to Mrs. M., when she replied, with a slight acclivity of tone, that she didn't want to hear any more about it. So I asked her if she had ever been called "186?" which, I rather think, settled the question, for she walked straight out of the room. Well, I won't deny I was terribly disgusted, and what did not put me into a better temper was, that I did not find the waiter as civil as I might have done. I should like to know what right they had to congregate on the landing, and laugh as I went by? Is that civility? But what can one expect when every one is ticketed like a prize ox? 186!

Dinner came, and it was the same repetition of insults as before. Waiter, who is a mild man in appearance, but possessed of a voice of great power, demands in a soft whisper if I will have any wine? I assent, and hint that I should like it directly, hoping that it may make its appearance before I have quite finished, and am startled by hearing it shouted out that "186 'ull take 'arf a pint of sherry, and is in a 'urry." But why need I go on? It is too melancholy! I fell into a desponding state, and soon after I had finished, retreated hastily into the reading-room, which, in my distraction, I took for the smoking-room, and no sooner lighted a cigar than I was ignominiously turned out by an officious waiter. Finding my way to the proper apartment, and sinking into an easy-chair, I fell into a dreamy, unconscious stupor, the smoke gradually ceased to issue in graceful curls from my mouth, and ere long I was fast asleep. With the rapidity with which scenes in sleep only pass before the vision, I found myself at one time driving a cab about the streets—the number of my badge "186!" which badge I had to show every five minutes. The cab seemed to fly faster—I was a railway official—a ticket collector—my number was still 186! Arriving at the destination of the train, I found myself transferred to some line regiment, my "general number," by some extraordinary fatality, was 186! This was evidently my number—I was 186, and 186 was John Mooner. I groaned under the oppression, till, turning like the worm that has been trodden on, and committing some misdemeanour, I was drummed out of the army, and made a felon for life! It is needless to add that my number was the same! I know not what eventually I might not have become, but one day some gunpowder blew up and sent me into the wet dock close by, at least it appeared so to me, though I am glad to say it was only a ridiculous waiter, who, in opening a bottle of soda-water, which he declared I had ordered, had allowed the cork to fly out with a noise like a sky-rocket, and for fear that that would not have been sufficient to wake me, had obligingly directed it towards me. The consequence was that my hat was knocked off my head, and I was wet through. Starting up, I spluttered forth my anger, asking what he meant by his abominable clumsiness? His only reply was:

"Soda-water, sir? 186, I think, sir."

"No, sir—no soda-water, sir! I never ordered any!" I thundered out.

"Beg pard'n, sir. Soda-water for 186, sir—ordered to bring it up."

What was the use of arguing the matter? So I drank what there was left, and determining to have it all out on paper, said not another word, and left the room.

I don't wish to bore any one, and if I say too much I may, so I only add that on retiring to rest I was astonished, not to say alarmed, at the very small size of the bed. The pillow, also, was evidently wasting away, probably from an attack of atrophy, while the covering was ridiculous in quantity and texture. I passed a most fearful night; to say that I slept would be simply playing with the truth. I left the hotel next morning—business or no business—am back again in the bosom of my family, and shall take very good care never to go to the Great Centrifugal Railway Hotel again.

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In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV. DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

In such risings of fire and risings of sea—the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean which had now no ebb but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For, the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France, as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life together. Like the fabled rustic who raised the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question, but immediately fled; so, Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backwards for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with—had long had the mote in it of Lucifer's pride, Sardanapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had dropped out and was gone. The Court, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and dissimulation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur without a guinea haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon, came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and, anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House, was now the news-Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you——"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganised country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganised city, if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to

send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business, of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them," he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, "that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie——"

"When you were talking to Lucie," Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people, if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow! Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry."

"Tut! Nonsense, sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you), by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, everything is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough, then, to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy, to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the one only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or omitted to be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched millions in France, and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vapouring, combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly exhausted itself, and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was such vapouring all about his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers, was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and, therefore, loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur, his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race. Him, Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be, went on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying

a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémond, of France, Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of that plotting and indignant refugee; and This, That, and The Other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say, I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another—this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated, in a load of hay—"some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eyeing the direction through his glass in passing; "set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his infamous name. D—n the fellow!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said:

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't ask, why, in these times."

"But I do ask why."

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: "You may not understand the gentleman."

"I understand how to put *you* in a corner, Mr. Darnay," said Bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. "If this fellow is a gentleman, I *don't* understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But, no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round, and snapping his fingers, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like this fellow, trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *protégés*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet-street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back, to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:

"Prison of the Abbaye, Paris.
"June 21, 1792.

"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis.

"After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I

have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant! I cry in my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me! No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. O Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

"Your afflicted,

"Gabelle."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He knew very well, that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well, that in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been hurried and incomplete. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it, and that he had meant to do it, and that it had never been done.

The happiness of his own chosen English home, the necessity of being always actively employed, the swift changes and troubles of the time which had followed on one another so fast, that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week, and the events of the week following made all new again; he knew very well, that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded:—not without disquiet, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he had watched the times for a time of action, and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by, and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and by-way, and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction, and their very names were blotting out, was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might impeach him for it.

But, he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favour in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer—and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Yes. Like the mariner in the old story, the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock, and it was drawing him to itself, and he must go. Everything that arose before his mind drifted him on, faster and faster, more and more steadily, to the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been, that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments, and that he who could not fail to know that he was better than they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness half stifled, and half reproaching him, he had been brought to the pointed comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whom duty was so strong; upon that comparison (injurious to himself), had instantly followed the sneers of Monseigneur, which had stung him bitterly, and those of Stryver, which above all were coarse and galling, for old reasons Upon those, had followed Gabelle's letter: the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honour, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it. Then, that glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds, arose before him, and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts towards the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did

not discuss with himself. But, that circumstance too, had had its influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's, and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, into the misty air of Fleet-street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

That night — it was the fourteenth of August — he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had, for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both, he wrote that he would despatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were profoundly unsuspicious. But, an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolute not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by-and-by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself, now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong towards it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

NORTH-ITALIAN CHARACTER.

Now that there appears to be a chance of testing by experiment the possibility of North-Italian independence, a looker-on will be curious to know what promise is afforded by the character and habits of the people themselves. For men can observe what is going on in the world, or can reflect on the chapters of history they have read, without coming to the conclusion that each distinct nation is specially suited to live under some one special form of government.

Of what are the North-Italians capable? England, and her numerous progeny, must and will have self-government. The French, on the contrary, never do so well as when their vessel of state is steered by a firm, a capable, and even a severe pilot. They are too explosive, too deficient in sang-froid and self-restraint, to bear, without danger, the excitements of parliamentary debate and of an unfettered press; they are too vain, too ambitious individually, too fond of distinction, and, at the same time, too richly gifted with personal talent, to work out fairly the theoretical equality implied by a republic. Under a Louis XIV., or a Bonaparte, they flourish and thrive. They bear blossoms and fruit. If the history of the modern Italians indicates anything, it would seem to show that an oligarchy is their most congenial political element. The republics of Genoa and Venice, with their Councils of Ten, were always jealous and exclusive aristocracies. The Popedom was, and is, an aristocracy of Prelates and Cardinals. The Pope himself may, by chance, be a man of ability; more frequently he has been a man of taste, and of good intentions. But what sort of head was required by the princes of the Church, as a general rule, is evident from the fact that it was possible for a candidate for the Papal throne to secure his election by assuming crutches, decrepitude, and the stoop of extreme old age, casting them off afterwards with the sarcastic remark that he had been long looking for the keys of St. Peter, and that now he had found them!

We therefore watch with considerable interest what course liberated Italy is likely to adopt in the management of her own domestic affairs. To enable us to spell her horoscope, we again recur, with fuller reference, to the striking sketch which we owe to Mr. Antonio Gallenga, a gentleman of Piedmontese parentage, but so

English by education and habit as to have tried to settle in the land of his fathers, and to have been unable to carry out his project. A thoroughbred Englishman would have perhaps turned out more cosmopolitan in nature and disposition. He has brought back, however, a lively and instructive picture of his peninsular cousins, which, both they themselves, and their future rulers will do well to meditate. A government is really, as is expressed in popular language, a form; the people at large, with all their moral, mental, and physical attributes, are the solid material which gives substance and fixity to the form. If the people are merely sand or water, whatever government may be modelled and raised, it will prove no better than an image of brass with feet of clay. It is true that it is exceedingly difficult to get at the real facts of Italian life. To the Englishman, they often appear contradictory and puzzling. Mr. Gallenga has principally studied them, not in the worn types of a populous town, but in the more primitive forms of a rural district. On the good or bad features of the national character rest all hopes for the new scheme of a free constitution in Piedmont; on the success of self-government in Piedmont lie the best chances of a mitigation of the fate of the rest of Italy. With all their short-comings, as a people it is still believed there is enough soundness in the basis to give us the best assurance of the solidity of the rising structure.

So astonishingly great is the hospitality of the people who inhabit the Subalpine valleys of Upper Piedmont, that by virtue of two letters of introduction only, the author was able to travel for two weeks and some days without ever, except on one occasion, seeing the inside of an inn. The inns of the country are generally of the most wretched description; hence the eagerness of the people to save the travellers from the miseries of their accommodation; hence the readiness of the tourist to waive ceremony, and accept kindly what is kindly offered. Hospitality is proverbially the virtue of half-civilised races; it is hard to have to pay in thanks the debt you would and could rather discharge in good solid coin; but the Piedmontese are to a great extent the untravelled inhabitants of an untravelled country. Curiosity mingles with kindness in their eagerness to see strangers within their doors, and any wayfarer who chooses to make himself agreeable, or who by his manners and habits can break the monotony of their sequestered existence, repays them amply for any comfort it may be their good luck to have in store for him.

Unbounded, generous hospitality is, you will say, characteristic of all thriving agricultural countries. Those who gather from a plentiful land the fruits of the earth most immediately contributing to man's sustenance, are always, especially if their means of export do not keep pace with their production, glad to share with friends and guests those bounties of Providence which would otherwise be wasted; and every one is acquainted with the outburst of generosity of the peasant-girl, who pressed a king to partake of some apples, assuring him, that what he did not take "would be given to the pigs." In the same spirit, a group of rustics, busy gathering in their walnuts, cried out joyously, holding up their baskets and their aprons: "Have some! have some! There is enough for cats and dogs this year." That plenteousness makes bounteousness, we know from the contrast between Lombard lavishness and Tuscan or Genoese niggardliness. The inhabitant of the fat plains of Upper Italy goes by the name of "lupo Lombardo," Lombard wolf. His openhandedness keeps pace with his appetite; he is ever ready to "eat and let eat."

With all the late destruction and scarcity caused by unpropitious seasons, and by the wreck and havoc of the whirlwind and storm, the land of the sun bears yet a cheering look, and every peasant greets you with a merry face. You can scarcely enter a dwelling in all Piedmont where the good man or the good woman will not beg you to be seated, and forthwith produce the noted cobwebbed flask, and not ask you whether you will drink, but first fill the glasses all round, then bid and expect you to empty yours as a matter of course; morning, noon, or night, it makes no difference. Nor are the manners of the upper classes on this point at variance with those of the lower, nor does it matter whether you are familiar in the house or an utter stranger. "Any friend of a friend is a friend," and in less than two minutes you find yourself hob-nobbing and glass-jingling with a man you never saw before, and never in all probability will see again, but who, if he cannot drink for the sake of "auld lang syne," earnestly solicits, glass in hand, "your better acquaintance." Women and young girls, with eyes as sparkling and lips as red as the ruby liquor before you, give you the encouragement of their smile and example; for no one shuns wine, nor need any one dread the honest, genuine, harmless, though generous liquid. With all the disease and the scarcity and dearth, there is wine still in the country, and you may still have, at any inn by the wayside, a bottle, chiefly of Montferrat, for twenty-four sous (one shilling) —a very high price here; but in most private houses you have the relics of old vintages, from seventeen hundred and forty-nine upwards, chiefly those of eighteen hundred and eleven and eighteen hundred and forty-six, which were famous years; and although the Piedmontese in these hard times stints himself in the beverage which is as necessary to him as the air he breathes, still, no sooner does a friend or stranger's figure darken his door, than the old wine must be forthcoming, as if the mere fact that any man met with a "dry" welcome on the threshold of a Subalpine dwelling were likely to endanger the honour of the country. A drop left in the glass, or a glass left in the bottle, is considered a sign of ill manners in Piedmont; and the rustic who is invited to drink, invariably turns his glass downwards when he has done, to show his entertainer how thoroughly he has acquitted himself of his task. Ten to

one, too, the man who has been plying you with wine till he can force no more down your throat, will take you to his neighbour's house, and this latter to another neighbour's, and as every visit is merely a repetition of the same libations, the ushering in of a stranger into a Piedmontese circle becomes tolerably irksome, and may prove somewhat dangerous in the long run.

Although Piedmont is essentially an agricultural country, and the calamities of the last eight years have greatly impoverished it, yet the mountain provinces are comparatively wealthy, and can scarcely be made absolutely poor. The whole of the male population, especially of the upper valleys, emigrate yearly. All the Biellese are masons. The Canaresans are carpenters and woodmen; the people of Val Sesia are house-painters, those of Val Gressoney and other glens of the Val d'Aosta and Val Sesia, who are half-Germans, travel to Germany and engage in trade, sometimes even in banking business, and attain ultimately very considerable wealth. All of them, however, come back for the winter to their native homes, and there is hardly an instance of a Piedmontese mountaineer settling permanently abroad. Anything more striking than the calmness, soberness, and earnestness of these kind, good, generous people, is difficult to be met with anywhere. They have a serious, silent, modest, docile, and somewhat shy look, which seems akin to the English character. They are only gentler and meeker, less self-confident than the fortunate builders of "the empire on whose boundaries the sun never sets." They are by no means loud, but thoughtful, and at any rate no talkers or gesticulators, like the rest of the Italians. No French swagger, no Lombard or Tuscan chattiness and frivolity about them. They have a dignified, firm, resigned, patient air,—the air of men fit to govern themselves, as well as to "rule over the stars."

It will hardly be believed that, although dwelling in such a glorious country, the Italians have no eye for the beauties of nature, and seldom affect any love for them. There is not a single landscape description in the whole range of Italian literature, unless we take, as such, the stiff and formal gardens of Alcina and Armida, by Ariosto and Tasso, which are no more landscapes than the Tuileries garden is a park; no landscape picture from Dante to Manzoni, and this latter had all the models of Germany and England before him. The Italian is no lover of rural life. He dreads of all things an isolated dwelling. If he cannot live in the capital, he lives in a provincial city; if not, in a country town; then in a village; only not in a country-house. They huddle together in their squalid boroughs and hamlets, and the happiest man is he whose forefathers have built their home in the narrowest, closest court or alley hard by the market-place. Every man owns a vineyard, and every vineyard has a hut; but that hut is no man's abode, or only the luckless hind's, who digs and prunes it. A lady, with fair complexion, melting blue eyes, and a great display of tender sentiment, was asked, in the witching month of May, if she would not, at that season, rather be in the country. "In the country!" she ejaculated; "what on earth should one go to the country for now? Surely there is no fruit to eat." In their dingy provincial towns they huddle together, landowners, farmers, and most of the labourers; and every town gives itself the airs, and revels in the light gossip, of the capital; every town has a café, or a score of cafés, to idle away time in, with their tawdry, smoky, gilt and mirrored rooms.

The Italians have a saying that, during the heat of the day, nobody but dogs and Englishmen are to be seen in the streets. After discussing various causes to which may be assigned this degenerate want of energy, Mr. Gallenga suggests that, after all, perhaps it is the meat purveyor who is to blame. Do we not hear that the great secret of the astonishing success of the Anglo-Saxon race by land and sea, by which it has "conquered one-half of the world and bullied the other," is mainly to be ascribed to the good, sound, honest "Roast Beef of Old England?" And have not the Germans their own favourite assertion to the same effect, that the extraordinary vigour which enables them to crush the Celto-Latins on the Po, and the Magyaro-Slavonians on the Danube, is simply due to the tough "Schinken and Wurst" (ham and sausage) on which they feast so plentifully? Do not we know the different results attendant upon the mere fact of feeding a dog rather on meat and bones than on oatmeal and garbage? Can there be any doubt that man, an omnivorous animal, must be in a great measure amenable to dietetic rules and principles? And if so, what can we expect from the paste and rice messes of the Italians, from the overdone meats, the all-pervading softness, and thinness, and sweetness of their daily food?

An Italian takes, by way of breakfast, a cup of pure black coffee in bed, or as soon as he is out of bed; some have their déjeûner à la fourchette towards noon; many content themselves with a cup of stiff and thick chocolate, washed down with a glass of cold water; and many take not a morsel of food till late in the evening—in Turin, generally not till six o'clock, which is the hour of their monster dinner. No one is so extravagant as to exceed his two meals in the day. It is very clear that a stomach exhausted by a twenty-four hours' fast will not easily manage a tough beefsteak or a rich plum-pudding. Hence the necessity for the Italians to pamper their taste with platefuls of minestra, maccaroni, risotto; anything that will stifle rather than satisfy the cravings of hunger; any substance that will cram and baffle the stomach, and which yet, after the stupor and torpor of half an hour's unnatural strain and tension, will leave it emptier and hungrier than before.

With all the money and thought that is expended in Italy on mere eating—and your dinner in Turin costs you more than in London—the people, even of the better classes, are an ill-fed race; and it is, under all circumstances, only a

wonder that they should preserve as much physical activity as they still exhibit. "Let us go and set four," or even only "two steps," is the expression with which young heroes invite each other to join in a constitutional walk. At Turin the phrase is, "Let us go as far as the Po;" the promenade extends about half a mile in length. Then for three months in summer the sun is too hot, for three months in winter the air is too keen, to be braved otherwise than under the shelter of the colonnades; under the colonnades, therefore, they go, shuffling and shambling, and falling to pieces. No town in the world can boast such glorious public walks; fine avenues along the Po; a sweet shady dyke between the river and the hill-range, emphatically called the Collina; with an Alpine panorama which beggars Berne or Neufchâtel. But all these are left for the sole enjoyment of the hardy foreigner. An English lady who rambles about the hills till the sedentary natives think her crazy, astonishes the fine Turin ladies as she lays before them huge bunches of flowers which they admire as hothouse exotics, and which she is at great pains to assure them she has been gathering wild along the hedges of their own villas on the Collina!

The more, in short, you know the customs of these people, the stronger grows upon you the conviction that they are a worn-out people, either suffering from the habitual fast to which they doom themselves from morning to night, or else reeling under the weight of their one daily meal, which they have no stomach to digest and no legs to carry. The very horses bear evidence of the extent to which they suffer under the stuffing and starving system to which their owners voluntarily subject themselves. They are surfeited with hay all day long, and denied more than one scanty feed of corn. The very smartest steeds prancing under the dapper officers of the Sardinian army, or the sleekest geldings drawing the few carriages of the Piedmontese nobility, have all rather the look than the substance of efficient cattle. An hour's ride or drive round the Piazza d'Armi is promenade enough for man and beast, and the latter could not, in all probability, stand much more. Away from Turin, in out-of-the-way country towns, there is no out-door exercise of any kind whatever. Horses there are, a few, but no saddles. Those who feed cattle think they can also afford conveyances; and as no man who can ride likes to walk, so no man who can drive is willing to ride. Throughout Lombardy, and even in Piedmont, if you except the army, whoever owns a padovanella, carrettella, or any other trap, prefers lolling on the box to all the pleasures of equestrianism. The Italians may be made, but they are not born, riders. They have a stupid old saying, to the effect that a riding man's neck is always in danger.

Not long ago, the whole population of Piedmont were startled by the announcement, grounded on accurate statistical inquiries, that the mortality of Turin as far exceeded that of Paris, as this latter surpasses that of London. It was anything but a pleasant revelation for the Sardinian capital—a town which, notwithstanding the severity of its climate, and with all allowance made for ill-swept streets, and even more outrageously dirty and filthy staircases, for imperfect sewerage and abominable smells of every description, ought to be one of the healthiest spots in the world, by reason of its site, and on account of its regular modern structure, of its wide, straight thoroughfares at right angles open to all winds, and of the three rivers (the Po, the Dora, and the Stura) meeting close under its walls, and bringing to it the fresh mountain air, at the same time that they lay it under water at pleasure, so as to cleanse it of all impurities.

Many and various were, of course, the reasons brought forward to account for the mournful phenomenon; but it seemed to strike no one that all the habits of the people were calculated to breed disease and shorten life. Nothing is more common, even in this high Piedmontese region, than to find men in perfect health, who yet may be termed old at five-and-thirty or forty years of age.

The great enemy of the Italians, and of all Southern nations sunken in indolence, is fat. Melancholy is the besetting vice of the Italian temperament; that vice, aggravated by injudicious, unwholesome diet, by sedentary habits, and by an excess of sensuality which is vainly ascribed to the enervating effects of the climate, leads not to good, firm, brawny stoutness, as good living does in the North, but to flabby and torpid obesity. The naturally elegant and symmetrical forms which generally characterise the population of all classes in the peninsula (though perhaps not so in Piedmont), are apt to grow out of shape and proportion ere the men attain their meridian of life. There are not a few gentlemen below the middle age in Turin actually unable to waddle from the House of Deputies to the railway station without blowing like so many steam-engines. Nothing can equal the laxity of the pores of their skin. Some of them resemble Don Mariano, the maccaroni-eating priest of Sorrento, who never ventured out of doors, summer or winter, without the precaution of a shirt under his arm, well knowing that he would hardly go a hundred yards' distance, when, without a change of linen, he would be sure of catching his death of cold. Bilious and phlegmatic as many of the Italians are by nature or habit, they fancy they are perpetually labouring under the inconvenience of a sanguine temperament, and are always in bodily fear of a colpo di sangue, or blood-stroke, apprehending no ills except such as arise from excess of blood. They are humoured in these notions by their physicians, who are for ever bleeding, cupping, and applying leeches to them; and, for every pound of good blood that thus runs waste, cold stagnant lymph, such as may be secreted from maccaroni over-boiled beef and cauliflowers, is gradually substituted.

From the food of the body it is only natural to turn attention to the food of the mind; and, of

all sorts of intellectual feasting there is an absolute penury, dearth, and famine. Unquestionably, both in Turin and at Genoa, a few steps have been made since the time when the Madre Priora of an Ursuline pensionnat gravely debated in her awful mind the mooted point, "Whether a girl should be taught to write, since that necessary accomplishment might be turned to the wicked purpose of writing a billet-doux;" but a long time must elapse ere an Italian woman, and indeed even her stronger half, are supplied with sufficient means for that education which in other happier communities may be said to begin after schooltime. In Italy there exists no literature, hardly two lines, calculated to give persons of mediocre understanding and culture that taste for, and habit of, reading which furnishes the mind with a certain amount of Conversation-Lexicon information. To a man used to English town and country houses, nothing appears more striking than the almost total absence in Italy of books, considered simply as indispensable articles of furniture and objects of civilised luxury. People read nothing but their own newspaper (much good may it do them!), or at most the Siècle or the Débats. Turin boasts only one club, and two or three paltry circulating libraries. Such towns as Ivrea, Biella, and Casale have actually no establishments of either kind; and the casinos or clubs that are now being opened in the minor country towns abound more in packs of cards than sets of books. Railways exist, but railway libraries are not even dreamt of; reading in Italy is, in short, by no means reckoned among the necessaries of life.

A farrago of books, and even several reviews and literary papers, weekly or bi-monthly, are, indeed, published in Turin, as well as in Florence, Milan, and throughout the cities of Lombardy; but they are all productions belonging to Old Italy, new commentaries on old Dante—that eternal Dante!—motheaten chronicles, or dissertations on some antique, cracked Etruscan potsherd, without a spark of life in it. In all these branches of dilettantism, Tuscany has a decided advantage, and, to say the truth, in all literary, bibliographical, or educational activity. The downright Piedmontese—the descendants of the subjects of those Victor Amadeuses who valued the worst of their drummers more than the greatest of their scholars—continue to this day to be the "Macedonians of Italy"—a term which is far from intended as a reproach. It may be suspected that the works of certain writers, whose names have attained a European reputation, are, even in Italy, more extensively purchased than read.

Men cannot live even by Dante, Tasso, and Metastasio alone: the mind requires fresh nutriment, as it grows and moves onwards; and the national literature in Italy has been at a dead stand-still since Manzoni. Beyond the frontier streams of the free Sardinian lands, this intellectual dearth is generally, and not quite unjustly, accounted for, by referring it to a variety of obvious political causes. It undoubtedly is hard for any man to write where he is not allowed, at his own peril, and upon his personal responsibility, to think and express what comes uppermost into his mind; but Piedmont has achieved her freedom; language and action are now only limited by the just bounds of the law. No little good would accrue to the country, in the dearth of native productions, from the free importation of the treasures of more fertile lands; although, as far as French literature is concerned, there is no doubt but that young Italian politicians and mature ladies of fashion see more of that than is good for them. But the whole produce of the German and English mind is terra incognita for even the most curious and enterprising Italian reader; not only on account of the national Italian prejudice revolting against everything Teutonic, but also because the study of the Northern languages has been till now most miserably neglected in Italy. Great results might therefore be expected from a liberal supply of good translations.

With mental stagnation it is only consistent that material stand-still should be associated. Piedmont is in everything nearly two centuries in arrear of modern—at least English—civilisation. Anywhere out of the reach of railways, we have to look for consolation in travel to those days when, in England also, as late as the reign of George II., the coach of his queen, Caroline, could not be dragged from St. James's to Kensington in less than two hours. What first strikes a traveller on his arrival, is that nothing can well be more shocking than the roads, public conveyances, and houses of entertainment. Railways do not by any means cross the country in every direction, and many of these districts are sure to be raised sooner by the archangel's trump than by the shrill sounds of the locomotive's whistle. Now, it seems here to be a settled maxim, that railroads are everywhere to supersede roads, so that the latter are allowed to fall into decay, not only in the enjoyment, but even in the mere prospect and expectation of railways. A bill has gone through the Chambers, by virtue of which all roads running parallel to a railway in operation cease to be maintained at the charge of the state. Wherever steam forsakes the traveller, it leaves him to grapple with difficulties which render a journey an almost herculean feat. There are in Piedmont, royal, provincial, and municipal roads, so called, as the construction and keeping of them devolves on the government, on the counties, or on the boroughs and parishes; but it would be hard to say which are the most abominable.

A fault common with all Italian roads, and traceable to ancient ideas of Roman magnificence, is their absurdly great width. There is hardly a road across the vast plain of Piedmont that will not give passage to six carriages abreast. To say nothing of the deplorable waste of land in an extremely fertile country, where every square inch of ground is, or might be made, worth its weight in gold, it ought to occur to the road-makers that the maintenance of such a road oc-

casions useless trouble and expense. But the high roads in Piedmont, as almost everywhere in the absolute states of the Continent, have been the work of despotic sovereigns, who looked more for show than for use, and who carved out the ground rather with reference to their arbitrary pleasure than with due regard to the interest of their subjects, or the extent of their means; and the example being set by the contractors of royal roads, it has been followed by those who constructed provincial and other minor lines of communication. These vast tracts of waste land, which bear the name of roads, must necessarily be very difficult to keep in a proper state of drainage, and indeed the difficulty must seem so insurmountable to these worthy people, that the very attempt is scarcely anywhere made. The road is generally level, and deep ruts and hollows are made by almost every waggon going by. Add to this, that the wise laws prescribing a thickness of wheel proportionate to the weight of the waggons, are totally disregarded. Consequently, even under propitious circumstances, from one-half to two-thirds of a journey have to be performed at snail's pace. In foul weather, walking throughout is the order of the day, with the addition of very agreeable stoppages—stoppages often without any apparent motive—more frequently rendered necessary by "a screw being loose" somewhere; for there never yet was an Italian postilion, vetturino, or driver of any kind, who had not to alight at about every half-mile's distance to look to his harness—that harness which always wants mending, and is never mended but on the king's highway, as a diversion to break the monotony of the journey.

Man made the roads; God made the watercourses; and Undine is the guardian sylph of Upper Piedmont. Down below, she unites her streams into barriers against an invading foe; in the upland, she teaches them to serve a hundred purposes of health and utility. If there be one feature peculiarly charming in this most lovely and delicious country, it is decidedly the abundance, freshness, and purity of its streams. At the foot of the mountains, the water is only too plentiful; it rushes in brawling brooks, dashing streams, arrowy canals, down every hill-side, along every road or by-road, close by the hedge of every field, making everything brilliantly green, and enlivening the landscape with its incessant murmur. From the broad, mighty mountain torrent—a torrent called by geographers the Orco, but which the peasantry call L'Acqua d'Oro, or the Golden Water—a hundred canals and minor rivulets gush forth, which cover the land for several miles on the plain, and enable the cultivator to mow four rich crops of hay yearly, under the scourge of a burning Italian sun. Nearly the whole level of the Canarese land may be, at the pleasure of its fortunate inhabitants, under water. But in Piedmont itself irrigation is still in a very imperfect, unsatisfactory, slovenly state; and half a century's work will be required ere the free Piedmontese bring their country to the same flourishing condition as that attained four hundred years ago by their Milanese brethren. Some excellent works have nevertheless been undertaken and carried through in olden times by the wisest princes of the House of Savoy; as, for instance, the beautiful watercourse from Ivrea to Vercelli, commenced by Amadeus VIII. in the fifteenth century.

It is only this same province of Vercelli, and in the adjoining districts of Novara and Lomellina, formerly part of the Duchy of Milan, that the water, so wisely turned to agricultural purposes, is partly used for soaking those risaie, or rice-grounds, which are justly considered the plague-spot both of this part of the country and of Lombardy, Parma, and Modena, contributing to the wealth of individuals at the expense of the health of the masses. In Piedmont proper, in the lowlands of Cuneo and Saluzzo, where rice-fields were once, they have been drained by the rigid decrees of the humane princes of Savoy, two or three centuries since. There is no doubt but the average of life for labourers in the rice-plantations, owing to the necessity of leaving the ground under water during the best part of the hot summer months, scarcely exceeds thirty years; and whole districts, with minor towns and villages, and even the old cities of Novara, Vercelli, and Montara, suffer severely from the vicinity of the pestilential fields. The wealth accruing to the country from this fatal cultivation is, however, too great for any government rashly to interfere with its pernicious source. Provident measures are, indeed, taken to hem in and lessen the evil, by limiting the cultivation of rice to certain districts, fixing the maximum of land to be employed for this purpose by each proprietor, and removing it as far as possible from crowded habitations.

Water may be made to serve other purposes besides those connected with agriculture; it will act as a partial substitute for coal and steam. Till some of the scanty veins of lignite or anthracite, which sanguine speculators every year fancy they find in the mountains of Genoa, Tuscany, and Naples, attain any degree of importance, or till some of the specious schemes for burning water, or for propelling machinery by gas obtained by some miraculous chemical process are brought to light, ill-considered manufacturing schemes will prove as ruinous as the South-Sea bubble did in England. Italy will necessarily be tributary to England or Belgium, or to some of the North American states, for coal; and the high freight of so unwieldy a mineral will always render an industrial competition between the Mediterranean countries and the northern storehouses of coals a very difficult task for the former. Still, Piedmont and Northern Italy, as well as Switzerland, enjoy a vast amount of water-power, which, coupled with the cheapness of labour, may enable them to carry on several important branches of industry with great credit and emolument to themselves. The cantons of Zurich, St. Gallen, and others, have raised themselves to the rank of first-rate manufacturing districts. Industry goes there hand in hand with agriculture. The cottage, busy

with spinning and weaving, to a great extent rises in successful opposition to the tall, hot, noisome factory; and the happy peasant, with his whole family circle, alternates his work at the loom with the more wholesome labour in the field. Geneva and Neufchâtel have pursued for centuries some branches of finer industry, in which they have obtained a decided advantage over French and English competitors. Now nothing is done in any part of Switzerland that may not with the same, and even greater chance of success, be attempted in the mountains of Piedmont and all over Lombardy.

It is a misfortune that, property being greatly subdivided, capital is very scarce. Every suggestion for work requiring great exertion, but sure to yield the largest returns, is invariably met by the Italian by his chilling wet blanket—"There is no money." Good strength of will and energy, and the habit of thrift and labour, are also wanting, nevertheless. Not much can be expected, when we behold the cafés of a dingy, dirty, poverty-stricken, dilapidated old town, crowded with a tall, hale, and muscular, but listless, languid, lazy youth, busy doing nothing, or at most playing cards and discussing Wallachia or the Danubian Principalities. Perhaps a more healthy tone of body and mind may come from the lessons of hard necessity; the present war may prove a bloody baptism, which will work out the redemption of the people, at the same time that it inflicts a severe punishment for the neglect of all pacific preparation by the means of physical education, which would have established something like harmony and equilibrium between the over-wrought nerves and the prostrate muscles of the Italian youth. For, even as a sportsman, the Italian is true to his sedentary habits. And yet, though inert and sluggish, he is not even patient: a Piedmontese angler is scarcely ever heard of. The boors of the neighbourhood, and probably all over the Alps and Apennines, have a barbarous way of catching the fine trout with which their torrents abound: they throw lime into the water at the fountain-head, by which the choked and asphyxiated fish are brought senseless and helpless to the surface, and are caught in shoals as they come down the stream.

The male population of Piedmont look upon the Alpine feats of English, German, or Russian tourists, just as they listen to the recital of noble yachtsmen sailing to the North Pole for a "lark," or of young Indian officers bearding the lion at the Cape or the tiger in Bengal; they look and listen with wonder and curiosity, but at the same time with awe and humility, as if those were the exploits of a different race of beings, belonging to heroic, half-fabulous times. Is there no good spirit of emulation left among the long-depressed, leisure-loving Italians? The late Duke of Genoa, a generous soul in a frail body, was the only man of the nation who ever attempted Mont Blanc, and he was beaten back by stormy weather. His brother, the king, is as intrepid a mountaineer as ever was. Indeed, the whole dynasty of these Savoy princes inherit the bold spirit of the iron-headed Emmanuel Philibert, and of the sledge-hammer-fisted Victor Amadeus II., men born with a rickety constitution, but who, by "strong meats and strong wines," and constant exercise, so inured their frames to the greatest hardships, as to become the keenest sportsmen, no less than the noblest warriors of their times. Victor Emmanuel, however, never climbs the hills unless it be in pursuit of game. On one occasion he pitched his tent above Ceresole, at the very head of the valley of the Orco, near Our Lady of the Snow. Hence he made daily excursions on foot over rocks and precipices, by the side of which the vaunted horrors of an ascent of Mont Blanc are mere child's-play. He was rewarded for his pains by killing a stambecco, a gigantic chamois, or wild-goat, of a species now extinct throughout all the rest of the Alpine region, and which is rarely found, and not without infinite toil and danger, even amidst the highest mountains.

We repeat it, Mr. Gallenga's book is most noteworthy by all whom it may concern, at the present turning-point of Italian fortune.

THE FUTURE.

The drop that falls unnoted in the stream,
Prattling in childhood on its native hill;
The stream that must leave home and travel far
Over rough ways, with torn feet and no rest,
Changing its voice, and then, in calmer flow,
Sobered by dreams of the eternal sea,
Pass with wide water, trembling in its depths,
To the great ocean, like a soul to Heaven,
And bear the drop to rest, and roam no more.

For me, a life that only late set out,
In weakness, as a swallow from the nest,
On its long journey to the land unknown,
That, gaining strength, must pass through stony ways,
Be lashed of storms, and ofttimes, in thick gloom,
Lose sight of what it prized, yet with the hope
That all its blighted loves and treasures lost
Are taken of the wind like wingèd seeds,
And sown by angels in the better land,
Where this tired life shall rest, and find them grown.

The beam that, distant yet, but on its way
Intent, past systems, over comet-tracks,
Comes like a pilgrim with an offering,
And through the pure space to the misty world
Brings the faint greeting of a star unknown.

For me, the light feet, not yet heard on earth,
That move toward me from the better land,
And, though unheeded, shall complete their work,
And, like the morning sunburst breaking nigh,
When my heart faints, and all my life is dark,
Step from the cloud bearing the gift of Heaven,
Sweet face and tender hands to comfort me.

The poet that shall come in the world's need
And lead men to the light, and teach them truth,
And win them by the wonder of his words,
Till true be known for true, and false for false,
And build the many-coloured bow of thought
In sight above their heads, and, in the end,
From his gold cup shall so enrich the world
That men shall lavish blessings on his grave.

For me the angel that shall take my hand,
When winds are ceasing, and my work is done,
And, like a king leading a beggar child,
Shall open death and lead me through the veil,
And gently guide me, dazzled with the light,
Till my hand rests on all that I have lost.

PERKINS'S PURPLE.

Let other men sing the praise of Hector and of Agamemnon, be it for me to sing the praise of Perkins, the inventor of the new purple.

Perkins (Mr. Perkins), I should at once mention, is the gentleman who, by his skill in chemistry, has lately discovered this beautiful purple colour now so common, and which tradesmen foolishly call Mauve—a French word, I believe, derived from the name of the mallow plant, but why or wherefore used I know not, except that the mallow flower is of a dull brown purple, and is utterly unlike the delicious violet of Perkins, to which the Tyrian purple of the Cæsars is tame, dull, and earthy indeed.

It is a pleasant thing to draw similes from the fact, that this exquisite colour was extracted by Mr. Perkins from coal tar. The black sticky juice of fossil plants seems, at the first blush, a curious source for so pure and bright a dye; most men to obtain which would have boiled down chaldronfuls of wood violets, or waggon-loads of pansies and Venus's looking-glass. Mr. Perkins, a man who has fought his way up through the mysteries of chemistry, groped for it in the seething kettle of the ship-builder, and found it. Did the purple shadows of clouds throwing laburnum-coloured tints on the surrounding sea suggest the search, or did the sea itself whisper and moan out her dyer's secret? Not it. Perkins tracked the purple out in the products of distilled indigo, grasping the secret from amidst the red glare and ponderous smoke of an ordinary unenchanted laboratory in a London street.

Chemistry is hard at work seeking for remedies for disease. It is filtering water, and separating air, and melting diamonds, and making ice in red-hot crucibles, and performing all sorts of juggling tricks; it is brewing poisons and searching dead men's stomachs for poisons it has invented; it is watching artificial digestion in artificial pouches; it is doing all over the world, simultaneously, thousands of useful, dangerous, and curious things. It has all but discovered gold; it has all but discovered Nature's receipt for making diamonds; but never, though, has it discovered how to stop the death-flood of cholera, the sloughing throat of diphtheria, or the new plague of London now seething in the Thames. Never does it work so hard and with such staring, eager eyes and acid-stained fingers as when it works at the bidding of trade; commerce being, as we have at last discovered, the special ambition and object of England as a nation. The Celt, Saxon, and Norman were fused together that we should trade; Magna Charta and our 1688 guarantee were obtained that we should trade. We conquer to trade, we missionarise to trade, we wage war that we might have unimpeded trade. Last of all, we make chemical experiments that we may trade, and of the discoveries of our commercial chemistry Mr. Perkins's discovery is one of the greatest and most brilliant.

All discoveries do not bring fortunes to the discoverer. Fame comes; but, when the money should flow in, there is a hitch, a frost, a blight. M. Schönbein, the German country usher, discovered gun cotton, but now it is used only for blasting; but there is chloroform, that great gift of Heaven and blessing to mankind. The same alchemist who discovered gin and water discovered the more useful phosphorus, to which we partly owe the comfort of lucifer-matches.

A new colour is worth a fortune. Fortunate Mr. Perkins discovered his purple after long experimenting on coal tar and benzole, that product of benzoic acid which is used to clean white kid gloves, and which cleans them without the noxious smell of morphine, which is a poisonous preparation of opium.

The Persian king, who offered a large reward to the discoverer of a new pleasure, by which he did not necessarily mean a new sin, would have buried Mr. Perkins in a well full of diamonds. He would have pelted him to death with gold pieces, or have erected to his honour golden statues.

The chemical experiments that result in leaving deposits of colour in glass tubes, or in crucibles, are innumerable. Red oxide of manganese fused with glass communicates a beautiful violet tint. Iodine is rich in dyeing dolphin tinges; safflower gives cerise, madder is a powerful agent in dyeing our soldiers' coats blood red; but few of these are permanent colours, many of them pass away quick and volatile as the summer rainbow, many are mere phenomena, gone almost before they can be seen.

It had been for years known that benzole, exposed to a reducing action and oxidised, became aniline, and that a dirty fugitive purple appeared in the course of the transmutations of this aniline, and was, indeed, a test of its presence. It took Mr. Perkins three anxious years, however, before repeated oxidisations worked their spells, and Mauve flashed upon his (Perkins's) eyes. It is a liquid purple, perfectly transparent and soluble in alcohol. It is patent, and has to be purchased directly or indirectly from the clever inventor. It can be deepened with Prussian blue to any tint, but only at the expense of its valuable property of permanence.

It is rich and pure, and fit for anything; be it fan, slipper, gown, ribbon, handkerchief, tie, or glove. It will lend lustre to the soft changeless twilight of ladies' eyes—it will take any shape to find an excuse to flutter round her cheek—to cling (as the wind blows it) up to her lips—to kiss her foot—to whisper at her ear. O Perkins's purple, thou art a lucky and a favoured colour!

The proper complementary colour to Mauve is a greenish yellow, not an orange. And this is well for ladies to know who do not understand

that Nature is inexorable in her laws of colours, and will not be trifled with with impunity. If black is worn near the face, it will make faces pale, just as deep red will rob rosy cheeks of their bloom and make them look almost wanting in colour; brown makes a face bricky. It was ordained so when the rainbow was made, and it will ever be so. Green and yellow together will always be a hideous contrast, just as blue and green are. Red and green, and red and blue, will always be pleasant to the eye. It is true, Nature can make any two colours agree; but then it is by the subtle way in which she mixes her proportions. All sorts of chemists had experimented on aniline, obtaining it from indigo, coal tar, and the decomposition of all sorts of nitrogenised substances. It was known to be oily and colourless, with a pleasant vinous smell, and a burning aromatic taste. It was known to evaporate easily, to turn the dahlia juice green, mixed with hydrochloric acid to strike fir-wood deep yellow, to form with a solution of bleaching powder a deep but fugitive purple. But here stepped in Mr. Perkins, fixed the dye, and carried off the imperial purple on his shoulders, as he well deserved. Alchemists of old spent their days and nights searching for gold, and never found the magic Proteus, though they chased him through all gases and all metals. If they had, indeed, we doubt much if the discovery had been as useful as this of Perkins's purple.

Whatever has colour must have a dye, though it may be too expensive to extract; and, when extracted, too fugitive, or too opaque, or too pale, or too light. The alchemist of to-day has grown practical, and works for the Manchester factory. A discovery that benefits trade is better for a man than finding a gold mine. It is, in fact, like this Perkins's purple, the key to other men's gold mines.

Purple has always been a royal and favoured colour, though selected by Nature to clothe the little wayside violet. The Tyrians sent it in ships, and on camels' backs, all over the world to clothe kings and adorn emperors. The murex, or sea-fish, from which they obtained their purple, had been for centuries before their discovery of its use, the mere mussel that fishermen ate, longing for the richer food of the "lubbers" on land. The use had slumbered in the shell, thrown in heaps to rot upon the Tyrian shore, till some thoughtful knife scraped and scratched till it hit upon the receipt Nature had written on it in purple ink; just so before Perkins, thousands of chemists sniffed and tasted coal tar, observing its scientific first cousinship with the oil of bitter almonds, and the benzine collas with which certain manufacturers, wishing to avoid the smell of naphtha, clean white kid gloves, without ever sniffing out this profitable secret. The rich dye was there, as the rose of morning flows in the dark cheek of night, yet is not visible till that great discoverer the sun comes, and looks for his bride at the daybreak.

Lucky Mr. Perkins, favoured Mr. Perkins, to be smiled at by Belgrave angels, and to have the colours of thy election admired by the houris of The Row! Knights of old broke each other's ribs, and let out each other's blood, dying happily amid a heap of shivered armour, so that their ladies' colours still waved from their helmet, or sopped up the blood oozing from their gaping heart wounds; but you, Mr. Perkins, luckier than they, rib unbroken, skull uncracked, can itinerate Regent-street and perambulate the Parks, seeing the colours of thy heart waving on every fair head and fluttering round every cheek!

One would think that London was suffering from an election, and that those purple ribbons were synonymous with "Perkins for hever!" and "Perkins and the English Constitootion!" The Oxford-street windows are tapestried with running rolls of that luminous extract from coal tar; knots of ribbon, the white shining through the pure and clarified purple, hang from the dégagé hoods of the Right Honourable Mrs. Bellwether and all the Miss Bellwethers as they fill the Bellwether barouche, like a nosegay of purple stocks, and roll down Baker-street towards the thinning Park. It decorates in streamers Mrs. Collywabble's bonnet (Mr. C. is M.P. for a Cornish borough), those streamers Mrs. C. flutters through the grey cobweb air of Latakia-square as if it was the Collywabble banner, and she was preceding a band of pure Pollywiggle electors to the Pollywiggle poll.

O Mr. Perkins, thanks to thee, too, for clothing, as with a stainer, the little wax hands of the belle of the season, who, riding through Decomposition-row towards Kensington on band days, maketh it a desert, the cavaliers following her as if her chesnut mare were a magic horse hammered out of a magnet. Thanks to thee, too, for fishing out of the coal-hole those precious veins and stripes and bands of purple on summer gowns that, wafting gales of Frangipanni, charm us in the West-end streets, luring on foolish bachelors to sudden proposals and dreams of love and a cottage loaf. As I look out of my window now, the apotheosis of Perkins's purple seems at hand—purple hands wave from open carriages—purple hands shake each other at street doors—purple hands threaten each other from opposite sides of the street; purple striped gowns cram barouches, jam up cabs, throng steamers, fill railway stations: all flying countryward, like so many purple birds of migrating Paradise; purple ribbons fill the windows, purple gowns circle out at shop entrances, purple feather fans beckon to you in windows. We shall soon have purple omnibuses and purple houses; there is everywhere a glut of this white and violet, which is a great deal more agreeable than perpetual partridge.

When I see a mild fever, like this gentle, fashionable insanity for Perkins's purple, I wonder at the unhappy limitations which Nature has assigned to the lower animals. They cannot take to new fashions; they cannot go to this ball in rose pink, and to the next in clove red and black lace. They cannot tie their hair in cabbage-nets or dumpling-bags, and then sprinkle

them with glass sugar-plums and showers of coloured comfits; they cannot even (letting alone these epidemics) change for sensible and prudential reasons; Nature's livery is unalterable. She allows but one suit, and that lasts all through life. The duck has a green plush neck, the cock has a scarlet crown. They must keep to green and red; there is no alternative, let it suit their complexion or not. Perkins may discover a new pleasure in his purple, it is not for them; they have got their suit, and must make the best of it; it will last them till they are laid in state, the one in a bed of green peas, the other delicately tinted with egg-sauce. Nature is chary of her ideas; she cut the daisy out of white and yellow, and just touched it with pink, thousands of years ago, and there the daisy is still, just the same—conservative enough. And here a moral: The animal and plants are Tory. Man is progressive. Heaven knows, man is animal enough, in his greediness, in his vanity, in his rage, in his fear, in his magpie collecting, in his sheepish running in flocks, in his stupid curiosity, in his respect for the strongest, but in two things we are not animal:

WE COOK AND WE DRESS.

There are no animal Soyers, no animal Madame Furbelowas, there is no Perkins to stain monkeys a fashionable purple, or to dye a lion's mane Mauve. Sandy they are, tawny he is, and sandy and tawny the last monkey and the latest lion will be found. Warlike monkeys have been found that did battle with cocoa-nuts and stones and boughs against intruding travellers who would have disturbed the balance of power in monkey land, and destroyed the monkey constitution; but they had never ruddled themselves red with ochre, nor covered their breasts with sham lace, nor stained their legs cherry colour. Yet, when the first Roman pushed the Kentish oak-boughs back with his spear, he found Paradoxacus painting his body with a map of England in blue woad. The earliest Irish, who two thousand years ago brained their landlords and, even at that early period, made bulls, stained their shirts yellow with saffron. We may, therefore, fairly suppose that the first milliner was probably contemporaneous with the first woman, and that the carpenters who made the ark were not ignorant of the construction of a bandbox.

A great many legends relating to animals turn upon their supposed melancholy and despairing regret at having no future state; but how much more likely that the tearfulness in the brown eye of the horse, and the contemplative pitifulness in that of a cow, arise from envious longing for a change of dress. Perhaps every time Madge in the red petticoat milks Chocolate Moll, and every time a wonderful creature in "peg tops" or Zouave breeches gets into a cab, the animals feel cruelly the helplessness of their condition. No wonder that sometimes the cow runs horns down at Madge, and that the cab horse browses a mouthful of artificial flowers out of an old maid's bonnet. It is all envy—sheer animal envy. No wonder, then, the Swiss cows delight in the necklace and bell that guides the herd to the terraces of sweet thyme and myrtle-leafed Alp roses. No wonder the Spanish mules rejoice in their trappings of red and yellow. How the London brew-horses exult in their jingling brass ornaments and their ear-bags! With how much better grace, then, would a cow submit to be milked if it had a hanging of cherry-coloured silk, a cab horse to gallop if it had trappings of blue and silver, brewer's horses to tug and strain if they were covered with yellow and red nettings! Brute animals have their vanity to comfort them for not being human, and men have their vanity because they are not Brute animals.

Truly, man cooks and woman dresses. There we win the race. We beat them, too, by changing and advancing; for, while we made the reed but grow till it became a Gothic cathedral, the dove still builds her nest as when she flew, first of all the birds, to land from Noah's ark, leaving its fellow to follow as it might. It is in this point of change that the peacock of the terrace is beaten by the lady of the manor-house. The vain bird comes to the hall window, pecks to show the performance is going to begin, and then, with a fluff, spreads abroad its great Indian fan, full of golden glitters, brazen gleams, and emerald eyes, to show her human rival in the Perkins's purple barege, how poor a thing human dress is beside Divine invention. The lady says nothing; but, the next time the bird looks in, Eve is in rose satin, and the third time in Mauve colour and black. Why, it would take a kaleidoscope to match her. The peacock trails back to the farm-yard to tell his friend the bacon pig and his noisy kinsmen the barn door fowls, the completeness of her defeat. The lady changes like a dolphin; she has more aspects and mutations than the fickle moon herself. "Bah! it is not fair," says the pea-hen. "No, no," chatter the pea-chicks, unanimous for once.

I dare say my readers all know the story of the Red Indian who, having wounded an English officer during the American war, was so puzzled when he went to scalp him at finding his enemy's wig come off in his hand that he relinquished his purpose. I am not sure that the wounded man did not become a sort of Manitou or Indian deity in consequence, and depart at last laden with buffalo tongues, blankets, and wampum belts.

To return to Mr. Perkins and his wonderful purple, let us hope that it will not be forsaken as easily as it has been discovered. It has a moral superiority over other purples—it is permanent. The French purple grew white in sea air, or in sunlight, or on the smallest provocation. In waistcoats, it stained your shirts; in gloves, it gave you dyer's hands. Now the Proteus is changed; it is fixed; it stains still, but it never fades. It may be a silly thing to forfeit all individuality and to put on a flock colour that becomes a livery—a colour that, on the smallest

change of fashion, tells its tale of date and change. Red heels by thousands once trod the London stones: now they are seen only in faded, obsolete, cocked-hat comedies. Blue stockings were the rage during the Regency; they are gone where the velvet coat powdered with gold strawberries, the sky-blue velvets, the flower-embroidered suits are gone—to dust and ashes; gone with swords, and clouded canes, and roses in the shoe, and feather head-dresses, and snowy mountains of powdered hair, and rolled stockings, and double watches, and bunches of seals, and hangers at the button-hole, and daggers at the side, and plumed hats, and ladies' buttoned riding masks, and silk cloaks, and satin suits woven with pearl, and broad cloth of gold sword-belts, and all other fal-lals of dead vanity—gone where even Perkins's purple must one day follow them—to the great dusthole of oblivion outside the back-door of Vanity Fair.

DRIFT.

ST. FRANCIS'S WILL.

If abjuring the opera, resigning his clubs, friends, festivities, and all frivolous matters conceivable, and cutting himself off without even the usual shilling which belongs to this popular phrase, he were to turn into the Home Mission, take a berth as ward tender in the foul ward of St. Bartholomew's, or the Fever Hospital, and at night wait upon the inmates of the Field-lane Refuge, what opinion would his own mother have of the sanity of her son?

And yet the founder of the most distinguished order of the Mendicant Friars, called either Franciscan from their founder's name, Grey Friars, from the colour of their habit, Minores, or Minorites, as the youngest and humblest of the religious foundations, six hundred and fifty years ago, did this and a little more.

From wealth, this zealot descended to utter poverty; from station he abased himself to the level of the lowest outcast in the town, and turned to attend on the poor and the sick, above all, on that unhappy wretch, who, in those days, was banished from among his fellow-men, the pariah of oppidans, the unclean and accursed leper. St. Francis of Assisum, or as it is now written Assisi, a town in the Papal States, was born in the year of our Lord 1182, and there is a concise outline of his career in Professor Brewer's Monumenta Francisca, published by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

"Happily for the objects of his mission, St. Francis had been brought up as a factor for his father, a wealthy merchant. He had early opportunities, through his mercantile occupations, of coming into contact with the manufacturing population; and his whole life shows, as well as the rule which he gave to his followers, that he understood better than most men (whatever else might be his failings) the true nature of his mission and the character of the people with whom he had to deal. He had to strip Christianity, in the first instance, of the regal robe in which popes and prelates had invested it: to preach it as the gospel of the poor and the oppressed. It was not to be a trap for men's obedience; it was not to demand a surrender of that independence which the commons of the towns had guarded so jealously, and purchased at such costly sacrifices. He caught the poorest in their poverty; the subtle in their subtlety; sending among them preachers as ill-clad and as ill-fed, but as deep thinkers in all respects as themselves. Like other reformers of his age, his earliest thoughts were directed to the Saracens. Among them he proposes to labour. But his purposes right themselves, and find their due employment in a larger and more important field. His followers are to visit the towns two and two; in just so much clothing as the commonest mendicant could purchase. They are to sleep at nights under arches, or in the porches of desolate and deserted churches, among idiots, lepers, and outcasts; to beg their bread from door to door; to set an example of piety and submission." How the Rev. Canon Pretyman, who left half a million pounds, vicarial gains, behind him, would have psha'ed at such a rule of ministration! Moreover, St. Francis appointed that twelve conditions must be fulfilled before any applicant could be received into the order. He must believe the Catholic faith,—must not be suspected (even) of error,—must be single,—legitimate,—whole in body,—prompt of mind,—out of debt,—not born a bondman,—"if he be a clerk at the least that he be going of sixteen years of age,"—of good name and fame,—either competently learned, or else able to profit the brethren by his labour—and of gentle condition, so that his entry into the order "maye be grete edification to the peple."

But there is an early English translation of the Testament of St. Francis, in a vellum MS. of the fifteenth century, among the Cotton manuscripts at the British Museum, formerly belonging to a Franciscan friar, John Howell, which gives such an insight into the practice and doctrine of a religious enthusiast, that I believe, with the properest respect, the whole bench of bishops will be all the better for a close and attentive perusal of the document, and so, without more ado, I copy it and dedicate it to them:

"Here begynneth the Testament of owre holy fadre Seynt Francis.

"Owre Lord gave unto me brother Frauncis thys to begynne and doo penaunce, for why when I was in the bondage of synne yt was bitter to me and lothesomme to se and lokke uppon persounys enfect with leopre (leprosy); but that blessid Lord browghte me amonge them, and I did mercy with them, and I departyng from them, that before semyd bittre and lothesome was turned and changed to me into gret swetnesse and comforte bothe of body and of soule, and afterward in this state I stode and bode a lytle while and thenn I lefte and forsooke the worldly lyf; and our Lord gave to me suche faithe and devotion in his Churchis that thys symply and mekely I wurshipped hym, and prayed and sayd: 'We wurshipe The most blessid Lord Jesus Crist here, and at alle churchis whiche be in alle the worlde; and

we thanke The for by thy holy crosse Thou hast bowghte and redemyd this worlde.'

"And then afterward our Lord gave unto me suche faith and confidens in those prestis whiche live accordynge to the forme or ordynance of the holy Churche of Rome, for the ordre of them that if they did trowble and pursue me I wold returne and have recourse unto them.

"And yf I had as muche wysedome as Saloman had, and shall happen to fynde the poor symplest prestis of this worlde I wolde not preche in ther parisshes wherin they dwelle contrary to ther wille. And thos and all other prestis I wille fer and dred, love, honoure, and have in reuerence as my lordis and soverayns. And I will not considre nor espie eny synne in them; nor I wille not thynke that they be rechiles (reckless) and synfulle, for I considre them and take them as my lordis and masters; and this I doo for this consideration, for in this worlde I se nothyng with my bodily yes of the moost hiest Sone of God, but his most holiest and most blessid bodie, and his moost holy and preciusse blode which they resceyve, and thei only mynister those most holy sacramentis to other men.

"And wher soever I fynd his most holiest names and wordis writen in inconvenient placis I wille take them and gather them to gethers. And I desire that they be takynn upp and gatherid together, and that thei be put and kept in convenient, clene, and honest placis.

"And alle divynes, and alle thos that mynister to us the devyne service, and shew us the worde of God we sholde honour, and haue them in reuerence as those that minyster to us the spryte and the lif, or as those of whome we haue owre spirituelle and gostly foode and the sustenaunce of our sowle.

"And after that our Lorde had sent too me bretherne, no man told me what I sholde doo, but that most hiest and gracious Lorde shewed to me by revelacion that I sholde lyve after the forme and the wordis of the holy gospelle. And I in fewe simple and playne wordis caused the fowrme of our lyf to be writtenn, and our holy fadre the pope confirmed hyt unto me, and they that camme to reseyve this forme or maner of lyvynge departyd and distributed that they had and myght haue too powre people.

"And we were content with oone coote pesyd bothe within forthe and without forthe with a corde and a femorall (breeches), and we wolde nat haue ony more. Owre devyne seruyce the clerkis saide as other clerkis, and the lay bretherne said ther pater noster.

"And we fulle gladly dwelte and taried in pour deserte and desolat churchys, and we were content to be taken as ideotis and foolys of every man, and I did exercyse my self in bodily laboure. And I wille laboure, and yt ys my wille surely and stedfastely that alle the bretherne occupie and exercyse themself in labour, and in suche occupation and labour as belongethe to honeste. And those that have no occupation to exercyse themself with alle, shall lerne not for covetis to resceyve the price or hier for ther laboure, but for to give good example and eschewe and put away idlenes.

"When we wer not satisfied nor recompensid for our labour, we went and had recourse to the bord of oure Lorde, askynge almes from dore to dor. Our Lord by revelation tawghte me to say this maner of salutation, 'Oure Lorde give to this his peace.'

"And my bretherne must be welle ware and welle advysed in ony wyse that *they resceyve no churches nor dwellinge placys, or ony thingis*, but yf they be as semythe holy pouerte, the whiche in our rewle we have vowed and promised, alweys longyng and abiding ther in those placis but as pilgryms and straungers.

"I commaunde also stedfastly and straytely by obedience unto all my brethrene, that whersoever they be and abide, that they be not so bolde or so hardy other by themself or by ony other meane persone, to desire or axe or to gette or purchease ony letter or writynge from the Court of Rome, nother for the Churche nor for any other maner of place, nother for prechyng nor undre that colour, nother yet for the persecution of ther bodies; but whersoever they be notte resceived they may flee awey and departe thens to another place to do penaunce with the blissynge of God. And I wille in alle thyngis stedfastely and surely obey and be obedient to the generall minister of this Fraternite. And to what someuer warden hit shall plese hym to geve me or to assigne me; and in suche wise I wilbe takynne and yelded and resigned in to his handis, that I may nother doo nor say other wise then yt is his wille, for he ys my lord and soffrayne. And though I be but simple and not lernid nor letterid, and seke and unstedfast and feble, yet neuer the les I wille haue a clerke whiche shalle say the devyne servyce unto me like wyse as yt is expressyd and contayned in the rewle. And alle the other bretherne are bounde also too obeye unto ther wardens, and too saye ther devyne seruyce after the rewle.

"And yf eny of the bretherne be founde that say not ther devyne seruyce after the rewle, or that wolde varye and change ther office ony other wey, or say ther servyce ony other wise, or after any other use, or that they be not stable and stedfast in the Crysten feithe, alle the bretherne arre bounde by obedience, wher soeuer they fynde suche a brother, too brynge hym and to present hym to the next custosie or wardene to that place wher as thei fynde hym, and that custos or wardene ys bounde stedfastly and straytly by obedience to kepe hym surely and strongly as a man in holde and in bondis as a prysoner bothe daye and nyghte so that he maye be delyverid to the hondis of his mynister. And his mynister is bounde stedfastly and straitely by obedience too send hym by suche bretherne, the whiche shalle kepe hym daye and nyghte as a man in holde, untill that they brynge hym and present to the Lord Hostience, the whiche is lord protectour and correctour of this fraternite and brothered.

"And the bretherne shalle not say that this is a newe rule, for thys ys a rehersalle or a recordynge and a remembraunce and admonicyon or exhortatioun, and my testament and last wille whiche I brother Frauncis, your yongelynge and your pour servant make and leve unto you my blessyd bretherne to that intent that the rewle whiche we have vowed and promysed to our Lorde we may herby the more surely and faithefully observe and kepe.

"And the generalle minister and alle the other minysters and custosis and wardennys be bownde by obedience in these wordis nothynge to adde hertoo nor mynysche nothynge here of, and alweys they shall haue this testament in writynge withe them by the rewle, and in alle their chapiters and capituler congregacions that they have or that they make when they rede the rewle, they shalle rede these wordis, or this my testament contayned in this word.

"And I commaunde by obedience unto all my bretherne, bothe clerkis and also laye bretherne, that they put or make no glose on the rewle, or on

this my testament contayned in these wordis, saying that thus hyt shuld be undrestonde.

"But like wise as oure Lorde gave me or graunted me grace simply and purely or playnelye to say or to shewe the rewle, and these wordis soo sympilly and purely without any glose, you that be my bretherne shall undrestonde them and with holy operation and with frewtefull werkis and holy conversatioune ye shall observe and kepe them unto your lyves ende. And who soeuer trewly observe and kepe he shalbe fulfilled with the blessinge of the most hiest Father in hevyne, and ere in erith he shalbe fufilled with the blessyng of his most best and swetest Sonne, with the moost Holiest Goste. And they shalle afterward be also accomplysshed with alle the orders of angellis and withe alle sayntis, abidyng alweys in ther holy, blessid, and joyfulle company in the kyngdome of hevyne. And I, brodre Frauncis, youre yongelyng and your pour seruaunt, how muche soeuer I may or as for furthe as I cann or may establische and conferme unto you within forthe and withoute forthe this forsayd most holiest benediction and blessyng.

"Here endithe the testament of oure holy Fadre Seynte Frauncis."

It would be impertinent to mar a text so replete with charity, humility, and good sense as this is with any derivation or explanation.

GAMEKEEPER'S NATURAL HISTORY.

It is my fervent belief that the natural history of England will never be written properly till it is taken in hand by the English gamekeepers: written by those sinewy, stalwart men addicted to velveteen shooting jackets and leather splatterdashes, and taken from the ink-stained hands of those pale, weak legged, purblind men in spectacles, who review everything second hand. I maintain that old Targett, the gamekeeper at my friend Colonel Hanger's, who spends all day waiting for vermin, trapping, and shooting, and all night watching for poachers, in Redland Woods, must know more about the habits and customs of the fox, the badger, the marten, the rat, and the rabbit, than Professor Mole of St. John's Wood, who, never goes into a field, never rode after a fox in his life, was never present at the "drawing" of a badger, never fired off a gun, never dug out a dog-rat, never bit the tip of a bull-dog's tail to make him stop fighting; who does not know how pheasants roost, could not catch a weasel asleep, or otherwise is, in fact, a poor, respectable, over civilised, rheumatic, narrow-chested Professor; very great with his books and lamps, but a mere ignoramus down beside our tough friend Targett, who cannot write (who, in fact, I caught the other day tearing up an old volume of Cuvier to make wadding of the covers), but who has spent his life, not in reading other men's thoughts, but in observing living things, and studying their ways. He has never heard the word Mammalia, but he knows the individuals of the class, knows how to feed 'em, and snare 'em, and generally circumwent 'em. In fact, all he knows is how they live, eat, drink, and sleep; what they feed on, to what extent their instinct goes; how far they can be tamed; their times of breeding, and haunts—things which Professor Mole merely writes about.

It is a sad thing, I often observe to my friend Mr. Fox, of Great St. Andrew-street, who stuffs birds and sells them, that men who know a subject generally, cannot write, and those who know nothing about it, but only think they do, can. Here, down in Wiltshire, we have Targett, who knows more about English natural history than all the F.Z.S.s and presidents of societies in the world, yet cannot sign his name, and always puts a cross to his sharp son's weekly register of game killed that is sent in to Colonel Hanger. Professor Mole, who does not know a polecat from a ferret when it flashes across a country road, yet compiles his naturalist's library, &c. &c., the only books where an Englishman can learn anything about the animals of his own country, though he may go to the Regent's Park and make faces at the lion, or throw a bun to the bear with impunity. In fact, the more I read Cuvier, and Jardine, and "the whole bilin' of 'em," the more I feel that English natural history is yet unwritten, and is to be compiled from the half-century wisdom of earth-stoppers and gamekeepers, and woe be to the infant science if we stop till these old men go to earth, or death makes game of our gamekeepers. As the Dodo and the Mammoth have perished; as the Great Sea Serpent of the Indian Seas, and gigantic Kraken of the Northern Ocean, have passed into myths, so will pass the English badger, the wild deer, and the corncrake. The wild cat is almost gone, the fox in time will follow, and where will be their histories?

Our child of the year two thousand and fifty, dressed in crimson silk breeches and satin and cloth-of-gold night-gowns, going out to dinner in steam balloons, and using electric telegraphs to ring the bell with, will, perhaps, some day, want to know what the fox, people hunted in one thousand nine hundred on steam-engine horses, was like. This student goes to his cupboard of thirty thousand books, and running round the tramroad lined with shelves on a velocipede, he takes down a dusty French book, Dictionnaire Classique, or l'Histoire Naturelle, and finds to his delight that the Renard is a Canis Vulpes of the order mam. He is also overjoyed —this enthusiast for antiquarian knowledge —to find that Renarde is the female of Renard. The food of the almost forgotten animal and its habits it was too trifling for scientific men to give. But still he is gratified and comforted to learn, on the conjoint testimony of MM. Bourdon, Pierrot, De Candolle, Delafosse, and others, that the fox is a species of the genus dog, and that it is a cunning and greedy animal, its odour unpleasant, and its fur of a reddish brown colour.

Stop! the historian gluts our enthusiast with information. Here is more news: "The tail of the Renard is bushy and of considerable magnitude." O these valuable and laborious French writers; what years of watching beside damp fox earths, and under ash roots and behind tight-

rinded oaks they must have spent in accumulating all this information, in addition to what Adam observed as the great procession of birds, beasts, and fishes passed to the baptism. If Adam had written natural history, then we should have known if we have yet classified half the existing creatures, and have settled the question of that troublesome sea-serpent who keeps putting in alibis in different degrees of latitude, and whose existence (you need not go and mention it) I fervently and persistently have believed in.

It is my fervent belief also—and I love heterodoxy, because it keeps moving—that no one can paint a thing which is not before him as he paints; that no man can describe a place but on the spot; that no one can write on animals till he has chased, and shot, and petted, and watched them. Natural history is not to be written by professors in spectacles—timid, twittering, unsophisticated men—from stuffed animals and bleached skeletons. What we want is open air natural history, such as Audubon, and White of Selbourne, and Gould, and more of it and deeper of it. What we want is gamekeepers' societies, and discussions duly reported: Leatherstockings president, Shotpouch corresponding secretary (if he could only write)—no Monoculuses and Moles, thank you. Then we might have something like natural history, and know where we were and what to be at. When fish are bred and brought up in aquariums, and butterflies and reptiles, too, then we shall know something about them. Till then, under the head English Natural History, write Chaos; which, being interpreted, means blankness and old night. It is the land of Boshen and of fog.

Let me turn to the word "fox," and see what these dull, unadvancing pedants say—men who ought to discuss and chronicle every newspaper paragraph relating to wild or tame foxes, and examine the very length and breadth of their subject.

What does Professor Mole say? Here is the book, with a dauby, inaccurate, burnt sienna drawing of a fox, that a whipper-in would laugh at. The text occupies about two pages; it could be read in five minutes, yet it was only last November I had a burst of forty minutes after a fox that broke away from the Blackmoor Vale hounds, near Windwhistle Inn, and every minute of that time, I can assure you, furnished some fresh instance of this incomparable animal's instinct. Riding home, the old whip told me enough stories about the fox's habits to fill a large volume of the Professor's works. And this is history! Shall I be ever driven to bring out that great exposure of mine, called "The History of Historians?"

Well! let us get to Mole's book. Here it is: Fox—vulpis vulgaris—supposed to be indigenous to England—tradition says it was taken over to America by the Pilgrim Fathers—measures two feet five inches (I have known some hundred exceptions); tail cylindrical, one foot three inches; head broad, snout sharp, eyes oblique, nose and forehead rectilinear. On the colour of this little-known animal the Professor is very minute, stating the fur to be yellowish red, shading off to a paler yellow (few naturalists can describe colours, never using similes, the only way to express clearly and vividly subtle distinctions); this malt colour, or ripe corn colour, is mixed, it appears, with grisly white and black hairs; ash colour breaks out on the forehead, rump, and hams; the lips, cheeks, and throat are white, and there are white lines on the inner surface of the legs; the breast and belly are whitish; the ears and feet black; the tail is tipped with white, and sometimes ringed with black. The Welsh foxes, wishing for heraldic difference, and being probably of old Pendagon blood, and of a richer and stronger smell, leave out the black ring.

The Professor having here exhausted his limited palette of colours, branches off to the Syrian fox, that Samson caught and tied firebrands to, to the silver fox, &c. The Professor's mode of writing, however, is sometimes rather confused, for he describes an Indian fox that is so agile that it can turn nine times within the space of its own length—agility that even our English M.P.s could scarcely rival. More wonderful still, it feeds on "field mice and white ants, with tails like squirrels." What a terrible thing an ant with a squirrel's tail must be?

The great delusion of historians seems to be that they must write about nothing but the crimes of kings. The delusion of Professor Moles seems to be that their special mission is to describe in conventional language (generally second-hand) the colours of animals. This done, their task is over. Give me an old poacher; you take Jardine. Give me Targett, you take Mole. I believe in few things, but the one thing I do believe in is the value of personal observation. All second-hand things are bad; second-hand information is generally first-hand ignorance.

As for fish, I give up all hope of ever knowing anything about them. The turtle, turbot, cod, and sole I have dissected, and I think know pretty well; but who is to spend months off the Doggerbank, the Knock, or the Silver Pit sands, to study the habits of the tabbied mackerel and the pearl-coated whiting? who will go and live in a diving-bell, and see them play and dance, and feed and fight, and make love and go to war?

But the fox. Is it not dreadful to a progressive mind to hear that stagnant old Mole, surrounded by his glass-cases and stuffed deaths, potter on in this vein:

"Upper shades of the body red fulvous; muzzle dark rufous; on the back waves of whitish; chest grey; anterior line of the forelegs deep black; tail mixed fulvous and black."

What is fulvous and rufous? Why, Mole, do you not go to the colour seller and learn the names of colours, for are not maroon and burnt sienna more intelligible than your gabble of fulvouses and rufouses? And perhaps all this time, thou one-eyed writer for

blind people, thou art describing an exceptional fox, no more like the average foxes than an Albino is like an ordinary man, or a Yankee like an Englishman:

"Foxes have the lateral crests of the skull, which serve to attach the chrotaphite muscles in the shape of an angle, but slighty prolonged before they unite on the frontal suture."

Is not this throwing a stone at us when we ask for bread? Is not this pelting us with barbarous Latin and dog-Greek when we ask to know something about foxes?

Another quarrel of ours with Mole is that he is the dog in the manger—he does not write natural history himself, and he barks at any one else who wants to. And singular, although half his science seems to consist in the mere classification of animals, he always gives us careless daubs of them—rude, raw, and impossible in colour. Here, for instance, is the tricolored fox of Virginia, in an expensive work on natural history, coloured as barbarously as if it was a Cupid holding a pincushion heart in a penny valentine. "Silver grey" is represented by a wash of lead colour, and "rufous" by raw sienna, which also daubs up the eyes. Surely no colour is better than wrong colour any day in the week.

But Mole has not yet exhausted his handbook to the fox. Under the head Canidæ he kindly tells us—Sub-Genus 3, Vulpes—the foxes—that "the pupils of their eyes are elliptical, or contractile into a vertical slit—tail long, bushy—lower on the legs in proportion to the body—fur finer—habit nocturnal."

And, wonderful to relate, I also find, under the head "Important to Fox-hunters," the following interesting bit of algebra:

$$\text{"Incis.}\ \frac{6}{6};\ \text{carn.}\ \frac{1\text{-}1}{1\text{-}1};\ \text{cheek,}\ \frac{6\text{-}6}{7\text{-}7} = 42.\text{"}$$

Which looks more like a calculation in arithmetical cypher of the Professor's income than anything else; but at last I get on dry ground and read, as an alchemist's boy might read his absent master's secret: "Muzzle elongated—nostrils naked, binular, and open at the sides—tongue soft—ears erect—feet anterior pentadactylous, posterior tetradactylous, walk on the toes—mammæ both pectoral and ventral." This is, indeed, knowledge—something like knowledge!

Why is not this printed in a cheap form, placed between an orange-tawny cover, illustrated with a Flying Dutchman fox-hunt, and sold on railway stalls for the use of young fox-lovers who run about England after a bad smell when they might get it in full perfection in the Thames without running at all? What a fine sight it would be to see a band of scarlet youths, while waiting at the covert side some biting January morning, instead of idle smoking, and scandal and gossip, improving their minds by studying Professor Mole's (un)natural History of the British Fox.

And fancy, too, in that golden age, when all fancies become true, and all good men's wishes are fulfilled, fancy the Professor roaming about by moonlight with sanguinary Jem the poacher, studying with the zeal of a Columbus the natural history of the British rabbit, or mounted on a thorough-bred, trying to learn the habits and tempers of that "noble quadruped" the horse. True, the gallant Professor might catch cold sitting down in the wet fern, and he might be pitched into the thorn cage of a bullfinch. But what of that? Has not science also its marytrs? Was there not once a Park, once a Perouse, once a Cook? Why should there not be a Mole?

"Now for your own history of the fox, the rat, the dog, the badger, and all kinds of creatures," says Mole, spitefully.

No, Professor, it does not follow that because I see a shot-hole in the side of the vessel of science that I am necessarily sea-carpenter enough to at once plug it. I see the howling barrenness of your book, but I can only hint at the flowers that might turn it to a garden of Eden. I have a few gamekeepers' notes that I keep as proofs and evidence. More I have had and lost; but still, what I have are a good specimen of the vein I have struck.

It was only last week I was down in a Wiltshire village; and, having studied the church—where on Sundays you hear the blackbirds in the rector's garden laurels making their blithe responses between the pauses of the psalms, and where the arrow-fleet swallows zigzag in and out the aisles between the lessons—and, having watched the reapers, with their steel crescents, busy in the gold rows of the sloping corn-fields, and having read all the red and blue handbills on the folding-doors of the only empty barn in the place, I began to grow a little weary of lying down in the clover-field and watching the bee excisemen, so I determined to follow the dark green line of path that led through the meadow, where the young pheasants were dusting and sunning themselves round their coops, and go and have half an hour's quiet "crack" with old Targett, the head-gamekeeper.

Off I went, rousing the dozing larks to their chorister duties, whipping the purple cushion heads off the thistles, and taking the way to the hanging wood, in the heart of which our Wiltshire Leatherstocking lives. I love the deep greenness of the old plantations, where the ferns are high enough for a stag to pass under, without his antlers touching the key-stone of the arch, and the honeysuckles wind so close together that they seem like chains twined with flowers. Here were glades, too, quite dry, and coated with the red brown aromatic dead needles of the fir; and, up in the tall beeches, whose grey trunks threw quite a light around me, I could see the bush of the squirrel's nest.

At last I got to the break looking down on the stubble-field where the keeper's cottage was. It was bosomed in woods, and down below, before it, was a stile grown round with docks, and a blue Gainsborough glimpse of a church tower with the weathercock on it glittering like a

burning diamond. A great white setter lay at the door, that had been too much with gentlemen to bark at seeing me. I entered. There was the old cottage, with guns on the rack over the fireplace, and a stuffed white owl staring at you with glassy unblinking eyes from above the American clock. There was Targett busy chopping up rabbits for the young pheasants, while a nice old woman, with all the blandness and ease of a duchess, wiped a chair clean for me, and then smiling welcome, went on stirring the oatmeal over the fire. The younger Targett was stuffing a hawk to nail up over the window.

We first discussed the wonderful skill and readiness of poachers; how they bewitch trout with quick lime, and send the three-pounders floating down the stream from under the weeds; how they use cherries with the stones out, and young grasshoppers and wasp-grubs, and salmon-roe, and all sorts of unlikely things for trout that the fish could never have tasted or heard of, yet always bring the poacher's creel home heavy. On moonlight nights when they could see the hares, "these gentry" were sure to be about. He told me, too, that the herons had an oil in their legs that attracted the fish round those meditative birds as they stood in the shallows, and that poachers, it was said, about the Trent, extracted this oil, and used it with great advantage to dip their bait in; this was one of those things, he thought, that "gents as wrote on natyral 'istory" and were wide awake, should inquire into. He had no time to do it; it was quite enough for him to see the dogs were fed, and the vermin killed, and the rabbits snared to feed the pheasants with. As for all those bright varnished rods and expensive tackle gents brought down with them, and wonderful flies with "mouse's bodies and peacock's wings," he would wager any night to catch a basket of perch with one gudgeon's eye on the hook—ay, with mere line and no rod at all.

Then about foxes—they were cunning sure*ly*. Many a night watching he had seen them in the hare runs, practising how far they could leap from a certain bush so as to be sure of their prey, to the very inch, and off before the best of shots could get his gun up. Didn't they eat too, and spoil more than they eat? He had known a dog-fox, when it had cubs in an earth hard by, kill thirty ducks one night; and, a week after, thirty pheasants. Couldn't eat half of them of course, but dug holes in ditches and buried the overplus. It often happened Fox forgot where he buried them, or at least never dug them up again. Why, he had seen them down in the water meadows try a plank that crossed a brook, try it a dozen times, before they would go over; and he had seen them dip their tails in urine, and then drag a trail from a stone heap in a field to where they lay hid. Presently out ran the mice, followed the trail, and were instantly pounced upon. He had met them, too, with geese thrown over their backs and the necks in their mouths. As for trapping them, it was difficult. Why, if you put a gin at the mouth of the earth, they would scratch out above it, or scratch out backwards, and so make the thrown-out earth spring the trap. Even when caught they would sometimes bite off the broken leg and escape.

"Did they really read the newspapers to see where the hounds met next morning?"

"Well, that was a woundy good 'un!" (Here Targett beat his thigh jovially.) No, he thought the varmint did everything but that. They had been known to breed on the top of a church, getting up every day by the ivy boughs, and had been at last killed by the hounds on the very church roof. They had been found with their cubs in the hollow top of pollard trees, and they had been known, when chased, to take to the water and hang on by their teeth among the osiers to a willow bough, their body being invisible. As for their cubs, the vixens will carry them any distance; any disturbance or noise near a hole will make the vixen and cubs change their hole. As for the mange, that scourge of dogs, they "have it dreadful," and have been found as bare as an old trunk and without a hair in their tails. Foxes would run twenty miles straight without turning; even foxes hid in sea cliff that seldom ramble far, perhaps living on fish, and I must remember, too, the fox was always taken at a disadvantage, generally full in stomach and tired with the night's prowl; an evening fox fresh from the day's sleep few dogs could catch.

Here Targett, junior, who had been burning to put in his oar, and was dancing round me with the half-stuffed bat in his hand, broke in to tell me how last night, outside the warren, he had heard a dreadful shriek, as of a woman being murdered, round the corner of a wall. He looked and saw a hare, its head sopped wet crimson with blood, tearing along, and a stoat riding on its neck, sucking like a demon at the spine. As he got up the hare fell dead, and the stoat slid away.

I don't know what I might not have heard to enrich our meagre natural history, had not at this moment the squire's dinner gong boomed out an imperious summons for me, which even my zeal for science was not strong enough to induce me to disobey.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

Our errand leads us into a long and rather low-roofed ward in a workhouse, containing from thirty to forty inmates. It is their sleeping room and sitting room, and while some (in the last stage of weakness, but without any active disease calling for infirmary practice) are confined to their beds, others are sitting round the fire, or making sofas of the outside of their beds, or leaning over a table in the centre of the ward, upon which are spread pamphlets, or newspapers, or books from the workhouse library. The ward is long, and tolerably broad; there is room for a double row of beds, fifteen or twenty in each row, with the heads against

the opposite walls, and the feet projecting into the room, leaving a central avenue wide enough for the nurses and patients to pass and repass without inconvenience, and affording space for long narrow tables. We pass on to near the extremity of the ward, to see our friend the tight-rope dancer, who dearly likes to talk of old times. This is he; this little man with the broad pale forehead, and the unnaturally bright eyes. You would not think that his lungs were affected, or that he had reached the age of sixty-four, for his voice is clear and shrill, and he talks on without any sign of fatigue; but the fatal word pthisis is written on the card at his bed's head, on which are also inscribed his name, age, &c., and the prescriptions of the medical man. How his face kindles with pleasure at being invited to tell the story of his life! The man is well spoken, and if a stray expletive should by chance fall on your ear, or an expres sion which you would rather not hear from a dying man, you will remember the strange wild life he has led, and the long force of habit, which confirms modes of speech almost beyond recal:

"My father was a marble-mason; he carried me as a child to see the horsemanship; and I took such a fancy to it that I was always jumping and tumbling; so he thought the best thing he could do, was, to bring me up to the profession. And, sure enough, he apprenticed me at six years old, and by the time I was ten years old I was a regular public performer. I played at the Olympic—not the Olympic that is now, but the old one. It was partly built out of an old ship given us by King George the Third.

"You ask whether I had any schooling. Oh yes, plenty. Our master wasn't a bad man, though people gave him a bad character. He rented a comfortable house for his young people to be in (close by the Theatre the house was) and he took care that all his 'prentices should have a fair education. I was 'prenticed for fourteen years: I was fed, and clothed, and taught; and the latter part of my term I had ten shillings a week pocket money. Not so bad, was it?

"What were my duties? Why, my duties were slack rope and tight rope every night, and leaping besides. Tight rope is soon learnt—it is not at all difficult; for you have your balance and you fall back to rest against the chair (as it is called) between the dances; but slack rope is a great strain: you are in motion the whole time, without resting once. But it's a fine thing for bringing out the muscles.

"'Twas the slack rope dancing and the leaping for so many years that hurt my limbs. I gave my muscles hard work as long as I could, and now they're paying me out for it. This is what makes my limbs ache so, night and day. Nothing else—no, there's nothing else the matter with me."

This was the constant delusion of the poor fellow, despite the tearing cough which told a different tale.

"Perhaps the leaping hurt me most. You see, when you come to cast a somerset over eight or nine horses, you come down deuced hard. They put large square sacks stuffed with straw to break your fall; but, bless ye, that don't break it much! Such leaps as that, shake ye all over; and while you're jumping about afterwards as light as a feather, you are aching from head to foot.

"You may well say it's a hard life; but it has its pleasures too. I was very fond of it; but then I was a devilish lucky fellow. I never met with an accident—not to hurt myself, I mean—for the first five-and-twenty years. Then I had a bad one. I was engaged at the Eagle (a great place for our entertainments in those days) and I fell forty-two feet and broke my nose. I was trying a new dodge on the slack rope—you're always obliged to be getting up something new—I wasn't sure of it, and didn't know exactly how 'twould turn out; but I soon found myself falling right into the fountain. My shoulder caught upon the spikes and put me in great agony, and my nose was broken against the edge of the fountain. But they took me to a hospital, and the doctors put me to rights again.

"You ask what I did when I was out of my time. I was then twenty years old, and I kept with our company, at a salary of two pound five a week, and went on provincial tours. Afterwards I had three pound a week. We went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all the principal towns of Scotland, and afterwards through Ireland in the same way.

"You think it a high salary, do ye? But young people find plenty of ways for their money, and then I had to find all my own dresses. I might have done better. A fellow-apprentice of mine went abroad and made his fortune, and I might have gone too; but I refused, and I don't repent it, for if I had gone I shouldn't have had *her*." Here he paused, and observing our look of enquiry, he gave one of those bright smiles which occasionally flashed across his face, and added: "At the time I had the offer to go abroad, I was courting the landlord's daughter at Penryhn, where our company was staying for ten weeks. I was acquainted with her for three months, and then she came to Taunton, and we were married at the church of St. Mary Magdalen. And a good wife she has been, too.

"Yes, I expected you'd say that! With a good salary and a good wife I ought not to have come to the workhouse. That's what everybody says. But you see I've had a hard family; eight children to provide for (though only four are living), and then I had to find my own dresses, very handsome dresses too, and when my health gave way I had to pay the doctor. Thirty-four pound I paid the doctor after I had given up my engagement.

"My children have managed to get out in the world, and find their own living, and my wife tries to support herself by needlework; but its very bad pay. She can just manage to rub along; but she couldn't keep me, so I came in here, and I'm tolerably comfortable, and don't

want for anything. My wife's got all my dresses at her lodgings. I told her not to part with 'em. Very handsome dresses, if you'd like to see 'em."

There is always something touching in the enthusiasm of the poor fellow when he talks about his professional costume. He goes over the several items, and dwells in imagination on the contents of a certain chest which he supposes to have been kept inviolable under the pressure of want; and as he mentally reviews the tinsel, he is carried back to the scenes of his youth, and is once more surrounded by brilliant lights and laughing faces, and is receiving the welcome incense of applause.

One very severe day our poor acrobat was shivering with cold; while the rug was being adjusted across his shoulders, a great-coat was observed at his bed's head, and he was asked if he would have it spread over him?

"No, thank you; it's a great deal too good. That's my own coat, not the workhouse dress."

"Too good to keep you warm! I think I should take care of myself first, and of my coat afterwards."

"Ha, ha, ha, quite right!" This, from a great rough, brown face peering out from a blue pocket-handkerchief, which was wrapped round the head of a patient in the next bed. A tall and a merry-faced man he was, the occupant of that bed.

"I like to make myself comfortable, I do, and make the best o' things. I have been a baker by trade, and I always did make the best of things."

"Quite right. You might be much worse off than you are here."

"You may well say that. It's a blessed place of refuge for many a poor soul, and ye may be very happy here if ye like."

"I'm glad to see you bearing your 'time of adversity' in such a cheery spirit."

"Why not? What's the use of fretting? It wouldn't help this hand, or that bad foot."

A cheerful spirit indeed he had. He was pleased with his bed, his food, his nurse, his companions; pleased with his books and with the chaplain's visits; pleased with the thought that his foot (crippled by a scrofulous affection) might possibly get better, and that he might perhaps go out and look at the world again; pleased with the thought that if it did not, and if he never saw the outside of those walls, yet he had a "blessed place of refuge," where he could make himself happy to live or to die.

A strange contrast to this man's state of mind was presented by a neighbour on the opposite side of the ward, whose sad and wistful looks made one wish to know his history, and whose bent posture led to the inquiry:

"Are you not lying uncomfortably? Could not these pillows be better placed."

"No, thank you, this way suits me. 'Tis my back that wants support, not my head. I have paralysis of the spine, and it makes me entirely helpless. Two years have I been lying in this state, unable to raise myself, or to turn in the bed without help. It's hard to be struck down so, in the prime of life, as one may say, and when I was earning a good living as a waiter. But I wasn't brought up to that. I was a hand-loom weaver at Nottingham, and I came up to town, like everybody else, in 1851, to see the Great Exhibition. I came up with no thought of staying here, but I happened upon a situation, and as there was a great talk at the time about the power-looms taking the place of hand-looms, I thought I might as well try for it, instead of going back to Nottingham and being thrown out of work. So I sent back for the rest of my things, and stayed in London from that day to this, with plenty of work and good wages. But in the midst of it all, what happens? Why, all of a minute, I'm cut down with this stroke; and then, what do I do? Why, I stop in a lodging of my own for a twelvemonth, and spend all my savings upon doctors, and then I come in here; and what a life this is! Not able to move! No one to speak to! No prospect of ever being any better in this world! If any one had told me that I should ever come to this!"

The man looked round with a bitter, painful smile, his eye wandering from bed to bed, and from end to end of the long ward, as if to take in the full extent of his misery. His contempt for the workhouse and its belongings was evident, and formed a striking contrast to the satisfied and grateful air of his opposite neighbour. But the baker had resources in his religious spirit, and in a naturally blithesome disposition which the other did not possess. Besides, his case was not so utterly hopeless, and he did not look back, like his companion, on a time of brief excitement and prosperity, such as the life of a busy and popular waiter would present. The man must have been a handsome waiter, too, in his time, for even under all this suffering he had not lost the brightness of eyes, and clearness of complexion, which, with tolerable features, will always constitute a certain kind of beauty. His case was a melancholy and difficult one to deal with. Unsubdued as yet by his affliction, without friends or relatives, averse to the only subject capable of affording real consolation, holding himself apart from his fellow-sufferers, despising their contentment, complaining of the nurses' treatment, and generally bewailing his condition as a workhouse inmate, the unhappy man deprived us of the means of comforting him, and closed his eyes to every ray of hope. But a little patient observation enabled it to be discovered that even this forlorn being was accessible in one point, and capable of one pleasure. He was approached at last through his snuff-box. An empty canister at his side first suggested the thought. "Perhaps some of this irritability is caused by the absence of a stimulant which the poor fellow has enjoyed for years, and has no means of getting in the workhouse." And so it proved. A well-filled canister had a wonderful effect on his views of mankind in general, and of his own case in particular.

And this is an instance of the many ways called

"trifling" in which one may help a workhouse inmate without transgressing the rules of the establishment. It is forbidden, and rightly, to take into the workhouse spirituous liquors or articles of food which, in the case of the sick, might undo all that the medical men are doing. But the most rigid dietary hardly forbids to the aged men and women, tea and snuff, and these seem safe articles for occasional presents. At a comparatively small outlay of time and money, a large return of gratitude and friendly feeling is secured with less of envy than might be expected. The patients know very well that they cannot all be noticed on every visit; indeed it would be a poor compensation for the long confiding talk which they now occasionally enjoy, if the visitor were to walk from bed to bed and only say a few words to each. Once assure them of your interest in their individual cases, and they will trust you, and greet you with a smile as you pass their beds, even if you spend all your time with another patient. As among ourselves, the sight of a true friend, without one spoken word, makes the heart leap for joy; so among the workhouse poor, even a transient glance at you, as you pass through the ward, is a comfort. It affords a glimpse of the outer world, in which their sympathies and affections are still busy, but which many of them are destined never to look upon again. Its cheerfulness enters with the visitor; its fashions are seen in his dress; its activity in his brisk and lively step; its kindliness in the interest he shows for them: an interest which they immediately distinguish from the visits and services of official matrons and assistants, however kind. The sympathies of the poor are not "inside the workhouse:" the heart of each patient is in the place he calls his home—perhaps a single room in a dark, dingy neighbourhood, where he may have left a mother, or a wife and children, to earn their living with difficulty. If any philanthropist should wish to explore the depths of misery and degradation, the blackest cellars, the foulest abodes, the dingiest alleys, which are hidden within the recesses of this vast metropolis, let him, as the shortest mode of proceeding, make acquaintance with some of the workhouse poor, and get the addresses of their friends. Not that these friends are necessarily the offscouring of the earth, as their location would seem to imply. They may, very possibly, be honest people, but they have been driven from place to place by the high price of lodgings, until the calamity which sent the head of the family and its chief support into the workhouse, sent them also into those miserable quarters, which, because they are so miserable and so sin-haunted, are procurable at a low rent. "It's hardly the place for you to go into," many a poor fellow will say, "but if you would take the trouble, I'd return ye a thousand thanks."

It was late in the autumn; the workhouse had experienced a sudden influx of poor. The slow and painful footsteps of some one were heard descending the stone staircase from the upper wards. A pause and a heavy sigh at intervals proved that it was no easy matter for the individual to come down.

"Ah, Richard! is that you? I thought you were to be out and at work again before my next visit."

"And so did I. I'm sound and heartwhole, and I've no fancy for being here; but it's the rheumatics in my knees that's keeping me back, and now I've once got off my strength, ye see, I'm obliged to take lower wages; only seven shillings a week, and two shillings to pay out of it for my lodging. My bit of a bed and things are all safe: the woman has the use of 'em while I'm here, and she'll take me back again when I come out."

"Have you tolerably warm clothes to wear when you take off this thick workhouse dress?"

"I can't say I have. My clothes are very bad; and how am I to get any more out of seven shillings a week? It can't be done."

The promise of an old suit when he left the workhouse elicited one of Richard's brightest looks of gratitude, with a reverential tug at a stray lock of hair. I turned to go away, but he said, "Mayhap you haven't heard of the shocking thing in our ward: a young man brought in half dead, that's been trying to drown himself in the canal, and now he's trying to starve himself to death."

"No. Can I see him?"

"Surely you can if you'll take the trouble to come up." And Richard helped himself up by the banisters much more nimbly than he came down, saying as he did so, "He's in the little ward, two beds from the door as you go in. You'll see him the first thing."

And so I did. And the one glance was sufficient to convey the impression of a depth of misery which would need much gentleness and consideration from those about him.

"That's the young man," said Richard, in his zeal; and a deep frown gathered on the patient's brow as he spoke.

His face was of a ghastly paleness; deep dark hollows surrounded his eyes; and there was a remarkable frown or scowl on his brow. He did not speak or move, and he would receive no food, except such as was actually forced down his throat to prevent starvation. Nothing was known of him, but that he had a mother who had been there in great distress the day before, but whom he did not seem to recognise, and who said that he had been suffering in his head, and had been trying in vain to get a livelihood by singing about the streets. For some days, he was talked to and read to apparently in vain, yet the frown on his face looked less severe, and the mutterings I sometimes heard under the bedclothes sounded like "Thank you." One day, when there was read to him the solemn story of an agony endured for such as he, a tear stole out from under his closed eyelid. Whether he understood what was said, or whether this tear was the result of his own pain and misery, could not be told, but it seemed as if his feelings were touched; the only other occasion on

which this favourable symptom was, when there was read to him, from an old book brought by his mother, a prayer for the use of a little child, which she said he had been accustomed to say night and morning when he was a little boy.

At last, the unfortunate patient received some restorative jelly. But the pressure on the brain continued. Sometimes he was well enough to say a few words about his past life and his deep poverty, but about the crime attributed to him he seemed wholly ignorant, and could never understand how he came into the workhouse. His mother loudly maintained that her boy was too good and too religious to try to take away his own life, but he'd always been afflicted with terrible headaches, and he must have fallen into the water by accident. During his progress towards convalescence there were many patients in the same ward with him. One had belonged to the land transport corps in the Crimea, and, as he said, "had been with Miss Nightingale at Scutari;" another was a venerable-looking old man, who had outlived his friends. Another was a friendless boy, who had been brought in owing to an accident, and whose amiable face at once conciliated regard. He was rapidly improving, and gladly resting on a promise of the parish authorities that they would enable him to emigrate. "They were all improving," the nurse said; "all except the blind man."

"Are you not so well to-day?" we asked the blind man.

The man raised himself, and showed a pale and angry face. His lips were white with rage, as he said,

"How can I be well, treated as I am in this place? It is no trifle to be abused as I was this morning, and threatened to be pulled out of bed, and have my head punched."

"Who threatened you?"

"That man near you. I hear his voice. He calls himself a 'helper' to the nurse. A nice sort of a help he is! And he's savage at me because I speak up for those that can't speak for themselves. There's that young man you were reading to: he's put upon low diet by the doctor's orders. And what is the low diet? Why, it's half a pint of milk in the morning, half a pint in the evening, an egg, and twelve ounces of bread every day, and rice-pudding or arrow-root twice a week. That's his allowance, and that's what he ought to have. Well, he was brought in here of a Thursday, and he never had any milk till the following Monday, and as for the egg, he didn't get that for near a fortnight. Because I speak of these things I'm abused up and down, and threatened in this manner."

"Do you get your own allowance?"

"Yes; I've no fault to find for myself. They know I can and will speak about it if they attempt to cheat *me*; but this poor man, who has been too ill to speak to anybody, they take advantage of him, and keep back his allowance."

"Who do you mean by they? Whose fault is it?"

"It isn't my fault," interposed the assistant; "I always draw the things that are down upon the diet-board, and if it had been put down there he would have been sure to get it."

"Whose duty is it to make out the diet-board?"

"The head nurse in each ward does it, and enters every morning against the name of each patient what he is to have that day. She knows what to enter, by looking at these cards with the doctor's orders on them, which you see at the head of each bed."

The diet-board was brought: the number or quantity assigned to each patient daily, was entered by the nurse opposite his name. All was quite correct for that week, and on questioning the nurse, she answered with such a volley of words—civil words, but unnecessary—that we shrank from the noise of her tongue, and left the ward. But she followed us, continuing in the same strain:

"That blind man is the greatest mischief-maker that ever came within these walls. He's never so happy as when he's getting people into trouble. Here have I been a nurse for fifteen years, and always had a good character from my patients till I came here. And now, the way I'm abused, and the names I'm called in that ward is shameful. I'm sure I wouldn't lead such a life as I've led the last week or two, no, not for a hundred a year!"

We went back to replace the card in the little ward, and to tell the blind man that he had better not interfere. But this man's tongue was as active as the nurse's, and she, hearing it, came to contest the matter boldly. Upon this the man helper joined in; some of the men were appealed to; and a strife of tongues ensued which was most unseemly. The violence and cagerness with which the nurse defended herself led us to suspect that she was not wholly guiltless in the matter of appropriation, especially when she screamed:

"If you tell tales of me, I'll tell tales of you. Who is it that hides his eggs instead of eating 'em, and saves 'em up, and sells 'em by the dozen, and then buys something better with the money? Ah!"

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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER I. IN SECRET.

THE traveller fared slowly on his way, who fared towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but, the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished, when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befal now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage, but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him by anticipation, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such, that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be, to find himself awakened at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it was not a favour to be protected from the lamp-iron!"

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary. "Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard-house where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and hence he started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps and tricolored cockades, armed with national muskets and sabres, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded round his wrist. In this state they set forth, with the sharp rain driving in their faces: clattering at a heavy dragoon trot over the uneven town pavement, and out upon the mire-deep roads. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the mire-deep leagues that lay between them and the capital.

They travelled in the night, halting an hour

or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so wretchedly clothed, that they twisted straw round their bare legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket very recklessly, Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; for, he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated, and of representations, confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye, that were not yet made.

But, when they came to the town of Beauvais —which they did at eventide, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand; "and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's bridle (at which he was evidently making), and soothingly said, "Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged!" repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. "Ay! and condemned as a traitor." At this, the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard (the drunken patriot sat composedly in his saddle looking on, with the line round his wrist), Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard:

"Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own!"

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but, no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

"Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

"When passed?"

"On the fourteenth."

"The day I left England!"

"Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

"But there are no such decrees yet?"

"What do I know!" said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; "there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?"

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep. Among the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the seeming rarity of sleep. After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not steeped in darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner in the dead of the night, circling hand in hand round a shrivelled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a Liberty song. Happily, however, there was sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on once more into solitude and loneliness: jingling through the untimely cold and wet, among impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year, diversified by the blackened remains of burnt houses, and by the sudden emergence from ambuscade, and sharp reining up across their way, of patriot patrols on the watch on all the roads.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?"

The drunken patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile, they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A

numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but, the previous identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off, that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together, or loitered about. The red cap and tricolor cockade were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort, drunk and sober, a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guard-house, half derived from the waning oil-lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was in a correspondingly uncertain condition. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect, presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. "Is this the emigrant Evrémonde?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evrémonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evrémonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evrémonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the Prison of La Force."

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offence?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offences, since you were here." He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-citizen which lies before you. I have come here, to clear him and to clear myself. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it, and handed it to Citizen Defarge, with the words "In secret."

Citizen Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more."

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Citizen Defarge, to say with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Citizen Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But, what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons, before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Citizen Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence, the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree. He, therefore, made haste to say:

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen, even better than I, of how much importance), that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the People. I am the sworn servant of both, against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. A few passers

turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat; otherwise, that a man in good clothes should be going to prison, was no more remarkable than that a labourer in working clothes should be going to work. In one narrow, dark, and dirty street through which they passed, an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people, of the king and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man's lips, first made it known to Charles Darnay that the king was in prison, and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris. On the road (except at Beauvais) he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey, if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The horrible massacre, days and nights long, which, within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest, was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The "sharp female newly-born, and called La Guillotine," was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done, were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers. How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind?

Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood, or the certainty; but, beyond this, he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison court-yard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "The Emigrant Evrémonde."

"What the Devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew, with his two fellow-patriots.

"What the Devil, I say again!" exclaimed the gaoler, left with his wife. "How many more!"

The gaoler's wife, being provided with no answer to the question, merely replied, "One must have patience, my dear!" Three turnkeys who entered responsive to a bell she rang, echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the love of Liberty;" which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavour of imprisoned sleep, becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

"In secret, too," grumbled the gaoler, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-humour, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour: sometimes, pacing to and fro in the strong arched room: sometimes, resting on a stone seat: in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

"Come!" said the chief, at length taking up his keys, "come with me, emigrant."

Through the dismal prison twilight, his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering; the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs, or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace, the new comer recoiled from this company. But, the crowning unreality of his long unreal ride, was, their all at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the inappropriate squalor and misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of pride, the ghost of frivolity, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore, all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

It struck him motionless. The gaoler standing at his side, and the other gaolers moving about, who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercises of their functions, looked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there—with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred—that the inversion of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented, was heightened to its utmost. Surely, ghosts all. Surely, the long unreal ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

"In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force,

and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief gaoler with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret, at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, raising his voice, "I grieve to inform the society—in secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the gaoler awaited him, and many voices—among which, the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door, to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the gaoler's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight for ever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the gaoler opened a low black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the gaoler.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know!"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask then. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the gaoler made a general inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, before going out, a wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him, that this gaoler was so unwholesomely bloated, both in face and person, as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water. When the gaoler was gone, he thought, in the same wandering way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead." Stopping then, to look down at the mattress, he turned from it with a sick feeling, and thought, "And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of the body after death."

"Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them. "He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes." The prisoner counted the measurement again, and paced faster, to draw his mind with him from that latter repetition. "The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed. There was one among them, the appearance of a lady dressed in black, who was leaning in the embrasure of a window, and she had a light shining upon her golden hair, and she looked like * * * * Let us ride on again, for God's sake, through the illuminated villages with the people all awake! * * * * He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes. * * * * Five paces by four and a half." With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind, the prisoner walked faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city changed to this extent—that it still rolled in like muffled drums, but with the wail of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Some years ago a minute bit of nondescript something, looking more like a fragment of an old trunk with all the hair worn off than anything else, was sent to an eminent microscopist, to determine what it was. The microscopist placed it in the "field," and pronounced it to be a bit of human skin—the skin of a fair man—covered with the hairs which grew on the naked parts of the body. Now the fragment had been taken from under a nail on an old church door in Yorkshire, where, just one thousand years ago, the skin of a Danish robber, who had committed sacrilege and been flayed for the offence, had been nailed up, kitewise, as a warning to all evil doers. Time and weather had long ago destroyed all traces of this Danish Marsyas; but the tradition remained in full force, when some one, more anxious than the rest, scraped away a portion of the door from under one of the nails, transmitted the same to a microscopist, and printed the result as we have given it.

Another time microscopy was made to play even a more important part as evidence. In a certain late murder, where the victim had had his throat cut through both shirt and neckerchief, the prisoner attempted to explain away the presence of blood on a knife, which was assumed to have been the instrument of murder, by saying that he had cut some raw beef with it, and forgotten to wipe it afterwards. The knife, with the blood upon its blade and shaft, was sent to a microscopist, and the following was the chain of facts which he educed from it:

1. The stain was blood.
2. It was not the blood of dead flesh, but of a living body, for it had coagulated where it was found.
3. It was not the blood of an ox, sheep, or hog.
4. It was human blood.
5. Among the blood were mixed certain vegetable fibres.
6. They were cotton fibres, agreeing with those of the murdered man's shirt and neckerchief, which had both been cut through.

7. There were present, also, numerous tesselated epithelial cells.

That is, the cells of the mucous membrane (called epithelial cells) were tesselated, or disposed like the stones of a pavement, which proved that they came from the lining of the throat. For the mucous membrane lining the throat is composed of tesselated cells; that covering the root of the tongue of columnar cells, or cells arranged in tall cones or cylinders; and that lining the viscera is ciliated, or carrying small waving hairs at the tips. Thus, the microscope revealed beyond doubt that this knife had cut the throat of a living human body, which throat had been protected by a certain cotton fabric. The evidence tallied so exactly with the actual and supposed condition of things, that it was held to be conclusive, and the murderer was hung. Without the microscope he might have escaped punishment altogether.

The human hair is a singularly beautiful thing to look at under the microscope. It is made of successive layers, or overlapping cells, gradually tapering to a point like the thinnest and most infinitely twisted paper cone. The edges are serrated with shallow saw-like teeth; it is perfectly translucent, and marked with a great many transverse lines, exceedingly irregular and sinuous. Hogs' bristles are more like human hairs than any other animal's; but the sinuous lines are finer and closer, and no saw-teeth are visible at the edges. The finer hair of the horse and ass have the overlapping plates about as close as in the human hair, but they are strikingly different in the arrangement of the medulla or pith.

We must go wool-gathering (literally, not metaphorically) with Mr. Gosse and his delightful book entitled Evenings with the Microscope, to which we are indebted for the greater part of this paper. "Sheep's wool," he says, "is clothed with imbrications proportionally much fewer than those of human hair:" that is, the layers or rolls of our twisted paper cone are pulled farther out, which makes them wider apart, at the same time that the cone itself is much attenuated. These imbrications are of infinite importance; for on them depends the felting quality of wool, by which we are enabled to have flannel and broadcloth, carpets for our houses, stockings for our feet, soft stuff for ladies' dresses, thick duffel for old women's petticoats, window hangings, and blankets, scouring flannel, and cashmere shawls. The more imbrications to the inch in the woollen fibre, the better, closer, and stouter the material made. In the first microscopical examinations, a fibre of merino was found to have ten thousand four hundred serratures to the inch; a fibre of Saxon wool, which is finer and possessed of a superior felting power, had two thousand seven hundred and twenty; Southdown, inferior to both, gave two thousand and eighty; and Leicestershire wool, notoriously inferior to all, had only one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

The prettiest hair of all is the bat's. It is like an immense number of trumpet-shaped flowers set one within the other—a living chain of expanded bells, most beautiful to behold. The hair of the Indian bat is even more flower-like and elegant than that of its English cousin, as the lips of the "flowers" are closer together, more pointed, and more feathery in the growth. It is to the English bat's what a double flower is to a single, or a garden flower to a wild one.

Hive bees have slender pointed hairs upon the head, each hair beset with a number of subordinate short hairs set on in spirals: on the leg, the yellow hairs which we can see with the naked eye, turn out to be strong curved horny spines, scored obliquely like a butcher's steel, and used as combs for gathering, storing, and scraping out the pollen. Besides his combs, the bee carries two baskets in his thighs, which baskets are the perfection of such implements, being smooth inside, of undeniable form, and staked up with strong spines: in short, the very ideal of such baskets we should use for carrying pollen or flower grain. But this is, by-the-by, out of our present line. Birds' feathers are essentially hairs, of a highly complex arrangement, and not much like hairs in outward appearance, but in use and analogy nothing more nor less. Each barbule of the vane is composed of a series of secondary barbulets, all of which lock, or rather hook-and-eye together, in the strongest form of union known. This is the reason why the vane is so difficult to separate, and why it springs back with such force when torn asunder for a moment. The whole vane is composed of these barbs and barbules, one side of which is furnished with hooks, the other with loops, and so they lock together with a strength which nothing but great violence can overcome.

From hair to scales is but a step; for scales are fishes' hairs, as feathers are birds' hairs, and all three answer the same purposes in animal economy. The scales of a fish overlap each other like the tiles of a house, so that the water always runs from them, and cannot by any possibility run up in between; just as air and water cannot run upward through a bird's plumage, but must flow off and downward. Different fish have differently shaped scales. The scales of the perch have their free sides set with fine crystalline points, arranged in successive rows, and overlapping; gold and silver fish have no crystalline points on their free edges, but lining each scale is a layer of soft pigment, a bright gleaming substance, golden or silvery, according to the colour of the fish. This pigment divides again into two substances, one of which gives colour and the other metallic lustre. The former is simply a layer of loose membranous cells, orange-coloured or white, as the case may be; the latter are flat specula or crystals, oblong prisms with angular edges. These crystals are quite transparent, and scarcely visible at all, when seen by transmitted light; by reflected light they give back a glancing shine, like steel plates. They are always quivering, flashing, vibrating, and perhaps are the cause of

that wonderful pearly play of light which is so indescribably lovely in these creatures. Many other fishes have these specula within their scales, but none are so brilliant as those of the gold and silver fish.

When the microscopist examined the blood on that murderer's knife, what did he see? An infinite number of small round bodies of a clear yellowish colour, called blood globules, or blood disks, which, when the blood is fresh and living, are seen floating in a colourless fluid, but when the blood is dead, or coagulated, are heaped together like rolls of money, and quite stationary. It is only when thus heaped together that their rich red colour can be seen, only when the light passes through a number of them, amassed in heaps, that their hue is determinable. Alone, they are simply of a light yellowish tinge, in a mass they are a deep bright scarlet. It is these disks which give its "blood-red" colour to blood; for blood is pale or high coloured according to the smaller or larger number of them which it contains. All vertebrate blood contains these disks, which in the mammalia are circular, or nearly so, and slightly concave on both surfaces, while in birds, fishes, or reptiles they are elliptical, and flat, or slightly convex on the surface. Men, monkeys, seals, whales, elephants, and kangaroos have them of about the same size; all other animals have them much smaller—the smallest being found in the ruminating animals. The little musk-deer of Java has disks not more than one-fourth as large as the human. But these are the smallest known among the mammalia, and quite out of the ordinary rule. Oxen have them about three-fourths, and sheep little more than one-half, the human average. Speaking broadly, fish and birds have them nearly equal in size, but of a more elongated ellipse in birds than in fishes; compared to the human blood disks they average the same diameter, but are rather more than half as long again in length. The largest of all are found in reptiles; especially in the naked-skinned frogs and newts. A large American species—the Sirena lacertina—has them the extraordinary size of 1-400th of an inch long by 1-800th broad, or about eight times the size of those of man. Our own common newts, though possessing the largest known among us, are not above half the size of the tremendous fellow's just quoted.

One of the most interesting microscopic experiments is the circulation in the foot of a living frog. It is an experiment easy to be made, owing to the extreme fineness and tenuity of the membrane which connects the toes; and is perfectly satisfactory in all its aspects—excepting perhaps to the frog himself. We will give it in Mr. Gosse's own words:

"There is an area of clear colourless tissue filling the field, marked all over with delicate angular lines, something like scales; this is the tesselated epithalium of the surface. Our attention is caught by a number of black spots, often taking fantastic forms, but generally somewhat star-like; these are pigment cells, on which the colour of the animal's skin is dependent; but the most prominent feature is the blood. Wide rivers, with tortuous course roll across the area, with many smaller streams, meandering among them, some pursuing an independent course below the layer, and others branching out of them, or joining them at different angles. The larger rivers are of a deep orange-red hue, the smaller faintly tinged with reddish-yellow. In some of these channels the stream rolls with a majestic evenness, in others it shoots along with headlong impetuosity; and in some it is almost, or even quite, stagnant. By looking with a steady gaze we see that in all cases the stream is made up of a multitude of thin reddish disks, of exactly the same dimensions and appearance as those we saw just now in the frog's blood, only that here, being in motion, we see very distinctly, as they are rolled over each other, that they are disks and not spherules, for they forcibly remind us of counters, such as are used for play, supposing they were made out of pale red glass."

Blood disks are not always red coloured. In some invertebrate animals they are quite pale and hueless; indeed, scarcely to be called blood disks at all, save by analogy, as belonging to the fluid evidently serving to keep up the life of the creature. We are obliged to content ourselves with analogy in many other things connected with the lower organisms, and call that a heart, those lungs, this a brain, and yonder a nerve, which are as unlike their antitypes in humanity as a cuttlefish is unlike a man.

The microscope shows us some very pretty facts connected with the cuttlefish, and chiefly about his bone, or shell. In the first place, then, this bone, or shell, does not enclose the animal, as is the normal condition of shells and their fishes, but is enclosed by it, "being contained within a cavity in the substance of the fleshy mantle." Cut the mantle and the shell drops out. The cuttlefish is a rapid swimmer in the open sea; wherefore it needs a shell at once light and strong, buoyant and protective. A solid limestone shell would sink it to the bottom like a stone. Accordingly we find this bone, or shell, to be not only light, but an actual float both in shape and substance. It swims like a cork when thrown on the water. The microscope shows us why. Under a high power, a small cube cut out of the "pounce" reveals itself to us as a collection of the most wonderfully beautiful stalactites ranged in stages — inconceivably thin crystal laminæ grouped in columns and edgeway plates, supported on corrugated limestone floors. It is a fairy cavern of stalactites ranged one upon the other in infinite succession, and of bewildering beauty of form and colour; and as all the interstices of this most lovely dome of crystal columns are filled with air, we have thus a combination of strength and lightness as wonderful as the result is beautiful. The microscope is never so bewitching as when it shows us the minute geometry of Nature. Her living mechanism is beautiful too, and strangely prophetic of the mechanical contrivances of man. Take the periwinkle: would you expect to find a mower, an Irish reaper, or a patent reaping-machine in

him? Yet he does for the confervæ exactly what the reaper does for grass and corn, and with not so very different means. The tongue of the periwinkle is like a translucent ribbon with a number of hooks projecting from its inner surface and arching downward. The arching tip of each tooth is cut into five toothlets, and with this ribbon-tongue, which he uses as an endless band, or watch-spring, our friend rasps and mows his crop of confervæ, using his instrument in a highly workmanlike and creditable manner, and leaving marks on his pastures just like the marks which a mower leaves from his scythe. Other mollusks do the same: we take the periwinkle as the type of his class, the differences of management between him and his compeers being too small for special record. The eyes of mollusks are as curious as their tongues, and much more beautiful. The periwinkle carries his at the end of soft zebra bands, striped black and white; while the little scallop bears a row of jewels—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and opals—at the base of the waving tentacles which he pushes out from between his shells. There they are, of all colours, and bright as the brightest jewels, set on to loose velvet ends that hang free from between the shells. The eyes of the scallop are amongst the most lovely things of all the lovely sea-world. Snails have bright black eyes at the tips of their "horns;" and slugs have ears—strange things, not much like the ordinary ears of man or donkey. Deeply seated in the soft flesh of the neck are a pair of transparent globules, or bladders, filled with a clear fluid, in which several minute bodies swing about in all directions, yet never hit the sides of the enclosing capsule. These are the otolithes, or ear-stones, and are the means by which the creature hears. When they burst it is with a certain disengagement of gas, whence these small microscopic otolithes have been said to be formed of carbonate of lime.

Among the pretty baskets of dried seaweed brought to us by old women and children on the shingle are some things not quite the "weeds" they look. Those exquisite crimson leaves, thinner than the thinnest and finest tissue paper, with solid ribs and sinuous edges, are weeds; so are those tall, regularly cut, dark-red feathers—that tuft of purple filaments as fine as a silkworm's thread—that broad, irregular expanse of richest emerald green, crumpled and folded, but glossy as if varnished—these are all algæ, or seaweeds proper. But among them, though classed as plants, are some things which are animals instead; such as those pale-brown, drab, or snow-white flattened leaves, divided into broad irregular lobes, which are called broad hornwreck, or leafy sea-mat, by men of the old school, but by naturalists of the new, Flustra foliacea, of the class Polyzoa. Our leafy sea-mat is a curious thing to look at. Seen through the microscope it seems all made up of wicker cradles, with pillows and counterpanes complete, while at the end of some of the cradles sits a tiny white globule with a closed yellow door.

Mr. Gosse shall tell us what he saw in the cradles:

"Suppose, then, a coverlid of transparent skin were stretched over each cradle, from a little within the margin all round, leaving a transverse opening just in the right place, viz. over the pillow, and you would have exactly what exists here. There is a crescent-form slit in the membrane of the upper part of the cell, from which the semicircular edge or lip can recede if pushed from within. Suppose yet again, that in every cradle there lies a baby, with its little knees bent up to its chin, in that ziz-zag fashion that children, little and big, often like to lie in. But stay, here is a child moving! Softly! He slowly pushes open the semicircular slit in the coverlid, and we see him gradually protruding his head and shoulders in an erect position, straightening his knees at the same time. He is raised half out of bed, when lo! his head falls open, and becomes a bell of tentacles! The baby is the tenant-polype!"

The bird's head coralline is another strange formation of the same class. In each principal cell is an acknowledged polype, as is fit and natural, but beside the polype proper, in other and secondary cells lies a creature like the head of a bird of prey, with a hooked beak, and two mandibles which open to an enormous distance and keep up a perpetual snapping. These birds' heads catch the prey for the polype; hold fast by some dainty little annelid or luscious slug, and this poor wretch, dying in the merciless grasp of the hooked beak, attracts whole crowds of infusoria; which infusoria serve the polype for food. So at least is the hypothesis of to-day; another may be started to-morrow. The queer little white baskets with closed yellow doors, the globules set behind the cradles of the baby polype, answer the same purpose. Each is tenanted by a curious kind of creature that acts as hunter or jackal to its master polype; a creature with the oddest mixture of dependence and individuality possible; catching food which it does not eat, and acting as if by independent will, when it cannot move a hair's breadth from its place.

That sentence naturally brings with it the idea of locomotion. Nothing in nature is more varied than the several means of progression. We have two feet, other animals have four; two of these become wings with the bird, all of them fins with the fish. But it is with the invertebrate animals that we find the most variety. "The poulpe 'flops' awkwardly but vigorously along by the alternate contractions and expansions of the web that unites its arms; the snail glides over grass and stones by means of its muscular disk; the scallop leaps about by puffs of water driven from its appressed lips; the lobster shoots several yards in a second by a blow of its tail on the water; the gossamer spider floats in a balloon of its own making; the centipede winds slowly along upon hundreds of pairs of feet; the beetle darts like an arrow upon three; the butterfly sails on painted fans which some have termed aërial gills; and the house-fly makes six hundred wing strokes every second, and, if alarmed, can go from thirty to thirty-five feet in the time." The flight of the dragon-fly is even

swifter and stronger. One watched by Leeuwenhock was chased by a swallow in a menagerie a hundred feet long. The dragon-fly distanced the swallow and beat him at the end. A dragon-fly once flew on board ship at the least five hundred miles away from the nearest point of land, without, so far as could be seen, stopping to rest, though some rest, one would think, it must have had. From the centipede to the dragon-fly, from the wild horse to the sloth, we pass through a pretty wide range of differences.

The wings of insects are very interesting objects, both to look at unassisted, and with the microscope. The wings of the house-fly are found to be covered with minute stiff short hairs; the black network of lines that we see in them are elastic horny tubes, over which the membrane is stretched like the silk of an umbrella over its ribs. Bees have a very curious mode of strengthening their flight, in the shape of hooks and corresponding doublings on the edges of their wings, so that when they are flying, these are kept expanded by even extra aids to the elastic ribs and tightened membrane. Who would have thought of a bee hooking and eyeing himself out in that manner! All sorts of theories have held ground successively, respecting the feet of flies. First they were suckers, and they walked by means of exhaustion and atmospheric pressure; then they were grappling irons, and they hooked themselves on to microscopic inequalities by means of invisible hooks; then they were glue pots and exuded a natural gum, which gummed the insect at every step; now we believe they are assumed to be all three: claws, or spines, to hook; pads, or cushions, to preserve them from abrasion (these pads were the original suckers); hairlets as sucking disks, that exude a certain moisture,—all these hypotheses are found to be true, as always happens in cases when truth unrols itself in sections.

The scales on the wings of insects are a world in themselves. The little bristle tail which leaves a thick dust on your finger, though touched never so lightly, leaves in that dust a mass of metallic scales of all shapes. Oval, heart-shaped, round, elliptic, long and narrow, shovel-shaped, they lie under the microscope like a collection of fairy toys, all made out of gems. The sugar-louse has oval or shovel-shaped scales, set on to a stalk and arranged like a fan; the five-plume moth of the summer meadows has them willow-leaved in shape, sometimes singly pointed, but generally notched with two, three, or four notches; the six-spot burnet moth has them lustrous but opaque; the blue butterfly, shaped like a battledore; the buff-tipped moth has large scales like a fan; the magnificent emperor has them triangular; while some have them fringed, some pear shaped, and others corrugated, but all overlapping each other, or tiled. The diamond beetle is the most splendid fellow of the lot. He has a row of precious stones in his flat transparent scales that irradiate the whole field with their gleaming glory. Those precious stones are set on to broad bands of black velvet, velvet and jewels alternating in stripes in the most regal and enchanting manner. Few objects are so beautiful as the scales of the diamond beetle, with their royal richness and burning glory.

Then what strange projections of science we find! We have already spoken of the mower's art typified in the mollusk's tongue, now we come to the air-pipes of insects, and the best modes of strengthening them. Being marvellously thin, they are consequently very liable to injury; wherefore they are lined, just as we line our gas-pipes, with a delicate coil of springs wormed within them in close spirals. This exquisite thread is wound round and round, like the most intricate and attenuated watch-spring, and keeps the air-pipe distended, while it affords the greatest amount of strength and protection compatible with the space and design. This coil has the strange quality of not being continuous, and as if cut out of an infinite length; but is pierced as if cut out of a plate that was not long enough, and so has to be joined and added to every now and then. The joinings are quite visible under the microscope; but no theory that we know of has been yet started to explain this strange parsimonious freak of nature. All small insects have this watch-spring, or gas-pipe lining to their air-tubes; but they do not depend wholly on those air-tubes. They have breathing holes, or spiracles as well, all over their bodies—oval disks sunken into little pits—black, with a white centre. The entrance to the spiracles is variously defended. Some open with a trap-door; some are covered with a fine gauzy net; some are protected by a sieve, as in the house-fly; others by a filter, as in the daddy-longlegs; others, again, are true colanders, as in the grub of the cockchafer; but all have their spiracles, or breathing-holes, and all are defended against dust and dirt by some such contrivance as we have spoken of.

If but everything about them was as harmless as wings and breathing-holes! Unfortunately for us, our admiration has often to take a rueful turn, and, warm from our delight in jewelled scales and cunning mechanism, we turn to other organs which excite anything but pleasure. The sting of the bee, for instance, is not a very charming thing to contemplate, with the possible chance of a personal acquaintance. That sting is composed of a pair of lancets kept in a sheath until the time of action, serrated or saw-toothed the wrong way; so that when they have once plunged themselves into anything, they are not very easy to withdraw, as the teeth point backward, and keep fast but invincible hold. At the base of these lancets is the huge poison-bag, which gives the sting its venom, and does all the real mischief. The horse-fly, with the brilliant metallic colours, red, blue, and scarlet, painted in broad bands round his large eyes, has a tremendous array of lancets; gnats with their eyes like great globes of black velvet studded with gold buttons, have six lancets of various forms, one-sixth of an inch long, and furnished with a poisonous fluid to add to their power; the biting apparatus of the abominable bug is a long spit

on which he can carry any small prey he may take a fancy to; the flea has a case of minute but terribly sharp piercing and cutting instruments; and the leech has a cavernous mouth that acts like a huge cupping-glass, and a file of sharp teeth that see-saw their way through the distended skin. Even the gall-fly cannot lay her eggs in peace and charity with all the world, but must needs drop some poison along with them, whereby the very being and nature of the oak is changed, and the stern old woody fibre converted into pap and pabulum for a few crawling maggots. The butterfly remains innocent to man, but not so wholly guiltless to nature. His beautiful proboscis is a flat spiral ribbon of several coils, acting as a sucking-pump, and furnished with a large number of hooks, by which the edges can be united at will. This elegant coil he inserts into the nectar tubes of flowers, and sucks out all the juices with gluttonous rapacity. We venture to say that the poet who spoke of butterflies kissing the sweet lips of flowers, &c., never looked through a microscope and saw that flat coiled tongue bristling with hairs and armed with hooks, rifling and spoiling like a thing of worse fame, but of no worse life.

Antennæ, which are like fans in the cock-chafer, and like fern fronds in the oak-egger moth, in the crabs are ears (the upper and inner pair), while the outer and lower are organs of smell. Crabs go through four stages before they arrive at maturity; barnacles go through two—barnacles, with their twenty-four long delicate filaments curling and uncurling like a hand, or spread abroad like a casting-net to gather up prey for that black oval with pale blue edges.

Spiders are the most murderous animals in creation. They have nets and traps, caves, fangs, hooks, and poison bags—all the paraphernalia of robbers and assassins, with a stock in trade sufficient for half a dozen Mrs. Radcliffes. When a spider attacks a hapless fly, he plunges his two horrid fangs downward into it, pouring out his poison into the wound, whereby he soon kills his miserable victim. That this poison is a powerful acid is proved by its power of turning litmus paper red for a considerable distance round the place struck. The fangs shut up like a knife-blade into its case when not used or wanted, and open and erect themselves when the creature is savage and wants to use them. His eight eyes are like globes of polished diamond, and curiously follow the necessities of his situation. When the creature lives at the end of long tubes, or underground, they are clustered forward on his forehead, for he only wants to look straight before him, but to look before him intently; when he lives in short tubes, terminated by a large web exposed to the open air, they are more separated, and give him a wider range; when he lives in the centre of an open web they are more divergent still, and set in slight prominences so as to have a freer axis; and when he is of the wandering tribe, they are scattered so that he can see every way and all round at once. The nocturnal species have no dark pigment like the rest, but have, instead, a curtain which reflects a brilliant metallic lustre, so that their eyes shine like cats' eyes in the dark.

Spiders' webs are made of two kinds of silk; the one forming the cables and radii simple and innocuous, the other forming the concentric or special threads, closely studded with minute globules of fluid like small drops of dew. These globules are intensely viscid, and by them alone is retained the fly, and even the bee, the gnat, and the pretty little moth. A fat old spider, basking half asleep in the middle of his treacherous net, yet never so asleep as not to be on the alert if but the wind shake its moorings too roughly, is more like one of Bunyan's giants than anything else; he is the tyrant of the garden, the butcher, the assassin, the oppressor of the weak, the wily circumventor of the strong. He demands no quarter and he deserves none, for after he has gorged himself with the fat of his thousands, he haply falls a prey to some tyrant over him, and so the whole circle is complete, from the centre to the circumference.

WELL DRESSED.

A WOMAN fond of dress, is a term of opprobrium. What does this condemnatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, whilst she trims tawdry yellow, with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbours. Goldsmith, in the Vicar of Wakefield, says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the rivolta. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonises with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly an imitative animal; and, when you put her into the wide-

awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, her laugh loud, and her talk not a little inclining to slang.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of colour. Why should we not have these charming combinations in women's dress? How often a little bit of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of colour—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of colour; we see this, in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colours which are so harmonious, that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colours, but as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient; but these, being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilette! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other. Not one colour swearing at another colour. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet, how little we have succeeded in learning from them? If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes." "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it *is* soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsaleable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colours ill-arranged, is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its colour one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon women's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering

The difference of climate and complexion.

The colours which go best together, are green with violet; gold colour with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and grey with scarlet or pink. A cold colour generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Grey and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colours.

The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short: you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat: don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an untidy gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and, the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are: not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy than the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colours that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favourable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming: not, however, if there is much colour in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach colour is perhaps one of the most elegant colours worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arblay's Camille in a dress of peach-coloured silk, covered with India muslin, and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the colour or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all: the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers,—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonise with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows, should do some duty. They should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, tulle, &c. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission, is a fault.

Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's description of Dalilah does not prepossess us in her favour:

> Sails fill'd and streamers waving,
> Courted by all the winds, that hold them play.

Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this, much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited and put across the fore part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height, and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner, or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers, would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast-table; but the simpler and neater the costume the better. All jewellery in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls, which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds, before which the Koo-i-noor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, we English imitated our neighbours, the French, in wearing almost entirely stone-coloured, or grey dresses; but we neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink, with which they enlivened those grave colours. Another of our great mistakes, is to suppose that a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening dress. There are some small folk, who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves add wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett in his work, Advice to Young Men, says, "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat: a slip-shod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and colour. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colours in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depends upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet, and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Strange are the memories, oh, withered flowers,
That to my heart ye bring in wordless speech;
Brightly as sunshine falls on distant towers
And gilds their outlines—of the past ye teach.

For from my childhood and its sunny pleasures,
As with a key, ye turn the lock of years,
Ye lift the lid, and bring forgotten treasures
Before these eyes that watch the store with tears.

Have ye a mirror in your withered petals,
Wherein I read the history of my youth,
That ye give back like glass or polished metals
A thousand visions fraught with light and truth?

Again I view my home at quiet even:
The sparrows hopping on the gabled eaves,
Windows illumined by the crimson heaven,
Varnished with joy and framed with quivering leaves.

I seem to hear the murmur of the river,
As it flows on beneath the arching bridge;
To see the moonlight with its white-hued shiver,
Lying in bands upon the pebbly ridge.

And, stranger still, I have the self-same feeling
That traced the letters of my old romance:
The glow of love, o'er all around me dealing
One hue of joy—that old forgotten trance.

A moment since, and some unknown connexion
Gave me a strange reality of bliss:
I pressed another's hand in dear affection;
I felt my forehead glow beneath a kiss.

Now—but the light is vanished from my spirit,
A cloud conceals the splendour of my sky.
How could I build on mortals who inherit
The common fate—to live—to love—to die?

For they are dead, those loved ones. Life is fleeting,
And steals away the props on which we trust:
Leaving one only hope of future meeting,
A stamp for memory, and a heap of dust.

Leaving affections like these withered flowers,
That we may hold and turn with reverent hands;
And thoughts that picture out the glorious bowers,
Of which these figures are but shadowed bands.

TWO TRAINS OF PLEASURE.

Most people ought, by this time, to be able to answer the following question: What is an enjoyable excursion train; or, as the French phrase it, a train of pleasure?

Ten minutes under a mountain; half an hour down a coal mine; to Huddersfield and back in a day, or to Newcastle and back in a day and night; glimpses of cathedral cities; hurried dinners in coast towns; dim, fleeting views of docks, and ships, and harbours; glances at lakes; whirlings past monuments; superficial panoramic lessons in the topography of your native land, to say nothing of bilious voyages across different parts of the Channel,—are these the kind of excursions which reinvigorate the

exhausted frame, and are the long, toiling lines of carriages which carry you entitled to be called trains of pleasure?

This kind of amusement (if amusement it be) has been growing more cheap, and consequently more popular every year, especially under the wild competitive battles which have arisen from the mutual jealousies of different railways. Leeds may not only be a distant, but a somewhat uninviting industrial town, until the chance of going there and back for half-a-crown invests it with charms that are wholly irresistible.

Wolverhampton will not be offended if I say that it is not a modern Athens, and yet it can always command its streams of excursion visitors, when its railways are disposed to be liberal. Your clerks or your shopmen despise the dissipation which their fathers enjoyed, and when they now hear the chimes at midnight, it is often in a railway carriage. They leave their work and their ledgers on a Saturday at noon, and when they return on the following Monday, it is, perhaps, from the borders of Devonshire.

I have travelled a good deal in excursion trains myself, and I have seen the distances of journeys gradually lengthened from tens of miles to hundreds of miles, without the periods of resting time being in any degree altered or extended. While I am perfectly ready to admit that a large amount of instruction may be derived from such wild marchings into the bowels of the country, I am not so ready to admit that there can be much recreation in becoming a volunteer courier or an amateur Queen's messenger.

I am at this moment slowly recovering from the exhausting effects of two excursion trains, and I put it to any sensible person whether they may fairly be considered trains of pleasure. Number One was an excursion deep into the central mining districts of my native land, and it involved the following labour and proceedings:

I was called by a policeman at five A.M.—no great hardship this, perhaps, as it was on a fine July morning. I had been shaved overnight, so that my toilet was not very irksome; and, about half-past five, or a quarter to six, I closed the door of my house with a hollow bang behind me, and sallied out into the silent street to mingle with yellow-faced, sleepy-eyed, worn-out constables, early breakfast-stall keepers, and hurrying workmen. The air was clear, as it always is at this hour, and at this period of the year, and I had my reward in seeing my commonplace parish church looking perfectly lovely through the transparent medium. A quiet walk of three-quarters of an hour brought me to the railway station at King's-cross, from which my train of pleasure was advertised to start at seven o'clock precisely.

Having half an hour in which to get my breakfast and select my place in the train of pleasure, I order some coffee at the refreshment counter, and proceed to regale myself. I cannot sit down, from a fidgety sense that I have no time to spare, and I make the thick fluid and dry biscuit more repugnant and indigestible by repeated glances at a large clock on the wall before me. At last I am found seated in my train of pleasure, a quarter of an hour before it is likely to start—my carriage being one of many vehicles, and I being one of about four hundred passengers. Not many minutes after seven A.M. we steam out of the station; and, after a splendid run of four hours at express speed through the flat country, and past the red-bricked towns, and the square churches which line the Great Northern Railway, I find myself at Doncaster. My two other railway companions in the first-class coupé carriage have hardly spoken the whole way through. One has looked out of the window as if in a trance, and the other has done nothing but read a newspaper.

Finding myself in Yorkshire at an hour when I usually rise from the perusal of my morning papers, I am naturally led to ask myself what purpose has brought me there. I knew, before I started, that my journey had something to do with coal mining and the coal trade, but I am induced to search further and inquire again. I find that the directors of the Great Northern Railway had consented that, from the 1st of July, 1859, the produce of each of the various South Yorkshire collieries shall be sold with the name of the colliery, and unmixed with any other coal. The owners of the best coal regard this as such a boon that they have resolved to celebrate this separation of qualities by a train of pleasure to the "three pits," and free passes are issued to a wide circle accordingly. Behold me—who know no more of the mysteries of the coal trade than others, who like to burn good coal, when they can get it—at Doncaster, then, one hundred and fifty-seven miles, by rail, from London, as the first stage in my train of pleasure to celebrate the separation of the qualities.

Ten minutes being consumed in shunting the train and refreshing the crowd of visitors, we are again upon our railway road for the first of the three pits—the notorious Lundhill Colliery. Here it was that, on Thursday, the nineteenth of February, 1857, one hundred and ninety-two men and boys perished by the most fearful explosion that has ever distinguished mining history. Like the ruins of a battle-field, the signs of such a catastrophe are soon cleared away, but the widows and orphans remain. They remain to receive this train of pleasure with wonder, smiles, and shouts—a dense group of sunburnt women and children, whose clean caps and aprons look doubly and deceptively clean, brought out, as they are, by the background of black ashes, smoke, and coal-dust.

The visitors who are assembled to celebrate the separation of the qualities, rush up a grimy ladder on to a grimy platform, and look down the smooth brick side of the pit's mouth. At their back is the engine-house, where the engine draws up or lets down the chain which supports the cage; and at their side, to the east, is the ventilation shaft—a chimney that runs parallel to the descending shaft, and terminates

at the bottom in a furnace. This furnace is never suffered to go out from the hour when it was lighted, as long as the mine is in active working, and in need of air.

It consumes full an hour to let down the mass of visitors to the bottom of the pit. They take their places eagerly in the cage, like people who are anxious to get into a theatre, and they are sent down the hole into utter darkness at the rate of about eight miles an hour, and in parties of eight at a time.

After half an hour spent in looking about me, and especially in regarding a small colony of miners' houses near the pit, and recalling, in imagination, the sounds of wailing that must have come from their open doors and windows on that February day of mourning two years ago, I took my place in the cage in front of a pale-faced gentleman, who looked as if the signal for letting us down was the signal of death to him, and he was perfectly aware of it. Not a sound was heard, nor the whisper of a voice, as we glided down the perpendicular passage, except at one point, about fifteen yards from the mouth of the shaft. The top of the pit being on a raised platform, the chimney of the shaft is exposed above the ground for a certain length, and a window is made on each side, near the point where the chimney disappears beneath the surface of the earth, to give a little light during some portion of the descent. At each of these windows, leaning on the ledges and grinning through the grating, were a crowd of brown-faced orphans, and as the cage passed their faces, on its rapid road to the black passages where their fathers had perished, they greeted it with a combined, re-echoing yell of childish joy. Not only were all traces of the great explosion removed from the neighbourhood, but time had also removed them from these children's hearts.

When we had descended with giddy speed about two-thirds of the pit's shaft—a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards—a sudden check took place, in order to let us down the remaining seventy yards with greater care. The effect of this check was to cause an illusive sensation that the action of the machinery had been reversed, and that we were ascending even more rapidly than we had come down. Wild thoughts of utter destruction—impending danger—the intelligence of something wrong being discovered below—passed quickly through the minds of the silent, breathless human cargo, and there was not an adventurous excursionist in that cage who did not wish himself well out of it. A few seconds of painful reflection, and instead of the welcome daylight being seen once more, a sudden shock was felt—the whole structure had suddenly touched the bottom of the shaft, and the travellers were dragged out of the cage and over a box-ledge by rough and unseen hands, to stand in the bewildering darkness of the Lundhill pit.

The next step in this train of pleasure was to grope your way to the lamp-room and procure a "Davy" to light you along the passages. Here the excursionists met in dark crowds, and celebrated the separation of the qualities by smearing themselves with oil.

To walk, bent nearly double, in a long straggling file for more than half an hour, and along about a mile of coal passages—called workings, boardgates, or levels—was the next step in this train of pleasure.

To avoid pinching your toes under the revolving rollers, for drawing ropes, under your feet, or striking your head against many projecting snags of coal above, was another step in this train of pleasure. Another step was to get hold of a talkative boy, who was full of stories about the explosion, and to follow him to a forbidden part of the pit, called the waste workings, and see the outstretched mark of a man's form impressed upon the roof. This man must have floated up after the pit was filled with water to put out the fire, and the water was charged with lime to prevent decomposition in the one hundred and ninety bodies; and he left a white seal of himself to be the talk of the miners for many years. Very few excursionists availed themselves of this step in the train of pleasure, and those who did—myself amongst the number—found themselves almost the last stragglers who arrived at the bottom of the shaft. We stepped into the cage to be drawn to the surface, and at about two-thirds of the ascent another check in our speed occurred, and we were under the impression that we were returning to the bottom, until we were undeceived by being shot out on the platform. The guard of the train of pleasure, and the train of pleasure itself, were waiting to receive us, and when it was believed that no more excursionists were left down the pit, we turned our backs upon the black mine, the miners' colony, the widows, and the orphans, and went onward to the second of the three pits—the Edmund Main.

At the Edmund Main another similar descent of visitors took place, with similar results; and those who did not leave the Lundhill pit begrimed with coal-dust, and in the condition of master chimney-sweeps, had now no reason to pride themselves upon their superior cleanliness.

After a moderate delay, the train of pleasure was again upon its road, to deposit the excursionists at the third pit—the Oaks Colliery. Here, all the machinery was actively employed in raising coal, so that those visitors, whose rough edge of mining appetite had not been taken off by the two former pits, were reluctantly compelled to satisfy themselves with a mere survey of the surface. The owners and their representatives were very courteous and attentive, but the men, who are only paid for what they actually do, were very properly determined to push on with their work, in spite of the crowd assembled to celebrate the separation of the qualities.

Once more the train of pleasure was got under weigh, and this time for what is called the black Yorkshire town of Barnsley. As the King of Pandemonium is not so dirty as he is painted, I

was not surprised to find Barnsley excessively neat, clean, and respectable. The town itself was white enough for all practical purposes; it was the visitors only—the celebrators of that mysterious separation of the qualities—who required washing.

Never before, perhaps, had such a demand for soap and water been made at the King's Head, and never had Yorkshire chambermaids been so flustered, hurried, and worried. Luckily, the crowd of grimy excursionists oozed out into the yard, and satisfied themselves with tubs, butts, and horse-troughs. In the hotel there were nineteen gentlemen, at one time, in one bedroom.

The cause of all this hurry and sudden desire to become purified was the next step in the train of pleasure—a public dinner (to celebrate the separation of the qualities) in the Town-hall of Barnsley. To find the Town-hall it was only necessary to follow the dinner, which was being conveyed by a succession of helps—both male and female—from the hotel, before mentioned, publicly down the main street, and through the thronged market-place, on a full market-day, a distance, perhaps, of an eighth of a mile. The attendants looked rather flushed and bewildered, poor things; and the Barnsley public, with the market men and women, assembled to watch the combined procession of food and visitors. A stout young woman, who was bearing a pair of steaming roasted ducks along the road, was stopped by a greasy girl whose cap had been put on in a hurry back part before, and who carried a vegetable dish. What the girl said, in the choicest Yorkshire dialect, must remain a mystery, but the stout young woman very properly replied, in the same dialect, that she could not be worritted on such an occasion. Who would care to be worritted when carrying a pair of roasted ducks along a crowded high street, about four o'clock in the afternoon of a summer's day?

Through the market-place, up some steps, through a large lower hall, strewn with vegetables and baskets, like Covent-Garden Market, past a beadle, and up a stone staircase, and the excursionists found themselves in the Town-hall of Barnsley.

The dinner was substantial and profuse, and apart from the fact that the bulk of the diners were from London, and the dinner was in Yorkshire, the travellers by the train of pleasure had no cause to complain, nor the county to feel ashamed. Stray coachmen served you, and ostlers placed dishes before you, as if they were handling feeds of corn, but that was of little consequence.

About five o'clock, however, when the separation of the qualities was proposed from the chair as a formal toast, and when the visitors found themselves nearly two hundred miles from home, drifting into the usual routine of a public dinner, with the prospect before them of having to return from Yorkshire to London the same night, besides doing other things that were on the programme of the train of pleasure, by the way, the slight absurdity of their position began to be faintly apparent.

The toasts, for all this, were received with all due honours; the convivial excursionists were got back to their railway carriages about half-past six P.M.; and about seven o'clock the whole train of pleasure arrived once more at Doncaster. Here the new church, a triumph of revived Gothic architecture, was to be seen, and the excursionists were accordingly allowed half an hour to see it. Some lingered at the station; others found their way to the borders of the churchyard; while others got into the building, and shocked the pew-opener by rudely mounting the pulpits. Finally, the whole of the stray sheep were penned up once more in their railway carriages, the lamps were lighted, the train of pleasure was again upon its way, and—after investigating three coal-pits, going through a public dinner, winding up with a very small allowance of church to a very large allowance of coal and sack, and travelling nearly four hundred miles to do all this—the celebrators of the mysterious separation of the qualities found themselves at King's-cross some time about midnight.

This is an example of a well-meaning, hospitable train of pleasure treat, that was given to a number of visitors in accordance with the spirit of the age. Train of pleasure Number Two is another example of what is sold as recreation, at a time when railways are looking after the pocket-money of great people and small people.

To Paris and back for twenty-seven shillings by the short sea-passage route of Folkestone and Boulogne, allowing three clear days in the French capital at the time of the great Italian army and August fêtes, would seem to promise well, and did promise well—upon paper.

The first step in this train of pleasure was to procure a passport; a performance in which a lawyer or doctor is required to assist, by giving a letter of recommendation, in which the Foreign Secretary, for the time being, is moved to be ungrammatical and sign himself "we," in consideration of two shillings; and in which the French Consul, in consideration of four shillings and threepence more, is induced to endorse this ungrammatical ticket-of-leave for French travel. The passport being all right (as it very properly ought to have been, after the best part of two days had been expended in obtaining it), the next step was to get shaved overnight (an indispensable ceremony, if you wish to qualify for any train of pleasure), and to be called on the morning of Saturday, the 13th of August, at about six o'clock. I dress myself in a style that I believe peculiarly adapted to the country to which I am going, I take a close, stuffy, four-wheeled night cab, and render myself at the South-Eastern Railway terminus about a quarter-past seven A.M.

After a breakfast of the same tap of coffee that I tasted at the Great Northern Railway, with certain solid additions, supposed to be the proper fortification for a sea voyage, I take my place at a quarter to eight A.M. amongst many hun-

dreds of my fellow-creatures in the train of pleasure, and in three hours, or even less, I am walking towards the boat at Folkestone. Nature, on this occasion, being disposed to be kind, the closely packed mass of human beings is taken across a glassy sea without an individual instance of sickness, and deposited in the tender, outstretched arms of the expectant French custom-house officials at Boulogne. After the usual ungenerous suspicions with regard to my small portmanteau, and the usual triumph of injured innocence on the part of that very ill-used and necessary article of travel, I am thrown, a houseless wanderer, on the hot sandy streets of Boulogne, to be stung to death by touters from one o'clock at noon until eight o'clock in the evening. After several dinners, various drinks, a game at billiards, a fruit feast in the market-place, a walk upon the sands, and a bath in the sea—all nothing but various devices to pass the time, and all enjoyed uneasily, with a sense of lingering on the road—the train of pleasure is ready at last to receive us, and I take my place with the knowledge that I am about to travel all night upon the most sluggish railway in Europe—the Great Northern of France. To expect anything more than your legal place, to hope to stretch your legs, much less your body, are all idle dreams on such a journey as this. To-morrow (Sunday) is the greatest fête day that France has seen for nearly half a century, and a million of visitors are expected to swell the already crowded population. I begin to fancy that the present train of pleasure is another great mistake.

Night travellers are but sorry, hideous phantoms at the best of times, and what can I expect now? Wild peasants from French Flanders, both male and female, who speak a hoarse, guttural dialect of the Parisian language, as charming as Bolton English; a pale-faced Boulevard tailor's shopman, in a very tight-fitting dress suit, who reclines in one corner of the carriage, not far from the flickering lamp, and who looks exceedingly ghastly with his head bound up in a white pocket-handkerchief; a couple of female peasants with huge caps and enormous baskets, who look like English prize-fighters dressed up for chimney-sweepers' May Queens; a stout compatriot, who snores most vigorously when asleep, and who presents an absurd resemblance to one of Messrs. Barclay's draymen; another stout compatriot, a true native of Bethnal-green, who thinks and speaks most tenderly of the beer he has left behind him; some fish-women from Dunkirk, and some factory operatives from the neighbourhood of Amiens (the French northern Manchester), complete a choked carriageful of excursionists. What nodding varied shapes they assume, as the train of pleasure crawls along, as the moon looks in at the window, as the lamp gutters down, as the white autumn steamy mist covers the fields and trees like a deluge of water! What maniacs they look, without keepers, as they roll from their cells of carriages at a great refreshment station, rush along the platform, forget the number of their compartment, and shout out to missing friends as they clasp a long loaf of bread or a bottle of wine, and are hustled by the liveried half-police railway officials.

Paris at last, about half-past five on the Sunday morning, with half its population already astir, and its streets festooned with innumerable tricolor flags. I obtain a one-horse fly with some difficulty (for is it not the great fête morning?), and drive to my hotel. My hotel, indeed! Anybody's hotel; everybody's hotel. They have been full to overflowing for several days, so has next door, and next door but six; so has another place of rest where I have been in the habit of stopping; so have several hotels that have been strongly recommended to me; so has the place where my father stopped before me. This is the great fête day, and I have come by a train of pleasure. I give up the fruitless search at last, and another hour finds me, a very dusty, tired, fishy-eyed traveller, in very dirty, obscure, and (very likely) disreputable private lodgings.

I go out to be shaved; and the barber finishes me off rapidly and dangerously, for he is anxious to be off to the fête. I apply at a street corner to have my boots cleaned, and the shoe-cleaner is drunk. He shouts out, "Vive la France!" with a flourish of his brush, and falls helpless over his foot-box.

I wander about the crowded streets, and soon become aware that every cab, fly, and vehicle in the city is engaged for ever. I penetrate with difficulty on to the Italian Boulevard, and might have obtained a very good view of the military procession if I had paid seventy francs for a share of a window. I did not pay the seventy francs, and was consequently left to buffet with the mob. A standing on a coach wheel, a school form, or an upturned basket was offered me, in the same style as at the Derby; but while I found the prices too high, I found the temporary platforms too low, and I declined the many eligible positions that were forced upon me. I saw the sunburnt, slouching, stooping troopers pass by, at different times, from different points of view, to the melancholy sound of the military drums; and when I had feasted enough upon this spectacle, I sought for a dinner. Here, again, I was doomed to a bitter disappointment. My favourite restaurant could refresh me no more; it was crowded to the garrets; so were all restaurants; and I dined with difficulty.

Monday and Tuesday (the other two of the "three clear days") were passed in much the same manner: no vehicles were to be had, the theatres were free and crowded, and it was only towards the evening of the third day, near the hour at which my ticket ordered me to start on my return, that Paris began to assume its natural, comfortable, and proper aspect. At nine P.M. on the Tuesday evening, much worn in body, I again rendered myself at the railway station. There may have been a thousand people waiting for the train of pleasure, but they looked like twenty thousand. A body of soldiers, with

drawn bayonets, was there to keep order, as well as a number of the usual admiral-looking armed Paris police. I endured the crowd for an hour, and should have been much more happy and comfortable if the peasants who surrounded me had brought their trifling change of clothing in portmanteaus or carpet-bags, instead of in small egg-chests, and rude boxes with sharp corners, not unfrequently studded with nails. A slow filter through a gate and across a yard, then through another gate and across a luggage room, then through a door, and we found ourselves jammed in the chief hall of the railway. Half an hour of this crowd and atmosphere was borne with different degrees of individual impatience, until a liveried official calmly announced that the whole affair was a mistake, and that our train of pleasure was waiting for us at the end of a calm, cool, narrow, and undiscovered passage.

A fight for seats; a carriage with the same mixture of travellers as before; a ten hours' night run, at about eighteen miles an hour to Boulogne, with the garlic-scented head of a Picardy peasant resting asleep upon my shoulder (a journey that seemed to last for years); a pause of five hours in Boulogne; a calm passage of two hours across the Channel in a drizzling rain; a delay of an hour at Folkestone; and an arrival, after a fair run of four hours, at London-bridge station about ten o'clock on Wednesday night; and my second train of pleasure was brought to an end. What advantage I obtained by going to Paris at such a fête time, and passing two nights in a French railway carriage, I have not yet been able to learn, unless I went to patronise these wild, exhausting trains of pleasure, that form the chief travelling amusements of the present day. I am not a Tory obstructive, nor do I hold any heretical opinions with regard to steam; but when I see the crowded list of long and rapid excursions that are daily advertised upon the city walls, I look back, perhaps with regret, to the time when Hornsey Wood House was considered a day's trip, and when Epping Forest formed the eastern boundary of my wildest attempts to travel.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

When we are all wise, Marvels of Science may, perhaps, content the common thirst for wonderment as well as it has heretofore been satisfied by curiosities of Superstition. Certain it is, that the imagination claims its daily food, and demands wonderful facts, false or true—but in either case strange matter that is credited—as one part of its diet. Wonders will never cease out of the world. The greatest of philosophers and the most ignorant of village crones wonder alike, as they eat alike, only they do not feed from the same dishes.

The superstitions of the country side, still vigorous in many a farm and village throughout every British county, are the relics of a body of science that once rested on the names of Plato and of Pliny, and was cherished by philosophers in Europe till about three hundred years ago. Much that appears most ridiculous in folk-lore may be traced back to its origin among all that was most learned in a bygone day. To study superstition seriously is worth while, and in aid of those who would do so, a contemporary journal that, "when found, makes note of" all the waifs and strays of knowledge scattered up and down the land, for the assistance and amusement of the learned, has for some years past been a gatherer of old wives' tales. A volume of Choice Notes from Notes and Queries, taking folk-lore for its subject, now contains the pith of many thousand entries. From these notes we gather and arrange an illustration or two of this feature in our social history.

Superstition deals with a man's life before his birth, and does not part from him at death. To determine the sex of an unborn child, get help, if you want it, to eat up a shoulder of mutton at a supper, hold the bladebone before the fire till it is so far charred that your two thumbs may be thrust in two places through the thinnest part. Put a string through the two holes so made, and tie it in a knot, then hang the bladebone by the string upon a nail outside the house door and go to bed. The sex of the first person ignorant of the charm who enters in the morning will be the sex of the child in question. This was tried once in a house where the first comers were always women; but, on the critical morning, it was a remarkable fact that a man first entered, and, six weeks later, it was truly a man child that was born.

To be born with a caul is lucky. A child born on Christmas-day or in chime hours will be able to see spirits.

Born on a Sunday, a gentleman;
Born on a Monday, fair in face;
Born on a Tuesday, full of grace;
Born on a Wednesday, sour and grum;
Born on a Thursday, welcome home;
Born on a Friday, free in giving;
Born on a Saturday, work hard for your living.

A May baby's always sickly. You may try, but you'll never rear it. Rock the cradle when the baby is not in it, and the child will die. Children with much down upon their arms or hands are born to be rich. A child that does not cry at baptism is too good to live. If several children are baptised together, and the girls are taken to the font before the boys, the boys will have no beards when they are men. Persons called Agnes always go mad. If a child's finger nails are cut before it is a year old, it will live to be a thief. If they want trimming within that age, they are to be trimmed by biting. If you wish well to your friend's child, you must give it, when it first comes to your house, a cake, a little salt, and an egg. When a child has the thrush, say the Eighth Psalm over it three times daily for three days. Or you may catch a duck and hold its bill wide open in the child's mouth. The

cold breath of the duck will cause the disease slowly and surely to depart. Whooping-cough never will be taken by a child that has ridden upon a bear. When bear-baiting was in fashion, this belief yielded a part of his income to the bear owner. Roast mouse cures the measles. A consumptive infant should be carried through a flock of sheep as it is let out of the fold early in the morning. The weaning of a child should begin on Good Friday.

Between birth and death we may indulge in thousands of these fancies which are still credited by some people in England. If I eat an egg I must finish by making a hole in the shell, or the witches will sail out in it to wreck the ships. And, considering the price of eggs, I may refrain from burning egg-shells, because if I do so the hens cease to lay. If I have the cramp of nights, I may cross my shoes and stockings when I take them off, or put my slippers under the bed with the soles upwards. If I have a stye in the eye I may pull a hair out of the tail of a black cat and rub the tip nine times over the pustule. I may know that I am going to receive money if I find a spider on my clothes, and am not bound to accept Fuller's moral to the saying. "The moral is this: such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth and procure a plentiful estate." If I meet a white horse I may know that I must spit at it. I may rejoice in having teeth set far apart, because that makes me lucky and a traveller. If my keys, or penknife, or any steel thing that I have, will rust, in spite of any care, I may be sure that somebody is laying money by for me. I may know how lucky it is to find old iron and hoard up old pot-lids and horse-shoes discovered in the public road; by the fortune this thrifty habit accumulates. Seven years' trouble but no want, is the sentence I may hear mystically pronounced upon me if I break a looking-glass. If my left palm itches, money goes out; if the right, money comes in.

Rub it 'gainst wood,
'Tis sure to come good.

If my knee itches, I shall kneel in a strange church; if the sole of my foot, I shall walk over strange ground; if the elbow, I shall sleep with a strange bedfellow. If my ear tingles, I am to hear sudden news. If I shiver, or feel cold in the back, somebody treads over my future grave. If my cheek burn, somebody talks scandal of me. If I hear a singing in my right ear, somebody praises me; if in the left ear, somebody abuses me, and I may punish him by biting sharply into my own little finger: in so doing I bite his evil tongue. If I have my clothes mended on my back, I am to be ill spoken of. At church I may take good heed of the preacher's text, knowing that all texts heard in church will have to be repeated on the Judgment-day. If the clock strikes while the text is being given, death may be expected in the parish. Of course I may know that it is unlucky to kill a cricket, because crickets bring luck to a house, but eat holes in the worsted stockings of those who destroy them. I may know, too, that if I kill a beetle it is sure to rain; that I must not let a feather-bed be turned on Sunday if I wish to keep my luck; that sneezing on Monday hastens anger, but that if I sneeze on Sunday morning fasting, I shall enjoy my own true love to everlasting. To dream about that lady, I must stick nine pins into the bladebone of a rabbit and put them under my pillow. So there arise now marvels concerning courtship:

If an unmarried person happens to be placed at dinner between man and wife, that promises marriage within the year. When you first see the moon in the new year, take off one stocking and run to a stile, there you will find, tucked under your great toe, a hair of the same colour as your lover's. The first egg laid by a pullet is the luckiest thing a man can present to his sweetheart. Men must never go courting on Friday. In some Lancashire villages they pursue home with poker and tongs and tin kettle music whoever breaks this rule. If the fire burns brightly when it is poked, the absent lover is in good spirits. Persons about to marry, when they meet a male acquaintance, are desired to rub their elbows. When a newly married couple first come home, bring in a hen and make it cackle. A maiden who desires to know which of her lovers really care for her, names each as she throws an apple pip into the fire; if the pip cracks, the love is hearty. A girl shelling peas, when she finds a peascod with nine peas in it, must lay it on the threshold of the kitchen door: the first bachelor who crosses it will love her. Two people on the point of being married, should first loosen all the knots and ties about their clothes, and afterwards proceed to fasten them again privately. Be sure when you get married that you don't go in at one door and out at the other. Whichever sleeps first on the marriage night will be the first to die. So there arise now marvels concerning death:

A wild bee, that is a bumble-bee, entering a room, gives warning of death. So does the crowing of a hen, so does the squeaking of a mouse behind the bed of a sick person. If the door of a hearse be closed before the mourners are all in the coaches, there will be another death in the family. If a cow breaks into your garden there will be death in your house within six months. The gentleman who sends note of this superstition adds the singular fact that it was made known to him by the breaking of three cows into his own garden, when an old house servant grieved that there would be three deaths in the family within six months—and there were. The third was that of a son-in-law, into whose garden, also, a cow broke some weeks before he died Nobody can die on a bed in which there are any pigeon or game feathers. This is a wide-spread belief, easily confirmed to the ignorant by proofs like the following, which were adduced by a Sussex labourer against a sceptic: "Look at poor Muster S——, how hard he were a dying; poor

soul, he could not die ony way, till neighbour Puttick found out how it wer. 'Muster S——,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely;' and so he wer. So we took'n out o' bed and laid'n on the floore, and he pretty soon died then!" The last thing a man longs to eat seems to be pigeon. A very respectable farmer's wife being applied to for some pigeons which a sick man fancied he could eat, said, "Ah! poor fellow, is he so far gone? A pigeon is generally almost the last thing they want. I have supplied many a one for the like purpose." If a pigeon is seen sitting on a tree, or enters a house, or from being wild grows tame, that is a sign of death. If any bird flies into a room and out again by an open window, that is a sign of death among the inmates of the house. The soul may be seen going out as a steam or a blue vapour about five minutes after death. Then every lock in the house, of boxes as well as of doors, should be unfastened. It used to be thought that the first pains of purgatory were inflicted by the squeezing of the soul between the hinges, and that leaving doors and lids unlocked and open caused to the departing a free, painless escape. The lingering look of a mother's love upon a dying child, prevents the fleeting of its soul, and the child struggles in vain to die, till the compassionate eyes of the mother are averted.

That is an eye of holiness; but there is also the evil eye, which causes death. An old woman had a rosary of lucky stones—that is to say, of stones with holes in them—hung up in her cottage. She owned unwillingly to a friendly lady that it was meant for protection against the evil eye. "Why, Nanny," said the lady, "you surely don't believe in witches now-a-days?" "No! I don't say 'at I do; but certainly i' former times there *was* wizzards and buzzards, and them sort o' things." "Well," answered the lady, laughing, "but you surely don't think there are any now?" "No! I don't say 'at ther' are; but I do believe in a yevil eye." As to the old lady's buzzards, there is a story in Yorkshire of an ignorant person being asked if he ever said his prayers, who repeated them as follows:

"From witches and wizards and long-tail'd buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms,
Good Lord deliver us."

Then again there are to be remembered, as part of the popular faith of the ignorant, the legends still attached to rocks, and streams, and churches. Breedon church, in Lincolnshire, stands alone on the top of a high hill with the village at its foot. They began building it within the village till they changed the site, because every night the stones laid during the day were carried up to the hill top by doves. The site and name of Winwick church was decided by a pig who every night came crying wee-wick! wee-wick! and carried the stones in his mouth from the wrong place selected, to the ground hallowed by St. Oswald's death. The devil built the bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, and the picturesque stones in the stream below are those which he was carrying in his apron when its string broke. At Peel, in the Isle of Man, a witch with a basin of water said once that the herring fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since, on the barrel's track, and to this day you may "see the mark all down." The Welsh peasant hears spirit-hounds, the Cron Annwn, when the storm sounds over the mountains. Sometimes swelling like the bay of a bloodhound, the nearer they are to a man the less their voice, and the further the louder. The shriek of the Cyoeraeth is often heard. She is the hag of the mist, who sits in the mountain fog, with torn dishevelled hair, lank arms and claws, long black teeth in her corpse-like face, and leathery bat's-wings. Her name means cold grief, and her wail freezes the blood of those who hear it. Sometimes she flaps her wings against the window-pane, and moans the name of one within who has been marked for death. It is this hag who cuts the torrent beds by dropping, when she is about to settle on a mountain, the huge stones she carries in her cloak as ballast when she flies. In some parts of South Wales, this hag has no sway, but it is Brenhin Llwyd, the grey king, who sits ever silent in the mist. There is a Welsh fairy, the Pwcca, that is seen constantly upon the moor in the form of a handful of loose dried grass rolling before the wind. Even upon a wisp of dead grass will the fancy be set rolling. Miss Costello tells a Pyrenean legend which detects the spirit of the Lord of Orthez in two straws moving on the floor.

The fancy must and will work. The whole world is full of wonders that reveal the divine glory and goodness. Life is full of strange problems, of entanglements of love and enmity, of days of mirth and weeping, that engross attention from all powers of the mind and soul. While we are ignorant, we link religion to such fanciful opinions as those of which a handful has been shaken out on this leaf of paper. Teach folks a little better; let their fancy, thriving upon diet wholesome and abundant, be the steady helper to them, that it may add its quickening influence to their pleasure and their work here, and become their hope for the hereafter. Superstition will soon vanish. All that is poetry in folk-lore may abide while there is literature in our country. As superstition, it degrades: as poetry, it raises us. For,

Shakspeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.

But it is not worth while to drag a dying man out of his bed because we fancy he is lying upon game feathers, or to go into a church at mid-

night and steal a minute cutting of lead from each diamond pane of its windows, that we may make of such cuttings a heart of lead for cure of sickness. There is too much of the heart of lead, too little of the golden heart that brings men health, in such credulity.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE MAN.

A BULLET that "had really killed a man" at Waterloo, was one of my playthings when a boy.

That bullet was as terrible in my eyes, and as much a fetish, as the spotted snake that "had really killed a man" in India, that we kept in spirits in a long bottle on the top of a bookcase. As that snake represented in mine eyes the whole India of snakes, cane brakes, jungle clumps, plain and mountain, Deccan and Punjab, from Cashmere to Cape Comorin, so was that dull little battered leaden bullet a sort of little sphere which became transparent as I looked, and disclosed embattled nations, in all the shock and grapple of mortal contest, or pouring along in headlong rout, with torn colours, broken weapons, and shattered gun-carriages.

My next step, after a personal taste of single combat at school, was to discover a man who had really been in a battle. I found him in no less a person than our old gardener, who did not seem to be especially proud of it, and took it very much as a matter of course. There was nothing specially divine about the man as he leant on his spade, cleaned it with a wooden scraper, and put a fresh plug of tobacco in his cheek; no special lustre lit his eye: he had been "baptised in fire," as Napoleon called it. Now I saw no special result produced by such a ceremony, but it is all in him, I thought, full of my Thermopylæs and Marathons, Bannockburns and Zutphens, and my shocks of spears and clouds of arrows—it is all in him. He is as a cask of very precious liquor, and I am the spigot that is to let it out. I shall now know what I have long thirsted to know—the feelings of one's first battle, and the details of what is actually done.

"Ranger," said I, with all the earnestness of fourteen, talking to him as if he was on oath, "did you ever shoot a man in battle?"

This I thought was quietly breaking the ground, and laying it open for innumerable tales of bloodshed. He spoke, after a minute, during which he looked down at the fresh mould, then up at the blue sky.

"Well," said he, "Master Joe, not as I exactly knows on; but I've fired into the thick on 'em a score of times."

I was disappointed at the time, and began to suspect there was no poetry in life if it was not to be found in a battle; but when I began to turn it over, I think the answer was not so bad.

Yes, into the thick on 'em. I can see 'em now—rows of broad-topped shakos and red side-plumes, and eyes and mouths, fierce, black with biting the cartridges. Twist and ram the grape. Fire! one man falls on his knees—another staggers; and two more hide their eyes; for, they are shot in the face. Closing up to the front, fresh men step in their places. Charge! away goes the level line of bayonet with three cheers. The French reel—they break. The colours are taken—they fly—victory!

True, I have ludicrous images of the Finsbury volunteers, of their ramshackled march, their intermittent fire, the ravages they make of poultry in their marches, of their general cumbrous and inefficient look. No wonder the local militia used to be called "The Locusts," for they cleared the country. Then the Yeomanry, and their dusty triumphal entrance once a year into Diddleton, shall I ever forget? No charge of Cromwell's could have emptied more saddles than a wheeling manœuvre used to on field-days; and as for the fat major, how his hat used to blow off, and how the colonel's horse, if he ever dismounted, used always to break away! How hot and dusty they always were, how they seemed bursting through their dragoon-tail jackets, how those huge swords used to chink about the streets, how the gallant men used to bray and drink! The city, while the Yeomanry were there, seemed as if it had just been sacked in a most comfortable way.

A good old country gentleman I once knew told three times a day for forty years his adventures when he served in the City Light Horse Volunteers, a gallant corps, indeed, of City men, light perhaps on horseback, but I should think unsurpassably heavy in conversation, to judge by my friend. He lived in his early heroism, left his sword and sabretasche hung up in his study to provoke remarks, had regular traps and means to lead on to his stories, and always began them by swelling out his chest, perking up his chin, and saying, "I once drew my sword in defence of my country." His forced march to Ealing (like Major Sturgeon's) surpassed Napoleon's attack of Lodi, and the return to Hackney was something like the retreat from Moscow, only shorter, and in the summer. If that gallant corps—and I say it advisedly—had had the opportunities the regulars had, they would have done gallant things, but they hadn't.

The other day I chanced to meet an old militiaman who was great in the old days, and in the bygone glories of Howe and the Dukes of Buckingham. I met him in a railway carriage thus:

I was on my way to Ireland, to establish a company for "Draining the Bogs of Allan in search of a Danish Treasure," which had been recommended to me as a good thing to invest money in.

I had refused to buy an "illustrious Moore;" I had been driven at "by your leave" by ploughing perambulating trucks full of luggage; I had had my ticket nipped by something between a dentist's key and a cork-presser; I had at last taken my seat in a second-class carriage, arranged my plaid, and laid my Times in a sort of

Freemason's apron over my knees, and was getting all atant. The day was burning and golden, the sky blue and spotless, except where white clouds billowed and toppled about like poised avalanches. The bell rang, the guard waved his red flag, we were off with a hiss and trample, and a pulsation as of some giant's heart.

I settle myself down in the spare box of a carriage, I establish a treaty and alliance of legs with the Buckinghamshire man, who I find has been a militiaman, which is a tie between us. Lady's-maid, sallow and waxy with sitting up late at night, cheerless, for ladies coming home from gay parties, subsides into a stupor of rest, in the corner. The drummer—such a drummer!—a little pink-faced boy, say about fourteen, frank, at his ease, with his great buff belt, with brass scutcheoned buckle, lying before him on a vacant seat, with his knapsack, only numbered with name, No. of company, and detachment. How firm and disciplined, and almost gentlemanlike, he looks with his black trousers slived with red cord, and his little scarlet frock, fringed white at the shoulders, and striped and epauletted with white lace, studded with blue fleur-de-lis reminiscences of Cressy and Agincourt, and our old French claim.

The Buckinghamshire man, in an energetic and robust way, announced himself to me as having been for thirty-five years watchman of Olney parish, sheep-shearer, brewer, and guide to Cowper's cottage, where the poet kept his tame hares and wrote the hymns, and other curiosities. He was a cheery, ruddy, large-made man, with eyes of washed-out blue, large, round, and staring; in his gestures, demonstrative, stamping, and redundantly energetic.

But I must go back to the starting. Ching, clang! ching, clang! ching, clang! went the Euston-square bell. Whew! whew! whew! went the guard's whistle. Another drummer-boy, with two medals at the breast of his scarlet coat, who had come to see his younger comrade off, thrust his hand in at the window to give him a last shake.

"Good-by, Tom," said the rough, kind stripling, "and take care when you get to the station to go straight home, and don't let any blackguard get your money out of you; get to your father and mother, then you are all right. Think of the regiment. Mind and write to the drum-major."

A demon-thirsting scream gave the signal.

"Good-by, Tom," said the lad.

"Good-by, Jack," said the boy.

The little fellow would have liked to cry, but he was a soldier, and a soldier's son, and he didn't like, so he gave a rather rueful look at the blank, square window—no kind, sturdy face there now—and to hide his faint heart set to work buckling up and arranging his great, square, black knapsack, on which his name, "Thomas Wilson, Scots Fusiliers, 27, 3rd Company," was inscribed in great white letters. Then he shifted his linen bag, or haversack, which was slung at his side by a linen belt passing over his shoulder; then he adjusted his smart foraging-cap, with the strap on his lip, and loosened, just to feel he was out of Trafalgar-square barracks, his white buckskin belt with the brass badge of a buckle. He was not going to compromise the character of the army among civilians.

We passed out of the great shadows of the station tunnel that fell on the white page of the book I was reading like the broad shadow of some evil angel's hand. Champ, champ! rattle, rattle! like the roar of a million of Attila's cavalry chafing at our heels—a battling, angry din that deafens and excites—we break out into the free light.

Now, no noise but the gentle puff of the engine far away, and the white cloud at the window, as of the great Manitou of the *waim a nomen*, breathing, sleeping on this pleasant autumn day, high in heaven as his spirit life. Now, no brooding, noisy darkness, but a broad column of light like that of a sudden resurrection, or as the sunshine comes to us out of the grave of an eclipse. We settled ourselves to our places for the next forty miles' rush and roll, and the great white clouds of steam floated round us as if we were being borne on the Hindoo image-car of Paradise to the gardens of India.

We began to settle; the lady's-maid took out a limp, ill-used novel; the drummer began, with true boy's hunger, to pinch suspiciously certain projections in his haversack that seemed edible; the Buckinghamshire man's eyes fixed intently on him with mingled admiration, sympathy, wonder, and sagacity. He was eminently sociable, and began the conversation at once by aiming a playful blow at the drummer's chest, and asking a question so abruptly, and in such a deep chest voice, that it sounded like a blow too:

"Isn't a volunteer better than two pressed men, youngster?" said the Bucksman, as if contradicted and put out.

Tom laughed, and said he rather thought so. "This is a queer card," thought he, and looked so.

"I say," said Bucks (let us call him Bucks for shortness), with a sorrowful shake of his rusty hat and grizzled hair, at the same time wetting his lips to show that he was going to begin, "those were nice ones at that public-house with your comrade there and the other soldiers. Oh! they were bad ones, bad lot."

"Yes, they were," said Tom, in a neat, disciplined voice, recognising Bucks as having been together at the "ale-us" before starting.

"Very bad lot; I should be sorry to see sons of mine like those gentlemen with the pack of cards. Did you see one of them pull the sergeant's sword and make a slash in fun at him. Oh! they were bad ones. I was sorry to see it. Bad ones, bad ones."

Bucks relapsed into silence after this simple homily on virtue, and proceeded with his staring blue eyes to take a careful inventory of the drummer's fantastic dress from top to toe: his scarlet coat, a little purple and faded in places, its long stripes of dull white lace worked with blue fleur-de-lis (strange tradition of the old

Agincourt quarrel), his stiff collar, with its ruff of blue and white lace, his neat belt and shining brass, and his soldierly trousers of black, corded down the seams with red. Bucks never seemed to have enough of it.

"This is the stuff to make a soldier," said he, suddenly, with intense enthusiasm, such as men who remember the old French wars and volunteering days can only feel now it is the fashion to be philosophic and cosmopolitan. "Wert in the Crimear, lad, eh? Did'st box the Rooshians, lad?"

"No," said Tom, stoutly and honestly, "but that comrade of mine, who you saw shake hands with me, was, and was wounded, too. The band, you know, carry off the wounded."

"Look at this lad now!" said Bucks, addressing every one, and proudly, as if he were his father, with stentorian voice, hitting his corduroyed thigh violently with his clenched fist, "I saw, last week as ever was, a regiment pass through Tring with a drummer-boy no bigger than him, and they stopped at the public house the Malt Shovel, in Tring, where I was hewing. Lor' bless you! what a stir the farmers made with t' lad. I do believe if he could have eaten gold they'd have given it the little lad." (All this our honest friend spoke as if he was chewing every word, forte e molto staccato.) "Bread and cheese, good Lord! I should think so; good strong ale (six bushels to the barrel), and rattling good double Gloucester till he could not eat any more. I thought they'd have made him dead drunk, but the brave boy (he was the bugler) pushed back the glass at last, and said, as stout as a lion,

"Thankee, gentlemen, all the same, but I'll take no more, or I shall not be able to do my duty to-morrow—thank *you* all the same." And HE DID NOT, for all the pressing. Ah! 'twas a brave bugler lad, *that* was."

The drummer was intensely interested, and unconsciously, as Bucks spoke, kept unbuckling his knapsack by a nervous restlessness of fingers.

"Well, next day," went on Bucks, "I saw this bugler go up to the sergeant, who had stopped his week's money to prevent his spending it. It was all in kindness of the sergeant, but still he had no business to do it."

"No sergeant had no business," said Tom, determinedly; "a sergeant can't interfere with the boy's pay unless he has behaved bad."

"Well," continued Bucks, encouraged, "the bugler boy went up to him, BRAVE AS A LION" (roars so that the lady's-maid drops the limp novel, thinking there is a collision, and henceforward listens like a wise woman), "'Why have you stopped my pay, sergeant?' said he.

"The sergeant said, 'Never you mind, boy.'

"But he said, 'I *will* mind. I'll have my fair money.'

"Then the sergeant said, 'I'll report you.'

"But the drummer went on saying, 'If you don't give me the money, I'll report *you*, sergeant.'

"Then the sergeant, in his burning rage and furious spite, called out to another boy to sound the bugle, and he did it—sounded a sound, but rather weak and poor like, and the men who were by, laughed, and tapped their muskets on the floor. Then the boy stood up again as bold as a hero, and said, 'Is that the way you sound a sound? Give it me!' And he took the bugle, and blew such a sound, so clear and true, it was good indeed to hear. He said, 'This is the way, sergeant, to blow the bugle-call!'" Imagine this story told in a jovial, unflinching crescendo of voice, ending with a complete burst that stunned us.

We all laughed, which encouraged Bucks, and made him ten times noisier and redder. His face now was a burning coal—he may have been drinking. He now amused himself by going over all the boy's accoutrements. "This," says he, "is where you put your clean shirts in for home, your pipeclay, and your brushes; this is for your prog;" and so on, touching each article like a showman as he went.

"Did you ever put your head in a beehive?" said Bucks, turning sharp round on me.

"No," said I, smiling, and watching his light blue Saxon eyes and inflammatory face.

"Well, then, that's just the feeling I have in my ears after being a bit in London—danged, dirty, noisy place! How glad I shall be to get back to Olney! I've worn this," said he, touching the boy's red uniform, "though you wouldn't think it."

"You have?" said I, with an expectant surprise, which was as good as saying, "Let us hear, then, all about it."

Bucks began by clenching both his red fists, and placing them firmly on his two knees; then, putting his head on one side, he opened fire thus:

"I was in the Bucks Militia myself when I wor eighteen—yes, I wor—eighteen as never comes agin, when one doesn't care for the king on his throne, not us!' (Violently, though no one interrupted him, but his nature was combative.) "I remember when the old Dook of Buckingham, father of the present dook (he's not worth a bad farthing now), reviewed eight hundred of us in the great park at Stowe. He was a big man, he was, a rattling good waggon-load of stuff, he was." (Laugh.) "Seventeen stone, if he weighed a hounce, gentlemen. He used to come in his open yellow barouche every parade day, and have his two greys (he always drove greys), drawn up with their two noses exactly opposite the two big drums" (digs his two hands into two typical places on his two thighs), "so as to accustom 'em to the noise, so as they shouldn't never shy. Yes, I remember as well as if it was yesterday the speech he made to us the last review day—ah, as well as if it was yesterday! I was only eighteen then." (Tone of manly regret not incommendable). "This is what he said, said the dook: 'Officers and men of the regiment of the Royal Bucks Militia, I thank you heartily for the admirable manner you

have conducted yourselves under arms' (so we had—we had all presented arms when the dook came on the ground), 'and I invite you all to dinner this afternoon in a tent in my park; and all those who have fathers, mothers, sisters, or sweethearts, let them bring them with them. Officers and men of the Royal Bucks Militia, I wish you farewell and good appetite!' "

"Bravo!" said I.

"Ah, bravo, indeed!" said Bucks. "That was acting like a king—and ay, he was a king!—and we all went. Every man jack of us had as much roast-beef and plum-pudding as he could eat: good streaky beef, too, and jolly good pudding, plenty of plums, and a quart of strong ale—Burton—that would stand by itself; and every one had a pound and a half of it to his own cheek, besides a large three-corner cocked-hat slice to take home for one's friend or sweetheart. I took mine home to a sick brother."

"Good," said I; "that showed the heart in the right place, that did." Drummer's eyes kindle at the memory of pudding—pudding being a sort of divinity with boys. Then, ashamed of being caught worshipping pudding, he looked at his red-corded trousers, and arranged his belt.

Bucks continued stormier than ever. "Well, and every man of us militia had a sort of flower-pot thing to put his grub in, and a cup—a new tin cup—to each one for his malt liquor."

"Much speaking?" I threw in.

"Lor' bless you!" said Bucks, "I should think so—toastesses and cheering and stamping. How I got home to Bucks *I* don't know, but I did it in time by zig-zagging all through Stowe Park and the long avenue.

"Lor'! to hear the speech-making in the red-striped tent and in the house, both at the same time, two or three rising at once. It *was* darned good fun, I can tell ye. (Slaps his knee, the nap of which many thousand previous slaps have altogether removed, and doubling up with a colicky chuckle that was almost too much for him, at which the limp, pale lady's-maid smiled dolefully, and in a way that implied smiles were irreligious, unbeseeming, and ungenteel). "Speech-making! *I* should rather think there was, and plenty of it, all under the flags, in the marquis, as they called the tent set up on purpose for us to dine in, near the Flaying House, as it was called, where the deer killed in the park used to be prepared; and every time a toast was drunk the yeomanry guns fired three times" (shakes his head)—"yes they did. Then the dook gave the best men prizes for running in sacks, grinning through a collar, shooting at a target, dipping for sixpences in treacle, and all sorts of pastime, that the gentry likes to see the tenantry busy about in these gala days."

"That was doing it like a king," said I.

"What fun!" cried Drummer Tom.

"It *was* doing it like a king," said Bucks; "and he wor a king: more than another dook I know of was he who was pelted with what I should not like to mention" (dreadfully mysterious) "in the streets of Buckingham, and he then swore he would do for the place, and make the grass grow in the streets."

"And so it did," said I; "when I last saw it; it was fast asleep, was Buckingham, and snoring."

"Yes, the dook he moved the 'sizes," said Bucks, fiercely, "and all that, to Aylesbury, to pay them out. Dear me, what a grand place Stowe was in the old days! It was a reg'lar little kingdom, was Stowe, shut in with a ring fence, south front nine hundred and sixteen feet from east to west—I've paced it a thousand times—and massy stone lions, and Corinthian statuaries, and all that, and picters, and hundreds of weight of books, and water, and green turf, and bushes, and a flight of thirty-one steps from the entrance to the lawn. It wor beautiful. You never clapped eyes on—no, that you didn't——"

"I suppose you know Bucks well?" said I.

"Ah! that I do," said Bucks, "and enough, too, Risborough, and Leighton Buzzard, and Berkhampstead, and Wendover, and High Wycombe (good ale there), and Beaconsfield, and Woburn, and Newport Pagnell. Bucks, too! You should see the gilt swan in the Town-hall how it used to shine on market days."

"What, after the fall of Stowe?" I inquired.

"No," said Bucks—"no, no, sur, long ago; and I knows Olney too, well, that I do. I've been watchman there, man and boy, thirty years. You've heard of Muster Cowper, the poet?"

"Of course I have, and his Olney Hymns, too," said I.

Bucks (enraptured) cried, "Yes, yes, and Mrs. Unwin, and the pet hares, and all on 'em! Well, I show gentlemen and ladies the house and summer-house where he used to write, and garden, and where the Throckmortons, who were his friends, used to live. The Ouse, you know, runs through Olney."

"It was a melancholy, dull place for a melancholy man to go to," said I.

Bucks took no notice of this remark, but broke fresh ground. "We have had a powerful lot of fires," said he—"incendiary fires—in Olney: a dozen cottages or more burnt down in a year or two."

"That's a bad job," said Drummer Tom.

"It *is* a bad job," said Bucks. "How they goes and breaks out I don't know, and nobody knows; but we must try and get at the bottom of it, we must. There is no ill-will between master and men, not as I know of"—(stops a moment and slaps his knee)—"the whole thing is a mystary, a perfect mystary. P'r'aps it's the gipsies."

"You've seen hard work, I should say, to judge by your face," said I.

"Ay! that I have, sir. I tell you what, sir, I have stood at sheep-washing every day for three weeks, from six in the morning till eight at night, and hardly taken bit or sup from week's end to week's end—hadn't taste for it—nothing but drink for me then."

"Well, but one farmer's sheep would never

last three weeks?" I inquired, innocently, knowing no better.

"One farmer!" said Bucks, contemptuously; "why I washed for half the county, so much the score. Tell you how I did it. I stood up to my lines in water, ready to take the ship; then my mate passes me the ship, and I takes him head and tail, rubs him well all over, back and belly; then ducks him, and pass out to the mill tail. All the wool as comes off in my hands goes to me for parquisites—it did, true as I sit here, gen'lemen. Terrible hard work, cramping work too, worse than salmon-fishing. Of course you come out now and then for a drop to mix with all the water you've sopped up," he said, sympathisingly. Bucks winked, clenched his teeth, and rubbed his eyes, like the maddened gambler in Hogarth: "I tell you what, muster, I've drunk as much as nine or ten quarts of strong ale a day, besides spirits, and it had no more effect on me at the time than mere water, believe me; but afterwards I had a raging, burning fever, as they called the deliddleum trimmings, orful bad it was—no, that worn't the name, it was something like deleerium treamens, I know there was rum in it. But now, thank God (God be thanked!), I have not touched ale or spirits for these six months; and look here" (tremendous energy; invites me to pinch him; and pinches the frosty healthy reds and purples of his cheek)—"you'd think I'd been just flushed with gin, wouldn't you? Didn't you?"

"I confess I thought you had been taking a farewell glass," said I.

"No, not a drop," said Bucks, evidently exhilarated. "Feel this arm: this colour is all nateral colour, and if it wasn't for a little ailment and sourment occasionally, I don't know now, at seventy, whether I was ever better in my life."

"So you have been up, I suppose, to have a day's holiday in London—to see Saint Paul's, the British Museum, and Madame Tussaud's waxworks?" said I.

Bucks whispered, putting his face close to mine, "I'll tell you all about it, for you and I put our horses together very well, and I feel quite neighbourly towards you, though you're a gentleman and I a poor working man."

Guard cries, "Stafford! Stafford!" Bing, bang, goes the bell.

"Here's how it is: George—my son George—is in London, and his going came about thus: he had been a long time without work, and he and his wife were living on me, and that preyed on George, and he got silent and moody-like, and sat alone and said nothing, and mumped so that one would have thought he had fallen out with me (my missis, poor dear old 'oman, you must know, has been dead these five year). Well, one morning, a year ago, long afore it was light, I was awoke by something pulling the clothes, and I says, says I, 'Who's there? what's up?' and somebody says, 'It's I, father.' 'Who's I?' 'Why George; I am going up to London to try and get work, for it breaks my heart to prey upon your little means like this. Good-by, father.' Then I sat up, and tried to reason with the lad; but, lor', there!—it wor no use. 'So,' said George, 'don't waken my wife, but make it up for me when I'm gone; and pawn this watch of mine for her; and as soon as I can hear of anything I will return, but not a moment before. Don't say anything, father; there's the watch. Good-by!' And George went. We never heard of him for nearly a long twelvemonth arter, till last Monday was six weeks, when down comes a letter, sealed with a brave man's thumb—no bad seal neither—telling us as George was doing well, had got regular work in a London brick-yard, and was very much respected by all as knew him, and by his employer. Says he in the letter, 'Come up, father, directly, and come and arrange about bringing up Mary, and letting us live all together, comfortable like; and here's money to get my silver watch out of pawn,' says he, in the letter. Well, we were glad, I believe you, and so, off I went. I didn't know George at first, with his Crimean beard. 'That isn't George,' said I, to the woman of the house. 'It is George,' said he himself, with his own voice. And so it was.

"Well, the next morning when I awoke, I looks around and wondered where I was. 'What's up,' says I, 'where am I?' 'With George, your own son George,' says he, from the other bed; and so I was. And now I'm going down to Olney, to have a sale, give and sell all my things, send up my bedding by waggon—because George has got only one bed—and going to settle in London, convenient to the brick-yard, seeing as how I'm getting a trifle old and don't like living all alone. Olney is not what it was."

"I know how it is," said I; "all your old friends have died off, and you feel in the way among the young folks who jostle for the new paths."

Bucks replied approvingly, "Yes. Well, I suppose that's about the size of it. But here's my station; so good morning to you, sur! I wish you a pleasant journey and every excess."

So the Buckinghamshire man and I, parted.

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BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER II. THE GRINDSTONE.

TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having drawn his high wages, by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic one and indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's house had been first sequestrated, and then confiscated. For, all things moved so fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now upon the third night of the autumn month of September, patriot emissaries of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house, and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris, would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For, what would staid British responsibility and respectability have said to orange-trees in boxes in a Bank court-yard, and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling, in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often does) at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come of this young Pagan, in Lombard-street, London, and also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the immortal boy, and also of a looking-glass let into the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who danced in public on the slightest provocation. Yet, a French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well, and, as long as the times held together, no man had taken fright at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished; how many accounts with Tellson's, never to be balanced in this world, must be carried over into the next; no man could have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. He sat by a newly lighted wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year was prematurely cold), and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the court-yard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages — where, indeed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone: a roughly mounted thing which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighbouring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire. He had opened, not only the glass window, but the lattice blind outside it, and he had closed both again, and he shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his

hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But, there was no loud irruption into the court-yard as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank, which a great charge would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this!" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms, imploringly, "O my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here, some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris? In France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so.—What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even, of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you; for, more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the court-yard: not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But, such awful workers, and such awful work!

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group, free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with

the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes;—eyes which any unbrutalised beholder would have given twenty years of life, to petrify with a well-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "Murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but, it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. O the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife. And O the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is National property now, and used as a kind of armoury, my love."

Twice more in all; but, the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer descried in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and, staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III. THE SHADOW.

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round, was this:—that he had no right to imperil Tellson's, by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but, the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first, his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine-shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling-place in the distracted state of the city. But, the same consideration that suggested him, repudiated him; he lived in the most violent Quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term, in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross: giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had

himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the Bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis, the words:

"Do you know me?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine-shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said: "You come from Doctor Manette?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing,

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favour that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing, as yet, in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke, Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the court-yard. There, they found two women; one, knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely!" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.

"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognise the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note—little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night, and might, but for a chance, have done to him.

"Dearest,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope *you* are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but, neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child, that her mother instinctively kneeled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But, the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of these others."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess, against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. O sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance:

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough? All our lives, we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression and neglect of all kinds?"

"We have seen nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

MELONS.

THERE can be little doubt that the coach which conveyed Cinderella to the prince's ball was not a pumpkin, but a Cantaloup melon. The hypothesis is supported by a variety of reasons. Imprimis:——But first of all, perhaps, we ought to say a few words about the melons themselves.

Although Cinderella is now a tolerably old girl, we may assume that melons are considerably older. The "lodge in a garden of cucumbers" of the Scriptures was most probably a lodge in a garden of melons, with perhaps a mixture of water-melons. Cucumis is the generic name of all melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers. Σικυος or σικυς, sikuos or sikus, is also Greek for the same. The Latin word melo, whence our melon, comes (etymologists say) from the Greek μηλον, melon, an apple, to which our fruit bears a distant resemblance in form and perfume. Palladius, who has left twelve books on the ancient Roman agriculture of his time, has a chapter on the culture of melons proper. Our pompion, pumpion, and pumpkin, are modern forms of the Latin pepo, which is a modification of the Greek πεπων, pepon, sweet or ripe. "When cucumbers attain an excessive magnitude," says Pliny, "they are called pepones;" he therefore uses the word melopepo to describe a sort of pompion resembling a quince in its powerful odour and its warty outside. By the way, melomelum, a sweeting apple, is the origin of our word marmalade. Our horticultural forefathers employed "musk melon" to distinguish veritable melons from pumpkins that had no musky smell; which said pumpkins were, of old, called by the early gardeners and are still called by the English peasantry, millons and meellons. It will thus be seen that the names, like the fruits, of the great pumpkin family, alter their form and their radical quality by such slight gradations as to render it difficult to draw the line between them.

Gourds, together with the French "courge" and the Dutch "kauwaerde," from quite a different verbal root, are pumpkins of great variety of form, size, and properties. There are the Hercules or club-gourd, the calabash and bottle-gourd, whose outer rinds, when thoroughly ripe, dry, and hard, are made to serve for water-vessels, bottles, and powder-flasks. Some of these are eaten in their immature state, but it is wiser to label untried sorts, raised from imported seed, with a ticket marked BEWARE! although their mawkish taste will generally prove a sufficient safeguard. In hot climates the club-gourd attains the enormous length of five or six feet. In a few weeks, if well watered, it forms shady arbours, under which the people of the East squat and smoke. When the fruit is young it hangs down inside the arbour like candles. In this state it is cut, boiled with

force-meat, and stuffed in the hollow part with rice. It is then called dolma by the Turks, and is in such general request that a large district in the vicinity of Pera is called Dolma Baktché, or Gourd Gardens, from the cultivation of these plants. Then there is the Turk's-cap, crown imperial, and elector's bonnet, like turbans or other head-gear of brilliant colouring, which in their young state, when about one-third grown, furnish a wholesome though innutritious vegetable; good for those who stand in terror of making blood too fast. A variety of these, of more prolific habit, has been cried up of late, and it appears deservedly, as custard marrow. Vegetable marrow is a not happy name for a variety of gourd used for boiling and stewing, but insipid at the best. In England, the common mistake is to let all these grow much too big before they are cut; when brought to table they suggest the idea of a mess prepared for sailors on their return from a long voyage, who stand in need of a liberal dose of any vegetable whatsoever to eradicate sea-scurvy from their system. There would be rabbit smothered with onions at top, and Jolly Jack Tar smothered with vegetable marrow at bottom. The Italians bake ripe gourds in an oven, and then serve them out in cold slices, like cake; it is a poor substitute for true melon, though perhaps more digestible. Their mode of cooking immature gourds is by far the most palatable; they cut them when they are as big as a large sausage or a turkey's egg, they split them lengthwise, and fry them with the skin on, in plenty of boiling oil or fat. The little half gourds should come out of their bath crusted with a delicate light-brown pellicle, and not in the least greasy, but like first-rate French sautéd potatoes. "Squash" is a picturesque Americanism for the same tribe of vegetables, of which they have a considerable variety. There are even miniature gourds, grown solely for ornament, to place on chimney-pieces and knick-knack shelves; as the apple gourd, the pear gourd, the orange gourd, and other little prettinesses—to all which gourds, both great and small, your garden-doors must be firmly though reluctantly closed, if you wish your next year's melons to maintain their repute for perfume and flavour.

The melon, Cucumis melo, belongs to the Linnæan class Monœcia, order Monadelphia; which means, in English: Class One House, order One Brotherhood. In the majority of flowering plants, the fertilising organs, or anthers, and the fruit-producing organs or ovules, are borne in the same flower. These constitute nearly the whole of the Linnæan classes. But observing that, in certain cases, the anthers and the ovules are produced separately, in different flowers on the same individual plant—which takes place with the filbert and the melon—the great naturalist grouped them into his One-house class, in distinction to Dicecia, or Two-house, wherein the anthers and the ovules are found not only in different flowers but on different plants, as is seen in hemp, the willow, and the date palm; one plant producing anthers only and never seed or fruit, another bearing seed or fruit only and never anthers.

In the natural system of Jussieu, the melon belongs to the family of Cucurbitaceæ, or the gourd family, herbaceous, or rarely wooded climbing plants, furnished with tendrils which help them to mount over brake and briar, and in which are included, besides the genera Cucumis and Cucurbita, the poisonous Momordica, or squirting cucumber; the big-rooted bryony of the hedge, which used to lend itself to the fabrication of false portents; the very curious and detestable Trichosanthes, or snake cucumber, with its twisted fruit, sometimes six feet long; and the useful, though uneatable, Lagenaria, or calabash, a gigantic variety of which will hold a couple of gallons of water. It hence appears that the melon, if not the representative, is certainly the best to eat of its family. The spiral vessels of the melon are an instructive microscopic object, as are also its jointed hairs covered with scars.

To clear our literary melon ground before beginning in earnest, we will exclude from it, first, all water-melons, which are not melons except by courtesy, but are Citrullus gourds, Pastèques, and Cocomeros. Instead of having a hollow in their middle containing the seeds, they are fleshy, or rather spongy, throughout, the seeds being embedded in the tissue. Although almost a necessary of life during tropical, and even Mediterranean, summers, when they serve as food and drink combined, they are not wanted in the British Islands. They are too insipid to be worth growing as luxuries; their size is unwieldy on the table, while their smooth dark-green skin, and the absence of ribs, warts, or network, render them anything but picturesque or ornamental in the dish. The specimens we receive from Spain and Portugal towards the close of autumn, are imported stomach-ache. If a turnip grew on a leafy running stem, it would take higher rank than melons like these. Should you wish to grow water-melons as a curiosity, sow them on a hot-bed very early; and, after stopping the leading shoot to make the side-shoots start, let them run and spread as they please without further interference, remembering that they must have plenty of room, sunshine, air, and water. The French in Algeria stick a water-melon seed into a hole in the ground, and take no further thought of it till they want a juicy fruit to moisten their lips.

Neither have we anything to do with precocities, with forced melons, with melons in April, or May, or June. Our affair is with melons only in their season, as they come naturally, so to speak. We look no further, or no earlier, than melons which ripen in August, September, and October, and as much longer as skilful gardening, a kindly season, and careful housewifery can persuade them to last. We want melons for the million, and not melons for the upper ten-thousand, at a guinea and upwards a piece, and not dear at the price either. We want to turn the sun to good account and to make the most economical use of his rays, instead of heap-

ing together mountains of manure and consuming valuable coke and coal.

But all melons are forced, are they not? Where do you see any, at any season, that are not grown under frames, or hot-beds? Is it possible to grow them otherwise than through the agency of a heavy fixed capital of glass and wood, and fermenting horse-droppings constantly renewed, and iron-pipes, and hot-water, and fuel, and attendance morning and evening, night and day? What, therefore, do you mean by melons for the million and their natural season?

Have patience, and you shall see. Let us take things quietly, in their proper order.

Melons are of so many sorts, their varieties have been so long cultivated in all the warmer regions of the globe, so crossed and multiplied that, to draw a distinct line between the majority of individuals composing the assemblage, is difficult. An ancient Pagan had the wickedness to say, "A variable and mutable thing is—a woman;" it would have been more gallant and equally true had he said, "A variable and mutable thing is—a melon." Grandchildren turn out different to their grandmothers; of own brothers and sisters, the progeny of the same parents as far as we can tell, some will be lengthy, others short and stout, some fair-complexioned, others dark; less frequently, some will prove agreeable and sweet, others will be harsh, or unpleasant and flat. The same melon-plant may produce, on different branches, perfectly symmetrical individuals and deformed monsters half melon-shaped, half pudding-shaped, or some with red flesh, and some with green flesh. But it is probable that these variations take place within the limits of a circle beyond the circumference of which they do not stray. If a real melon at once loses caste and flavour by misalliance with a pumpkin, the consequence is, that it is utterly excluded by every gardener, and there is an end of it. Good melons, on the other hand, which possess the merits of flavour and of handsome form, without any decided character of race, still retain their position amongst the cucurbitaceous aristocracy, and pass current amidst the select crowd of fruits.

With this confession of interminateness, melons may, for convenience, be classed into three categories. The first is the melon maraîcher, the kitchen-garden melon of the French, the Black Rock, and the Dutch Rock of the English, round and flattened at top and bottom, but really of uncertain form, occasionally attaining considerable weight, often covered with embroidery or network, mostly without defined ribs, with thick rind and plenty of juicy flesh not very high in flavour; but you often light upon melons of this race that are improved by accidental crossings with superior varieties. If you want to grow a melon that will travel distances of from five to five hundred miles, some of these will exactly suit you; amongst them, too, you will be sure to find a sort which succeeds in your locality. Melons, like cats, are attached to place rather than to persons; varieties which are perfectly well-behaved at Bordeaux, will turn out badly at Paris, and vice versâ, which is still more extraordinary. Melon-seeds which produce good fruit at Paris, will be the parents of nothing but bad at Bordeaux. The Sucrin de Tours, and the American melons belonging to this section, are well deserving of patronage. If you wish to exhibit a monster melon, of handsome elongated form, with broad ribs, try the famous Sucrin de Honfleur, or Honfleur melon. Inexorable horticultural judges, who will brandish their knives, and use them too, may say that its flesh is a little coarse; but it is only a little, if at all; and it is so juicy, pleasant, cut-and-come-again, that young gentlemen home for the long vacation will find no fault with it.

The maraîcher melons pass for being more feverish than the rest of their brethren towards the close of the season; but with all melons we should remember we are dealing with a family whose reputation is stained by poisoning transactions. The correcting influence of the sun and the degree of ripeness may make all the difference whether a suspected fruit is dangerous or innocent. As is the case with the family of which the potato is a worthy member, caution is necessary: to the tomato, the egg-plant, and the aubergine, are closely allied the bitter-sweet nightshade and the deadly belladonna. Even the potato is not always harmless, unless the water in which it is boiled be strained away. For a good and wholesome Irish stew, the potatoes should be cooked separately.

It is a very cloudy frontier line which divides the kitchen-garden melons from the second division, the Cantaloups, which are sub-divided again into innumerable shades of variation. They are round, flattened at the stalk and the crown, ribbed, often broader than they are long, thick-skinned, sometimes warty, and well adapted for travelling, like their predecessors. The Orange Cantaloup is moderate-sized, early, useful, and good. The Noir des Carmes, or the Carmelites' Black, a precious variety which every one should have, is round, very dark green until ripe, with smoothish rind and not deep ribs, of excellent quality, and an abundant bearer if you will let it have its own way, of which more anon. There is the Little Prescott; and there are two varieties of the Great Prescott, i.e. with a green ground, and with a white ground (Silver Cantaloup), ribbed and warty, all good and early sorts; but, if a melon-race were to be run, I should bet upon the little one. There are green-fleshed Cantaloups; there are quite small Cantaloups, as the Boule de Siam, dark green, with broad ribs, and Queen Anne's Pocket Melon, just enough for one person, which may be trained against a south wall, like a vine. The Cantaloups are said to be less given to vary than other melons.

Of the third and most decided race, we will describe the characters before giving a list of names. They are thin-skinned, and not much adapted for travelling, which is the less to be regretted, as their delicious quality tempts you to keep them at home, unless a special favour is

to be conferred. Amongst them is a large proportion of green-fleshed fruit; their weight is mostly moderate, from two to three pounds, or less, and their seeds large. Properly managed, they bear in long succession, are generally of oblong shape, either smooth or netted; stored on dry shelves or hung up in nets, they will keep up to February. Persia may be regarded as their head-quarters; but they have obtained high approval under the titles of Maltese melon, Muscade of the United States, Odessa melon, Ispahan melon, Italian white-fleshed winter melon, sent from Malta and Marseilles to Paris, Dampsha, Candia, Valencia, and Moscatello.

Let us take the Moscatello as our pattern of the Persians. More than twenty years ago, it was introduced to France from Italy, and that is all that can be discovered of its origin. Its first results did not correspond to the praises with which its introducer had heralded it, proving unproductive when grown in a frame. The fruit, eaten six or eight days after becoming ripe, was well flavoured, but a little dry—a considerable drawback to its merit. But it turns out that, unlike other melons, they should be left on the plant ten or twelve days after their change from unripe to ripe, then cut, and then kept in a cool closet or a cellar, from three to six days before being brought to table. By this dilatory proceeding, they acquire a juiciness and a perfume which are superior to everything of the kind. Their culture is like that of other melons not in frames; under bell-glasses, they will give from eighteen to twenty fruits per bell.

The Moscatello has small and rather angular leaves, growing on long and twisted footstalks, from slender and not very vigorous branches. The flower is small; the fruit is long-oval, though sometimes round, slightly netted and ribbed, of a glaucous or ashy green, turning to a yellowish tint when ripe. The odour of ripeness should be almost gone at the time when the fruit is cut. The rind is very thin and the flesh red; there is no empty hollow in the inside; the seeds, incrusted in the flesh, are small and long. The average weight is scarcely two pounds, which is a pity. Although you may invariably save seed from oblong fruits, some of the plants which spring from those seeds will be sure to produce round fruits—a fact from which gardeners deduce two conclusions: first, that the variety was new when introduced; and, secondly, that it is not yet fixed, which is certain.

Melon-culture is commonly regarded as a sort of mystery. A man must have a grisly head before he can master its recondite arcana. The prevailing notion is, that the melon is a plant of excessive tenderness and delicacy. It is so, as we commonly see it treated. Even Loudon, in his standard work, the Encyclopædia of Gardening, says: "The fruit, to be grown to perfection, requires the aid of artificial heat and glass, throughout every stage of its culture. Its minimum temperature may be estimated at 65°, in which it will germinate and grow; but it requires a heat of from 75° to 80° to ripen its fruit, which, in ordinary cases, it does in four months from the time of sowing the seed." Hence we have Routine No. I: the plant must be shut up in a box with a glass lid, and be baked, steamed, and smothered, night and day, till it is as much like what a melon-plant could, might, and should be, as a boa-constrictor at a fair in a chest and a blanket is like a boa-constrictor at large in a tropical forest.

Again; it has been observed that the first fruits appear, not on the main stem, but on the side shoots of the plants. Consequently, the main shoot is stopped by pinching, to make the side shoots start earlier. The Bon Jardinier (an authority not less respectable than Loudon) and its copyists tell us, "When the plant has its fourth leaf above the cotyledons (seed leaves), it must be pinched above the second leaf. When the lateral branches, resulting from the first pinching have developed their second leaf, they are pinched in turn; which determines the development of new branches, which are stopped above the second or third eye, to obtain a third degree of ramification." The principle of all this pinching is right, when applied to the very earliest forced melons; but it is not properly applicable to later crops. From it, however, results Routine No. II. They must be prevented from growing in any direction whithersoever; they must be stopped, and stunted, and pruned, till their constitutional vigour is equivalent to that of a Chinese dwarf oak growing in a pint pot. What with the stifling and what with the pinching, many plants die outright: "It is their tender constitution!" say the walkers in wheel-ruts. The survivors, by an effort of nature, bring one or two fruits to incomplete maturity, and then give up the ghost. "It is their brief term of life!" exclaim the wheel-rutters, turning up the whites of their eyes. "All flesh is grass; and melon-grass is nothing at all!"

Nevertheless, the Bon Jardinier tells them, "An enlightened practice has taught several intelligent cultivators of melons at Paris that, by a simpler mode of pruning, better results may be obtained. For them, the whole reduces itself to this: after having stopped the primitive stem above the second leaf, and allowed the two resulting branches to grow till they have at least six leaves, they then stop them, once for all, above the fifth, sixth, or even the seventh eye, leaving all the branches, which this pruning develops, to grow and run freely, as they will. They show fruit quite as early as the branches proceeding from repeated mutilations; the plants are more vigorous, and the melons are better fed"—for the leaves of a plant are both its lungs and its stomach. "This method is especially excellent for melons under bell-glasses and for the larger sorts; but the able gardeners referred to above apply it equally to their melons in frames."

The truth is, that the melon, when not amputated and vapour-bathed to death, is just as hardy as the cucumber and the gourd; that is, it is not hardy at all. The slightest frost will

kill any and either of them; it is equally impatient with them of excessive humidity, especially if combined with chilly weather. As Loudon says, it is a tender annual; so are the others. Treat it like them, and it will equally display its rampant vigorous growth and its abundant fructification. Subject a melon-plant to the same free-and-easy and let-alone culture as you do a ridge-cucumber, or a pumpkin, and it will astonish you. Only a melon, to be ripe, demands a longer space of time between the setting of the fruit and the cutting than does a green cucumber, or a quarter-grown vegetable marrow. At Ispahan even, the melon does not find a high temperature constantly maintained without remission, like that which routinier forcers aim at; it has hot days and cool nights. The night temperature of our southern and midland counties, during July, August, and September, is quite sufficient. In fine summers, our days are hot enough for its prosperity; in cold, wet summers, like that of 1816 and of 1844, the melon is a failure all over France, and therefore we ought not to grumble at its failing here. What we need, in average years, is a longer summer. We must lengthen it artificially; and the end at which it is easiest and most seasonable to lengthen it is at the beginning.

Proceed in your attempts somewhat after the following fashion, and dare to leave the beaten path, regardless of your neighbours, who will talk about innovation, quackery, and presumptuous boasting, until they witness your success.

Between the middle of April and the middle of May, make several—say half a dozen—conical hillocks, disposed either in rows or in quincunx order, according to the convenience of your ground, so that their centres shall be five feet apart every way, and their perpendicular height, when finished and planted, two feet above the level of the soil. An inch or two more or less is of no consequence. The basis of each hillock is a hole, round or square, dug in the ground, half a yard in diameter and eight inches deep. The holes are then filled, and the hillocks are built up with well-rotted manure, carefully piled and stacked into shape, in order that your peaks of Teneriffe may sink or settle as little as possible, and that they may retain their form and elevation until the month of October. When your mountains are nicely made and rounded, cover them to the depth of six or seven inches with a stratum of earth rich in humus or vegetable mould, stiffish rather than light, and prepared if possible a year beforehand. If your soil for this outer coating is too compact and clayey, mix it with old leaf-mould, or better with heath-mould, until it is friable without being light. In default of earth thus prepared, good kitchen-garden mould will do. The prosperity of our melons depends on no quack composts, and shall be checked by no futile, self-raised difficulties. We have made the first step; our melon-ground is ready to receive its inmates.

The young melon-plants must be forced and brought forward somehow; in a frame and a hot-bed is the ordinary way; but you may start your youngsters thus: in your study there may be a cast-iron stove (with an open fireplace) called a prussienne. In March plant melon-seeds, two in each pot, and cover them with a cracked beer-glass or tumbler; then put them to bake on the top of the stove, watering as required. In a few days, the seed-leaves are above ground, when the plants are removed to the windows (inside, of course) to enjoy the sunshine, and their place on the stove is taken by successional pots. When the real leaves appear between the cotyledons, the pots are removed to a south border to be brought forward and gradually inured to air and light under bell-glasses, which cover them closely at night. We thus arrive at the middle of May. In one of the Waltonian cases recommended by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, enough melon-plants might be raised to cover Hyde Park with their foliage by the end of the summer. But, although you begin late this season, yet, from a plant started by the prussienne and growing all summer in the open ground with no other artificial heat than the shelter of a bell-glass, you may cut your first melon on the 16th of August: in a latitude, too, which, though south of London, may be north of the Isle of Wight. Nor does the crop consist of one single fruit, but of many. One-third at least of England might do the same; because the greater length of the days northwards is a compensation for the shorter summer.

In the middle of May, or earlier if you dare, slightly level the tops of your hills, so as to make a little platform on their summit; in the middle of the platform scoop out a round hole, and in it plant a couple of your seedlings, turning them out of their pots adroitly, so as to keep their balls of earth entire. Water them, and cover them close with a bell-glass, which is most convenient; or with a hand-light; or with an oiled-paper cap, rather than give up your experiment for want of appliances. You may have given the first pinching to your plants (above the second true leaf), while still in pot. After these two operations of pinching and planting, your young pupils will sometimes appear to stand still for a fortnight or so, and their vegetation to flag. Do not make yourself uneasy on that account; perhaps they are working hard, unseen, at the root. Cover at night with mats, if spring frosts threaten; admit air by day; carefully weed your hillocks and give them a slight scratching; and then encase them with a paletot of well-rotten manure, an inch and a half thick; raise your bell-glasses on three bricks, crutches, or pot-hooks, and the thing is done. When the branches peep out from under their bell, you may pinch their extremities; before that time, do not touch a leaf. As such branch successively gets half-way down the mountain, pinch it; when it reaches the bottom, pinch it again, and afterwards only stop them when they become troublesome and run out of bounds. Perhaps, on the whole, these are too many pinchings; but high authority recommends them. Dig well round the root of the mountain, to allow the

roots to spread, which they will do to a considerable distance around. Do not torment yourself with thinning the fruit; nature will arrange all that for you. When a fruit is set, if you cannot see it grow from day to day, you may almost make sure that it will come to nothing; it will turn yellow, and drop off of itself. Leave the bell-glass always over the central roots on the top of your hillock, lifted sufficiently high to admit free ventilation; it will protect the collar of the plants from injury, and shelter them from sudden chills and heavy rains. If you wish for a few very large melons, set only one plant on a hillock; if you prefer a good supply of moderate-sized fruit, set two.

In hot and dry weather you must water, with a fine-pierced rose, over the leaves and all; use no admixture of liquid manure, but take care that the water is at least as warm as the atmosphere. Do not wait for the leaves to flag before you water. Long-continued rains and cold fogs are more difficult to contend with than drought; the plant becomes surcharged with water, turns dropsical, and either dies or is attacked by serious disease. If a spell of wet summer weather set in, the best that can be done is to form a sort of tent over each hillock, with three long rods, or poles, meeting at the top and covered with mats or old sail-cloth. The mountain-shape alone of your melon-beds ensures a dry subsoil in ordinary seasons. At the close of the season, fruits which have no longer a chance of coming to maturity may be pickled small, like gherkins, as a nearer approach to pickled mangoes; if larger, they may be boiled or stewed, like cucumbers or vegetable marrows, to both of which they are preferable, in the judgment at least of certain palates.

A melon should not be allowed to remain on the plant till it is dead ripe; it is the better for a few days' chambering. The time to cut it is denoted by a rapid, almost sudden change, from the green hue of growth to the whitish, yellowish, or mottled tinges of maturity; by the marked relief and conspicuousness of the network or embroidery on the rind; by the exhalation of a sweet savour, instead of being, as before, almost sentless, and by a yielding to the pressure of the thumb applied to the spot where the blossom once grew. The date of eating it has arrived when you say to yourself, "This melon must be eaten to-day; that will keep till to-morrow; the other till the day after." When to eat it, depends on whether you are English or French. If the former, at dessert, as a matter of course; if the latter, in the middle of breakfast, or at dinner immediately after soup and unsalted boiled beef, sometimes with the boiled beef, and always seasoned with pepper and salt. Notwithstanding which, at the best Parisian restaurants the English mode of melon with sugar at dessert is duly understood and appreciated. How to eat it, is an open question: a silver knife is too blunt to cut it; use a steel one very rapidly in distributing the slices, which should be thick. On your plate, if you cut it up into too many delicate little bits, and play with it and pingle it too long, you will lose half the flavour. Try the effect of an honest bite at your slice, as if it were bread and butter or a pear. If it is very good indeed, put the seeds into your pocket, and do not lay the fault on anybody if they produce only indifferent fruit.

MAC.

We were leaning lazily over the railings which border the cliffs of sunny Broadstairs, admiring the blooming stocks and wallflowers that shoot from the dry white rock, when our attention was diverted to a squat man, who, perched upon a long kind of orange-box upon wheels, was urging forward a not unwilling donkey. Lumps of battered tin were lying in the orange-box near a tub, in which, according to a friend at our elbow (who rather prides himself upon knowing everything and everybody in the fruitful, hedgeless Isle of Thanet), there was "pot-wash," collected from the adjoining houses. "That man," said our friend, "is known twenty miles round. He is now on his way back to his domain, where he treasures old tin; where he keeps dogs upon horseflesh; where he rears pigs in roadside holes; where he flays horses, and cheapens their hide, bones, and hair. He is a remarkable specimen of a money-maker. With the most unpromising materials, he has turned shillings upon shillings, day by day, the last forty years. Let us stroll after him presently, to his patch of roadside. He is rather fond of seeing visitors." New ways of money-making are always welcome to the sight of men. Let us gratify ourselves with a peep, then, at our friend in the orange-box.

It has been said that the means of earning a leg of mutton are endless. There are prosaic means, and there are poetic means. The vast varieties of means which lie between the cheapening of rabbit-skins and the measurement of the stars almost appal the imagination. The prosy man goes through a regular apprenticeship; the inventive man creates a means of his own. We call to mind a strange figure we met once at some Kentish village inn. The man was a human lathe, pliable and strong; with a pliable, easy will also. It was the passion of his life to live without a master, and be continually moving. He had invented a means of earning his cut at a shoulder of mutton precisely adapted to his whim and passion. He became a perfect master of the art of sharpening saws, and travelled from village to village, from township to township, with the certainty of employment in any butcher's shop. The butchers looked forward to his coming, because, for two shillings, he would make their saws keen as razors. There are the wreckers, the carrion-kites who frequent our Channel coasts, and draw their legs of mutton off drowned men's fingers, and out of sea-logged ships. Consider the originality and faith of the man who first based his claim to a leg of mutton upon the sale of those wooden frogs, dear to our childhood,

which jump by the simple aid of cobbler's wax! A right clever old lady was that who, left a widow with three children and without a penny, made her living out of a tumbler which she lent to thirsty wayfarers who frequented the icy pool near her gate. Fame and plentiful legs of mutton have been cooked by a persevering artist before now out of the melodious Jew's-harp. Body and soul have been kept together, in more than one man, by the vigorous collection of cigar ends. The first Thames mudlark was an ingenious young rascal, in his way. Thousands of substantial legs of mutton lie in London gutters. Careful fingers pick up the orange-peel that lies about Primrose Hill on Monday mornings, and by the help of apple-sauce this same peel makes much of that delectable Dundee marmalade recommended by the faculty. A sombre genius was that which said to its angry stomach, "Lay out the dead and eat!"

Our mind runs in this direction before the master in the art of turning to the purposes of life the riches of the gutter and the dust-bin, who had passed us in the orange-box. We had trudged some miles over breezy downs to meet him. As we turned the brow of a hill, deafening barks from some thirty dogs startled us. Down in the hollow before us, some sharp white rocks shelved abruptly from the fields, and, arranged like an advanced guard around the rock, protecting masses of indescribable rubbish it appeared to us, were our canine foes, dancing in the madness of their anger. Still we advanced, the barking growing fiercer as we neared the curs. The deep, hoarse note of the Newfoundland was relieved by the shrill pipes of the very wiry terrier. Strange barks, too, from very strange dogs with irresponsible tails, joined chorus. We were reminded of a friend's description of a convivial party at the height of their festivity, when every man sang the words he knew best to the air he knew best, and all at once. A field of early peas, and a velvety meadow specked with frolicsome lambs beyond (suggestive combination upon a table-land!), lay between us and the canine chorus, which fields, treading gingerly, we crossed, the advanced guard yelping louder and louder as we audaciously approached.

Against the steep chalk cliff old Mac had rested, slanting towards the road the shivered timbers of ships he had probably found along the shore. Ragged tarpaulin was matted over the timbers. Under this airy roof Mac could turn many an honest penny, as we shall presently see. Mac had hollowed the rock, and in the hollow—very like a bear-pit in little—Mac could rear puppies. Another hole was proceeding with, which, it was the opinion of Mac, would make a tidy yard, by the help of an old hurdle or two, where pigs might disport themselves. Colossal mounds of old tin and iron lay at either extremity of Mac's domain. Here were coffee and tea-pots, spoutless and handleless; saucepans that had been shamefully allowed to burn; dust-shovels in every stage of decay; coal-scuttles that could never have come to this flattened and oxidised condition had they been in good hands. Near the warmred mounds of superannuated kitchen utensils (the vessels, which called to our saddened mind the ghosts of "thirty thousand dinners") lay lesser heaps of broken bottles—bottles cracked, possibly, at jovial gatherings, where this flattened fish-kettle at our feet did its duty to the salmon. We can hear porkers grunting under the ragged tarpaulin, young whelps whining in the little chalk bear-pit. A donkey, tethered to a long, low, greasy little cart adapted to the conveyance of dead horses, is drawn up behind the dogs. Indescribable lumps of flesh lie about amid the confused rubbish, but all between the dogs and the cliff.

Mac advances from behind his canine advanced guard to meet us. Our greetings are so much dumb-show; the dogs drown the words with which we would introduce ourselves to Mac. But we glance kindly at a little terrier, the obstreperous tenant of a capsized butter-tub, and our passport is clear to Mac's heart. A strange little square man is Mac, with his copper face and sharp black eyes, and his matted hair, running direct from the crown over his forehead (in clumps), under his ears and over his ears, in clumps too. A voluminous red comforter encompasses Mac's thick throat, whence a sharp, firm curl, like a very small rhinoceros tusk, points towards his chin. Mac wears a very greasy, shining old steward's jacket, a bargain, clearly. Then a leathern apron—but surely not to protect those trousers!—completes Mac's outer man. One moment: Mac has removed something that, cursorily regarded, conveys the decided impression that it is a long and somewhat irregular lump of coke. But, as he takes a red cotton handkerchief out of it (and which filled it, leaving us to wonder how Mac contrived to keep the coke upon his head), we discovered that it was, in very truth, a hat; a thing that (like all things belonging to Mac) had seen infinitely better days, but might now dare destiny to show it a more napless and disjointed old age.

As a preparation—and a very necessary preparation—for a gossip, Mac proceeded to cuff the terrier, kick the pointer, throw a stone at the bull-dog, and shout to the spaniel. But as fast as he quieted one set of barkers, half a dozen, unseen till that moment, would issue from under an old boat, that, turned keel upwards, appeared to be stuffed from stem to stern with every known variety of man's faithful companion. Every time we moved our arm or raised our voice the chorus was renewed.

"It ain't everybody as likes to pass 'em when I'm not by; things is pretty safe," said Mac, resting his thumbs upon his hips, and glancing proudly at the rusty tin and the chaos of glass. It struck us in the first place that he would be a very eccentric individual who should covet any of these the worldly goods of Mac, and, in the second place, that he would be a very lucky individual who should pass the advanced guard without feeling two very sharp canine teeth in

his calves, at the very least. A very ragged, daring, vulgar-looking dog, white, with a huge black patch upon the left eye, that from the eminence of a large stone that commanded the left extremity of the outposts, was pointed out to us as a Rooshian; while the right extremity of the outposts was held by a strange, long-bodied, short-legged animal, with a squirrel's tail and a snout like a pig, which strange animal, we were told, was a Portuguese. He had been cast ashore from a ship. Mac looked at his curious property, and, as he thoughtfully scratched that matted brown hair of his, he involuntarily wandered back to the days when he first became attached to the canine race—to the first dog of his heart.

"It were forty-five year ago, ay, that it were, every bit of it," said Mac, turning upon us to see how we stood the astounding fact. And he shook his head solemnly at us, and still, as we politely said "Indeed," and tried to look dumbfounded, he repeated, "Forty-five year, ay, that it is. I'm sixty-eight, that I am!" Again Mac believed that he had astonished us: and he took that remarkable hat of his off, and striking an attitude, challenged our credulity. "Ay, and I've had twelve on 'em." Were we upon our head or our heels? this was the question which Mac's inquiring eyes sought to fathom now. We conclude that our patient appearance did not satisfy Mac's anticipations, since he branched off from his autobiography suddenly to his dogs. Dogs were his 'obby when he was a boy. He remembered in Boney's time going off to the fleet in the Downs, in the bum-boats, and buying broken biscuit and biscuit dust of the sailors. With "pot-wash," and the like, it made good food for the dogs, and they thrived upon it. Mac sidled to the Portuguese dog as he spoke, and peered into the dilapidated egg-chest which was the home of Don Pedro's canine subject, to see if all were comfortable. The beast licked his master's shoes. Mac declared that he was a queer animal, and he had never seen the like of him before. "They do tell me," added the proud master, "that in his own country, he's a rare fellow after the parkipines." We concluded that Mr. Mac meant porcupines.

Then Mac pressed us to peer into a dark chamber cut in the rocks, where pigs were wallowing in the dark, and where puppies were feeding upon horseflesh. The passing gale was scented with——Well, we held our breath, and permitted Mac (who appeared to be in Arabia Felix) to dwell upon the economy of his domain.

"It wouldn't do to feed nothing." This was his fundamental maxim. He kept pigs while he could collect enough gratuitous pot-wash to keep them. To buy of the miller was ruin. While he went about collecting pot-wash, he picked up old tin, and iron, and glass. Then he bought all the dead horses he could get, at a price. He gave the miller, on the hill yonder, a sovereign for his grey horse.

"You remember the grey mare?" said Mac, turning his keen grey eyes sharply upon us.

We confessed our ignorance: Mac was astonished at its profundity, but proceeded to give us a few more hints, with the air of a man who is throwing his knowledge away.

Yes, he gave a sovereign for the grey mare; but then there was a little fat upon her, and he could boil it down, and make a few shillings by selling it to the farmers round about for cart-grease. Well, then, the bones and hide fetched him the rest of the money, and he had the flesh for nothing, for his dogs. Mac now looked with the triumphant air of a man who had mastered a great difficulty. There was a superlatively knowing look in his eye; but this was not all. The mane went for horse-hair cloth; the hoofs for gelatine; the liver, in a putrescent state, to flavour London hashes, in the disguise of mushroom sauce! The marrow of the bones became dainty pomatum for Belinda's hair. The bones, with a little sulphuric acid, made manure; with flour, bread.

There is a merry twinkle in Mac's eye as he proceeds. He has many knowing ways of turning a penny; but, he returns to it again and again, dogs are his 'obby. Nevertheless, anything comes handy to him. When the mounds of rusty tin before us have been doubled in height and girth, he shall fill a ship with them and send them to Wales. "They do tell me," added the old man, as he lifted a flattened saucepan, "the sawder runs out of it, when they heat it, like rain." Colour, he believed, was got from the rust.

Mac would buy old rags, too. Nor was he particular when knowing people put heavy things in the middle of the bundle, with a notion of cheating; for the weight was generally something more valuable than the rags. Could remember finding a patent lock worth five shillings thrown in as a make-weight. "But I'm as poor as Job," said Mac, fearing that we should infer, from his shrewd business views, that he had amassed money. "Poor as Job!" Mac repeated, as he glanced into an open tub.

"That wasn't a bad job, neither." We approached the tub. It contained a dead hog Mac had bought, all for his voracious canine outposts. "He brought him," said Mac, nodding towards his donkey, which was nibbling scanty grass by the roadside. "Ay, and that donkey is equal to the biggest horse in the island." Mac meant that his faithful steed could drag home the heaviest dead horse in the Isle of Thanet. Then we learned the age of the donkey, and then the age of Mr. Mac's children. He had had twelve, and he was as poor as Job, he again and again said to us. And he had reared 'em all, and he had never had a doctor. He would pile wonder upon wonder before us. He had never had no doctor. His old woman doctored the children. They had the small-pox; well, she gave 'em a little brimstone and treacle, and they got over it. As for himself, he had the cholera, but he did nothing for it, and there he was. He cut his thumb nearly off (here a ghastly wound was displayed)—people wanted him to go to the doctor—but he just bound it

up, and it healed. He could eat as 'earty as any one, thank God. Life was all a chance—it must go as it growed.

Mac had his amusements. He practised his terriers in the noble science of rat-killing. But his 'obby monopolised nearly all his waking hours. There was not a by-road in the island along which his searching eye had not ranged; there was not a farmer, for many miles round, who did not know him, and keep a good word for him; there was hardly a tub of pot-wash within reach that was not accessible to him. He passed by hundreds of beggars on his rounds, who were free as he was to find food at their feet; to dig holes in the rock, and beg spars of sunken ships; to amass old tin and broken bottles; to collect pot-wash and rear pigs. Only Mac had a 'obby, and it was one that led to industry, and to a thousand economical shifts. And, we are certain of it, that Mr. Mac, with all his humility, is not as poor as Job; nay, that there are many men, wearing better coats than he sports, in the fruitful Isle of Thanet, who cannot count a sixpence for any shilling Mac may number any day in the year.

FIVE NEW POINTS OF CRIMINAL LAW.

The existing Criminal Law has been found in trials for Murder, to be so exceedingly hasty, unfair, and oppressive—in a word, to be so very objectionable to the amiable persons accused of that thoughtless act—that it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill for its amendment. We have been favoured with an outline of its probable provisions.

It will be grounded on the profound principle that the real offender is the Murdered Person; but for whose obstinate persistency in being murdered, the interesting fellow-creature to be tried could not have got into trouble.

Its leading enactments may be expected to resolve themselves under the following heads:

1. There shall be no Judge. Strong representations have been made by highly popular culprits that the presence of this obtrusive character is prejudicial to their best interests. The Court will be composed of a political gentleman, sitting in a secluded room commanding a view of St. James's Park, who has already more to do than any human creature can, by any stretch of the human imagination, be supposed capable of doing.

2. The Jury to consist of Five Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty-five Volunteers.

3. The Jury to be strictly prohibited from seeing either the accused or the witnesses. They are not to be sworn. They are on no account to hear the evidence. They are to receive it, or such representations of it, as may happen to fall in their way; and they will constantly write letters about it to all the Papers.

4. Supposing the trial to be a trial for Murder by poisoning, and supposing the hypothetical case, or the evidence, for the prosecution to charge the administration of two poisons, say Arsenic and Antimony; and supposing the taint of Arsenic in the body to be possible but not probable, and the presence of Antimony in the body, to be an absolute certainty; it will then become the duty of the Jury to confine their attention solely to the Arsenic, and entirely to dismiss the Antimony from their minds.

5. The symptoms preceding the death of the real offender (or Murdered Person) being described in evidence by medical practitioners who saw them, other medical practitioners who never saw them shall be required to state whether they are inconsistent with certain known diseases—*but, they shall never be asked whether they are not exactly consistent with the administration of Poison.* To illustrate this enactment in the proposed Bill by a case:—A raging mad dog is seen to run into the house where Z lives alone, foaming at the mouth. Z and the mad dog are for some time left together in that house under proved circumstances, irresistibly leading to the conclusion that Z has been bitten by the dog. Z is afterwards found lying on his bed in a state of hydrophobia, and with the marks of the dog's teeth. Now, the symptoms of that disease being identical with those of another disease called Tetanus, which might supervene on Z's running a rusty nail into a certain part of his foot, medical practitioners who never saw Z, shall bear testimony to that abstract fact, and it shall then be incumbent on the Registrar-General to certify that Z died of a rusty nail.

It is hoped that these alterations in the present mode of procedure will not only be quite satisfactory to the accused person (which is the first great consideration), but will also tend, in a tolerable degree, to the welfare and safety of Society. For it is not sought in this moderate and prudent measure to be wholly denied that it is an inconvenience to Society to be poisoned overmuch.

PORTSMOUTH.

If our topography were not the most capriciously written of any branch of our literature—it being quite an accident whether a place possesses its local history or no—what a book we should have about Portsmouth! Far away into the depths of the middle ages, one traces it, as one traces the sea that fills the harbour itself, for miles, till it loses itself in country creeks that look like rivers. Brawny Norsemen, with their blue eyes, long hair, and battle-axes, came there to plunder while as yet the Isle of Wight was jute and England was a half-cleared forest dotted with monasteries and wooden castles. Our sea-going ancestors soon found the merit of the roadstead outside and of the basin within—more nautical in their instincts than the Romans, who had made their settlement at Porchester, It was a handy place for those who wished to go to holy Winchester, and after the Conquest (which it might have helped to avert if the Saxons had made a right use of their elements of sea strength) its importance increased. Curt-

hose landed here to dispute the crown with his usurping brother, and Maud to assert her rights against Stephen. Its name flashes out here and there, like a revolving light, in the feudal story of England. The French burned it under Richard the Second, a surprise revenged on their own shores by-and-by. Edward the Fourth made fortifications there, to which Henry the Seventh added. Under the Eighth Harry, the Mary Ross, our finest ship up to that time, went down off its coast, forerunner of the catastrophe of the Royal George in the last century. In Portsmouth, Charles the First landed when he returned from his Spanish journey, little foreseeing the fate of his favourite, Buckingham, from Felton's knife at the same place. What various faces and scenes were witnessed by that old corporation, which sent a member to Parliament, too, from a very early period.

When we come down to quite modern times, Portsmouth becomes more and more conspicuous, the poetry and the humour of sea-life gather about it. Cowper sings, in clear, simple, funeral-bell notes, the loss of that great line-of-battle ship of Kempenfelt's, which sucked into a whirlpool, formed by itself, hundreds of human lives. Yet the cheerful associations predominate. Brave old admirals in pigtails rise before one in thinking of it, and we fancy them rounding the island, with captured Frenchmen in company, amidst the cheering and ringing of the town. King George goes down there to dine with Lord Howe after the First of June. Marryat's midshipmen leap from the roof of the coach at the door of the Blue Posts, and a quieter, but not less plucky race of lads, who are about to embark in the Ramchunder, Indiaman, for the Hooghly. Portsmouth is changed in some social aspects now, and has become at once a greater naval station and arsenal and a less interesting town. Southampton has carried away one stream of traffic, and Liverpool another, thanks to the development of all-changing steam. Portsmouth Proper—that part of the place which gives its name to the whole—has suffered most. The expanding power is in the great eastern suburbs of Southsea, where has arisen a town and population of its own, with crescents, squares, and terraces of the latest sea-side fashion, and new fortifications to match. On the whole, Portsmouth is a dull place, the garrison and squadron say; best in winter (add the faster men), when there is hunting in the neighbourhood, and good company in consequence.

But you may hunt in many places, and our present object is naval, and the summer for us when the sea is concerned; and so we ask the reader to accompany us this fine autumn to the most Portsmouth-ian part of Portsmouth. Let him place himself with us in an old-fashioned, queerly-built hotel on "Point," built on the very water of the harbour, on your right (perhaps I should say "starboard") side as you enter from the offing. We mount a balcony standing out into the sea-breeze (which same breeze shakes your windows at night), and from which you can have a capital bird's-eye view. Nothing like a bird's-eye view (when your bird is not a goose!) to begin with.

Well, there, on your left, is fair "Veeta," the Isle of Wight, green and round, and with the white town of Ryde glittering in the sunlight at its fringe. There spreads the Channel squadron before you. H.M.S. James Watt, H.M.S. Hero, H.M.S. Algiers, H.M.S. Royal Albert (three-decker), H.M.S. Agamemnon, are the liners. The Edgar and Neptune, also liners, have sailed for Portland, where it is easier to get the crews into order. The frigates are the Impérieuse (nauticè, the Imperoose), Mersey, Emerald, and Diadem. In the distance, near Ryde, lies the Russian frigate which brought Duke Constantine the other day, and two more Russian frigates and a liner (with the blue St. Andrew's cross waving) lie at the other end of our squadron. What a brilliant spectacle Spithead makes with all these vessels lying there, the sunlight glittering on their chequered sides, the wind making their colours fly, and in and out, round and round the floating castles, the white-canvased yachts, the sea-butterflies among the sea-eagles! It is a great yachting time, and in these kingdoms (let us mention in passing) there is an average of eight thousand skilled seamen afloat under yachting flags.

Turn now to the opposite side of the harbour. Before you is Block-house Point, a portion of our fortifications. It looks very fresh and cheerful, the effect of the brickwork of which great part of it is composed. I have been told, however, that that kind of stuff is not good for fortifications, is made havoc of by shot, and is inferior far to the earthwork which we see specimens of in the bastions of Gosport and Portsmouth. Naval men, when the subject of the fortifications comes on the tapis, declare that the only passages for ships can be blocked up by sinking craft, that, besides, there are plenty of undefended landing-places on the Sussex coast (near Selsey Bill, and so on) which would be attacked in preference to Portsmouth. Our ancestors, in their primitive way, had a chain across the harbour when needed, but that was before the era of Lancaster and Armstrong guns. Near Blockhouse Point is Haslar Hospital, spacious, airy, imposing; and on the same (or Gosport) side is Haslar Creek, where our gunboats are at present drawn up, peacefully reposing till wanted again. The eye, sweeping round to the right, now takes in Gosport (constantly connected with Portsmouth by a steam bridge), and wandering past the victualling buildings and huge biscuit bakery, loses the distinction of objects in the distant inner part of the harbour.

But we are on the harbour itself in our balcony, and a stirring scene it is in a time of unwonted naval activity. Two three-deckers are the most tranquil objects there — H.M.S. Britannia and H.M.S. Victory — the last bearing the blue flag of Admiral Bowles. The Britannia, I remember, years ago, in the Mediterranean, commanded by

a strict gentleman, whose favourite exclamation was, "Britannia rules the waves, and I rule the Britannia!" Now she has succeeded the Illustrious as "training ship" for cadets and novices, and is, therefore, important enough to demand an article to herself. Observe, only just now, that mizen-topsail of hers fluttering in the wind: the youngsters learning to reef, furl, &c., are the future Nelsons and Collingwoods of the navy—gentlemen's sons making their first acquaintance with the service. The "old Victory" (such is her affectionate appellation at Portsmouth) lies farther up the harbour, on the side from which we are contemplating it. There is a bit of historic oak for you, far more memorable than the royal oak which sheltered a king! A plate on her upper deck still marks the spot where Nelson fell; and you can still recognise in the cockpit how, by the dim yellow light of lanterns, amidst faces in which the grimness of the hot battle was softened by grief, the life of the great naval hero ebbed away. She is advancing to her centenary, our old Victory, having been built at Chatham in 1763. But, last year, she was eight months in dock for a thorough repair, and she has many years of usefulness and honour before her yet. She has witnessed changes in her time—changes which may be summed up by saying that she herself is of less tonnage than the Mersey frigate of forty guns now lying at Spithead. Pass along the harbour in a boat, and you will see many such illustrations of naval change. Those dirty-looking unpainted two-deckers, which have obviously an ignoble future only in reserve for them, were the crack vessels of the Mediterranean station not so many years back. One "beat off" a lee-shore, in Syria, during the terrible gale of the winter of 1840, when the Pique lost her masts, and the Princess Charlotte "drove" with three anchors down. Another was in command of the squadron which blockaded Mehemet Ali. Both are superseded by the screw ninety-ones out yonder—heavier, roomier, and faster (take them all in all) than any of their predecessors.

While we are thus observing and moralising, there is a perpetual movement going on in the harbour, as constant as that of the tide. A lovely steam-yacht, neat and bright as a silver spoon, rushes in: it is one of the Queen's "tenders." A prosaic brigantine comes trailing after her under dusky canvas, hailed through a gigantic trumpet (which startles our coffee-room) from the "Customs' watch-house" and made to describe herself. She is loaded with coals, the vital necessity of the navy in our day. The man-of-war brig "bringing to" so prettily is the Rolla, returned from a cruise in which she has been exercising apprentices, or perhaps the little Sea Lark, a tender to the Britannia, with similar duties. The long huge black steamer, her deck fringed with a line of scarlet coats, is the Himalaya, the famous troop-ship bought by Government from the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Boats are endlessly on the wing; shore-boats, sprit-rigged, whose masters know every dodge of wind and tide (not to say every art of getting double fare out of a poor Cockney); man-of-war boats, with their measured jerk in the row-locks ("jerk-work — work-jerk"), Russian ones among them, with a peculiar and less agreeable, but a strong "stroke" all the same. Such, I say, is the coup-d'œil of the harbour, ever changing, and yet ever the same; enlivened now and then by a salute (setting our coffee-room all agog, and giving rise to the wildest rumours), perhaps by a court-martial gun from the Victory, at eight A.M. In the last case, one makes inquiry, and learns something of the curious audacity and credulity of the human mind. A seaman is to be tried who deserted from the Maraschino, in America, and came and offered himself at Portsmouth, attracted by the bounty, in six months! There is a good deal of desertion in these times, so that officers make the best of it, and mark a man only "run, with a query," if there is a chance of his not having deserted in earnest. To remove, also, all pretext for the offence, "liberty," or leave to go ashore, is liberally granted at present—one reason why we find our squadron at Spithead now. Half of each of the two "watchers" goes on shore for twenty-four hours, being landed in her Majesty's gunboat Blazer, at the public expense—a luxury at which you hear a growl or two from rigid disciplinarians. "The service is changed, sir," growled one of these gentlemen in my hearing; "Jack's as good as his master, now. When I joined the service, you called a fellow 'a son of a So and So,' and nothing was thought of it!" I need scarcely say that he looked like a person who would avail himself of the last-mentioned luxury, amply, but I had not a tear to spare for his melancholy position.

A ramble round the town, starting from our head-quarters at Point? Agreed.

We have more than one choice. If we please, we can stroll along to Southsea Common, and see the Rifles exercising,—a very pretty sight in its way. Or we can hear the band play on the Parade at a stated hour,—a recreation to which the polite world of Portsmouth is much given. Or we may wander along the fortifications, passing solitary sentries, long, clean cannon, piles of shot, as neat as billiard-balls, earthwork bastions, on which pink wild flowers grow, here and there, as peacefully as if there had never been a war in the world's history. But it is naval Portsmouth that we have come to see, and all that marks the nautical character of the place has the chief claim on our attention.

Seaports are altogether sui generis, with their own populations, own shops, own manners, and own smiles. Something eccentric marks them always, and permeates them, like that mystic odour known to Sheerness, known to Devonport, and of which all my mental chemistry failed to give me an analysis during this late Portsmouth visit. For instance, I see before me the announcement, "Receiving House for the Drowned;" and just below it, the "Fortitude Tap." Is this accident, or stoical philosophy?

Again, how odd the public-house signs! "The Neptune and Mars;" "The Arethusa and Circe"—specimens of that quaint grafting of the classic laurel on the British oak which marks our naval history. A rude pictorial sentiment, however, mingles itself with all appeals to sailors, even of the most business-like character. A bit of clap-trap is prepared for him at the slopseller's, and in the bill which invites him to enter a newly commissioned ship. Kind people treat him like a child, harsh people like a beast. For his own part, poor fellow, he often acts as if he were a mixture of the two; and we may see him, here, spending his money in treating a stranger, and drinking himself into the kennel at the same time. Sailors' Homes do something to civilise him, but there are still sights—especially in Portsea and Gosport—which would appal inland Britons.

While we watch our Jack sailing along, his knife dangling from his side, his Guernsey frock collar back, his curls (if a Sandy) floating below the straw hat, or pushed back on his head, a body of Russian sailors just landed comes by, and we cannot help an extra-curious glance at them. At first sight, at a distance, one is struck by their general likeness to seamen—our own particularly. They jump, and don't march, out of their boat. The hat with the ribbon bearing the ship's name, the white trousers, the frock—all have a nautical look. They are big men, too, if ugly, and the sunburnt hue about them tends to favour the first impression, and to make you dismiss the old notion that a Russian sailor is a dummy meant only for show. Still, a nearer look weakens this sentiment of reaction that has been going on in your mind: a certain bagginess in the hinder regions, a certain sameness of type in cut and manner, a want of the individuality, the character, the abandon of our fellows,—all announces an inferior in the Russian sailor. Our sailors are a species by themselves, with a definite place in literature, even, of their own. There is nothing of this sort about the Russ. He looks strong, active, good-natured, brave, and faithful; but he is ages off having attained an historic individuality. You recognise in him the man who has not yet got traditions, and our traditions make our force, as a Russian officer observed to me.

The Russian sailor, for the most part, is an ugly fellow, but there are faces that smack of Scandinavia. On pleasure, they are troublesome in foreign places, being fond of overhauling half a shop without being contented with the prices. To mark their simple and practical method of dealing at a public-house is, however, refreshing. After a debate amongst themselves, during which the British landlady remains puzzled and patient, the spokesman advances: "Madame! Rom!" He then indicates the quantity by producing a coin, and the whole party proceeds to take drams. I saw one man, obviously of Tartar extraction, whose performance was what the Americans call "a caution." He bolted his glass as a juggler swallows tape, with a fierce gasp of pleasure after it, which brought a thousand years of barbarism before one's imagination. But enough of the Russian sailor just now, for we are to visit him presently on board his own ship.

Little things are very significant to the observing rambler through a town. We wander into Portsea, through red narrow streets, over drawbridges, past the long wall of the Ordnance department. We observe "Philosophical Institution" written on a building of the seedy un-Greek order; but philosophy has had to put the shutters up, and dust is gradually thickening on the panes. Seaports are not literary, except it be in the way of fast novels in gaudy colours, for which there appears a tolerable demand.

Portsea is the most nautical part of Portsmouth. Here is the famous "Common Hard," where "liberty men" hasten to disport themselves; where few shops offer advances on prize-money and slave-captures; where the "Naval Rendezvous" invites men by bills to join H.M.S. Procrastination (wanting "a captain of the fore-top, a captain of the main-top, a good fiddler," and as many seamen as she can get), and where are several hostelries famous among naval men. Of these last is the "Benbow's Head," the favourite haunt of the junior and gayer part of the profession, while older and steadier gentlemen frequent the "Elephant and Castle." In the coffee-room of the former, a stranger will not improbably find a copy of the Admiralty's Gunnery Instructions, brought ashore by some youth who is "passing" in that science on board the "Excellent," and who combines with professional study a relish for pale ale. The youth is gone for a stroll, however, and the stranger may peruse at his leisure such examination questions as, "What is the first thing you do on getting into a rocket-boat?" (to which the reply in his case would seem to be, "Get out again!"); or, "Will grape penetrate the sides of a ship?" followed by the amplest information on the subject of red-hot shot. The talk at the B. H. is at once professional and playful, the well-known old mixture of smartness and shop. Charley Vivian was passing the college for navigation the other day, and when told that his latitude was only half the proper amount, gravely informed the authorities that he "forgot to multiply by two." Billy Sparkles has "missed stays." Tom Proby, by help of "a sweating fellow," has pulled through. It is much the same kind of talk one heard fifteen years ago; but the examinations are more numerous and more strict than in those days, a change which is making itself felt through the profession.

At the end of the Hard, we come to an imposing wall and a gate guarded by policemen. It is the entry to the dockyard, an establishment which we are too curious, as well as patriotic, not to visit. Foreigners are excluded, unless they come with formal permission from the Admiralty; but we Britons are civilly admitted through the portals, and when there are enough of us to form a decent convoy, a policeman takes us under his wing, and conducts us through the

yard. On either side we see large buildings, the first of which, on the left hand, entered by us, is the Mast-House. Here are the masts of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, duly ticketed, several of them with the names of those to which they belong. They lie there in rows like fell trees, and not without a gleam of the poetry of the forest about them still. The great lower masts of men-of-war are, indeed, built, as much as the ship itself. But a top-mast, or a top-gallant-mast, is still a pine, and retains in its manufactured state something of the charm of a tree. What will become of the romance of the tree, when we have—as the Naval Peer predicts we shall—ships without masts? From the Mast-House we cross over to the Rope-House, which is one thousand and ninety-seven feet long. The whir of machinery recals the great factories of the north; and our senses are attacked at once by endless lines of brown yarn spinning itself thicker and thicker; men moving about with bundles which mysteriously begin to turn into yarn too; pools of bubbling pitch kept hot for the growing rope to pass through. Miles of rope of all sizes are made here on the different floors. Emerging, we see a batch of convicts harnessed together (a very dreary four-in-hand!), with such stuff as we have just seen making, and dragging along a huge piece of timber under the eye of a grim-looking task-master. "They sends the onruliest of them here," observes our policeman, "for they knows they're brought into order." Having looked at the Nelson—originally a hundred-gun ship, but never commissioned, and now being altered so as to be fit for a screw, which brief biography would do for more vessels than H.M.S. Nelson, apparently only built to rot—we enter a building where they are making blocks. This is a very pretty little operation, one of those neat affairs where machinery has its playful rather than its usual savage and triumphant air on. The pale, intelligent-looking mechanic takes up a bit of fragrant elm-wood; he makes the machinery whistle into it, and it is "bored;" again, and it is "morticed;" again (the circular saw hissing about it this time), and it is "commered;" a fourth time, and it is "shaped;" a last time, and it is "scored." A few minutes have passed, and the lump of wood is already a "block;" wanting little but the lignum vitæ wheel inside, on which the rope turns. The shavings accumulated by this process are capital as firewood, and used for that purpose (we were told) in the royal palaces as elsewhere.

We now approached a building of glass and iron (one of the many results of the first Crystal Palace), but dark and sooty-looking—the Blacksmiths' Shop. This is a comparatively new affair, the old blacksmiths' shop having been "a ramshackle place," as the sailors say. Glad to hail an improvement, and having with pleasure seen traces of the newer discoveries in machinery in the departments already visited, we enter this Crystal Palace of the Cyclops. The ring of hammers, the glare of forges, the passing to and fro of swarthy figures, strike all together upon us as we enter this spacious and convenient place, and see red-hot iron being manipulated as readily as ribbons. From three to four hundred men are at work here, on the various iron-work used in ship-building and ships. Lofty and airy as it is, we are glad to find ourselves in the air again—air flavoured by the salt of the sea. We stroll along to the Dry Docks, which have the appearance of huge and gigantic baths. In these we find different vessels going through processes of repair, their green hulls showing the long action of the water. A clatter of various tools is heard, as plank replaces plank—sound oak or teak—that which time and exposure have injured. The most insidious enemy of a man-of-war is that dry-rot which silently eats away, often, the vitality of her timbers, and has something mysterious about it which makes its terrors greater.

But more interesting than the Dry Docks are the Building Slips, which we proceed to visit next—mighty cradles of the masters of the sea. Five great vessels are before us, each under its arched shed, and with its name painted up on the lofty scaffolding in front of it. A new set of noises meet us here, and give a fresh impulse to the sense of activity prevailing which has been felt by us all along. Not many objects of human skill and industry are so imposing as a great man-of-war well advanced in building. The skeleton stage—when her majestic ribs recal the megatheria of the primeval world—has its own grandeur. But, come to the Victoria—this new three-decker, which is to be launched in some five or six weeks, which has clothed its framework with the spoil of ancient forests, and is now a formed ship—if you would feel, in full force, the dignity of naval architecture. She rises above you like an abbey or a castle. She has that mixture of solidity and freshness which is impressed on the sensations by massive timber fresh from the adze and the saw. Five hundred men are working upon her, and their din sounds cheerily through the autumn air—would sound still more cheerily if we heard it from the harbour. Yet they seem lost in that great hull, which owes its development to their labours. Made by man, she appears greater than man; for, somehow, all that belongs to the sea—be it a three-decker, be it a shell—partakes of that vague impressive poetry which the sea's infinitude creates in the imagination.

The Victoria (let us mount the long sloping gangway which conducts to her decks) is to carry one hundred and eleven of the heaviest guns used in the navy. Observe the roominess, the height between decks, characteristic of our latest ship-building, the iron knees (a recent improvement): all mark an effort to produce a Queen of the Sea. You indulge in an exclamation, perhaps, about British oak. But the truth is, that we have almost used up that noble old product, just as we are rising up the whale. We have now to bring our timber from all parts of the world—oak from Canada, Sardinia, Africa;

teak from India; pine from Norway. The Victoria is a testimony to our imperial power, which she is to help to defend, not a creation of the island only. Tropical birds have flaunted through one batch of her timbers; another has been carted in waggons of which the wheels were heavy with snow. And she will be worthy of so great a range of empire, such a world-embracing trade. There is a set against line-of-battle ships now. But the tendency of the age is to concentrate force in masses — money in millions—troops in gigantic armies—populations in great cities—and ships like the Victoria are the naval results of the law. She will be swift as well as strong; and it is a great thing to have power in a lump. That big ships will be "slaughter-houses" is a favourite objection to them, and the use of shells in sea-fights has yet to be fully appreciated, the taste of it at Sebastopol (where some of our ships were on fire in more than one place) having proved ugly enough. But if there is more danger, it will be the sooner over; the superiority of the better combatant will be the more quickly and heavily felt, the prize won by him will be the greater and costlier for all these changes. Meanwhile, all such argument is superfluous, for other powers build great ships, and with great ships we must oppose them. One shell might blow up the Victoria, as it might blow up a magazine. But then she is heavily armed just that she may be the more likely to make quick work of the gentlemen desirous of blowing her up, and her size contributes to that object.

On the whole, we leave the dockyard with an agreeable feeling. Much remains to be done; and there is a flutter among the officials when "Sir Charley" makes his appearance at the "Fountain" in High-street; but the present resources of Portsmouth Dockyard have been actively worked this summer. The very smell of Portsea—for it is low water—does not dissipate the sense of satisfaction as we leave; and being in an active mood, we resolve, after an early dinner, to cruise round the Channel squadron at Spithead, and to carry a Russian vessel or two by boarding, in a friendly and genial spirit. Mr. Baker, the Russian vice-consul, who is very busy just now, is not too busy to be polite and attentive, and kindly undertakes to introduce us.

A cruise round our squadron has again the effect of making us feel the increased size of modern vessels. The two-deckers are all of recent build, all of ninety-one guns, all more spacious and more heavily armed than was the case a few years ago. They are all screws, as a matter of course, we may now add. Perhaps, the most striking vessel of the fleet is the frigate Mersey, of forty guns, and more than three thousand seven hundred tons. In size and room, beam, length, distance between the ports, she is of a class of frigates altogether unknown to the last generation, and of which very few exist in the world. All her guns are of the heaviest description used afloat.

The weak point of our Channel squadron is still the manning, the difficulty of getting, not mere men, but "leading" and able seamen. Precise information on such points is not easily attainable at Portsmouth; but the general tone about them is hardly one of satisfaction. As to the "order" in which the ships are, there being many degrees of order from respectability up to perfection, it would be presumptuous to speak confidently. The squadron is still young. It will get disciplined and trained at sea, and it is to be hoped will have a good deal of cruising. Meanwhile, we must remember that it is getting more and more difficult to induce men to submit to the restraints and confinement of man-of-war life. There have been incidents in one or two ships, lately, both at home and in the Mediterranean, calculated to set our authorities thinking on this subject. The problem is, to make the men happy without damage to discipline, without that preference of the men's convenience to the officers' authority, which one hears complained of. By all means avoid this danger while popularising the service. One grievance of the men at present seems reasonable; it is the delay that occurs before their families can get the pay which they set apart for them. Painful stories are told about the consequences of this tardiness, due, it is said, to the clumsiness and complications of the account-keeping in London. Surely, in a "commercial country," we can remedy evils like this—evils turning on a want of rapid arithmetic, good clerks, and handy ledgers.

Meanwhile, we sweep round, out boat-hook, and glide alongside his Imperial Majesty's frigate, Polkau. She is of forty-four guns, four hundred and thirty men, and four hundred horse-power. She was modelled on our Arrogant, as the Svetlana was built at Bordeaux, for all nations contribute something to the development of the great Northern Power, which hopes to learn from Europe how to excel Europe by-and-by. The Polkau is a good specimen of the Russian navy, has been in commission for some years, and has lately returned from the Mediterranean. She is not the largest, we believe, of their frigates, but perhaps, on the whole, is in the best order.

On reaching the deck, our first impression (as when we saw the Russian sailors ashore) is, how like to our own ships! The decks are beautifully clean, the ropes neat, the woodwork polished. The guns are not of the Mersey calibre, but they are of the average size, with percussion locks, &c., just like ours, and with boarding-pikes, tomahawks, and so on, hanging up near them, in the orthodox manner. Look aloft, the yards are as neatly squared; look along the bulwarks, and the hammocks are as compactly stowed, as in an ordinary English man-of-war. You miss the marines, but there is a seaman armed with a musket doing sentry at the gangway instead. The officers don't look like soldiers (our ancient impression, somewhat borne out by the Russian brigs we used to see in the Levant), but reasonably nautical. The men we have seen before; but they look "at home" between decks, and we scan them still more closely. Ugly fellows,

but big—barring a Scandinavian here and there, with an eye as blue as the sea, the natural home of his race. Tartar faces in the crowd recal the desert and the tent; and one man is pointed out to us as a Mahometan. The Finns are in ships by themselves; for that strange, antique people (foes long ago of the Scandinavian vikings) has its own character, traditions, and superstitions, and is best managed on "nationality" principles.

Passing round the decks, we notice the absence of mess-tables, for the crew eat out of a kind of tubs, after the fashion of a pic-nic. Their drink is "rom," as with ourselves. Nor is their discipline dissimilar. The punishment is flogging—formal, sometimes, as in English men-of-war, but casual, also, the agency in such case being a rope's end. This last is exploded in our service, though not in the American. There is, however, this important difference between an English and a Russian crew. The English one is "paid off," and goes where it likes. The Russian one goes to its barracks and its villages, but in either case can be recalled at the pleasure of government.

The most original-looking figure in a Russian man-of-war is the functionary answering to our chaplain—a monk. The priests of the national church being married, it is found more convenient to "draw" a holy man from a monastery and send him on board. He wears a bearskin cap, a beard, a long velvet gown, and top-boots, and looks strange among the swarthy sailors. Morning and night, the men assemble for prayers on the upper deck, in long lines, and a picturesque sight it is. Off go all hats. The monk prays rapidly and fervently, the men bowing and crossing themselves eagerly at intervals. On Sundays you may hear the hymn sounding from the main-deck, and see a real look of devotion on the swarthy faces as they join. At Easter, the captain kisses the crew all round, in token of Christian amity.

We descend, now, to the officers' mess-room (all officers, except the captain, mess together in Russian ships), and are received with true gentlemanly courtesy. In Russia, to be an officer in the marine, you must be "noble;" and a commission in the marine also constitutes noblesse. Among the officers, as among the men, there is diversity of race. Some are of pure Russ extraction, some of Polish, some of German, some even of Tartar—but of ancient or cream-of-Tartar blood. Duke Constantine is making the marine more and more popular among the aristocracy. But the national — the official —idea prevails over every other. You may be of the thirty princely houses sprung from Rurik, or the grandson of an ennobled foreigner, but you are Russian and naval avant tout.

There seems a greater freedom in a Russian mess than among us. If you want a cigar with your wine or tea (they drink tea out of tumblers without milk, which looks exactly like brandy-and-water), the mess-servant brings a wax-candle for you to light it by. Benbow would not be long in his grave if such a thing were seen in one of her Majesty's vessels!

The Russian youngsters go to college before joining a ship, and are cadets before being midshipmen, and midshipmen before being lieutenants, as in our profession. All, or nearly all, speak French, but not so many English as one would have expected. There is a little naval journal, a kind of Moniteur de la Flotte, published in Russia for the express discussion of professional questions. This is another proof of their present zeal in sea affairs. Duke Constantine is doing much for his navy. That he is not a practical seaman in the strict sense is probable, but he has a thorough knowledge of the theory of everything belonging to it, and he is looked up to as a man of brains and energy. It is evident that the Russian navy believes in its future, evident even amidst the cordial admiration which the officers show for our navy and its history. Certainly they are sparing no pains, and we may now expect to hear of their squadrons frequently as en route to the Mediterranean and the Pacific. While at Spithead they have not invited rivalry in the ordinary evolutions—sending up and down top-gallant yards, loosing and furling sails, &c. But they had a field-day soon after the Grand-Duke's arrival, when they did not hesitate to invite the criticism of our squadron. Their presence altogether added much to the interest of Portsmouth during our summer visit, and it is paying them a just compliment to say that England ought to feel more vividly than ever the duty of keeping her flag flying at its old height.

OUR MR. DOVE.

Mr. Lilyseed was a decidedly clever man. He had tried many professions and occupations about the provinces, and had found them all too slow as roads to wealth. His last and present occupation was that of a London linendraper.

Now a London linendraper may be, and often is, a very dull and respectable man, but Mr. Lilyseed was far too clever to be so tamely respectable. Go ahead was his creed, and Push on was his watchword; and this was the reason why he was largely trusted and respected. His orders were never neglected in Cannon-street or Manchester, and his bills were considered as good as bank-notes, after deducting a slight discount for the time during which they were running.

The main secret, however, of Mr. Lilyseed's popularity in the markets, was the excellent faith that he had always kept with his creditors. He had always paid his way. If anybody had suffered, his creditors were not the persons.

Mr. Lilyseed had, in some respects, been a singularly unfortunate man; a man who seemed doomed to be visited by the fearful calamity of fire. The electric fluid (as it is popularly called) had always spared his stock-in-trade and house-

hold gods, but not so the devouring element. The devouring element was exceedingly hard upon poor Mr. Lilyseed, or rather it would have been hard upon him, if he had not been excessively clever, prudent, and far-seeing. As it was, the devouring element was left to wreak its unruly vengeance upon a variety of fire-offices in which Mr. Lilyseed was fully insured, and especially upon the great office of the Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company had plenty of money, a jolly board of directors, and an historical name and reputation, and they paid every demand that was made upon them with the least possible delay, and without any murmurs. The smaller offices sometimes showed a disposition to be waspish, but as their losses were reinsured in the Happy-go-Lucky Office, it was not their place to stand out in distinction from their leader.

It was a somewhat peculiar thing, too, when you came to think of it, that Mr. Lilyseed should have been so singularly afflicted. He called it "visited," when he was in a serious mood; but, call it by any name, and the fact was the same. A gas explosion at Birmingham; a total burn-out at Norwich; another gas explosion at Liverpool; and a fearful conflagration at his shop and dwelling-house in London, were a very remarkable series of accidents, to say the least of them. Mr. Lilyseed and his family were always saved—providentially saved—but the destruction of property was always enormous. Mr. Lilyseed had, once or twice, appeared with a bruise, a scorch, a sprained joint, or a head of hair singed, as if it had been prepared by a barber; and, on one occasion, he was nearly sacrificed to the fury of the devouring element; but not quite—in fact, very far from quite. The fires always occurred at a season of the year when the old stock was supposed to be getting dusty, the patterns stale, and the new stock had just come in. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company, however, took no notice of this; and after the last accident, they built a new block of premises for the enterprising but unfortunate linendraper. The lofty stone-fronted shop formed a very different receptacle for merchandise to the dingy, old, smoky-bricked buildings on either side of it.

This last act of liberality on the part of the Happy-go-Lucky Office did not seem to please Mr. Lilyseed like the cash-payment form of settlement that had been usually adopted. The expenditure of the money was thereby largely taken out of his hands, and he saw the gradual erection of a new castle and trading establishment, which left him with a very slender balance at his banker's. True, he had the usual payment for the usual stock that had been consumed as usual; and the lease of the new premises, by the rebuilding and improvements, was thereby rendered so much more valuable as a security for raising money. This was the immense advantage that Mr. Lilyseed derived from his last and fourth calamity by fire; and yet he was not satisfied!

Mr. Lilyseed's commercial operations had always been upon an ascending scale; that is to say, when he paid a manufacturer's bill of two hundred pounds, he bought four hundred pounds' worth more goods from the same person; and when, in other instances, he cleared off four hundred pounds sterling of debt, he accompanied it by taking on eight hundred pounds sterling of credit. This kept his warehouse well stocked with those materials of trade, which, by a little dexterous, though, perhaps, illegitimate manipulation, became the stepping-stone to available cash, that, in its turn, was useful in consolidating the structure of Mr. Lilyseed's credit.

Mr. Lilyseed was careful to preserve all the outward and visible signs, the forms, and the decencies, or indecencies, of trade. He advertised; he puffed, or was puffed; he connected himself with a political movement and a social movement; he registered a particular article of clothing with a very ugly, eccentric shape, and a more ugly, eccentric Greek title; he did everything, in fact, that was usual or necessary in his trade and position, except to make the ordinary alarming sacrifices. For some reason, these were never required in Mr. Lilyseed's establishment. The stock was always pushed off, or consumed (by fire) without them.

Mr. Lilyseed was worthy of a more extended sphere of action. His financial abilities had never been brought into contact with the bill of exchange, or there is nothing that might not have been expected as the result. His business was nothing if not a ready-money business, and it gave no opportunities or excuse for drawing bills for goods that had really been sold, or for imaginary transactions that had never been entered into. When Mr. Lilyseed accepted a bill that was drawn by one of his manufacturers, he always did so with a sigh, as he saw glimpses of a financial paradise stretching before him, into which he was firmly forbidden, for the present, to enter.

A person of Mr. Lilyseed's ingenuity and resources was not, of course, to be left without a substitute for the accommodating and accommodation bill of exchange, although the substitute was one of a very clumsy, inferior, and inelastic nature.

Mr. Lilyseed had early placed himself in the hands of the auctioneers, and had found them a very useful and moneyed body of gentlemen. As gay young men about town are often found to be in the hands of the Jews, and yet seem to lead a very agreeable life, notwithstanding, so staid old shopkeepers about London are often in the hands of the auctioneers, and also lead a very agreeable life, notwithstanding.

A far less clever man than Mr. Lilyseed might have found an auctioneer prepared and willing to advance two-thirds of the cost-price value of goods intended for sale, when every newspaper is full of advertisements from such convenient business gentlemen. A far less cautious man than Mr. Lilyseed might have had no fear in sending

a few waggon-loads of silks and ribbons to such a well-backed capitalist, where as much individual secrecy of operation, with as much promptitude of payment, was ensured, as if the transaction had been one where stolen property was passing between a thief and a receiver. In this case, although caution and secrecy were observed, there was no pressure of any criminal law and its administration which rendered this absolutely necessary. The parties to the operation, if any notice had been taken of it, were, on the one hand, an established tradesman of name and repute, who was clearing out old goods to make room for new ones; and, on the other hand, an equally established auctioneer, of equal name and repute, who was well supported by a spotless and powerful banking-house, and who was receiving and dealing with these goods as per instructions delivered. It is true that after the sale is concluded, and the advance of two-thirds cost value with interest is deducted, together with certain sale-room charges and commission, there will be no balance worth mentioning to hand over to the seller of the property. This will involve a considerable loss that must fall upon somebody's shoulders, and not, perhaps, upon the shoulders of the tradesman who has secured and disposed of the money paid in advance; but this is no business of any impertinent magistrates, any prying police-officers, or any troublesome policemen.

If, in the fulness of time, and the rottenness of a trading smash, such an habitual indulgence in secret sale-room dissipation is found to lead to something very like a fraudulent bankruptcy, there are the proper tribunals appointed to deal with this difficulty, and the fearful penalty of a three months' suspension of certificate.

This was the ever ready means of converting heavy stock-in-trade into portable and circulating cash, of which Mr. Lilyseed had very frequently availed himself. He had not been under the same necessity to preserve an impenetrable secrecy, which weighs upon most traders who drink at the same fountain. The money he had received from these sales had been faithfully applied to his creditors, as far as it would go, and the balances which it left against him were of little importance in the case of so good a customer. The money he had received from the Happy-go-Lucky Fire Insurance Company after the devouring element had feasted upon its prey, was thus left securely in his possession, as a basis for future operations. This was no inconsiderable sum, for the account of losses that he rendered exhibited the utmost amount of property destroyed at the utmost of prime cost valuation. He always, somehow or other, forgot to mention the waggon-loads of goods that had been disposed of at the sale-rooms, and no one ever stepped forward to jog his memory. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company never expressed any doubts, or raised any difficulty about paying Mr. Lilyseed's alarming claim, or if they did, there was no one to carry them beyond the closed doors of the board-room. The system they worked upon was supposed to produce ultimate profit out of present losses; and in a trading association which spent an enormous sum in advertising every year, it was, perhaps, wisely thought that the prompt discharge of large claims was the best advertisement to increase an already gigantic business. A favourable feature in Lilyseed's case was the fact that his account-books were never destroyed nor even mutilated. The provincial gas explosions and fires, as well as the metropolitan burn-out, had all occurred at night, and at an hour when the books and papers were all secured in an invulnerable iron cupboard. This may have had its desired effect upon the minds of the insurance managers: in fact, it must have had an influence.

If Mr. Lilyseed was dissatisfied with the manner in which the Happy-go-Lucky Company had settled his last claim, it was not long before he had substantial reason to be far more dissatisfied. When his new shop was completed, and stocked more closely with valuable goods than it had ever been before, he had the unexpected mortification of having his insurance rejected. The Happy-go-Lucky Company had become prudent at last, and while they made no remark about past calamities, they steadily refused to receive any present or future premiums from Mr. Lilyseed. The game was a losing one, regarded from every point of view; and years after the clerks in the office had made up their minds upon this point, the board of directors had become dimly aware of it. Mr. Lilyseed was politely advised to try a few other large offices in the same line of business; but he was too clever and complete a tradesman to give himself any such unnecessary trouble. He knew it would be fruitless, and he kept his money. It is strange that from that moment he was never troubled with the devouring element.

A few months passed in what may be barely called a legitimate trade, brought on another attack of Mr. Lilyseed's speculative energy. It wanted but a few weeks to the fourth day of a certain January on which most of those manufacturers' bills would have to be paid, that had been drawn for the new stock-in-trade of the clever and complete tradesman. Mr. Lilyseed found himself very rapidly getting into a corner. It was not a corner in which he suffered from the scarcity of money, but a corner in which he had plenty of that coveted article, and wished to keep it. The cloven hoof began to be a little —just a little—apparent in Mr. Lilyseed's little counting-house. He saw no chance of preying any longer upon the Happy-go-Lucky, or any similar company, and he began to turn his own attention towards his creditors.

Mr. Lilyseed, for once, took a very unusual step with him—he consulted his solicitor, Mr. Darky. Mr. Darky was not a professional gentleman of any very great moral principle, but he was thoroughly grounded in the etiquette and routine of his business.

"My dear sir," he said to Mr. Lilyseed, "you must not come to me at this stage of your career, and tell me you're in difficulties. I mustn't hear it; I can't hear it; I don't hear it. You are not in difficulties; you are perfectly solvent; but you have a large creditor, a cash creditor, who is pressing you for a considerable sum, and you give him substantial security for his claim."

"But I have no such cred——," Mr. Lilyseed was observing, when Mr. Darky abruptly stopped him. The clever and complete tradesman was only clever and complete in his own peculiar way — the way of making money out of the devouring element. In the office of Mr. Darky he was again a child.

"That creditor will press you, if I understand you," returned Mr. Darky, "in the course of the afternoon. You had better see me again upon the matter, the first thing in the morning. Good day."

Mr. Darky bowed Mr. Lilyseed out with a profusion of nods, and winks, and signs, until the clever and complete tradesman began to see the course it was intended he should adopt. A very little walking brought him back to his counting-house, and a good deal of reflection made him summon Mr. Dove, "Our Mr. Dove," as he was called, his leading shopman, to his presence.

There were several reasons why Our Mr. Dove was sent for. In the first place, he was no relation of Mr. Lilyseed; in the next, he was an extremely mild, feeble, and manageable young man; and, in the next place, Mr. Lilyseed was much pressed to find a reliable persecuting cash creditor. Mr. Dove was sounded in the counting-house, was invited to supper, and was spoken to over some midnight pipes and tobacco, and midnight whisky-and-water. Mr. Lilyseed consumed the tobacco and whisky; Mr. Dove was not in the habit of smoking, and preferred a very weak and sweet mixture of wine-and-water.

"If I can do anything to serve you, sir," said Our Mr. Dove, in a timid and devoted manner, "you may command me thoroughly. I don't understand these things so well as I ought, because they belong to the counting-house, which is not my department; but I suppose I may rely upon Mr. Darky, your solicitor, to set me right?"

"Undoubtedly," returned Mr. Lilyseed, in a satisfied and pompous tone (he was not only Mr. Dove's master, but he was old enough to be Mr. Dove's father). "Undoubtedly. Have you got a solicitor?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Dove, very modestly, "I never had any occasion for one."

"I thought not," said Mr. Lilyseed, "and I have provided accordingly. If you will step in, the first thing in the morning, to a Mr. Dusky, a professional gentleman, whose place of business is only four doors from Mr. Darky's, at No. 15 in the same row, you can instruct him to sue me for five thousand pounds, debt and interest, and you will find him thoroughly prepared to act upon your instructions."

The next day Our Mr. Dove instructed Mr. Dusky, who returned more instruction than he received. A writ was issued in the case of Dove versus Lilyseed. A deed of assignment, a bill of sale, was proposed by Mr. Darky, acting for Mr. Lilyseed, to stop the action. The action was stopped by Mr. Dusky, acting for Mr. Dove, in consideration of Mr. Lilyseed executing this deed, conveying six thousand five hundred pounds in stock and book debts, and paying five hundred pounds in cash to Mr. Dove, within four-and-twenty hours. The margin of two thousand pounds, excess, was left to cover depreciation. An appointment was made to do this, at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, before half this time had expired. Mr. Lilyseed had obtained the five hundred pounds, with great difficulty, from a client of Mr. Darky's, a retiring capitalist, who advanced upon a substantial deposit of stock to twice the amount. This capitalist did not wish his name to appear, and the whole business was, therefore, transacted through Mr. Darky.

At eleven o'clock one morning, the two solicitors, Mr. Dusky and Mr. Darky, attended in Mr. Lilyseed's sitting-room to patch up the action of Dove versus Lilyseed. The plaintiff and defendant, of course, were both present.

"You are willing," said Mr. Dusky, speaking to his client, Mr. Dove, "to accept the bill of sale for six thousand five hundred pounds in stock-in-trade (according to the inventory attached), and a cash payment of five hundred pounds, as a satisfaction of your claim against Mr. Lilyseed?"

"Well," replied Our Mr. Dove, who acted his part to perfection, "I really know so little of these matters, that I must leave myself entirely in your hands."

"Mr. Darky," said Mr. Dusky, addressing his fellow-solicitor, "will you instruct your client, Mr. Lilyseed, to execute the deed?"

Mr. Darky did as he was requested, and the bill of sale, in favour of Mr. Dove, after a little whispering, a little mumbling, a little pointing, a sound of quill pens scratching upon parchment, and much placing of forefingers upon small red wafers, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered.

A promissory note for five thousand pounds, payable on demand, and bearing Mr. Lilyseed's signature in favour of Mr. Dove, was handed over to the latter gentleman, that he might sign a memorandum and receipt on its back, referring to the deed and the sum of five hundred pounds which was at that moment to be paid.

"Where do I put my name?" asked the mild and feeble Mr. Dove, as he took a very copious dip of ink.

"Immediately under the memorandum," exclaimed the two solicitors, almost simultaneously.

"Here?" again asked Mr. Dove, putting his

tongue out of the side of his mouth, like a schoolboy over a writing lesson.

"No, there," observed the solicitors, pettishly, almost guiding his hand to the place, and looking as if they pitied his clumsiness.

"Had I better sign it in full?" asked Mr. Dove.

"As you're called in the deed," they said, pushing that document towards him. "John Henry Dove. The matter's very simple."

"I think I ought to count the money—the five hundred pounds?" said Mr. Dove, still hesitating.

"It's all right, and in my possession," returned Mr. Dusky, peremptorily.

"I ought to count it," persisted Mr. Dove; "we always do so down in the shop."

The two solicitors looked at Mr. Lilyseed.

"Let him count it," said Mr. Lilyseed; "it's only five notes of a hundred each."

The money was handed over to Our Mr. Dove, who seemed to be getting very nervous. He counted it tremulously, and then signed the back of the promissory note in a hurried style of handwriting. After he had done this, he crumpled up the bank-notes and the promissory note, and put them in his trousers-pocket, while he rolled up the bill of sale, and grasped it like a stick.

"What are you doing?" shouted Mr. Lilyseed and the two solicitors.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Mr. Dove, exhibiting a tendency to collapse; "I hope I haven't got into trouble. I ought to have consulted my mother."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Lilyseed, authoritatively; "give the deed, the money, and the promissory note to Mr. Dusky, and go down to business."

"Oh, I can't do that, sir, to-day; indeed I can't," replied Our Mr. Dove, excitedly. "I feel quite ill. I must take a turn round the houses, or I won't answer for the consequences."

Mr. Dove was evidently very much worked upon by the occurrence of the morning, and every attempt to deal with him rationally, either on the part of Mr. Lilyseed or the two solicitors, was utterly hopeless. He was left, at last, in the hands of his employer, simply because no other practicable course presented itself. He persisted in retaining the money and papers; and, what was his in theory, became his in practice.

During the few weeks left to Mr. Lilyseed to prepare the decks for his intended insolvency, the relations of master and servant between him and his head shopman were not disturbed. Mr. Dove attended to his duties the same as usual, while Mr. Lilyseed, as a measure of security, instructed and paid another young man in the establishment to watch him closely, for fear he should dissipate or run away with the five hundred pounds. Mr. Dove, to his credit be it said, showed not the slightest disposition to behave in such an ungrateful manner. He was soft and timid, but he was not dishonest.

The fourth of that particular January arrived at last, and melted very quickly into the fifth. Every bill that bore Mr. Lilyseed's name was sent back unpaid from his banker's, for the very sufficient reason that there was no money lodged to discharge them with. Towards evening a number of London creditors arrived at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment with consternation depicted on their countenances. The next day and the next brought up the provincial and principal creditors, who were equally alarmed at the prospect of heavy bad debts.

They had always been remarkably placid and ready to renew their confidence in Mr. Lilyseed when it was the Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Office that was made to suffer. Any suspicions they may have had about sharp dealing on the part of their customer never seemed to shake their faith, for were they not always paid with tolerable regularity, and did not the destructive ravages of the devouring element always produce a fresh demand for merchandise? Now it had come to their turn to lose a stake they did not seem to relish it.

Mr. Lilyseed was not to be seen—he was too unwell to meet his trading connexions—and Mr. Dove was put forward to answer all necessary questions. Mr. Lilyseed's affairs were in the hands of his solicitor, Mr. Darky, and Messrs. Nought and Carryone, the distinguished accountants, had received instructions to prepare a balance-sheet.

This never-varying answer, while it damped the spirits, served to satisfy the inquiries of the larger creditors, but not of the small ones, especially of one of the small ones. Small creditors are always inclined to shy in harness, and so was this one. The withdrawal of Mr. Lilyseed was an act of bankruptcy, according to law, and this particular small creditor availed himself of the act of Parliament. Without pausing to consider whether he was not playing into the hands of his debtor by forcing him before the humane and lenient tribunal of Bankruptcy, and, much to the disgust of the large creditors, he obtained sufficient co-operation amongst claimants of his own class to carry the point on which he had determined. Before a week had passed, the following notice appeared in the Gazette:

"Lilyseed, Abraham, Downy-road, linendraper, January 19th, at half-past twelve, and March 6th, at eleven, at the Bankruptcy Court; solicitor, Mr. Darky, Burglarsbury; official assignee, Mr. Loteus, Sackinghall-street."

The balance-sheet that Messrs. Nought and Carryone prepared, was a masterpiece of figurative art. The materials, it is true, had been supplied by Mr. Lilyseed, or rather Mr. Lilyseed's well-preserved books; but what skill they had shown in grouping these materials! The liberal fee that was paid to them over and above the court allowance, was money well laid out to produce a desired result.

Everything was fully accounted for. Mr. Lilyseed had been more unfortunate than any-

body supposed. In addition to what he had suffered from the devouring element, he had been largely robbed for years by dishonest servants, without being able to make out a case for prosecution; he had been forged upon, to a large extent, by a heartless nephew, who had fled to the Isle of Thanet, where he was lost in a tornado; and he had had to pay a mass of debts contracted without his knowledge by the extravagant woman whom it was his misfortune to call his wife. His family had suffered much from sickness and feebleness of constitution, and he had often had to pay five hundred pounds a year for change of air and medical expenses. A number of bad debts had been forced upon him by the influence of people amongst whom, and by whom, he lived; and he had lost four hundred and fifty pounds at one blow, through accepting an accommodation bill for a man who had saved him from a watery grave when he was quite a boy. The five thousand pounds he had borrowed to extend his business from Mr. Dove (a gentleman who acted as his head manager, but who was connected with some distinguished Irish capitalists) had thus been eaten away, with other property. At the hour when he thought he was, and certainly ought to have been, a substantial tradesman, he awoke to find himself a bankrupt and a beggar. His solicitor also wished to mention (though, of course, it would have no influence with the court) that the unfortunate bankrupt was subject to fits, brought on, no doubt, by the shock of so many fires.

The commissioner, after a little confidential communication with the official assignee, declined to pay much attention to the feeble opposition of certain creditors. He found that all the expenses of the court were secured by the property which the bankrupt had given up (according to the official assignee's report), and that there was a prospect of an early dividend of at least a shilling in the pound. He was obliged to rebuke the bankrupt for accepting an accommodation bill, and also for giving a bill of sale to Mr. Dove so short a period before his bankruptcy; but, having done this in a severe and fatherly manner, he thought the justice of the case was satisfied by granting Mr. Lilyseed an immediate third-class certificate.

Mr. Lilyseed returned to his establishment, hopeful and triumphant, with this new license to trade in his pocket, and the faithful Mr. Dove was there to receive him. He looked round upon his six thousand five hundred pounds' worth of stock, that had been so cleverly secured from his creditors, and he looked forward to the five hundred pounds and more, in cash, and in Mr. Dove's tenacious keeping.

"We must have the place painted up," said Mr. Lilyseed, addressing Mr. Dove, and at once assuming the position of a master; "and I don't like that slovenly arrangement of stock in the windows."

"While I congratulate you upon your success before the court, sir," returned Mr. Dove, firmly, "I am afraid that our connexion must cease from this moment."

"What!" exclaimed the clever and complete tradesman, "you don't mean to say you want to leave me? I was thinking of a junior partnership for you."

"I'm much obliged to you, sir, I'm sure," said Mr. Dove, "but I must decline to accept it."

"Well," returned Mr. Lilyseed, resignedly, "you'll credit me with having made the offer. Have you got those bank-notes and documents by you?"

"I have got the documents," replied Mr. Dove, calmly, "but I've disposed of the money."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Lilyseed, in astonishment.

"I've bought back the lease of these premises, which you had mortgaged up to the neck with Mr. Darky's invisible capitalist client, and I've taken the liberty of putting my own name over the doorway."

Mr. Lilyseed was not a fool, and he saw his position. Mr. Dove was not a fool, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. The first gentleman found himself completely turned into the street, for the second gentleman was determined to use all the legal power which the bill of sale gave him.

"I am not wholly unprovided with means," said Mr. Lilyseed, accepting his defeat with great self-command, "if you are disposed to treat for a partnership."

"I think," said Mr. Dove, "we are better apart. You are worthy of something far better than I am prepared to offer."

And so they separated, like prudent traders, each one adopting the course he thought best suited to his worldly welfare. Mr. Lilyseed was heard of, some years after, as a gigantic contractor; but whether Our Mr. Dove was the same Mr. Dove who, about the same time, was heard of as laying the first stone of a gigantic tabernacle, I am not positively prepared to answer.

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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

With Two Illustrations on Steel by HABLOT K. BROWNE.

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BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV. CALM IN STORM.

DOCTOR MANETTE did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterwards when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry, the Doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastille; that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal—of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not—for his life and liberty. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but, that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved, had astounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awful nightmare, they had helped the healer, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude—had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot—had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But, he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt, now, that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time, he felt that in that sharp fire, he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison door of his daughter's husband, and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part

of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!" Thus, Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes, the resolute face, the calm strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped, like a clock, for so many years, and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness, he believed.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with, would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely, that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for, among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connexions abroad.

This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious life, no doubt; still, the sagacious Mr. Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it. Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride; it was a natural and worthy one; but, he observed it as a curiosity. The Doctor knew, that up to that time, his imprisonment had been associated in the minds of his daughter and his friend, with his personal affliction, deprivation, and weakness. Now that this was changed, and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces to which they both looked for Charles's ultimate safety and deliverance, he became so far exalted by the change, that he took the lead and direction, and required them as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed, yet only as the liveliest gratitude and affection could reverse them, for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, in his amiably shrewd way, "but all natural and right; so, take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But, though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new Era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre-Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock in gravel and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the South and under the clouds of the North, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive-grounds and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the sea-shore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising from below, not falling from above, and with the windows of Heaven shut, not opened!

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king—and now, it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his fair wife which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery, to turn it grey.

And yet, observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases, the time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offence, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient usage before they were many weeks old. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning grey, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion, it was the National Razor which shaved close: who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many, that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again where the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in as many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief func-

tionary who worked it; but, so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head: confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by, so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month, that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he, in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill, the appearance and the story of the Bastille Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question, any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

CHAPTER V. THE WOOD-SAWYER.

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and grey; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; —the last, much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity, and the whirling wheels of the time, had stunned the Doctor's daughter into awaiting the result in idle despair, it would but have been with her as it was with many. But, from the hour when she had taken the white head to her fresh young bosom in the garret of Saint Antoine, she had been true to her duties. She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be.

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught, as regularly, as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her colour, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered: "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie."

They had not made the round of their changed life, many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening:

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"O show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but, she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning, was the only house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there, he noticed her.

"Good day, citizeness."

"Good day, citizen."

This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots; but, was now law for everybody.

"Walking here again, citizeness?"

"You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance at the prison, pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars, peeped through them jocosely.

"But it's not my business," said he. And went on sawing his wood.

Next day, he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.

"What! Walking here again, citizeness?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! A child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?"

"Do I say yes, mamma?" whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

"Yes, dearest."

"Yes, citizen."

"Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; La, la, la! And off his head comes!"

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

"I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; Loo, loo, loo! And off *her* head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; Pickle, pickle! And off *its* head comes. All the family!"

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket, but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work, and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good will, she always spoke to him first, and often gave him drink-money which he readily received.

He was an inquisitive fellow, and sometimes when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roofs and grates, and in lifting her heart up to her husband, she would come to herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. "But it's not my business!" he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day, on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times: it might be twice or thrice running: it might be, not for a week or a fortnight together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week.

These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. On a lightly-snowing afternoon she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild rejoicing, and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them; also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favourite), Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small, that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house-top, he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw, inscribed as his "Little Sainte Guillotine"—for the great sharp female was by that time popularly canonised. His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie and left her quite alone.

But, he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along, which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as hazard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but, as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together: then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport—a something once innocent delivered over to all devilry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it, made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft, as if it had never been.

"O my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father.

But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people——"

"We will set him above their mercies, very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand towards that highest shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my Soul with it!"

"You cannot see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," from the Doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done;" they had left the spot; "it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken, that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. He has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for to-morrow, and removed to the Conciergerie; I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your supense is nearly ended, my darling; he shall be restored to you within a few hours; I have encompassed him with every protection. I must see Lorry."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The staunch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as to property confiscated and made national. What he could save for the owners, he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping, and to hold his peace.

A murky red and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, denoted the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank. The stately residence of Monseigneur was altogether blighted and deserted. Above a heap of dust and ashes in the court, ran the letters: National Property. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen? From whom newly arrived, did he come out, agitated and surprised, to take his favourite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning his head towards the door of the room from which he had issued, he said: "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

A WEEK WITH WODDERSPOON.

How Wodderspoon—with whom I have never exchanged a word, in my life, or his—came to bear me company for a week, and to lay me under obligation, shall be presently made manifest.

An exceedingly witless story is told of the witty Earl of Rochester. His Majesty King Charles the Second, being desirous of paying a visit to the ancient town of Ipswich, sent the facetious nobleman to ascertain what sort of a place it was; and Rochester, on his return, reported that it was the most extraordinary spot he had ever beheld, inasmuch as the town itself was without inhabitants, while the river on which it was situated was without water, and the donkeys wore boots. The first fact comprised in this statement was trivial in the extreme, and would have applied to every town in the world under similar circumstances, for it simply meant that Rochester had entered Ipswich early in the morning, before any one was up, and that he had inferred non-existence from invisibility. The third fact is now matter of history. In old times, it is said (goodness knows with what truth) that the worthy burgesses of Ipswich used to furnish their donkeys with leggings, in order to protect them from the mud, and these leggings were by Rochester termed boots. But the second fact, that Ipswich stands on a river without water is as valid, so far as it goes, in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth.

The river, or rather the branch of the sea called the Orwell, which to the London traveller by boat commences at Harwich and terminates at Ipswich, is of considerable breadth, and is bounded on each side by a fine woodland country, which for richness of verdure and for picturesque undulations of surface, is not to be surpassed by any locality in England. The soil is in the hands of a few proprietors, who, whatever they have done with the rest of their estates, have converted all that lies towards the river into a series of parks, so that one gorgeous combination of trees follows without interruption upon another during a journey of twelve miles. At high water the scenery is indescribably beautiful; at low water it is less beautiful, but far more curious. Then, the river which has bathed the extremities of these fine parks dwindles into a narrow stream, which has the appearance of being little more than a ditch, flowing as it does through two vast plains of verdant mud. It must not be imagined that there is anything repulsive in the surface now offered to the view, for it looks like a broad, irregular field, partly overflowed with water, which plays among the irregularities in countless streams, and falls in miniature cascades. As for the stream itself, it is so shallow, that the running aground of a boat is anticipated without alarm, as an event of very

probable occurrence. Even at high water, the larger vessels are obliged to confine themselves to the central channel, as the rest of the river's bed is but slightly covered by the silvery liquid, that lies like a vast mirror in its richly ornamented frame. Of course, it was at low water that the Orwell was seen by Rochester.

Thus, as in the course of last August I proceeded up the river, when the water was at the lowest, and stared not a little at the splashings and tumblings that were going on around me, my mind was prepared for something curious, and I said to myself, "I will so discipline my memory that it will retain the images impressed upon it during my week's residence at Ipswich; I have heard that Ipswich is a curious old place, and lo! its curiosity begins some twelve miles before I reach it."

Sometimes a promising commencement leads to an impotent conclusion, as we find in the case of numerous five-act dramas in which the first act is immeasurably the best. But Ipswich not only promises to be curious, but the promise is honourably kept. As you quit the landing-place and enter the town, you come to one irregular street after the other. Curves abound, pathways are narrow, the old-fashioned houses are not merely dotted about, but you may walk under a series of projecting first floors as long as you please, and feast your eyes on infinite gables. And after wandering about for some time, you will probably find yourself on the Cornhill, a very large square, in which the Corn Exchange and the Town-hall are the conspicuous buildings. Then will you rub your eyes and ask yourself whether, instead of performing a little coasting voyage, you have not crossed the Channel and set your foot in some semi-Anglicised town of Belgium.

Perceiving that the streets were very intricate, and understanding that not a few special "lions" were to be found, I lost no time in inquiring for a map of Ipswich and its environs, and for an Ipswich Guide. A map was not to be obtained. One had, indeed, been published in 1840, but it was out of print, and you could not get a copy for love or money. The bookseller himself, who communicated this fact, marvelled at the deficiency of his stock. A map of Ipswich would be a very desirable thing, nay, visitors had often asked for one; still—but—however—no supply had arisen to meet the demand. With the Guide I was more fortunate, the outlay of an humble shilling putting me into possession of an invaluable work by J. Wodderspoon, which not only told me much that I wanted to learn, but also overwhelmed me with a knowledge of things about which I felt no interest whatever. To J. Wodderspoon I profess my gratitude for all that he tells me about Wolsey's College, and his directions as to where I am to find the carved posts, &c., which are the delights of the archæologist, but I feel less beholden to him for the arithmetical information he gives about the dock, the foundation of which was laid in 1839, and which was opened in 1842. This dock, necessitated by the shallowness of the Orwell at low water, is of the highest importance to the place, and it is doubtless vastly ridiculous to care more about a number of antiquated carvings, that are neither useful nor beautiful, than about a work of such obvious utility. Nevertheless, I do care about the old house in the Butter-market, down to the smallest leaf on its garlands, and I don't care about the area of the dock, nor can I enter with the slightest enthusiasm into the controversy whether fifteen thousand or twenty thousand persons witnessed the ceremony of laying the foundation.

But what renders J. Wodderspoon's book a source of peculiar excitement is the circumstance that it was published in 1842, about seventeen years ago, and that since that time Vandalic hands have made rather free with the antiquities of Ipswich. Hence, when he tells you that some prime curiosity is to be found in such and such a nook, and when by dint of a vast deal of inquiry you reach the nook in question, it is by no means certain that you will find the curiosity. Uncertainty, everybody knows, is one grand cause of interest, and then how great is the delight of the investigator when his Guide happens to be correct after all.

The chief archæological "lion" of the place is unquestionably the old house in the Butter-market, a street where butter was once vended, and which now bears about as much resemblance to a market as Whetstone Park to a preserve for deer. This same old house is said to have been built in 1572, for Mr. Robert Sparrowe, and we believe the property remains in his family still, although the present tenant uses it as a bookseller's shop. A mass of sculpture decorates the front of the edifice, allegorically representing the four quarters of the globe, with a profusion of Cupids and garlands by way of accompaniment; while at the west end, facing a smaller street, are a man on horseback fighting with something, which the lively imagination may torture into a dragon, an old gentleman on one knee, with a solid conical beard, and a globe on his shoulders, which betokens him to be Atlas; and a large pastoral scene, in alto relievo, representing one gawky shepherd approaching another who reposes under a tree. This scene is supposed to illustrate the first of Virgil's Eclogues, and indeed whenever, in painting or sculpture, two men are talking together, one standing and the other seated with a tree close behind him, they may be at once deemed representations of Tityrus and Meliboeus, in the absence of strong reason to the contrary. Anything more ugly or inartistic than the human figures in these ornaments, separately considered, it is impossible to conceive. The symbols of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are, in point of drawing, scarcely beyond the ordinary achievements of the mischievous amateur who chalks devices on a long wall; but let all be gathered together into a huge arabesque decoration, without regard to detail, and the house, conspicuous with its four bay-windows, presents a very pretty embossed aspect. The windows project so far as to be

visible even from the further end of the street, and thus you know you are coming to something remarkable long before you arrive at the proper point of view. The lover of art who feels his appetite sharpened by the list of valuable paintings drawn up by J. Wodderspoon, as the chief treasures of the curious casket, must content himself with a Barmecide feast, as the pictures have all been removed. The urbane proprietor of the shop will allow the traveller if he pleases to ascend to the first floor, which is now used as a reading-room, and contemplate the sculptured ceiling, but the traveller will not lose much if he avoids alike the trouble and the obligation. Like many show-places, the old house in the Butter-market is most worth seeing on the outside.

Among the out-of-door sculptures, which in a great measure constitute the archæological interest of Ipswich, and which combine the twofold advantage of being visible for nothing and discoverable with difficulty—for if these things were found at once, how would the holiday-maker fill up his day?—I take especial delight in an old carving on the Half-Moon public-house, at the corner of Lower Brook-street and Foundation-street. This, I am informed by J. Wodderspoon, represents the old story of the fox preaching to the geese, and the information thus given checks my pleasure with a bitter sense of humiliation. In the first place—I confess it with the fear of being treated with the deepest contempt by all my unkind friends who write F.S.A. after their names—I don't know *the* old story, which, with its definite article, pretends to be so universally familiar. In the second place, the animal who is preaching to the geese looks to me exceedingly like a hare, though I recognise an animal behind him, who has captured a goose, as an incontestable fox. Hence, as I have no doubt that J. Wodderspoon knows the sculpture a great deal better than myself, I can only infer that I am suffering some optical infirmity. My kind informant supposes that the carving alludes satirically to the monks who once ruled Ipswich with a tyranny almost as sharp as that which is now exercised there by their puritanical successors; and, charmed with the felicity of his conjecture, he philosophises thus: "It furnishes a curious thought to us, who live in days when the printing-press is the great means of praise or blame, eulogy or satire, that the rude chisellings upon a door-post, made by a dissatisfied boor, should survive the pompous and stinging sarcasms of paper and ink, though penned by the greatest masters of satire the time furnishes." Curious thought indeed! inspired by which I begin to fancy that the whole civilised world is playing fox-and-geese at the corner of Lower Brook-street, Ipswich, and that a copy of Juvenal, Persius, Erasmus, Dryden, Pope, is not to be purchased with its weight in Koh-i-noors.

Apropos of curious thoughts, I cannot omit mentioning a bit of curious etymology that I lit upon in the course of my Ipswich wanderings. The proprietor of a place of public entertainment was about to regale his patrons with a series of miscellaneous amusements, among which an orchestra composed of performers on wind instruments was to hold a prominent place. That the Suffolk mind might be duly impressed with the importance of the promised treat, this musical combination was styled in the posting-bills the "Anemoic Band." For the classicality of the hard word I will not vouch, being unable to find a precedent for the same in my Greek Thesaurus, but it was obviously derived, in some fashion or other, from the word "anemos," signifying wind.

"Can you pronounce that word?" said a reader of the posting-bill, in a defiant tone, to a sturdy companion. For an explanation he did not venture to ask.

"Yes," said the other, proudly, "an-e-mo-ic; and look you here, that word is derived from two languages; it is taken from the Latin and the Greek. 'Annie' is Greek, and 'moic' is Latin. These, put together, denote a band of wind instruments."

Back to our old-world curiosities. I would highly praise mine host of the Royal Oak public-house in Northgate-street, the corner post of whose dwelling is curiously covered with figures, the principal of which are a bust, much defaced, and a smith labouring at his craft, in very good preservation. That this relic of antiquity may not escape notice, mine host has picked it out with gaudy colours, featly contrasting the subjects with the ground, and making of his post the gayest thing conceivable, so that the most heedless passenger must needs stop and stare in spite of himself. Nor let the rigid antiquary scowl on mine host as a restorer of that barbarous sort who spoils when he professes to renovate. These Ipswich carvings are of that degree of artistic value that they cannot be spoiled, provided nothing is done to lessen their distinctness; and this is increased in the case of the Royal Oak post.

Highly inviting is J. Wodderspoon's description of the parlour of the Tankard public-house in Tacket-street, and I hasten thither to contemplate a wondrous piece of sculpture, whereabout antiquarians strangely differ, one maintaining that it represents the Judgment of Paris, another swearing that it records the Battle of Bosworth Field! Surely here is no hair-splitting controversy. Surely here is a broad difference, which will allow one to form an opinion. Alas! when I get to the Theatre Tavern, for so is the Tankard called now, I am shown into a plain whitewashed taproom as the site of former glories, and am reminded that J. Wodderspoon's Guide was published in 1842. So, to console myself, I wander to the Neptune Tavern, situated in St. Clement's parish, the least aristocratic district of the town, and find a curious old hostelry of the seventeenth century, the present occupants of which take great delight in conducting visitors through the antiquated rooms. As a "lion" on a large scale I should certainly set down the Neptune as next in rank, longo intervallo, to the old house in the Butter-market,

and I counsel the traveller to take note of a little red figure of Bacchus, which stands on one of the gable roofs, and the motions of which in former times gave signals to the smugglers who used the Orwell for the purpose of introducing their contraband goods.

Why the Tankard should have changed its jolly name into such a lugubrious appellation as that of the Theatre Tavern, I cannot, for the life of me, imagine; for, by conversation with barbers, stationers, oyster-vendors, and others, who are the "brief abstract and chronicles of the time" (what a maniac was Hamlet to say this of actors), I learn that at Ipswich the theatre, far from being a place of public amusement, is a place to which nobody goes, and that a history of the successive seasons would show as many disasters as the annals of the Stuarts. The fact is, Ipswich is "serious." Nobody goes to the play; the wares of the booksellers are mostly confined to pious treatises. No half-closed shop winks at the passenger to tell him if he pleases he may purchase on the Sunday afternoon some one of those innumerable trifles that are procurable all over London all the week through; and, lastly, there is no Sunday baking. One of those earthen dishes, in which a leg of mutton rides triumphantly over a layer of browned potatoes, so pleasantly regaling the London nose after church-time, would at Ipswich be a sight of terror.

In Tacket-street, near the poor, miserable, deserted theatre, stands a grand quasi-Gothic edifice, which would do credit to the most fanatical worshipper of mediæval architecture. Such spires, and such entrances, and all so new and clean; it is enough to put one's eyes out, and as for the seven or eight parish churches, which are all more or less imposing in their aspect, they are reduced to utter insignificance by comparison with this gorgeous congregational chapel, for such, indeed, is the Tacket-street Temple. The erection of this chapel, which only took place within the last few years, was, of course, a cause of universal triumph among the Independent Dissenters? Nothing of the sort: it was a cause of schism. Dissenters of the old school lamented the shabby chapel that once occupied the same spot, and retreated in numbers from a building that savoured of the pomps and vanities of popery, while pietists of a more genteel kind were mostly pleased with their new edifice. The local newspapers took up the subject with immense spirit, and an imaginary dialogue between the old and new chapel, written by some Suffolk Lucian, is still remembered as a masterpiece of sarcasm, as if to confute J. Wodderspoon's theory of the perishable nature of written satire.

The townsfolk indulge, however, in Sunday steam-boat excursions down the Orwell to Harwich and back again, at a price ridiculously low. But, this amusement is spiced by a little squabble: two of the boats belonging to the Eastern Counties Railway Company, and two to a company headed by a gentleman who was once in the employ of the Eastern Counties party, but who for some reason or other quitted their service. By the good people of Ipswich this gentleman is generously considered (and, for anything I know, with reason) a martyr. Hence the "Alma boats," as they are called, though a trifle dearer than the "Railway," are supported with enthusiasm, and when one of these beats a competitor, the passengers shout with delight as if their lives and liberties depended on the contest. At Harwich they may eat roast and boiled, hot and cold, at pleasure. The Sabbath restrictions that lie so heavy at one end of the Orwell, are utterly unknown at the other. I may observe, by the way, that Harwich commands a magnificent view of the sea, and that its breakwater affords an opportunity for the exploit of walking a wall with a fine depth of water on each side. Wearers of crinoline are advised not to attempt it in windy weather.

Just at the spot where the town of Ipswich stands, the Orwell is joined by a river called the Gipping, and this river is not only interesting because it gives the town its name —"Ipswich" being a corruption of "Gyppeswich"—but also because it abounds with fish of the kind which Cockney disciples of Izaak Walton (whereof I am one) associate with pleasant Hertfordshire and its river Lea. Thither, therefore, did I take my rod and lines, but I had not watched my float for many minutes, before three persons of gloomy appearance passed by me on the pathway where I stood, and with the assistance of two others on the opposite side, began the disgusting process of dragging the river with a huge net. Of course my rod was at once shut up like an opera-glass at one o'clock in the morning, and I found a melancholy amusement in watching the proceedings of the legalised marauders, who cursed the weeds for not allowing them free scope. "It is the privilege of all the free men of Ipswich to drag the river Gipping," said the chieftain of the band; "they have few privileges enough, but they have that. The weeds will be gone in October, and then we shall have something like sport." The spoil of the party on this occasion amounted to about a score or so of perch, but hideous stories were told of fish captured by the cartload, and measured by the bushel;—as appalling to the angler's ear as the narrative of a St. Bartholomew massacre. "What a pity it is," said an honest tradesman, with a sigh, "that the freemen of Ipswich have a right to drag the river; this unhappy privilege does great injury to the town, which otherwise would offer the finest fishing in England." I should perhaps observe that the lamenting tradesman was a dealer in fishing-tackle.

Of abject poverty there is—at least to a casual observer—no appearance at Ipswich. There is a rough, sturdy, well-paid class of factorymen; but the floating population is agricultural, and the humbler residents are, for the most part, small shopkeepers and decent workpeople with no look of distress or neglect, or want of

becoming self-respect about them. During the entire week of my residence, I was not asked for a single halfpenny, nor did I see any one in the least like a beggar. If there be want or immorality in Ipswich, it certainly is neither dirty, shabby, nor intrusive.

Cardinal Wolsey, who was born at Ipswich, still lives in the memory of the people; and by St. Peter's Church stands a small gateway, built of brick, and adorned with the royal arms, which, otherwise unattractive, is historically interesting as the sole relic of that college which the ambitious prelate founded as a lasting glory to his native town, but which did not survive his downfal. Still is a passage leading from St. Nicholas-street to the nearest church pointed out as the place where Wolsey first drew the breath of life; a small public-house rejoices in the sign of the Cardinal's Hat; the Odd Fellows of Ipswich have a Cardinal's Lodge. Nay, in another public-house called the Spread Eagle, an old lady is said to reside, who is the last surviving representative of the Cardinal's family, and, strange to say, half the house is used as a butcher's shop.

All remember the princess in the story of Aladdin, whose palace lacked nothing but a roc's egg. On my way home from Ipswich, when the week had expired, a fellow-traveller asked me if I had seen the Arboraytim. "Do you mean the promenade with the avenue of trees by the water-side?" "No, no; just the other way; you turn down by the White Horse," &c. "Then I have not seen the Arboretum." "Then," ejaculated my fellow-traveller, "you have missed the best thing in Ipswich." The Arboretum was the roc's egg of my week's holiday.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT CHURCH.

This is our Eye-witness's report of a visit to St. George's-in-the-East.

"No Popery," written in large characters by some enthusiastic worshipper upon the woodwork of the first pew which the E. W. was shown into.

"No Popery" on all the blank walls in the neighbourhood of the church; also handbills inviting householders to meet in vestry rooms and talk; handbills inviting young men, apparently not householders, to meet in school-rooms and talk.

More handbills—red handbills, green handbills, prismatic handbills—handbills inviting the offending clergy to come and be argued with on platforms, handbills imploring anybody to come and argue anywhere, handbills challenging discussion, and some of a more truculent kind still, informing the local public that their liberties were in danger, and suggesting that they should take the matter into their own hands. In short, there were addresses in every imaginable form and of every conceivable colour: invitations full of rich argumentative promise showing that the whole neighbourhood was reeking with eloquence and wisdom, and that any amateur of these qualities would do well to frequent the purlieus of St. George's-in-the-East.

But where is St. George's-in-the-East? How is it approached? What sort of a building is the church to look at?

St. George's-in-the-East *is* in the east, with a vengeance, and very much more towards that point of the compass than the Eye-witness had at all bargained for. He had found, by reference to the Post-office Directory, that this Temple of Discord was in Cannon-street, and, determined to be in good time, he entered that imposing thoroughfare at half-past ten on a fine September Sunday morning. After investigating all the churches that lay in little back courts on each side of the street; after peeping into some of them, and finding them perfectly empty; after rendering certain aged pew-openers (who took him for the congregation) mad with joy by his appearance, and then plunging them into despair by his withdrawal; after wondering at the perversity which hinders the removal of these useless buildings to other sites where they are so much wanted;—after these things, the Eye-witness found himself at the eastern end of Cannon-street without having made the discovery he was bent upon, and quite at sea as to where to look next for St. George's-in-the-East.

It is but to ask a policeman in these cases.

The officer to whom the Eye-witness applied for advice turned instinctively upon his solid heels towards the east, and waving his hand in that direction, after the manner of one who was requesting the metropolis generally to move on, intimated that he did not know exactly where the church was situated, but that it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill.

To the east did the next policeman turn.

The Eye-witness consulted him when he had got to the Tower. "St. George's-in-the-Heast," he said, "was close to Ratcliff-'ighway." "And Ratcliff-highway?" inquired the Eye-witness. The policeman pointed to the east.

When the Eye-witness had consulted one more member of our constabulary, and had found him to know nothing about the subject at all, he became weary of the force, and determined to apply next to a civilian; so, seeing a baker standing at the open door of his shop, waiting for the neighbourhood's Sunday dinners, the E. W. approached him and asked the old question once more in a low voice, for he was ashamed of it. The baker was deaf, and the Eye-witness had to repeat his inquiry at the top of his voice three times, before he got an answer. The little boys who accumulated at the rate of four to each repetition of the demand, amounted to quite a train as they followed the E. W. during the rest of his journey, which was, happily, not a much longer one, though still to the east.

To the credit of the Post-office Directory, let it be said that the church of St. George is in Cannon-street after all; not, indeed in the well-known thoroughfare of that name, but in one in

the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames Tunnel. The building itself is set back from the street a considerable distance. It is approached by a flight of steps, and is a large and melancholy edifice of about the period of Sir Christopher Wren, with a high tower surrounded by eight flat pilasters, on the summit of each of which is a dwarf column with festoons around its capital, and forming as ugly a top to a tower as you will find anywhere. There were few people standing about outside the church, and, to the writer's surprise, but a very small congregation when he got within it.

Just as your Eye-witness takes off his hat on entering a sacred building, so now, as he speaks briefly of what took place inside the church of St. George's-in-the-East, he desires to lay aside any such lightness of expression as might even seem to savour of irreverence. And, indeed, he saw (though not at first) much that shocked and disgusted him, and not more of the ludicrous than mixes inevitably with all that is gravest and saddest in the world.

So much has been written in description of the services as carried on at St. George's, that it is unnecessary to say more than that there seemed little difference between the manner of their celebration there, and that adopted at the principal High Church places of worship at the more western extremity of the metropolis. The officiating clergyman had so arranged his Master of Arts hood as to show more perhaps of the red lining than ordinarily appears, and there was a more frequent turning to the east than would be found at St. Barnabas or the church in Wells-street. The attempts at decoration of the chancel and communion-table were poor and paltry in the extreme.

Throughout the morning service the conduct of the very small congregation was perfectly orderly, and no allusion whatever was made in the sermon to the subject which was doubtless in everybody's mind. The Eye-witness left the building, supposing that the riots at St. George's-in-the-East were at an end.

Having made up his mind to do what he did thoroughly, the Eye-witness had resolved to "stand off and on" at his post all day. He had plenty of leisure now before the afternoon lecture to examine the neighbourhood in which he found himself, and with which he (as is probably the case with the reader) was little familiar.

A wonderful neighbourhood — fishy, tarry, inexpressibly dirty, and so nautical that the very weathercock upon its principal church partook of the spirit of the place and represented a frigate under full sail, with a union jack to show the quarter of the wind.

A wonderful neighbourhood, to be sure. You hardly know that you are in London at all as you walk through the streets. Many of the shops kept by Jews are open though it is Sunday, the Jews and Jewesses sitting at the open doors, fat, cheerful, affectionate, and jewelled. It is a neighbourhood perfectly nautical in all its habits. It is decidedly a low neighbourhood, but redeemed from being of the lowest by that very nautical element. Let the reader compare Ratcliff-highway with the New Cut, Lambeth, and he will understand this. It is a neighbourhood of canvas trousers, and sou'-wester hats, of sextants and the boxing of compasses. It abounds, too, in negroes, gay in their clothing, and more gay in their countenances. It abounds in American skippers with brown and lantern jaws; thin and tough and tawny. It abounds in mysterious seamen, too, who wear black satin waistcoats and have worked fronts to their shirts and ear-rings in their ears. There are herrings, too, in this region, and life belts, and block-makers' warehouses, and awful advertisements published by the Trinity House concerning wrecks, and buoys, and light-ships in remote and lonely places far away at sea. Cranes, too, and bales of goods such as are brought in in pantomimes, and, being slapped, turn to other things. The bales of goods are not swinging from the cranes, because it is Sunday, but one catches sight of them through open warehouse doors, and in passing great stores that smell of turmeric, and many other drugs and goodly spices.

Such was the neighbourhood through which the Eye-witness wandered, a not displeased observer of all these new and characteristic circumstances. It was in this neighbourhood that he partook of such a modest luncheon as might fit him for the fatigues of the day, and all the items of which were flavoured with the herrings with which it has been already said (as with other salt fish) the native kites are fatted.

When the Eye-witness returned in the afternoon to the church of St. George's-in-the-East, there was a mob in the street in front of the church, a mob upon the steps, and such crowds in all the approaches to the interior of the building, and in the aisles and about the doors, that for a long time he was unable to form any notion of what was going on. Having at length, with great difficulty, got inside one of the entrances of the church, the Eye-witness found that the afternoon lecturer, put in by the Low Church party, was in the midst of his discourse, which was to be succeeded by that celebration of the Litany which had given so much offence to the parishioners of St. George's.

At the conclusion of the lecture—and it is only fair to the preacher to say that he exhorted his hearers most earnestly to disperse quietly, and to leave the affair in the hands of the bishop—only a portion of the congregation left the building; by far the greater mass remaining behind, evidently with a hostile feeling towards the anticipated service. The conduct of many of these persons was, throughout, very unseemly. They talked in their ordinary tones. They crowded into the pews which commanded a good view of what was going on in numbers such as the seats were never intended to contain. They stood upon the benches, and they completely blocked up the aisles and the chancel

of the church in front of the communion rails. Nor was this all. About twenty or five-and-twenty minutes having elapsed after the conclusion of the lecture, and the moment of the commencement of the Litany having arrived, the entrance of the clergyman was saluted by a storm of hissing and groaning very painful to hear anywhere; but especially so in a church. About this mob, too, there seemed to be something stupid. There they stood, contented with blocking up the place, but not stopping the service. There, too, they stood when the Litany was concluded, and while the organist, who appeared to have selected the longest and noisiest voluntary from his collection, endeavoured to play them out. They were not to be played out, however, and evidently seemed to think it excellent sport to stand there howling out words of their own to the tune played upon the organ.

Now surely it must be obvious to every one that such a state of things as this ought to be, under any circumstances, impossible. If, on the one hand, as is assuredly the case, a grave responsibility is on the shoulders of any person who can be so inconceivably and supernaturally weak as to offend and outrage a congregation among whom his ministrations might be useful, for the sake of paltry trifles, unimpressive and foolish in the last degree, and wholly without value—if it is monstrous in an educated man, as indeed it is, to persist in saying one sentence with his face to the east, and another with his face to the west, and to twist his honest Master of Arts hood into the nearest attainable resemblance to the back view of a chasuble, when he knows he is giving offence to many persons, besides exposing his own fatuity—if these things are preposterous and childish, and even, under the circumstances, wicked, does the blame stop here?

Does none attach, in such a case, to the parish authorities? Ought these disgraceful scenes to be possible in a church under any conceivable circumstances? Is not this a case in which the police should act as they would in other buildings? Surely where there is plenty of room to sit down, and an abundance of empty pews, people have no right to fill the aisles and the chancel of the church, to their complete blocking up. Surely, when a pew is made to hold six persons, and twelve are found in it, half that number are subject to removal. Surely persons standing on benches in a church may be made to sit down, and those who hiss and groan and talk loudly may be taken out. If this question could not have been settled by a mere handful of policemen in plain clothes, then would it not have been right, until it is finally decided what form of worship shall be adopted in this unhappy church, and who shall be listened to and who not, that St. George's-in-the-East should be shut up, and so this scandal avoided?

In this particular case the worst is now over, but such difficulties may arise again (through the similar folly or obstinacy of one person) in other parishes, and there may be a recurrence of such scenes.

The Eye-witness, tired out and disgusted, left that great and foolish crowd still standing and blocking up the church long after the organ (which had been for half an hour roaring at the top of its strength to drown their noise) had ceased to play. The din of this instrument, and the heat produced by the mass of people inside the church, made the E. W. only too glad to get out, though it was to find himself in a fresh mob. This mob appeared to be engaged in discussing theology.

The outside crowd showed no inclination to disperse. It was cut up into little knots, and here was very manifest the advantage possessed by the talking members of the mob over the silent members; these last surrounding the first, and looking on in open-mouthed admiration, which was never the least diminished, but rather increased, by their inability to understand what it was all about. There was one very curious characteristic of this scene. The different orators by no means confined themselves to the subject of the day. Indeed, the disturbances in the church appeared to be quite lost sight of; the speakers having seized this as a good opportunity for hearing themselves talk, and for promulgating their own theories, whatever they might happen to be. Approaching one group, the Eye-witness finds a stout gentleman discoursing on church-rates, while the centre of the next mass of listeners is holding forth upon the unjust division of property; and, to judge by his appearance, it must doubtless seem to him to be very unjust indeed, uncommonly little having fallen to his share. The muscular gentleman in black, with the hymn-book in his hand, is limiting the number of those who hold the truth to some half a dozen (self included); while the very ill-looking man with the pale lips and the passionate face, with the scar on his forehead and with the alpaca coat, is enforcing an argument on teetotalism with a ship's steward, and who appears to enjoy the confidence of the bystanders to a very great extent, and (if fat is worth) to deserve it.

The argument did not originate with the fat steward and the evil-faced man, but with this last and a thin, small-headed man. But the steward, cutting into the discourse, was at once encouraged to represent the constituency, and the man with the small face was tacitly invited to retire and accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

"You're discussing this here question wrong," broke in the steward; "just let me have a word or two."

"Hear him!" said a fat and silent auditor.

"You will allow me to remark," said the evil-faced man, the hand which he lifted in deprecation trembling violently with anger, "that I am arguing with this gentleman" (pointing to him of the small countenance), "and not with you."

"He can't make nothing of it," the steward

interposed, "so you just have it out with me, and don't be in a rage about it. Look how your hand's a shaking. That ain't a sign of being in the right. It's a sign of a weak mind, that's what that is."

The evil-faced man put his hand into the opening of his waistcoat, but he couldn't hide the quivering of his lips, or get any colour into his face.

"Now the arguing of this here question is simple enough——"

"Hear him!" remarked the fat man, looking round as if he were the proprietor of the steward, and were proud of him.

"This here," continued the steward, "is a question of right and wrong. One of us is right and the other's wrong. Very well. Now the question is, which *is* right and which is wrong——"

"Ah!" sighed the fat man; "he's got him there."

"Very well," the steward proceeded. "Now we'll suppose two people standing talking, as it might be here; one on 'em says, as it might be me, which it is easy to suppose we are in a county contigious to this, and that the 'op gardens is all surrounding us, and the 'op poles a bending with their weight——"

"You are wandering from the point," says he of the evil face and the alpaca coat.

"He looks around him," proceeded the other, with a graceful wave of the hand, and heedless, in the fervency of his eloquence, of all interruption—"he looks around him in all directions. And he says, leastways *I* says," continued the steward, suddenly abandoning his metaphor, "and why are all these 'ere 'ops, I says, unless for beer?"

"Ah, why indeed?" echoes the fat man, smacking his lips. "He's got him again."

"Unless for beer," repeated the steward, fearful lest if he paused the evil-faced man should get a chance, "why these crops of malt?"

"Malt does not grow in crops," interposed the evil-faced tetootaler, "it is made by man's wickednes from barley."

"Do you suppose I don't know that?" the other answered, "when my own uncle on the mother's side keeps the Barley Mow at Cobham, and as well a conducted house as any in the county! Talk about malt, why——"

"Come," interposes the deep voice of a policeman, "you must get out of this. Don't you see you're obstructing the way. Come."

And thus this instructive argument was brought to an untimely end: to the great annoyance of your Eye-witness and of two (he will not say other) old women who were listening in the crowd.

"I likes to hear them talk," said the first of these ladies.

"And so do I," replied the other, "they seems to explain it like. Don't they?"

The other groups of talkers were soon similarly dispersed by the strong arm of the law; and, as the church was by this time cleared too, it was not long before the Eye-witness found himself standing quite alone, in the dark, before the closed gates of St. George's-in-the-East.

THE BIRD AND BOWER.

I HAD a little bower when I was young:
A bird sang there,
And I, poor child, still listened while it sung
Its magic air.

For still it said, or still it seemed to say,
"The world is thine;
See how the roses redden, waters play,
And moonbeams shine.

"See how the sun, with golden dreaming light,
The valley fills;
See how he crowds with a blue gloom like night
The noonday hills.

"Deep in the foxglove's bell, where'er thou go,
Still drones the bee,
And the red trout, where warbling brooklets flow,
Leaps up for thee.

"For thee the sun and moon were made of yore,
The cloud and star;
For thee God made the after, the before,
The near and far—

"All love, all power, all worship, all delight,
All fancies wild;
All rainbow hopes, all dreams of day and night,
For thee, O child!—

"The fairy sitting in her home of fern,
The piping fawn,
The nymph that bears aloft her river urn,
Or guards the lawn—

"For thee God made the genii of the air,
And of the deep,
And the quaint elves that charm with witchery rare,
The world of sleep—

"All, all is thine! thou, thou alone art king,
Fair, good, and wise!
Fresh, fresh from heaven, before the life's great spring,
Full-blossomed lies."

Thus in my little bower, when I was young,
The song began,
And all life's summer through the syren sung,
To lure the man.

But now grey autumn thins that magic bower,
The green leaves fall,
And the old glory fades from tree and flower
When wild winds call.

I hear no more the fairy bugles blow,
The stars are dim,
I hear no more, at the sea's ebb and flow,
The sea-maid's hymn.

With lowly heart and meek sad thoughts I stand,
A dreamer vain;
But ah! that vision of the morning land
Returns again.

I dreamt it once, perchance as childhood dreams
When life began;
I dream it now, nor think it less beseems
The time-taught man.

I cannot tell if I shall find it true
In worlds afar,
If I shall win in that o'er-hanging blue
My regal star.

But still the heart a far-off glory sees,
Strange music hears;
A something not of earth still haunts the breeze,
The sun, and spheres.
Still, still I clasp my hands, still look and pine,
Still weep and pray,
Still, still am followed by a voice divine,
And far away.
What mean these yearnings, these mysterious sighs,
This hope like fear,
This feeling in the dark, these sudden cries,
When none are near?
All things that be, all love, all thought, all joy,
Sky, cloud, and star,
Spell-bind the man, as once the growing boy,
And points afar;—
Point to some world of endless, endless truth,
Delight, and power,
And thus comes back that grand old dream of youth,
The bird and bower.

THE CONQUERING HEROES COME.

You are requested to be of good cheer, and to unfold your red velvet drapery along your balcony. Will you be good enough to have the beak of your loyal eagle re-burnished? If your throat be clear, will you have the extreme kindness to cheer?

The scarlet is bursting upon every house in Paris, thanks to imperial doctors in cocked-hats, and with lancets at their sides. Bright crimson spots indicate a Parisian fever, and that the fever is coming out well. Then, in the vicinity of the Place Vendôme, the heart of Paris, the doctors have achieved a triumph. Scarlet from the attics to the gateways, scarlet amphitheatres, and columns scarlet-bound. Much delirium may be prognosticated. Way, there! for the blouses, bearing pails full of liquid red ochre, that are to be poured over the Venetian masts for banners. A clear space for the agile fellows, who are hauling these lofty masts to the perpendiculars, that their oriflammes may be even with the windows of grisettes' fifth floors. While the skilful artists of feverish Paris pause, with their huge red brushes in their hand—a fair field for the wonder-working moulders! who turn out Corinthian columns while you wait in your shop; who will perch a Victory for you upon a hollow pedestal that shall look solid as the granite rocks, while you read your paper; who will work in little lanterns propped high up in the air, all night; fixing colossal capitals fragile as whipped cream, upon columns about as substantial as Rheims biscuits. The head is lifted upon the plaster shoulders of Peace (with eagles for her footstool), as easily as the helmet was deposited upon the diver's head at the Polytechnic. Then the air is rich with the débris of gold-leaf; and anon, the sandals of Peace are burnished, and the crouching eagles glisten in the burning sun.

No wonder that the fever spreads rapidly in this weather; that the Boulevards catch the infection from the Place Vendôme, and unrol thousands of yards of crimson drapery. Paris is thirsty; and, from Venetian ices to the humble coco, Paris drinks deep; her red face bursting, till it almost rivals the flush of the setting sun. One great idea dominates her in her fever. They are coming. Along these Boulevards; under these flags that darken the roads; past these great amphitheatres! They are coming! But, who?

Ask these importunate café waiters, who will graciously permit you to answer the question yourself to-morrow for the small charge of forty francs. Ask that bluff countryman of yours, Mr. Bull, who is known all over Paris, because he has given forty pounds to satisfy himself as to who is coming, and how this great Somebody is coming, and what will be said to this great Somebody when he does come. Seats, whenever the great question shall be satisfactorily answered early to-morrow, are being thrown up, even in the doorways, and hammers are having a busy time of it in all directions. Shop-windows are daintily lifted to the pavement, and women are discovered in the rear, still sewing at the crimson cloth. Brazen-voiced men, upon whom the fever is clearly expending itself with ferocious violence, thrust programmes under every passing nose. The fever has even seized upon the stockbrokers; and they are crimson to the house-tops with their Venetian masts and velvet hangings, in the regions of the Bourse. At the doors of the shopkeepers lie great baskets full of rough-looking accordions. Dare to ask what is the use which these instruments are to be put, and you shall be gruffly answered that they are Venetian lamps, at five sous each, "pardié!"

Admiral Sir Chops is doubtless here, grinding his teeth over the inevitable annihilation of his fleet by a few French fishing-boats. Or, better still, he may be closeted with M. Protin (propagateur, initiateur matrimonial), with a view to a scheme for a general introduction of Englishmen to French wives, that poor Albion may have a last chance of saving herself by the help of a Franco-English race. As M. Protin promises husbands "dots" ranging from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds, it is probable that the scheme would succeed if M. Protin's "dots" do not, in any sense, stand for noughts. But Sir Chops must be comforted; good France will be his friend still, and still in the English quarter of her capital provide for his "bizarre" wants. He shall not lack even that "Guy's Ess Balm" which, according to a Rue de Rivoli shopkeeper, enjoys so enviable a reputation in his native island.

We are determined to rescue Sir Chops from the melancholy into which the ill-natured comic French writer has plunged him. He shall not be devoured by his constitutional spleen. Sir Chops shall feel the raging pulse of Paris with us. With us he shall hunt for a cab under the blazing sun, and with us he shall pray for blue spectacles to protect his eyes against the ever-reddening fever. From the red balconies whither may one's aching eyeballs wander? To the shops? The baggy red trousers of Zouave suits at forty francs, for little boys of eight years old; the scarlet fez; the toy Zouaves,

hanging by their arms in dozens, distract us. From the shops to the people? We pass the blazing face of a Turcos, whose brilliancy draws tears from our poor eyes. To the pavement? The stones send up a red heat to caution us. The relentless sun, that leaves no shady side to the broad simmering Boulevards, dashes the heat under our broad hat, brands our shoulders, parches our feet, and flays our neck. Currant syrup consoles us not, and in vain we quaff the grateful beer of Lyons. That in this heat people can fever themselves over dominoes, and throw themselves into contortions at a billiard-table! That under this tyrant sun, darting to the marrow of man, evil-faced crowds can shamble lightly over the burning pavement; laughing, eating, and haggling! That they can fight good-humouredly at omnibus-doors, and broil while a tumbler glares in the face of the sun at the ball he is to catch upon his forehead. Sir Chops vows that the heat beats Egypt, and he mops his bald head. With a light, cheery voice, a man cries medals struck in honour of the coming occasion, and looks without blinking into his tray of new coins, that sparkle like an adder's nest. It is not too hot for a grisette to trip about father and mother and sister (with baby) and lover (with herself), and, having bought a farthing sugar-stick, to bite bits off, and laughingly poke them into the mouths of the party. Sir Chops must take courage, then, and follow the boiling stream with us.

Heavy bribery produces a cabman at last, and we rumble lazily through the terrible Quartier St. Antoine to the Barrière, whence a broad dusty road leads to Vincennes. We make our way through solid banks of dust, till we are stopped by a feverish policeman, who turns us into our proper place, in a file of vehicles: lemonade carts, Seltzer-water carts, trim carriages copied from Rotten-row, carts full of sugar "broken by patent machinery;" indescribable carts full of indescribable people, driven by a noisy blouse and drawn by animals in rope harness; hawkers propelling barrow loads of cheap peaches, figs, and plums; honest old women, whose white eyebrows stand in bold relief from their bronzed skin, and whose snowy caps are deeply shaded in the folds by the dust, carrying heavy baskets loaded with macaroons and jumbles; a chattering, laughing, tumultuous blue and white crowd filling up every available space between vehicles, hawkers, and policemen, all talking, shouting, singing, and clacking whips, in a white fog of dust, heated still by the unrelenting sun, these were unmistakable indications that we were on the right road to know some of the reasons why Paris had taken so merrily to the scarlet fever.

The vast plain, at which we eventually arrived, appeared to have thrown up countless white mole-hills, at the first glance, amid which needles appeared to be stacked, and blue and red and black ants seemed to be running by thousands in all directions. But, as we took our eyes from the distance, and drew them upon things close to us, we perceived that the far off ant-hills were fac-similes of the tents (about the size of cucumber frames) at our feet; that the stacks of needles were bayonets; that the ants were men and women. Here were stacks of heavy grenadiers' arms, with the men's rusty shakos hanging upon the bayonets, the men being not far off, indulging in games of skittles, or gaining honest sous by putting up the pins for visitors.

Beyond the grenadiers' lines were those of the Turcos. Cheered by the gaiety of the scene, even Sir Chops almost jumped from the carriage. Hundreds of elegant ladies were peering into the little canvas boxes of the solemn Arabs. They were not the most savoury boxes, where eight swarthy fellows slept, packed close as figs, and where their ragged, greasy clothes lay all day long. But the Turcos were proud of them, and did the honours with dignity. Here a brawny fellow, lying upon his stomach, with his head just out of his tent, was looking at the pictures of the Sou Paper; there a fellow, squatting tailor-fashion, was taking his soup out of a battered tin with a bent pewter spoon. There is a hole in the midst of the first lines, and in it lumps of raw flesh are warming, and shapeless saucepans are bubbling, while Turcos, enveloped in capacious aprons, and sheltered from the sun by heavy burnous, are watching the dinners of their battalion. Visitors talk to them, but are unable to understand the Arab-French in which the noble savages reply. Here is the trumpeters' tent, with the bruised trumpets slung to sticks at the entrance. Everywhere are Turcos sauntering, squatting, laughing with grisettes, folding turbans, playing at cards, polishing swords, mending rent garments, all talking, and all smoking, and all proud to be the observed of thousands of visitors.

"Look to yourself, Sir Chops! for hitherwards a mounted Zouave is dashing upon a bony steed, with a great tin pan slung to the animal's neck. He is on his way to fetch the food of his company from one of the smouldering holes hereabouts. There is much to be cooked yet, before all these mouths will be satisfied; and square lumps of meat, clustered in bunches, are slung upon bayonets still before the tents, where the flies are coming in for first taste.

The tattered flags are stuck in mounds of loose stones: canvas beer-shops are choked with soldiers and soldiers' friends, clicking glasses, and imbibing seas of sour beer and wine at threepence per bottle. The butts of Vincennes, ploughed with cannon-balls, are covered with the yellow linen of the troops, drying in the sun. Springs have been conducted hither by the engineers, and are filling cans of all shapes and sizes. Greedy corporals are making a long and noisy queue before the camp-butcher's shed. The English Crimean medal lies upon hundreds of breasts—the blue riband browned by the sun. Everybody is on the move. Here a Zouave is splitting wood with his sword; there a Turcos is sketching. Rows of lean horses (some wounded), tied to stakes, are munching dry forage. Empty wine-casks serve for tables,

whereupon brown bread and black sausages are spread, tempting sous out of the pockets of the hive. In the corner is a very substantial stone police station-house—a building not altogether useless here. Everybody is so lively, that even the drum-majors unbend, and bear themselves like common mortals. A contemptuous artilleryman describes a dandy passer-by as a man with "white-bread" ideas. Heavy grenadiers chuck nimble nymphs under the chin, while the omnipresent Turcos appear to be sated with the admiration of the fair sex. We pass through a wood to the vast plain where the cavalry and artillery are encamped. The dragoons are very dignified: the guardians of the terrible rifled cannon bear themselves proudly, and cherish an unalterable affection for the guns that have ploughed up fields of living men. Everything has a nickname in France, and these guns are called Austrian Cigars. Cuirasses are being brightened for to-morrow; cans of oil are being emptied upon steel and brass; boots as tall as an ordinary chasseur are being blacked; and horses are being fed and groomed by hundreds. The steeds look lean and woe-begone, and the sadder they appear the more they are petted by their riders.

Sir Chops declares that he begins to feel feverish himself with all this activity under the still scorching sun; and he is horrified when he hears that to-morrow this vast plain is to be a desert, and that the scattered host is to be gathered together and directed upon Paris.

Dinner in a quiet room at Philippe's presently brought back the habitual geniality of Sir Chops's temperament. We horrified him when we declared that we were going, in the cool of the evening, to take a last look at the fever-spots of the Boulevards and the Place Vendôme. But it is not often that rational man has an opportunity of seeing so serious a case of scarlet fever. Every symptom becomes interesting, every scarlet spot is significant. The disease has many phases. There is its commercial phase, for instance. Were we not right in taking pains to learn that there was room for one hundred and one thousand one hundred and sixty people at the windows in the line where they would come to-morrow? Was not our severe study rewarded when we learned that a man had made a fortune by taking three thousand seats at a low price, and letting them at a high price; and that the inventor of the Venetian lamps had his crust and wine assured to him, by his ingenuity, for the term of his natural life? The coolness with which the waiter at the Café Pergod paused before our empty cup, with coffee and cream in his hands, and deliberately watched the finishing touches that were being given to the Peace trophy, was refreshing in the midst of the fever. Could any human creature remain indifferent and thrifty while hawkers were selling the Imperial infant in grenadier's dress, broadsheets of the decorations of all nations, broader sheets describing all the regimentals of the Imperial army?

The Boulevards are occupied, although it is ten o'clock, by a compact, laughing, excited crowd. Carpenters are sawing planks, for seats, under every gateway. Cabs, full of flags, with the eagles lolling out of the windows, are struggling through the throng. The Place Vendôme is blocked up. The gravel-carts are there, and three or four hundred workmen are there also, giving the final rub to the Imperial canopy. Behind the amphitheatre ladies are creeping into the houses, to remain there all night, that they may see the great to-morrow from the peep of day. Cart-loads of flowers are passing hither and thither; flushed men are buying sou cigars by the hundreds; paper laurel leaves are fetching high prices; and wild plans are being laid for securing advantageous positions upon house-tops. People who have a little forethought left in this the height of the fever, are securing sausages, and ham, and galantine. The pork-butchers are besieged. Everybody is suggesting to his neighbour that it would be prudent to go to bed early, because to-morrow will be an exhausting day. It would be prudent, but who can sleep in a high state of fever.

The wine-shops of the Halle will be crowded to-night. The gamin element of Paris will keep alive the darkness through, before the pewter counters, and over little glasses of hot wine, and savagely burning cheap brandy. The bakers will have no child's play of it, baking rolls and galette through the small hours to the chirp of crickets and the sound of distant drums. Strolling through the Palais Royal on the stroke of eleven, we pass through a group of women busily sewing Legions of Honour and St. Helena ribbons, for to-morrow's Moniteur is to be garnished with lists of men who are to bear crosses upon their breasts in token of the strength with which they have thrust their steel at the enemy.

There is a spot, however, which the fever has hardly reached, yet it is close to the Tuileries. Calm and cool as oysters, the chess-players of the famous Régence marshal their pawns and rest their chins upon their thumbs, while their opponents snap their fingers over the game in fear and trembling. We remember a gentleman who, wishing to give a select society an intense picture of the storming of Badajos, declared that, by Heavens! it was as exciting as a game at chess. We never understood the force of the comparison till now, when we see bishops, knights, kings and queens, of wood and ivory, lording it over mere human high-mightinesses, and holding their slaves firmly. In the Régence, the chess-board is not to be cleared for the field of St. Maur. The fever of the Boulevards stops at the café doors, and passes aside down the Rue St. Honoré.

We have made a vow that the midnight bells shall sound upon our tympanum through the softening medium of a nightcap. The great hotel in which we have been accommodated with a garret at the price of a prince's suite of rooms (through the kindness of a friend to

whom we entrusted the duty of providing a pillow for us), when it receives our jaded limbs is wide awake still. The waiters are frantic, the master is white hot. We are inclined, indeed, to recommend him to see somebody, but we remember how deeply that searching hand of his has dipped into our pockets, and we leave him to shout, and stamp, and stare apoplexy in the face as he pleases. Number four wishes to be woke at five; number five must be woke and have a cold bath at four; number seventeen is lying in his clothes, and will want a cup of tea at a quarter to six, sharp; number eight wants two bottles of bitter ale and bread and butter now, and eggs and tea while dressing in the morning.

"Cochons, va!" responds the dingy half-waiter, half-clerk, who is taking down these orders, that none of them may be punctually attended to.

Head throbbing, hands hot, tongue dry, we take our candle, and panting under a hot roof, we hear St. Roch proclaim the advent of the 14th.

Pale morning light shone upon dazzling dresses in the long breakfast-room of my hotel. But the rolls were only broken at the corners, the rich coffee was only sipped, in the general haste. The fever of yesterday had reached the hotel. Angry fathers were gathering stray members of their family, matrons were leaving strict injunctions about baby's food, and young gentlemen, in plaids of the Moses clan, were buckling opera-glasses busily about them.

At the hotel door a low, rumbling murmur caught my ear. It was not seven o'clock yet, and the by-street was swarming. Moustached gentlemen were dipping huge lumps of bread into coffee-cups before the cafés; others, terrible tipplers of that terrible absinthe, were mixing their favourite cloudy-green beverage. Blouses, with gaily-ribboned damsels on their arms, were stalking along the roads towards the Boulevards. Vendors of the four seasons were pushing barrows loaded with damaged peaches thither. At hundreds of windows blithe bonnes were tying Venetian lamps by dozens. The rub-a-dub of drums broke upon my ear at every corner. Policemen looked ferocious, and were frantically catching at horses' heads, as, still moving with the stream, I neared the Boulevards—Via Sacra upon which the footprints of sixty thousand heroes shall be printed ere the sun goes down! At every turn I dip under the floating tricolor, and come nose to beak with the imperial eagle. Shrill as Boulogne fishwomen's shriek when they are hawking oysters, is the cry of vendors of medals and paper crowns. Pleasant is the laughter of men and women as they elbow one another when the crowd thickens! I defy any nation to produce men who can poke more pointed elbows in neighbours' chests with better politeness! Packed in solid masses, between houses and a hedge of bayonets drawn along the kerb-stones, the Parisian may be studied to advantage. With what good humour he will tread upon your toes! How deferentially he will bar your way. How ceremoniously he will answer you when you wax a little wrath with him. There is nothing for it but to laugh, and chatter, and politely push, and ceremoniously squeeze with the rest. To take the laughter of jammed grisettes for music, and to inhale the fumes of barrack tobacco and garlic as tastes of delightful Araby! Ah, me! the sun is gaining power overhead, and the Boulevards are packed closely as a fig-drum. There is a mighty din along this broad way, mingled with the clashing of horsemen's swords, and the occasional shouts of the blouses, raised when some gaudy staff-officer, or well-known general, gallops along the cleared road between lines of glittering bayonets. Every lamp-post is again and again scaled by urchins who are driven back by the police. The balconies are alive with pretty faces, the chimney-pots are gay with the tricolor. Disderi the indefatigable is in his dark chamber preparing plates that, by a stroke of the sun, are to cast upon paper two faithful pictures of the heroes coming. Every shop-window has a splendid étalage of happy human heads. Thousands of arms bear chaplets to be cast upon the broad way presently—paper chaplets, cut in the sombre byways where hunger glares, ever ready to pounce upon a chance that holds a crust.

The sun flames upon this waving sea. The sea keeps up its music still, and steams, as it flows between the bayonets and the houses. There are three miles and more of these shouting, singing, struggling crowds. There are three miles of these lofty houses, crowded from garret to ground with the faces of men, women, and children. A broad, even line of march, with great hedges of people flanking it; with unbroken banks of armed men to guard it, shadowed by triumphal arches, and enlivened by dancing oriflammes, is spread before the bronzed host that chokes up the Quartier St. Antoine, and extends far on the dusty road to Vincennes. Little boys are carried everywhere by proud parents, beating little drums or sounding little trumpets. Three-year-old Zouaves are whimpering for galette, and a Grenadier of the Guard (who must have been short-coated for the occasion) is sucking a sugar-stick. Old men are sporting the bronze medal of St. Helena, and are the object of special veneration to the blouses. Every five minutes, "There they are!" is shouted along the outer lines of the throng; and an almost deafening roar rises, and runs along the lines, to die only in the Rue de la Paix. The minute hands of the clocks are watched; the point of distance is steadily kept in view; and men, women, and children, with outstretched necks, press towards the roads. The sun may dart his most fiery shafts upon this delirious throng; not a man, woman, or child will wince. For, glory is coming, in tattered clothes, and with rusty helmet; with Italian dust upon wheels, and the spots of enemy's blood upon bayonets; with ragged flags holding by threads to hacked poles; with the limping wounded showing honourable scars scarce healed.

Hark! the roll of drums: the thunder of the Invalides guns; the lively strains of regimental bands; the electric sounds of distant vivas! Let me escape to my window from the mad multitude. They throw their limbs about frantically, waving flowers and chaplets! Suddenly the roofs of the houses are alive. People run along parapets, skip upon chimney-pots, slide down slates, and crawl upon burning zinc, with the agility of monkeys. At points along the line women and children are squeezed through the serried lines of soldiers. The faces of all the soldiers, and of all the crowd, are turned towards the Bastille. The sun is there to which these human sunflowers open their blossom. The murmur, the drums, the music are approaching. The sounds are becoming separate and distinct, and when the opposite lines of soldiers meet in the perspective there is a dusty, half distinguishable confusion.

Yes, yes, they are coming! Oh! moment of supreme happiness! Oh! proud mothers and sisters, and wives, throw open your arms—for your heroes, with lofty step, though footsore and elbow-greasy, are tramping along the triumphal way; and every step presses a votive flower! Bright helmets gleam through the dust, the music swells, and sharp is the roll of the drums. A loud, shrill, prolonged cry greets this new assurance that the heroes are at hand. And then a dead silence follows. Every eye is searching a few yards behind the sturdy horsemen who open the march, searching for a solitary figure.

It is approaching, along a flowery way. A terrible fire of colossal bouquets from the windows, and a galling support of chaplets from behind the soldiers, makes the proud steed of the solitary man wince and caper. Handkerchiefs flutter like butterflies from every window; and a loud shout of welcome rises as the solitary man, unmoved and easy, and graceful upon his restless horse, lifts his plumed hat, and just suffers himself to smile at the tens of thousands who hedge him about, and strew the way of his dainty footed horse with flowers. He is perfect master of himself while the floral shower is at its fiercest, while the vivas are loudest. At a brisk walk his steed carries him forward between hedges of uproarious subjects. A bouquet strikes him, and he smiles; a shout rises, and he lifts his hat. But whence came all these flowers? Are the fields for miles round Paris leafless. Is Fontenay-aux-Roses without a rosebud? Sixty thousand men are tramping behind this remarkable leader: with marshals created on the battle-field, and standard-bearers still stained with the sweat of mortal strife. There will be flowers, and enough for all of them.

We can hardly believe it as we notice, following in the wake of the leader's brilliant staff, a battalion of men, dressed in all kinds of regimentals, it would seem, but so covered with flowers, from the points of their bayonets to their waist, that the regiment to which they belong remains a matter of doubt. "Long live the wounded!" shout the crowd from chimney-pot, garret, drawing-room, and pavement. But many handkerchiefs that were waving in the air a minute or two since are damp with tears now. For this battalion of maimed men trudging on crutches, bearing ghastly white bandages athwart very pale faces—with arms in slings—and one with both arms gone—this sick and faint battalion, I say, was a very difficult thing to keep dry eyes upon. Women burst upon them through the file of soldiers; national guards lift wine to their parched lips. They try hard to bear themselves lightly, and to march briskly under the blazing sun. They are conscious of the great position they occupy, that every bandage is a sash of honour—that every sabre-cut is an ornament. We are now hob-and-nobbing with the horrors of the battle-field. But the wounded are passing on their way. To the right and left I can see the army of Italy—a mile of it at a time—winding its way: lively, musical, and nimble—past tens of thousands of shouting people. In the distance the flowers fall so fast from the windows that they appear like floral arcades, stretching from the houses to the road. This is indeed a happy day. The great army, winding along, capped with sparkling steel, looks like a gigantic serpent trailing through a dark and restless bed.

Compact as a rampart stalks the haughty Guard, proud of the rusty shako and the white-seamed coat. Behind, we catch, bobbing in the distance, the turbans of the Zouaves. The excitement of the roofs and garrets is appalling. Ladies lean frantically over the balconies; gentlemen cast clouds of cigars into the open space, as the great Zouave drum-major throws his stick high into the air, catches it, twirls it round and round upon his finger, twists it behind his back, and jerks it forward over his head, all to the time of the drums, and walking at a brisk pace! He makes a great sensation, to which he appears to be supremely indifferent—just as indifferent as the majestic dog at his side is. To be the dog of the Zouaves of the Guard, is to be the king of dogs. And the dog marching before all Paris, with a decoration upon his proud canine chest, and his general military costume, is equal to his brilliant destiny. You can see it in the solemn step with which he heads his battalion, and in the lofty calmness with which he meets the cheers of the populace. The dust of Italy is upon his paws; possibly, the fleas of Italy are in his coat! He may well be proud to head the battalion that struts boldly behind him. He can even afford to look down upon the goat of the Chasseurs.

Made for fighting, handling muskets as lightly as toothpicks, self-sufficient everywhere, lissom as osiers, patient under a burning sun, and with a keen sense of the enjoyment of fighting, and the pleasure of ploughing human flesh with those long, broad sword-bayonets, these Zouaves look terrible and cruel. If we are cheering successful war, however, we must be loud, as these dark men glide lightly and stealthily past, for they are of King Death's chosen body-guard. Echoes of distant bands to

the right and left—bands going and coming, the heavy roll of the drums before us, the distant and near cries of the vast crowd—all under a sun, searing as a burning-glass, overwork the mind. My temples throb, and I am faint, and the march has only just opened! Some thousand fighting men or so have passed. Why, there are fifty thousand waiting behind for their vivas and their flowers!

I catch the rumbling of artillery. "Les Rasés!" shouts the crowd. The cannon that ploughed up the Austrian rear must be saluted. Ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs to welcome these hoarse-throated monsters! Well, it is not a time to moralise: my business is cheering. The excitement is upon us all. What with that Zouave drum-major's lusty drummers, what with the bugles and the bands, what with the shouts of tens of thousands of people which have been ringing in my ears, I cannot hold back to speculate why those rifled cannon should be cheered.

Then a Marshal of France, with one arm, a serious, sallow man, lifts his empty sleeve to his hat, as the people shout to "Hard-as-leather!" Here he is back from the war with his corps d'armée behind him, bearing tattered flags. "Les drapeaux!" shout the crowd, and then men almost fall upon their knees and worship these picturesque rags, which bring the sweat and heat of strife vividly before you. Men's eyes start, to drink in the story of every tear, of every spot, upon the beloved tricolor. Bosoms swell as the Austrian colours are borne along. Regiment succeeds regiment, all scarred and worn by war. For each there is a new welcome, and for every marshal a loud cheer and a bed of flowers. It is astonishing to find, as hour after hour passes by, that the cheers last, and that there are more flowers. And still, again and again, artillery rumbles in the rear of each corps d'armée, and the flags are worshipped, and men and women of the crowd dash at intervals into the middle of the battalions, and hug and kiss a bronzed brother or friend. Here a national guard throws himself into the arms of a captain of chasseurs; there, a blouse salutes the tawny cheeks of a sapper of the line.

Every corps d'armée has its nickname. Magenta's corps is Victory, and when proud Magenta passes, the people cast themselves frantically on his path, and worship the hero of the war. Canrobert is affectionately saluted, at the head of his corps, which is wickedly called Hope. Then follows, with the bâton of a marshal, Neil, nicknamed The Spoilt Child. Very few cheers meet him. The crowd must be hoarse and weary at last, with the shouting, the dust, and the sun, so that there is very little enthusiasm left for the cavalry, which brings up the rear; there is none left when, as the poor fellows pass, a deluge falls upon tens of thousands of unprotected people. The gamins are driven by the storm from the house-tops; the women packed upon the pavements laugh, and gesticulate, and shrink back under cover somewhere; but still thousands hold their ground in the great bath, and give a faint welcome to the dripping dragoons.

It is fortunate that the rain has come to put out the raging fever. The national guards, with the water eddying from their shakos upon their bourgeois noses, are cool enough now, as they close round the last horseman of the army of Italy, and shamble off in a broken line to their quarters.

GREAT EASTERN POSTSCRIPT.

Within the last twenty years there has arisen a new profession. It hangs upon the skirts of literature without being literature. It requires a strong chest, a power of doing without sleep, of sleeping upon shelves, stones, clay, or hurdles, an observant eye, an even temper, and a good memory. It is the profession of seeing and describing everything in the character of "our own correspondent."

The men who follow it with love and determination are not cold, calculating men; they are men who live only in action, who feed only upon excitement. They belong to the same race who have wandered over parched deserts, who have sailed out into unknown seas, who have thrown themselves amongst howling savages, who have sat over powder mines to gather information, and to spread it, when gathered, before an ever ravenous public. The risks they run are measured in thousands of pounds sterling by careful actuaries; the pay they receive is liberal, but no more in proportion to this risk than the twopence halfpenny (or one quarter of a day) which the common soldier is paid, when he storms a battery, or throws himself upon a hundred bayonets. Their enterprise is undoubted: their political economy is utterly rotten. A crown of glory is always ready for their hot and impulsive heads:—a foolscap garnished with fevers, broken bones, corns, bunions, dirt, and chilblains.

A dabbler in this eccentric profession, I speak from some experience. I began with a giddy race on a puffy locomotive, I may end with being blown out of the mouth of a cannon to describe the sensations. I have done many wild things in my time, and I am still alive to do some that are wilder. My last essay was in the experimental trip of the Great Eastern, and I have returned in the full possession of all my limbs, if not in the full possession of all my faculties.

Before these pages can possibly be laid before the readers of All the Year Round, there will not be one of those readers unfamiliar with almost every incident of the voyage. As my purpose, however, is strictly to record what *I saw with my own eyes on board the ship*, and not what was brought to me by well-meaning friends or well-instructed messengers, it is possible that my Great Eastern Postscript may not be wholly uninteresting, or without value.

The first thing that puzzled me in the voyage was the refusal of the directors to permit my

joining the vessel at her moorings in the river. I was to be tolerated at the Nore, but not at Greenwich. I had about twenty companions, who were also anxious to sail in the good ship for a special public purpose; but that purpose, it was decided by the board, did not begin until she got to Sheerness. Some of the most energetic amongst "our own correspondents" believed that the Thames, the start, and the course down the river, were things, above all others, to be seen and to be recorded, and some rowed after the floating island in cockle-shell boats and barges, while others took deceptive conveyances overland, and found themselves in Kentish hop-fields, listening to the flutter of birds and the familiar crack of the September gun, when they should have been floating on the river, and thinking of nothing but water, tar, and Rule Britannia. A select party attended to directorial instructions to deliver themselves at Stroud about four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the seventh of September, and were taken on board the small theatre at Chatham in the course of the night, instead of the great ship Leviathan, off the mouth of the Medway. Their vessel had come to an anchor at Purfleet about two o'clock in the day, and the four speculative spirits who got out at the Erith station, but took their chance of boarding the vessel, had every reason to be satisfied with their irregular proceeding. I was one of the number.

The voyage from a muddy pier at Erith to the companion-ladder of the great ship was one of some difficulty. A leaky boat had to be prepared with row-locks which were cut out of the broom-handle belonging to a Kentish Arab, or mudlark, on the beach; and the passengers were expected not only to pay a high price for the voyage, but to bale out their crazy craft with a rusty pint pot. One half of the course was performed in this manner, and the other half in a powder-barge, which came up and charitably rescued us. In a quarter of an hour more we were under the sides of the great ship, while our credentials were sent up for examination, and passed through a black hole, like a trick trap in a pantomime. This was one of the cargo portholes, we were given to understand; and it was comforting to see that emblem of law and order, a London policeman, standing in charge of this ship entrance. Though blue, he did not look naval; nor did the ship from this point of view; it had the appearance, to my thinking, of an immense floating House of Correction.

At last we were admitted, and I found myself standing, for the first time, on the deck of the floating island.

I had learnt before I started, from certain statistical records of the vessel, that her length over all was nearly seven hundred feet; that her length of beam was eighty-three feet; that the length over her paddle-boxes was one hundred and twenty feet; and that her height from the bottom to the top of the upper deck iron was fifty-eight feet; but all this gave me a very faint idea of her size. My first impression, on walking about her decks, now they were in all the confusion incident upon her first start into blue water, was worth more than all the comparisons I could ever have made from bare figures.

I was standing on a raised street that had suddenly been built in the river. I will call it Upper Thames-street. Upper Thames-street after a shower of rain, and a heavy visitation of coal-dust. There were ropes, and pulleys, and engines craning in cargo from barges; there were pools of water filled with rotten bunches of deal shavings, and chips of oak wood; there were coils of thin rope, and lines of thick rope; casks full of ale, of herrings, of ship's provisions; deep gulfs of holes gaping for trusses of bed and bedding, or for careless passengers, through the upper and lower decks far down into the base of the huge ship; great heaps of chain lying about amongst planks of wood, amongst heaps of bricks, and many sacks of potatoes. A dozen of these potato sacks took up as much room as all the correspondents who were refused admission, for the present, on board the ship, and who were running madly up and down the North Kent Railway, or dining in some musty hotel in the ancient city of Rochester.

The state of the ship at this time was a hopeless muddle. No common man on board connected with the ship seemed to know where he was, what he was doing, or to what department he belonged. Bodies of rigging hands pulled feebly at ropes, and uttered plaintive sounds, but with nothing like a will, an effect, or a sense of duty. Below there had been a grand early dinner in celebration of the successful towing of the Great Ship Company's whole capital thus far down the river, and many supplementary banquets were still being spread and devoured in the chief saloon. The enterprise was at rest, having passed all the dangers of Discount point, near the Blackwall bend in the river, and it stood motionless with its dark hull, its bare rigging, and its five short funnels, for glasses to be levelled at it from the Kentish hills, or for groups of men and women to watch as they walked along the swampy Essex marshes. Most of the visitors had departed by train to London, with a view of returning at different hours of the night. These were unruly lodgers, who availed themselves early of the latch-key privilege, and the watermen who clung round the ship, like floating barnacles, had reason to congratulate themselves on a splendid harvest.

The first great difficulty I had to contend with was to find my berth; the next great difficulty was to find a bedroom steward to help me. I was to be known by a certain number. I was to eat according to that number, and to sign wine-tickets with the same arithmetical signature. That number was 645, which represented a first-class berth, and as night approached I thought it advisable to seek for it. There was nothing very unreasonable in this, although the bewildered bedroom steward seemed to think so. If it had been any other number than 645

he could have found it, he thought, without difficulty. Would 220 do as well, or 730, or 102, or nought and carry one, or six times three is eighteen? I was sorry to give so much trouble to a man who was unacquainted with the plan of the ship; but I thought it best to seek for my proper place, having a strong objection to be turned out of bed by an indignant stranger at some unknown hour of the night or morning. The steward procured a candle, and we began to examine the vessel.

We went down a broad staircase amongst the cellars of Lower Thames-street; and we went up-stairs again, in another direction, and down stairs once more in another. We passed many carpenters, who were driving nails into walls, or sawing blocks of wood, or arranging fittings. We disturbed the repose of many jack-planes which were reclining in unfinished berths, and we interfered very much with the toilet of several workmen who lived in the places they were engaged to finish. We went into compartments containing three-shelf beds, two-shelf beds, and six-shelf beds; compartments without sofas, and compartments with sofas; compartments with portholes through which we could see the dark line of country on the river-bank, and hear the ripple of the water; and inner compartments where the bed-shelves were painfully close to the door, and the ventilation of a more than doubtful character. The bedroom steward was evidently taking his first unwilling lesson in learning the topography of the ship, and I was profiting by the same experience in a much more cheerful temper. The journey taught me that the fore-part was, in this vessel, constructed so as to be the best part of the ship; that the dining and drawing saloons were built along the centre, and that the sleeping apartments clustered in quadruple rows, and double tiers of cells round the sides of the floating island. When 645 was at last found, it was in the possession of a troop of contractors' men, who had made it so dirty, and had so perfumed it with tobacco, that I felt no desire to disturb them. If a printed notice on the door had not given them some show of authority for being where they were, they had taken the most efficient means, as far as I was concerned, to secure themselves as masters of the situation.

Once more, then, the weary, bewildered, flustered bedroom steward retraced his steps, being met at every turn by persons who wished to know where they were; who told him to put a can of water into 228; to see that no one took unlawful possession of 818; to remember that 117 was engaged for Mr. De Pass and family during the whole series of voyages; and to call 614 at six o'clock A.M., and not to forget the clean pair of Wellington boots, and a can of hot shaving-water. I began to relent in my persecution of this unfortunate servant of the company, and I took the first berth he offered me, after this, in a sort of Manchester warehouse, filled with unopened trusses of blankets under the grand saloon, the number of which was 444, an easy number to remember. Immediately opposite the door of this apartment was a large square structure, which went from floor to ceiling, and a couch upon which I saw a cool night's rest in perspective if I disliked the ventilation of my substituted cabin. The large square structure was that portion of the fore main paddle-engine-funnel, which stood between the second and third decks.

Having devoted so much time and exertion to the discovery of a sleeping berth, I was rather disappointed on finding that sleep was not an article supplied by the company on board their floating island. I am not a restless man, but I am unable to slumber within hearing of the siege of Sebastopol, the workshops of a hundred active Tubal Cains, the barking roar of some great steam monster puffing up a pipe as broad as a main sewer, the ceaseless blows of a steam water-pumping engine, and the fretful tapping of an iron chain against the iron casing of the vessel. It was not necessary to add the barking of a dog to this, except to fill up the intervals between the louder noises of the floating island.

The sights of the early morning on deck were the arrival of the pilot, as usual in a dress-coat, and the heaving of Mr. Trotman's patent anchor. Why all pilots should attend to work a vessel in opera costume, I shall never understand; but why the patent anchor should be very obstinate in moving from the bottom, is much more clear of comprehension, when I remember that the Admiralty have set their faces against it.

The obstinacy of the anchor in moving was a fault on the right side, and it gave me an opportunity of observing the working of an entirely new motive power in mechanics. It is called piccolo power, from "piccolo," a small flute. The upper and lower capstans are manned by a crowd of sturdy men, and the poles only begin to move, and the anchor to rise, when the small flute is played by an attendant Orpheus in a blue jacket. The tune is supposed by the ignorant to regulate the steps of the men, but no sensible person can be led away, for a moment, by this shallow opinion. I shall prepare a paper upon piccolo power for an early meeting of the Royal Society.

Another of the sights on board was Mr. Gray's well-known invaluable patent machine for adjusting the ship's compasses. For those who were not capable of understanding the scientific use of this apparatus, there was a Michael Angeloesque lion on the outer case, which would always be worth its cost at any Art Union in the country. To those who had no taste for high art, science had kindly addressed itself in an humble and attractive cloak, and the case of the machine was suggestive of a brass retort for brewing hot elder wine, or a highly advanced baked-potato can.

Wandering down below, I came suddenly upon a small imitation of Newgate Market, the meat-house of the floating island. It was tolerably full of slaughtered carcases of various

kinds, some stowed away like mattresses, and it showed me that only the servants of the company were allowed to set the ship on fire. Our candles were properly taken away from us, by the bedroom stewards, at ten o'clock the night before, and we were left in the dark to grope our way to our couches. Here, at eight o'clock in the morning, was a candle that had been stuck against a block of wood, and that had burnt down below the level of its dangerous socket. How long it would have been before it caught the woodwork, it is impossible to say, but I extinguished it at once, without waiting to test the experiment.

Just above this meat-house was the grand saloon, the Versailles, or rather the Italian Court of the ship, an apartment that had consumed much capital in its elaborate and Crystal Palace-like decoration, that might, perhaps, have been more navally expended. A number of carefully painted panels, divided by large plates of solid looking-glass, by the richly curtained alcove doors that led to nests of berths, and by the berth window-holes cut out of a wall of golden flowers, were very pleasant things to look upon; but the whole of this apartment was a gilded sham. It had nothing like sea-going comfort about it. Its space was limited for so large a ship, and its many mirrors were engaged all day and night in deluding the passengers as to the extent of their chief sitting-room. The couches are placed round those two highly decorated and beglazed funnel shafts, which stood at each end of this Italian Court upon the water, a couple of smiling volcanoes. As you looked in those glittering mirrors, to adjust your cravat, or brush back your flowing hair, you might have seen the dim outline of a death's-head peering over your shoulder.

Behind their deceitful faces was a steaming mass of destructive water, ready to explode at any moment. Their duty was to act as concealed funnels; their construction was to make them concealed boilers. The water constantly being passed through their outer and their inner surface (a space like that which would be made by putting a pint seed measure inside a quart measure), was a shield which protected the loungers in the ship's drawing-room from the heat of the inner, or furnace-funnel, and a feeder of fluid, at the same time, to the boilers below. This water was boiled in its progress, and passed into the boilers warm instead of cold, for engineering purposes, and the whole safety of the thing was provided for by a valve as large as a man's hand. In theory it was beautiful: in practice it has failed. From the stopping of a valve, the water-chamber became a closed boiler of explosive steam, and the result was an accident (as everybody knows) which would have destroyed the vessel but for the extreme solidity of its construction. This solidity of construction would have been no consolation to most of the passengers if the explosion had happened at the dinner hour on Wednesday, when their banquet was spread in this apartment, nor to the ladies in their drawing-room just beyond, if it had occurred a couple of hours later in the evening, when the band of the floating island was beguiling the time with a concert. The fault was a workman's fault, and upon the unfortunate workmen the full weight of its consequences has fallen.

As we passed Gravesend, on our voyage to the Nore, on Thursday morning, the whole county of Kent seemed to be assembled in piers and gardens to watch our progress. The people looked like beds of flowers as they sat motionless on the land; and the ships in the river were bending down with the human fruit on their decks and in their rigging. By degrees the two coasts became misty, as they receded obliquely on either side; and we steamed out of the river cleft-stick at half the speed of our engines, which gave us thirteen miles an hour. At the Nore our anchor was once more let go, like a gigantic diver, into the sea, with a roar like the heavy rumble of thunder; the water for some distance round was turned into a frothing well of champagne, and it was some time before its excitement subsided. Our dinner, on this occasion, took place in the chief dining-room of the ship, an apartment divided from the grand saloon by an intervening kitchen, and running, with a supplemental chamber, past the paddle-boxes, under the first and second decks and along the centre of the floating island. The construction of this apartment was, in the main, the same as that of the chief saloon; only one funnel, however, belonging to the screw engines, passing through it from ceiling to floor. The other two funnels, further aft, which appear amongst the masts of the vessel, belong to the same engines, while the two funnels fore (one of which is now destroyed) belong to the paddle engines. The dining saloon was cramped and confined, like the gilded show-room, and round the sides were the same doors, areas, passages, and windows, belonging to berths, like the lower section of any ordinary houses in an ordinary street, except that the windows were square holes without any glass in them. I passed the greater part of the night looking at the pictures upon deck—at the brass-faced moon shining through the rope ladders—at the lines of rigging which seemed to cross the hazy sky, like many rows of black rails—at the blinking yellow lights off different parts of the coast—at the silent men on watch, who paced the deck, or leant lazily over the deep sides of the vessel—and at the groups of tarred and greasy riggers, who clustered thickly round the hatches of the sea-going Italian Court, listening to the band music down in the ladies' saloon. The next night, at the same hour, the scene was far different.

On the morning of Friday, the anchor was weighed, for the second time, by piccolo power, aided and abetted by the singing of the men. Those men who were most musical were least useful in pushing against the capstan poles

with their chests, as the latter operation is not favourable to good singing. About a dozen men seemed to go round between the poles, as if they were taking a little gentle walking exercise. It is true they were nothing but mere outriggers, the regular crew having received a small payment on account, which they were supposed to be spending in the traditional sailor-fashion at various out-ports. The discipline of the ship was sheer higgledy-piggledy, and no one seemed to feel this more than Captain Harrison, who was not the commander, except by courtesy, until the vessel arrived at Weymouth. The floating island had not yet received the sailing certificate of the Board of Trade, and was not yet formally handed over by the contractors to the proprietors. For all this, the shareholding interest was very strong on board, and the visitors were told by one of these gentlemen, when a spot of ink was dropped upon a cabin table, "never to forget the fact that they were guests of the company."

The morning brought with it a stiff gale of wind, and the promised steadiness of the floating island was tested more severely than it was ever thought likely it would be in the Channel. If the shares were half as steady as the vessel they represent the shareholders would have every reason to be satisfied with their enterprise. The speed was undiminished at half power, according to the engineer's report, and also according to the pilot's measurement. The motion was nothing but a side-rocking motion, scarcely felt in the centre, without any pitching, and this is all that has been provided for by the lamp-swinging apparatus and other things in the cabins. These calculations may possibly be upset when she comes to the vexed question of the long Atlantic swell, and I leave them to the test of experience.

There was quite a little Stock Exchange on board in the persons of the principal shareholders, and operations were in all probability made as she rounded Par Point, or ploughed rapidly along the Channel in sight of the white cliffs of Premium.

If the wind has the credit of playing many strange tricks with vessels at sea, it certainly ought to have the credit of playing even more strange tricks on the deck with the passengers. It causes them to put on unsightly disguises, as if they were giving a comic entertainment, and were coming up, half discovered, from behind a green baize table in the characters of a number of those fancy creations, which must appear as strange to those who know the world as an African Earthman or a Zulu Kaffir would appear in a drawing-room. The wind not only causes such passengers to envelop themselves in transformation caps, but it alters the very aspect of their faces. It pinches up the cheeks, it reddens the nose, it dishevels the hair, and almost prevents the son from recognising his father.

A storm of rain is even more remarkable in its effect upon the ship's officers and the ship's passengers. Coming up from below, just after a sharp and sudden shower, I found the huge vessel entirely in the hands of a few oil-skin pirates. The director of the engines—the most gentlemanly of men—was not to be recognised in the black, wet, shiny, coal-meter on the paddle-box; and generally the floating island seemed to be inhabited by a race of men who were partly fishermen and partly sewer-keepers. An hour, with a little sunshine, soon restored Upper Thames-street to its ordinary condition, and brought out the Rotten-row loungers once more upon its surface.

One great comfort experienced in walking upon the deck of the great ship, was the impossibility, as it seemed, of getting in anybody's way. You might look over the side without being hauled away by a rope, or walk down any passage without interfering with the work of the vessel. Six hundred persons were said to be on board, but no one was in the least aware of it. The hardy traveller, who rejoiced in sea-legs that had never been lost, and who loved to pass his days upon the paddle-box, might have taken fifty people up with him, without getting in the way of captain, engineer, or pilot. The latter gentleman, a short, sharp man, with a very shrill voice always coming through a bright speaking-trumpet, and who was always in a restless state of movement, never complained for an instant of being interrupted. If you went to perform the common but forbidden operation of speaking to the man at the wheel, you were only left in doubt as to which man you should speak to, because there were a dozen of them. They stood directed by an officer, in a square steering-house, with windows in front, and looked like a squad of marines who were going through some exercise. There were patent indexes, and many other officers, communicating with each other along the ship's length, but you might walk for hours before they were forced upon your notice. You might wander to the large glass skylight over the engine-room, and look down on a slow-moving mass of green iron and bright, oily steel, as large in appearance as temple columns, or the Marble Arch at Hyde Park; but the working engineers were invisible, far down in the gulf of an engine-room beneath, which was reached by clean network galleries, like the staircases of a great conservatory. You might look down the deep, square stoke-holes on deck, like the shafts of coal-mines, and see nothing through the narrowing Jacob's ladder of gridiron bars but a red glare across the bottom; and hear nothing but the roaring of engines, and the ringing of iron upon iron, or of iron upon stone.

You might go to the extreme head of the vessel, and gaze at the dull, misty coast, or the frothy water, and amuse yourself with a strange upcast of wind, which came so strongly up the sides of the vessel that the weight of a child would have been sustained upon it, as a pea is sometimes blown up on the top of a tobacco-pipe. Looking along the ship from this elevated post, you saw her whole length and breadth, with her rows of boats hanging over like a fringe on

each side, her level deck, her upright masts, her restless pilot, and her more restless funnel-smoke, which was beaten down by the gale, and beaten up, and twisted about like a helpless, struggling weathercock, in all directions. The Joint Stock Company (limited) is on board, unlimited and happy. She walks the waters like a thing of life. For the present; only for the present.

The regular dinner had been finished about ten minutes; the time was between half-past five and six P.M., on Friday, the 9th of September, 1859; we were passing Hastings, and Belshazzar's feast had begun. A dozen of "our own correspondents" had remained at the table to congratulate a director of the company and a proprietor of newspapers, upon the prospects of the great vessel in which they were seated. That director had just risen to acknowledge the compliment, when death stared him, and stared us all, in the face and spoke to us in a voice of thunder through a dull booming sound, a crash, another crash, and a fall of some heavy weight upon heavy wood. A number of shrieks upon deck, a distinct shock, a shower of broken glass which fell upon our table and about our heads, a smell of hot steam, and a sense of some awful danger, brought us all upon our feet. I instantly recollected all that had ever been said against the vessel, all the monsters I had seen amongst her machinery, all the mysterious noises I had heard at the back of every partition during the night, all the gulfs I had looked into upon deck, and still I could come to no conclusion. It was not my place, nor the place of any man at that table, amongst "our own correspondents," to fear death. We were there as running historians for running readers, and it was our duty to see and record as much as possible. Any other course of action would have been a fraud upon our employers—the public.

I have no particular kind of courage. I cannot endure a cut finger; but I have sufficient nervous excitement to carry me through Pandemonium, and out at the other side. It carried me through the steam, down a staircase, into the grand saloon, which had been blown to pieces by the explosion of the water-casing all down the main fore funnel. Not a vestige of the volcano in a glass case was to be seen. The iron funnel, weighing many tons, had been shot up from its root in the hold of the ship, through the roof above, to fall across the deck, with its inner casing crumpled up like dried parchment. The hangings were torn and disordered, the floor was covered with broken glass, the barley-sugar-stick rails in some places were displaced, the carpet was rolled up and smoking with damp heat, the mirrors were either shattered or dimmed with thick steam, and the lamps in some places were broken down or were wrenched awry. The gingerbread glory of the Italian Court at sea was gone. The couch upon which I had been sitting two hours before, with my back to the bursting funnel-boiler, was also gone, but the bookcase, nearly opposite, from which I had taken a book, still remained. The chess-boards I had specially ordered for the evening's amusement in this arabesque sepulchre were overturned. The floor was rent asunder in a hundred places, and in the ladies' saloon, along the centre of the apartment, it was thrown up into a bow, and torn into shreds like the strips which cover a case of oranges, or like you may cut a bandbox with a large knife. The private staircase of this inner drawing-room was blown in all directions, together with its covered way or pavilion, which stood upon deck. Down below there was a broad, deep gulf like a sprung mine, filled with fragments of heavy timber, and splinters of wood, all torn as small as if they had been prepared for special sale. They were lying in shelving heaps against the wall, and the whole place looked like a large building-yard after a volcanic eruption. Down another gulf in the Italian Court there was a bundle of ragged planks, sticking up, in many directions, and a pair of smaller funnels, which had come through the floor of the spot where the volcano in a glass-case had formerly stood, and which were crossed like the letter X, some distance up into the once gorgeous apartment This part of the vessel was never meant for sea-going purposes, but only as a river show, and it came to a violent and untimely end.

As I was among the first in this shattered cell of over-decoration, I saw the captain's little girl hurried out of a passage leading to a nest of berths on the left, and passed on up-stairs uninjured. She was the only person in the room at the time of the explosion. Looking over the rails near the left chief doorway, down a well that had been made by the blowing away of certain skylights, I heard several frantic cries of "They're buried!—They're dying! — They're smothered!" Immediately after this about a dozen excited men began to tear frantically at a huge jammed heap of splinters, blankets, mattresses, doorways, couches, iron, and glass. Above the din you could hear the regular moans of a person in distress, and this only served further to excite the men who were endeavouring to tear away the obstinate rubbish.

"He's here!—He moves!—Heave down a rope!—Pull up a chain!—Handy, there!—He's gone!—Hah!"—and a hundred such phrases were shouted by every man below, while many jumped upon the welded mass of fragments, without knowing what they were doing. The buried man was at last dragged out underneath the heap by the energetic and well-directed exertions of Mr. Hawkins, the chief boatswain, to whom he may consider himself indebted for his life. He presented a sickening spectacle of blood and bruises as he was carried with loud cheers up the saloon staircase, but his wounds were happily slight, although he would probably have been suffocated in a few more minutes. He was a near neighbour of mine, as far as sleeping accommodation went, being placed next door but one. He had retired to his berth after dinner (as

I might have retired to mine, but for the little compliment we were paying to the director), and while there the ruin came upon him like a cloud of dust. The only trace that I could find, some time after, of my berth—No. 444—was the fragment of a figure-plate upon the main wall.

Passing on to the deck again, I met a number of stokers carefully carrying a scalded comrade of theirs, who was one of thirteen injured by the explosion through the furnace down one of those fearful stoke-holes. One man had jumped through a porthole in his agony—to be immediately drowned; and the poor fellow who was being carried along the deck was crying hysterically, most probably from fright. The whole crew, with a few exceptions, were very much unnerved. Another victim soon came along, who appeared to be doubled up, as if with cramp, but who endeavoured to walk, with a little help. I followed these men into what was called the dispensary, or hospital-hold, down a dark and double flight of steps, by the light of a flickering candle, round a corner, and between two long tables, across a lower unfinished common dining saloon; through another rough deal door, and down a dark winding staircase; across a kind of hold, up a pair of ladder steps, and along two passages, until at last I opened the door amongst the wounded, dead, and dying. It was a low-roofed, dirty, wretched place, with a small surgery at the end, and as one man was putting down mattresses, and preparing blanket-beds, another was sweeping up the shavings, dirt, and chips from the floor. It was not large enough, nor airy enough, to contain the dozen injured men, and some were placed upon tables in a hold of the vessel. A number of beds were pulled to pieces for the sake of the white soft wool they contained, and when the half-boiled bodies of the poor creatures were anointed with oil, they were covered over with this wool, and made to lie down. They were nearly all stokers and firemen, whose faces were black with their work, and one man who was brought in had patches of red raw flesh on his dark, agonised face, like dabs of red paint, and the skin of his arms was hanging from his hands like a pair of tattered mittens. He was marked early for peace and death, while the others, who have since gone to rest, were moaning, and complaining of thirst or cold, and were with difficulty kept down in their rude beds all through the bitter night. Poor fellows! they add a few more martyrs to the long list of men who have been sacrificed in the working of fancy inventions. As they lay with their begrimed faces above the coverlets, and their chests covered with the strange woolly coat that had been put upon their wounds, they looked like wild beings of another country or another world, whose proper fate it was to labour and suffer differently from us.

All through the bitter night, as the huge vessel, whose shell was uninjured, still kept upon her course to "ensure the commercial success of the undertaking" (I use the exact directorial phrase), many groups of whispering riggers and stokers were standing in corners of holds and parts of the deck, while the passengers who had lost, or who had forsaken, their berths, either walked about until daybreak, or slept feverishly upon chairs and couches, or under the staircase pavilions on deck. Many servants of the public, like myself, were busily employed in examining the results of the explosion, in eliciting the true character of the accident bit by bit, and in collecting, with some difficulty and opposition, that painful information which was laid before the public by telegram the first moment we were allowed to go on shore. To help in ensuring the commercial success of the undertaking, we were kept the prisoners of the company from Hastings to Weymouth, and we were insulted by being asked and expected to place an official report in the columns of the newspaper press, which had the singular peculiarity of concealing every particle of the truth. Having passed, by some miracle through what every competent and unprejudiced engineering authority on board declared to be the greatest explosion, considering the weights and forces, that had ever happened on board a steam-vessel, we were asked to call it "an accident," and to say that "several stokers were injured," when three were already dead, and five more out of the other ten were not expected to recover.

It is almost needless to say that such a report was indignantly rejected, and that I, for my part, claim to be considered no enemy to an interesting and great enterprise, no foe to progress, no antiquated croaker or man behind my age, because I decline to accept a purely experimental vessel, on a disastrous experimental trip, round a portion of this island, as a proved great ocean success, and because I have joined with a few others in speaking the whole unqualified truth.

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BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VI. TRIUMPH.

THE dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the gaolers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard gaoler-joke was, "Come out and listen to the Evening Paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!"

So, at last, began the Evening Paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated gaoler, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to; for, one of the prisoners so summoned had died in gaol and been forgotten, and two had been already guillotined and forgotten. The list was read, in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with, had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert, for that evening. They crowded to the grates and shed tears there; but, twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled, and the time was, at best, short to the lock-up hour, when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night. The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their ways arose out of the condition of the time. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a species of fervour or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence, some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts, only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His Judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last, was one, with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but, what he most noticed in the two figures was, that although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the Tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in its present acceptation by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved, that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back, to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off, of their own will.

The President required the name of that Citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance—until three days ago; when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but, as he proceeded, as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that, the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favour with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and a friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually), the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

Then, began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses towards generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced, than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal em-

braces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion; none the less because he knew very well, that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity, to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together, next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted, seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph, not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces, that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican colour, in winding and trampling through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court-yard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly, all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-yard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then, they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then, swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever zealous and faithful Pross who lifted her; he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"O dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her:

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VII. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

"I HAVE saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband and as dear to others as he was to her, every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoemaking, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind: not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offence to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant;

the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate, rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the doorpost down below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted, were purchased every evening, in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it), than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking, wherever we buy it."

"It will be much the same to your knowledge, miss, I should think," retorted Jerry, "whether they drink your health or the Old Un's."

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and its Midnight Murder, and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I may say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no oniony and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the long of it is, that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third;" Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Manette. Is there"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of anything that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner—"is there any prospect yet, of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Heigh-ho-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait: that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher!—Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the Banking House. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the Fairy a service.

All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that!" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing—nothing—startles you. *You*, your father's daughter?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"O father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I *have* saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the Tribunal today. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woollen shirt, said:

"You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor."

"We all know you, Citizen Doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause:

"Will you answer his question to me? How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, reluctantly; "he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added:

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The People is supreme. Evrémonde, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask Him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man Who moved uneasily on his feet, pulled his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

ABOARD THE TRAINING SHIP.

H.M.S. Britannia is now the scene of a very important experiment in naval education. On board that stately three-decker (superseded for sea-going purposes by the "screws" of the new era) all the youngsters appointed to her Majesty's Navy go through the preliminary instruction which is to fit them for active service. The experiment is new; and, before observing its method of working, let us glance at the state of things which it is intended to supersede.

Under the old régime, and during the ascendancy of what may be called the Benbow Tradition, naval education—in the modern sense—was a thing unknown. Active service was an education in itself in those days, when science was young, when literature was little regarded afloat, and when practical seamanship and simple gunnery constituted the main requirements of naval life. A boy entering upon this career was expected to know little, and knew little accordingly. What he did learn was acquired by experience, and experience was constantly enriched by war. Excepting here and there a great man like Lord Collingwood, who was prompted by the instinct of a fine genius to make himself accomplished on a liberal scale, the old school of naval officers were non-scientific, and, we may add without offence, illiterate. The practical results of astronomy, and the sciences on which navigation is based, they applied by the good old rule of thumb; and they were contented, for the simple reason, that the age really required no more. If the island was guarded, and the seas ruled, what more did they want? What more would the country have? So thought the fine old Commodore Trunnion, in whom our great-grandsires took such delight, and who were so far from being painfully sensitive of their deficiency in all but practical technical knowledge, that they rather despised everything that lay out of its range. In their eyes, the sea did not exist for the sake of the

land, but the land for the sake of the sea; it was on the whole contemptible to be ignorant as to all things nautical, but by no means so to be unacquainted with everything else.

The solid and splendid qualities of these veterans did so much for England, that it is not without tenderness that one bids their ideas good-by. But times and the peace spared nobody, and for thirty or forty years the story of the British navy has been the story of change. The world drew the service closer to it when it wanted it no longer for blockades and for convoys, and the new generations coming up modified the personnel of the profession. Then came steam, and improvements in the service of war, and discoveries (represented by names like that of the American Maury), opening to us newer and grander views of the laws of winds and ocean-currents, and the great mysteries of the deep. Meanwhile, book-knowledge of all kinds kept spreading itself through English life, and modifying it in every muscle and fibre. The service was clearly changing in spite of itself, as spontaneous adoptions of new manners and ideas showed. Was the new age to be recognised formally by the governing system of the service, or was the service to be left to itself? Here was the question, looked at for a time only by our Admiralties, presently handled with more or less of decisiveness, at last partially answered by the adoption of the training-ship system, and other innovations of which we here purpose to speak. They did not set about answering it a bit too soon, for both France and Russia had shown their appreciation of its importance in a sufficiently explicit manner.

What, then, was the duty to be carried out in reforming our naval education? Simply this: the establishment of a higher scale of attainments among our officers, by tests on entry, increased instruction, and repeated examinations. The necessity of the case admitted of no question, and not of much delay. Refuse to see that it was necessary to know more than Trunnion, and what right had you to expect superiority over enemies more accomplished than his?

So, to begin with, the Admiralty very properly increased, a few years back, the difficulty of the preliminary examination for youngsters joining. It was a farce, within the memory and experience of those who are still young men. You went on board the Guardship with your respectable parent or other persons; and full of the natural wonder of boyhood, found yourself in the ward-room. You were then asked to write a sentence or so of your mother-tongue, and if that was achieved respectably, you had "passed." For a gentleman's son ætat 13-14, such a standard of acquirements was indeed ludicrous. There is a vast improvement in this point just now. The aspiring lad must now present himself at the Naval College (Portsmouth), and satisfy his examiners, not merely that he can write English, but that he can read, translate, and parse an easy passage either from a Latin or French author; that he knows the leading facts of Scripture and English history; that he has some acquaintance with modern geography, arithmetic, algebra, and the first book of Euclid. Considering that every likely lad begins to learn at six, and that the navy is officered from well-to-do families, with the means of educating their children, we cannot say that this is too much to expect from boys twelve to fourteen. Yet a fourth part of those who come up are regularly "plucked." Do we lose much by those who finally fail to enter on such terms? We do, perhaps, lose some brave fellows who might prove good officers of a kind; but that (the test being known beforehand) we lose any number of superior capacities, is highly improbable. The answer to those who tell us that Nelson might have "missed stays" at such an examination, is, that a lad of his brains and ambition would have prepared himself, had he known there was such an inevitable trial to pass through before his early activity could get its "chance."

Once passed, the youngster is sent on board the training-ship Britannia for six, nine, or twelve months, according as his age varies from fourteen and a half to thirteen years.

The training-ship system was established by Admiralty Circular on the first of September, 1857, and first brought into play on board the Illustrious. That vessel was superseded by the larger and more convenient Britannia, under the same captain—Captain Harris—"the right man in the right place," says the "Naval Peer," emphatically; an officer, in fact, of a great deal of active service and experience, with all the knowledge, tact, and temper necessary for a post not only difficult but delicate. Let us go on board the Britannia, look about us a little, and try and form a clear notion of the work going on there.

On reaching the upper deck (we have entered at the middle deck, as is the way in three-deckers) the first thing that seizes one's attention is a bevy of lads exercising. Clad in blue frocks and blanket trousers, these youngsters are learning to reef and furl sails, some on the mizen-topsail yard, and some on the "monkey-yard" rigged for the purpose. As there is a youngster to every "top" in her Majesty's ships, whose business it is to see the men do their work aloft, the advantage of this exercise (to say nothing of its healthfulness) is obvious. Accidents, meanwhile—for the lads are very young—are provided against by a friendly netting across the poop, which would break your fall if you came from ever so far. A portion of the whole cadets now on board—a hundred and sixteen—are always at "exercise," while the other portion is at "study." For they are divided into watches and classes, each of which takes its turn at the various occupations which fill up the seven hours and a half of daily work. The general routine of the training-ship, it may be as well to state here, is as follows:

6 A.M. Lash up hammocks. (To every three

cadets there is one marine servant, who "does for them" in matters of toilet, &c.) When the hammocks are stowed, prayers are read.

8 A.M. Breakfast.

8.30. Divisions. (Inspectional muster.)

9. Instruction. Deck and practical work commences, such as we have just had a glimpse of.

12.15 P.M. Dinner. (N.B. No wine allowed, and no smoking.)

1.30. Instructions resumed.

5.30. Tea.

6.45 to 8.15. Study.

9.30. Turn in.

In the evening, there is a period of that reasonable old nautical saturnalia known as "skylarking." The rigging—away to the dizziest heights—is dotted with climbing lads, who vie with each other in feats of "pluck," and acquire coolness, readiness, suppleness, and nerve thereby.

Before strolling round the decks, it will be convenient to observe that the "staff of instruction" consists of two lieutenants, four naval instructors (a functionary one of whom is appointed to every large ship, and is often also a chaplain into the bargain), and two assistant-instructors, with French and drawing masters (unattached), who are engaged for their own branches. Knowledge of a more strictly technical kind is also provided for, there being instruction given in knotting, sword-exercise, and swimming.

In making the round of the ship, one observes that every part of it is devoted to some special purpose. Having left one batch of boys working in the rigging, you enter a cabin, and find two tables lined by other lads, half of whom are learning drawing, and the other half French. One master, pencil in hand, glides round his pupils, corrects his tottering tower, or perfects the line of his dubious topsail, and shows him what a difference skill and care make. The other takes up a youth's imperfectly pronounced French, and rings the word (so to speak) before him with the true ring of the five-franc piece; or points out its exact force in relation to the corresponding word of our native tongue. The youngsters themselves, perhaps, on the whole, the most pushing lads of their respective families (for the navy is essentially a younger son's profession), are healthy, bright, delicately-nurtured lads, scions many of them of houses that have been heard of in England long before their day. If any of them find the routine irksome at present, the best of them will be thankful for it by-and-by.

Descending from the upper to the main-deck, we find the forward part of it devoted to the messing and sleeping of the "novices." The reader has not yet heard of them; but they form an important part of the new system, and shall have a brief digression to themselves:

The novices, then, are such landsmen as, choosing to volunteer for the purpose (head-quarters or rendezvous, the Earl St. Vincent, Common Hard, Portsea), are taken on board the Britannia to be fitted for sea-going ships. They are the raw material of seamen, and the Britannia works them up into the desired article. They come from various classes of the population, a good many from the agricultural districts, which supplies the best of them. The novices are kept altogether apart from the cadets, occupy their own portions of the vessel, and are subjected to their own special regulations. There are three hundred novices of the average age of twenty-one years; but this number varies according as the Admiralty is pressed or not pressed in the manning department. Their instruction consists of: 1. Gun exercise and handspike drill; 2. Boat exercise; 3. Cutlass exercise; 4. The Second Instructions of the Excellent gunnery drill; 5. Exercising sails; 6. Knotting and splicing; 7. Heaving the lead; 8. The Manual. The time during which a novice remains a novice is six months, of which two are spent at sea in the Britannia's tender, a brig mentioned in our sketch of Portsmouth. When this experience has been gone through, he is transferred to some vessel in active service, as what is called an ordinary seaman, a rank below the time-honoured able-bodied seaman. Undoubtedly, six months must do a good deal for him; but if the time could be extended, we think it ought to be. From land-life to sea-life is a great revolution at twenty years of age.

The middle deck, to which we pass from that above it, is a general exercising deck—one, where the duties of a man-of-war's gun-deck are practically taught. The after part is devoted to the cadets, the forward part to the novices. Here is a school for the "boys" (seamen in embryo, of whom the "Britannia" has also some), and an airy, cheerful-looking "sick bay," or hospital, for the sick. Here, too, you see sundry models of the more important portions of a ship, conveniently placed for the teaching of youth. A bowsprit, accurately rigged in miniature, meets your eye in one spot; and every detail of the rigging of a bowsprit can be learned from this pretty model. By the way, why should not inventors in nautical matters—those ingenious gentlemen who are always producing new anchors, new kinds of rope, &c.—send some specimen of their work on board the Britannia? She would serve as a Great Exhibition for them, and they would exercise an educational influence on her. Let us hope that if any of these useful, and, we fear, ill-treated worthies, should read this article, they will consider our hint.

Another downward movement, viâ the hatchway ladder, and we are on the last of the gun-deck, the lower-deck. This is wholly devoted to the cadets. In the fore part many of them sleep, and, the hammocks out of the way, they "skylark" ad libitum. In the central portion is their mess-room, and aft, a schoolroom. There is only one stage more to go, and, in reaching the "orlop-deck," we exhaust them all. This deck lies below the water-line, and, in its regular state, comprises the cockpit, cable-

tiers, &c. In the Britannia, it is a sleeping-place for a part of the cadets; it contains a capital room for their washing hands, &c.; and, also, it is occupied by their chests. Whole rows of these square solid structures are there, with their little looking-glasses inside the lid, their pewter basins, and so forth; for a mid's chest is his all in all, the embodiment of his worldly wealth, and the indispensable source of his personal splendour, as important to him as shell to snail or stomach to camel!

The Britannia, our reader sees, like a beehive, has its own place and duty for every busy bee. All in order, regularity, and punctuality. To say that a beautiful cleanliness prevails everywhere is a mere matter of course, but one especially remarks the perfect ventilation, which is so managed that there is fresh air everywhere.

The education of our cadets is of a double character on board the training ship, and the two kinds succeed one another, thus varying and so lightening the indispensable routine. The practical part comprises seamanlike exercises; the scientific part, navigation, drawing, French, and such intellectual constituents of education. Meanwhile, this double activity, sweetened all through by the friendships and frolic natural to the age and mode of existence of the youngsters, all goes on under the discipline proper to a man-of-war, which, however genially and graciously administered, cannot be too rarely made familiar to those who are to comply with discipline through life. The training-ship, in short, is school and ship in one, and must give a colour to a youth's whole career. Under the old system, entering, perhaps, without any education worth having, the youngster picked up his knowledge the best way he could, and scrambled through life with no more accomplishments than would have done for the skipper of a Baltic lime-sloop. Different ideas prevail, we can assure our readers, in the services inspired by the teachings of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke Constantine, and we must meet them on the new ground laid out for us by the progress of time and change.

We have mentioned the nature of the studies on board the Britannia. We may add that lectures bearing on professional subjects are delivered occasionally, and that the ship is well supplied with the books, charts, and other collateral material of instruction.

One or two points connected with this experiment deserve particular notice. Could not the Admiralty contrive to lengthen the period of study in the Training Ship (which, in some cases, as we have said, only amounts to three months), and thus secure a real good groundwork for young officers of professional knowledge? When we remember the amount of training which goes to laying the foundations of a scholar, a divine, a lawyer, in this country, ought there to be such a huge disparity between it and the similar process in the case of a naval officer? Again, by existing regulations, any period passed in the Training Ship—say twelve months, for instance—only counts for three months in an officer's "time;" that is, in the five years which he must serve before passing for lieutenant. Is it politic to place time passed in so important a course of study in a position of such inferiority?

Some years must elapse before the full effects of the Training Ship appear in the general character of the profession. Already, however, some of its alumni have been declared by experienced officers serving afloat to "rank with their best midshipmen." It will amuse the public, in the mean time, to hear that the entire experiment has been steadily pooh-poohed, from the beginning, by certain old stagers—Benbow men—the "old school, sir"—"no nonsense, sir," class of worthies. "They don't require to be educated, sir," says Admiral Rubadub; "let them rough it—send 'em to sea, sir!" and he closes with the accustomed oath of his ancestors. The one answer to the old gentleman is, that we have no choice in the matter; that the course of events, which no Admiralty can control, has made a high education for our naval officers necessary; and that necessity has no law.

In order to prevent what has been acquired in the Britannia from being lost to the cadet afterwards, the Admiralty has not only established quarterly examinations on board that ship, but has increased the number and strictness of the youngsters' subsequent examinations afloat. Formerly, having "passed" into the service in the manner sketched above, by writing a sentence, you were not disturbed for two years, when you went through an examination (a little Euclid, algebra, &c.) not more severe than the new "matriculation" one. Four years more rolled by, and you "passed" for lieutenant, in a milder manner, as regarded science at all events, than is now known.

We have changed all that. After passing out of the "training ship" and making up eighteen months' time, our ingenuous youth passes for midshipman, his first transition out of the condition of cadet. Here, he must show that he has kept up his knowledge, anyhow. He must be able to do "a day's work" (in navigation) by tables, and to "find the latitude;" to use the sextant and azimuth compass; he must produce his log-book; and prove his acquaintance with the handling of boats. In another eighteen months, another examination waits him; and this time he is expected to stand some testing in charts, the steam-engine, and French. Finally, after five years' complete "time," and supposing him to be nineteen (a regulation naturally grumbled at by those who enter before fourteen), he comes to the great trial of all. He appears, first, before the time-honoured tribunal (familiar to all readers of naval novels) of three captains, who try him in seamanship. Next, he goes on board the Excellent gunnery-ship at Portsmouth, to pass in gunnery. And lastly, he takes up his quarters at the Naval College, Portsmouth (an institution which has done much

good in its day) to undergo his closing torture by being examined in navigation. If he aspires, however, to command a steamer, he must go through a special examination at that same college in the mysteries of steam. These various provisions have made naval life (by the general consent of her Majesty's loyal midshipmen) a much more troublesome business than it was twenty years ago. But the destinies are inexorable, and the Admiralty cannot but imitate them. After a certain amount of "plucking" you are pronounced unfit for her Majesty's Service, and turned loose, a bare biped, in the world. (What would have become of Rubadub, if his youth had fallen on these atrocious times? A solemn thought!) On the other hand, our friend is better off in important respects than he would have been at the same age twenty years ago. Promotion from mate (that is, passed midshipman) to lieutenant, is more rapid than it was. Employment as lieutenant is more easily obtained than it was. "Interest" still tells, of course. But the epoch is so serious, and a rascally press so pertinacious, that even in this ingrained abuse—the abuse of patronage—signs of improvement appear. We have even heard of Lords of the Admiralty being driven to ask good officers to open the Navy List and point out a capable man for the command of a ship there, without any reference to his "interest" whatsoever! Naval men have a kind word for Sir John Pakington in this line. May we live to see the day when such conduct will not be thought remarkable!

All that the system of the training-ship wants, is extension to the utmost convenient limits, so that its full effects may be felt. We entertain no doubt ourselves, from what we have seen and heard of it, that it will prove of the very highest benefit to the navy, and that the date of Captain Harris's hoisting his pendant on board the Illustrious will, by-and-by, prove to have been the inauguration of a new era in naval education. But we are even more sanguine than this; and we have notions on this same subject of naval education which, if they should ever reach the ears of Admiral Rubadub, will considerably aggravate that veteran's gout. We want to see not only navigation, gunnery, and such sciences—including naval strategy and manœuvring—more thoroughly and universally known afloat, but a degree of accomplishment reached, which has hitherto only been talked of as something afar off, in the most advanced circles. Many duties, other than professional, devolve on naval commanders—diplomatic, political, and social duties, of the highest consequence. Fancy all the delicate work belonging to the admiral or senior squadron officer on the coast of Italy, just now; or in China, just now; or in Central America, among susceptible Yankees, bastard Spanish republics, and occasional filibusters! Difficulties are not to be met in these times by mere headstrong Trunnion-isms, which might compromise the peace of Europe. Ought not a naval officer to know something of international law—of public treaties—of the historical relations of his own country with other countries, for some generations back? Ought not he to be capable of conducting an intricate negotiation, either orally or with the pen? It is true that there always have been, and that there still are, some officers to whom all this knowledge and ability may be justly attributed; not only, however, are such men few, but they have become what they were and are, totally independent of professional encouragement in such walks. Might not the authorities fairly recognise studies such as we have alluded to, and aim at their propagation by well-considered measures? The natural time to take them up, thoroughly, would be when the ordinary professional course was run through—when the midshipman had ripened into mate, and was expecting to be, or had just begun to be—lieutenant. What if voluntary examinations were instituted in these higher subjects for young men from four or five-and-twenty to thirty, and if proficiency were rewarded by early promotion to commands? We must have younger men in commands than we have had lately; and great part of the invidiousness of promotion would be obviated by a judicious introduction of the principle of competition. The navy is a generous profession, and honours work; and anyway, nothing can be more generally repulsive, disheartening, and ignoble than favouritism.

Those who form their notions of sea-life from the sea-novels of half a century since, will probably smile at the idea of learned study afloat. But on the whole—and we speak from some personal experience—life on shipboard is very favourable to reading. The long watches below, the solitude of a cabin, even the quieter hours of a berth or gunroom, admit of ample converse with the books; and the hours quietly spent on deck in the presence, at once soothing and solemn, of the grand old sea itself, are equally encouraging to him who would digest and assimilate what books teach. But this is not all. A naval officer enjoys many other advantages favourable to his intellectual culture. He visits some of the most important and attractive cities of the world. He has access to the people best worth knowing in them all. To-day, he is anchored off a Greek island, where there has just been dug up a handful of coins of the age of Alexander. To-morrow, he smokes a pipe with a pasha, who is secretly meditating a revolt against the Sublime Porte. In a few weeks, he will be carrying a British Minister on a special mission. In a year or two, he will be opening up an island in the Indian Archipelago to the commerce of Europe. Nothing but the stupidest misinterpretation of traditions can make out such a career to be anything but essentially intellectual, and worthy of all the culture and the grace which can be brought to it by the widest literary resources. If we are—as it is excusable in us to believe—naturally superior to our naval rivals, let our superiority now take this form. The time is come for it to do so, and foreigners are intensely anxious to see how we mean to meet the new era. Once true, in the largest

sense, to ourselves, we need not fear either criticism or rivalry from any quarter whatever; and, on the whole, one leaves the training-ship Britannia with the comfortable consciousness that something good is being done there; that there are being laid the foundations of work not unworthy of our ancient naval renown.

NOT A WHITECHAPEL NEEDLE.

In a ditch at Alexandria there is lying one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is the property of the British nation; but the British nation in general does not seem to care about it. The case is different, however, with some sections of the British public who pass through Egypt in their passage to or from India or Australia: the majority bring away a portion of this curiosity: it being nothing more or less than Cleopatra's Needle.

There it lies in a ditch, the butt end of the shaft embedded in the earth. The last time the writer saw it (not very long ago), a Briton was sitting upon it, knocking off enough of the inscribed stone for himself and fellow travellers with a hammer. The writer expostulated with his brother Briton, and reminded him that that wonderful relic of bygone days did not belong to him, but had been handsomely presented to the British nation, and therefore belonged to it. "Well, I know it does," he answered, "and as one of the British nation I mean to have my share."

An officer of the Bengal Engineers, who was coming home on sick leave, protested that the removal of the needle to England was not only feasible, but, comparatively, an easy task. "Captain (now Admiral) W. H. Smyth, of the Royal Navy," he added, "one of the most scientific officers in the service, who was out here for many years surveying, on his return to England represented to the British government that the needle might be easily removed, and at a comparatively small cost."

Mehemet Ali gave to the British this needle, and to the French the obelisk now in Paris. The latter was then upwards of five hundred miles from Alexandria. The French at once set to work to remove their gift, and, great as the difficulty was, they accomplished their task gallantly, and set the obelisk up in their beautiful city of Paris, where it adorns the Place de la Concorde.

Admiral Smyth, as already mentioned, on his return to England, called on a minister of state, and expressed regret that no steps had been taken to remove Cleopatra's Needle. He recommended that Lieutenant (now Sir William) Symonds, R.N., who was then harbour-master at Malta, should be charged with the mission, as he, Lieutenant Symonds, was an officer of great ability and energy, and not far away from the spot. The minister, rather captiously and flippantly, demanded whether an Egyptian obelisk in London would not be an anomaly? To this the admiral replied that Cleopatra's Needle in Waterloo-place, with "Nelson and the Nile" and "Abercrombie and Alexandria," would be as appropriate a reminder for posterity in London as anything that could be done by the Parisians in Paris. The conference was abruptly broken off with these words from the minister: "Oh! I dare say Chantrey would cut us one in Aberdeenshire for less money than it would cost to bring the other away." Gonnini de Manoncourt, in his Voyage dans la Haute et Basse Egypte, predicts that Pompey's Pillar will only be recognised in after ages as the monument of the French; and for this reason—that the names of the soldiers who fell at the glorious storming of Alexandria were engraved on the column by order of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Since his return to England, the writer has seen a copy of the work of Admiral Smyth to which the officer of the Bengal Engineers alluded. It contains the details of the well-known exploit in connexion with Pompey's Pillar:

The magnificent column generally called Pompey's Pillar was a severe puzzle, since no attention can be given to the vague surmises which have been heaped over its age, object, and story. Here however it is, a standing wonder; for though the moving of so stupendous a block of granite—the largest monolithic column known in the world—from the quarries, is within conjecture, yet the raising of it to the perpendicular is a mechanical mystery—a mystery still further involved in obscurity on recollecting that so vast a mass stands upon a base little more than five feet square, the whole weight having been discovered to rest upon the fragment of an inverted obelisk. The shaft—of the red granite termed Oriental—is in the best style of taste and workmanship, and almost everywhere preserves its original lustre; but the capital, of a different granite, is without polish, and comparatively inferior in taste.

The principal interest which I felt in the matter sprang from an illusive vision, namely, that the column might possibly have been a mark for the north end of the famous degree of the meridian measured by Eratosthenes, an effort as important in astronomical and mathematical science, as the Egyptian monuments themselves are in archæology. Under the influence of such a notion, and as many of the points of the survey which I was carrying on were of course perceivable from such an elevation, I determined to carry up a theodolite, and reap a round of angles from its summit. As every eye was upon all our movements, I considered that the occasion demanded the utmost smartness and promptitude of which we were capable. Every preparatory arrangement was therefore made, not only as regarded the requisite materials, but also in stationing people to the several subdivisions of the undertaking; and both officers and men engaged in the task with alacrity and cheerfulness.

In the first place, a pair of large paper kites were made on board, and the necessary ropes and hawsers carefully coiled into the boats; and when we were all quite ready, I waited on the Basha to obtain his permission for making the ascent. This, he kindly assured me, I need not have asked; but as I was about to plant marine sentinels on his ground, and it was possible that the crews of the Turkish fleet might prove unruly, I considered his sanction a ne-

cessary prelude. On his Highness' questioning me as to the safety of the instruments during such an operation, I assured him that the means of ascent should be so sure, that I should be much gratified in conducting him up, an invitation which he declined with hearty laughter. On leaving the Seraï—from a window of which I had made a concerted signal to the Adventure—I walked through the town, and on the opposite side met my boats landing. The two kites were flying in a moment, nor was it long before one of them conveyed a small line exactly over the capital. With this we hauled up a rope, and with the rope a hawser: a set of shrouds was speedily formed, set up, and well rattled down; and on the following morning I was able to place a very efficient instrument on the summit. In the mean time, such was the density or the turbaned crowd, that it appeared as if all the inhabitants of the city, and the crews of the fleets, had congregated to gaze on our movements; but they quietly toed the ring which we chalked around the pillar, and which was paced by our marines, with fixed bayonets, as steadily as if on their own barrack parade.

On descending when the observations were completed, I saw a young Sidi whom I had known in Tripoli standing in a group of Turkish officers; and, calling to him by name, I invited him to mount the shrouds. He at once accepted the offer, for hundreds of eyes were upon him; and, on his gaining the summit, the pleased spectators saluted him with a hearty round of shouts. At the request of some of the magnates, I allowed the rigging to stand two or three days, during which great numbers of the officers and seamen of the several fleets ascended; and the whole transaction passed in general concord.

Admiral Smyth, however, was not the first to gain the summit of Pompey's Pillar. The feat was first accomplished for a wager more than a hundred years ago by the skipper of an English merchantman. He ascended by means of a kite, and drank a bowl of punch on the capital! The savans of the French expedition mounted in 1798 for scientific purposes. Their ascent was also accomplished by means of a kite. In the Magasin Pittoresque for the year 1834, there is an account of this ascent, but it adds nothing to the information afforded in the extract from Admiral Smyth's work. By the way, the writer of the article gives our countrymen the following well-merited "rap on the knuckles:"

"Plus récemment, quelques gentilshommes anglais ont inscrit leurs noms ignorés, en lettres d'une longueur démesurée, vers le haut du fût de la colonne. C'est là une malheureuse habitude d'une certaine classe de voyageurs: écrivez votre nom sur le rocher dans l'espoir que quelque jour un ami viendra, s'arrêtera, surpris et ému, et donnera des rêveries, des regrets, des larmes à votre mémoire; mais ne portez votre main qu'avec plus de choix et plus de discrétion sur les œuvres qui consacrent de grands noms ou de grands souvenirs: n'en troublez pas la majesté, n'en brisez pas l'unité d'impression, ne cherchez pas à y consacrer de force votre individualité inconnue; respectez ceux qui viendront après vous au même lieu élever leur âme; humiliez votre égoïsme devant les monuments du génie, comme vous vous taisez dans le silence du temple sous la pensée de Dieu."

For the benefit of those who do not understand French, it may be thus translated:

"Of late years some English gentlemen have inscribed their unknown names, in letters of inordinate length, on the shaft of the pillar. It is an unfortunate habit of a certain class of travellers. Write your name" (if you please) "on the rock, in the hope that one day a friend, should he come, will stop, surprised and touched, and give thoughts, tears, and regrets in memory of you. But be careful how you put your hand on works which consecrate great names and great events, and do not disturb their majesty. Do not break the unity of impression. Do not endeavour, by force, to immortalise upon them your unknown individuality. Respect those who come after you, on the same place, to elevate their souls. Sacrifice your egotism before those monuments of genius, just as you would be silent amidst the silence of the temple devoted to the service of God."

It is greatly to be feared, as well as regretted, that no amount of remonstrance will ever deter some people from indulging in this miserable propensity. If there be no work of art at hand to deface, resort is had, with a diamond ring, to the glass windows of hotels and railway carriages. It is on the sly that they scratch their vulgar names on them, for, if detected in the act, they are liable to be made to pay for the panes they have disfigured. We are prone to laugh at the Americans for their passion for "whittling" with a knife. But is it anything like so obnoxious or so mischievous as this scratching of names on glass with a diamond ring?

Is it ever the intention of the British government to bring to England Cleopatra's Needle? If it be not, surely the suggestion of an American merchant, either that it be given to some other nation, or offered to some first-class showman, ought to be adopted. Why waste it, or worse than waste it? Why suffer it to lie there and be broken to pieces, and bit by bit carried off to adorn the mantelpieces or drawing-room tables of travellers who are brutal enough and vulgar enough to hammer at it? Anything more rational and more worthy of a naval officer of distinction could scarcely be conceived than that proposal of Admiral Smyth, to "bring it home, and have inscribed on its base 'Nelson and the Nile,' 'Abercrombie and Alexandria,'"—that proposal which was met by a remark from a British minister which any British Workman would be ashamed of.

If it be not the intention of the British government to remove the needle, why not inform the present Pasha of Egypt that it is at his disposal? There can be no doubt that he would immediately set his French engineers to work, and have it erected on the spot where it originally stood—the spot where it fell—and where it is now lying at the mercy of vulgar, sacrilegious hands.

Is there no member of the House of Lords or Commons sufficiently interested in this monu-

ment of antiquity to put a question to the government of the day touching its future destiny?

A WISH.

Fair tender flower sure art thou, Jessamine!
Emblem most meet of wedded Woman's heart,
That through the livelong day thy fragrance storest
Precious, within its cells: and when at eve,
Weary and faint, the toiler homeward hies,
Cheerest with stealing sweets his languid sense:
Softenest a spirit sullen grown with care
To softer meditation!
Such be she
Whose voice, if Heaven deign grant life's chiefest boon,
Shall change my now too solitary hour!

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THE FIRST.

In the year 1691, Lois Barclay stood on a little wooden pier, steadying herself on the stable land, in much the same manner as, eight or nine weeks ago, she had tried to steady herself on the deck of the rocking ship which had carried her across from Old to New England. It seemed as strange now to be on solid earth as it had been not long ago to be rocked by the sea, both by day and by night; and the aspect of the land was equally strange. The forests which showed in the distance all round, and which in truth were not very far from the wooden houses forming the town of Boston, were of different shades of green, and different, too, in shape of outline to those which Lois Barclay knew well in her old home in Warwickshire. Her heart sank a little as she stood alone, waiting for the captain of the good ship Redemption, the kind rough old sailor, who was her only known friend in this unknown continent. Captain Holdernesse was busy, however, as she saw, and it would probably be some time before he would be ready to attend to her; so Lois sat down on one of the casks that lay about, and wrapped her grey duffle cloak tight about her, and sheltered herself under her hood as well as might be from the piercing wind, which seemed to follow those whom it had tyrannised over at sea with a dogged wish of still tormenting them on land. Very patiently did Lois sit there, although she was weary, and shivering with cold; for the day was severe for May, and the Redemption, with store of necessaries and comforts for the Puritan colonists of New England, was the earliest ship that had ventured across the seas.

How could Lois help thinking of the past, and speculating on the future, as she sat on Boston pier, at this breathing-time of her life? In the dim sea-mist which she gazed upon with aching eyes (filled, against her will, with tears from time to time), there rose the little village church of Barford (not three miles from Warwick, you may see it yet), where her father had preached ever since 1661, long before she was born. Her father and mother both lay dead in Barford churchyard; and the old low grey church could hardly come before her vision without her seeing the old parsonage too, the cottage covered with Austrian roses, and yellow jessamine, where she had been born, sole child of parents already long past the prime of youth. She saw the path, not a hundred yards long, from the parsonage to the vestry-door: that path which her father trod daily; for the vestry was his study, and the sanctum, where he studied the ponderous tomes of the fathers, and compared their precepts with those of the authorities of the Anglican Church of that day, the day of the later Stuarts; for Barford Parsonage at that time scarcely exceeded in size and dignity the cottages by which it was surrounded, it only contained three rooms on a floor, and was only two stories high. On the first, or ground floor, were the parlour, kitchen, and back, or working kitchen; up-stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay's room, that belonging to Lois, and the maid-servant's room. If a guest came, Lois left her own chamber, and shared old Clemence's bed. But those days were over. Never more should Lois see father or mother on earth; they slept, calm and still, in Barford churchyard, careless of what became of their orphan-child, as far as earthly manifestations of care or love went. And Clemence lay there too; bound down in her grassy grave by withers of the briar-rose which Lois had trained over those three precious graves before leaving England for ever.

There were some who would fain have kept her there; one who swore in his heart a great oath unto the Lord that he would seek her sooner or later, if she was still upon the earth. But he was the rich heir and only son of the Miller Lucy, whose mill stood by the Avon-side in the grassy Barford meadows, and his father looked higher for him than the penniless daughter of Parson Barclay (so low were parsons esteemed in those days!), and the very suspicion of Hugh Lucy's attachment to Lois Barclay made his parents think it more prudent not to offer the orphan a home, although none other of the parishioners had the means, even if they had the will, to do so.

So Lois swallowed her tears down till the time came for crying, and acted upon her mother's words:

"Lois, thy father is dead of this terrible fever, and I am dying. Nay, it is so, though I am easier from pain for these few hours, the Lord be praised. The cruel men of the Commonwealth have left thee very friendless. Thy father's only brother was shot down at Edgehill. I, too, have a brother, though thou hast never heard me speak of him, for he was a schismatic, and thy father and he had words, and he left for that new country beyond the seas without ever saying farewell to us. But Ralph was a kind lad till he took up these new-fangled notions, and for the old days' sake he will take thee in, and love thee as a child, and place thee among his children. Blood is thicker than water. Write to him as soon as I am gone—for, Lois, I am going—and I bless the Lord that has letten

me join my husband again so soon." (Such was the selfishness of conjugal love; she thought little of Lois's desolation in comparison with her rejoicing over her speedy reunion with her dead husband!) "Write to thine uncle, Ralph Hickson, Salem, New England (put it down, child, on thy tablets), and say that I, Henrietta Barclay, charge him, for the sake of all he holds dear in heaven or on earth, for his salvation's sake, as well as for the sake of the old home at Lester-bridge, for the sake of the father and mother that gave us birth, as well as for the sake of the six little children who lie dead between him and me, that he take thee into his home as if thou wert his own flesh and blood, as indeed thou art. He has a wife and children of his own, and no one need fear having thee, my Lois, my darling, my baby, among his household. Oh, Lois, would that thou wert dying with me! The thought of thee makes death sore!" Lois comforted her mother more than herself, poor child, by promises to obey her dying wishes to the letter, and by expressing hopes she dared not feel of her uncle's kindness.

"Promise me"—the dying woman's breath came harder and harder—"that thou wilt go at once. The money our goods will bring—the letter thy father wrote to Captain Holdernesse, his old schoolfellow—thou knowest all I would say—my Lois, God bless thee!"

Solemnly did Lois promise; strictly she kept her word. It was all the more easy, for Hugh Lucy met her, and told her, in one great burst of love, of his passionate attachment, his vehement struggles with his father, his impotence at present, his hopes and resolves for the future. And intermingled with all this came such outrageous threats and expressions of uncontrolled vehemence, that Lois felt that in Barford she must not linger to be a cause of desperate quarrel between father and son, while her absence might soften down matters so that either the rich old miller might relent, or—and her heart ached to think of the other possibility—Hugh's love might cool, and the dear playfellow of her childhood might learn to forget. If not—if Hugh were to be trusted in one tithe of what he said—God might permit him to fulfil his resolve of coming to seek her out before many years were out. It was all in God's hands, and that was best, thought Lois Barclay.

She was roused out of her trance of recollections by Captain Holdernesse, who, having done all that was necessary in the way of orders and directions to his mate, now came up to her, and, praising her for her quiet patience, he told her that he would now take her to the Widow Smith's, a decent kind of house, where he and many other sailors of the better order were in the habit of lodging during their stay on the New England shores. Widow Smith, he said, had a parlour for herself and her daughters, in which Lois might sit, while he went about the business that he had before told her would detain him in Boston for a day or two before he could accompany her to her uncle's at Salem. All this had been to a certain degree arranged on shipboard; but Captain Holdernesse, for want of anything else that he could think of to talk about, recapitulated it as he and Lois walked along. It was his way of showing sympathy with the emotion that made her grey eyes full of tears, as she started up from the pier at the sound of his voice. In his heart he said, "Poor wench! poor wench! it's a strange land to her, and they are all strange folks, and I reckon she will be feeling desolate. I'll try and cheer her up." So he talked on about hard facts connected with the life that lay before her until they reached Widow Smith's, and perhaps Lois was more brightened by this style of conversation, and the new ideas it presented to her, than she would have been by the tenderest woman's sympathy.

"They are a queer set, these New Englanders," said Captain Holdernesse. "They are rare chaps for praying; down on their knees at every turn of their life. Folk are none so busy in a new country, else they would have to pray like me, with a 'Yo-hoy!' on each side of my prayers, and a rope cutting like fire through my hand. Yon pilot was for calling us all to thanksgiving for a good voyage, and lucky escape from the pirates; but I said I always put up my thanks on dry land after I had got my ship into harbour. The French colonists, too, are vowing vengeance for the expedition against Canada, and the people here are raging like heathens—at least, as like as godly folk can be—for the loss of their charter. All that is the news the pilot told me; for, for all he wanted us to be thanksgiving instead of casting the lead, he was as down in the mouth as could be about the state of the country. But here we are at Widow Smith's! Now, cheer up, and show the godly a pretty smiling Warwickshire lass!"

Anybody would have smiled at Widow Smith's greeting. She was a comely, motherly woman, dressed in the primmest fashion in vogue twenty years before, in England, among the class to which she belonged. But, somehow, her pleasant face gave the lie to her dress; were it as brown and sober-coloured as could be, folk remembered it bright and cheerful, because it was a part of Widow Smith herself.

She kissed Lois on both cheeks before she rightly understood who the stranger maiden was; only because she was a stranger, and looked sad and forlorn; and then she kissed her again because Captain Holdernesse commended her to the widow's good offices. And so she led Lois by the hand into her rough, substantial log-house, over the door of which hung a great bough of a tree, by way of sign of entertainment for man and horse. Yet not all men were received by Widow Smith. To some she could be as cold and reserved as need be, deaf to all inquiries save one—where else they could find accommodation? To this question she would give a ready answer, and speed the unwelcome guest on his way. Widow Smith was guided in these matters by instinct; one glance at a man's face told her whether or not she chose to have him as an inmate of the same house as her daughters;

and her promptness of decision in these matters, gave her manner a kind of authority which no one liked to disobey, especially as she had stalwart neighbours within call to back her if her assumed deafness in the first instance, and her voice and gesture in the second, were not enough to give the would-be guest his dismissal. Widow Smith chose her customers merely by their physical aspect; not one whit with regard to their apparent worldly circumstances. Those who had been staying at her house once always came again, for she had the knack of making every one beneath her roof comfortable and at his ease. Her daughters, Prudence and Hester, had somewhat of their mother's gifts, but not in such perfection. They reasoned a little upon a stranger's appearance, instead of knowing at the first moment whether they liked him or no; they noticed the indications of his clothes, the quality and cut thereof, as telling somewhat of his station in society; they were more reserved, they hesitated more than their mother; they had not her prompt authority, her happy power. Their bread was not so light, their cream went sometimes to sleep when it should have been turning into butter, their hams were not always "just like the hams of the old country," as their mother's were invariably pronounced to be; yet they were good, orderly, kindly girls, and rose and greeted Lois with a friendly shake of the hand, as their mother, with her arm round the stranger's waist, led her into the private room which she called her parlour. The aspect of this room was strange in the English girl's eyes. The logs of which the house was built showed here and there through the mud plaster, although before both plaster and logs were hung the skins of many curious animals,—skins presented to the widow by many a trader of her acquaintance, just as her sailor guests brought her another description of gift—shells, strings of wampum-beads, sea-birds' eggs, and presents from the old country. The room was more like a small museum of natural history of these days than a parlour; and it had a strange, peculiar, but not unpleasant smell about it, neutralised in some degree by the smoke from the enormous trunk of pinewood which smouldered on the hearth. The instant their mother told them that Captain Holdernesse was in the outer room, the girls began putting away their spinning-wheel, and knitting-needles, and preparing for a meal of some kind; what meal, Lois, sitting there and unconsciously watching, could hardly tell. First, dough was set to rise for cakes, then came out of a corner cupboard—a present from England—an enormous square bottle of a cordial called Golden Wasser; next, a mill for grinding chocolate—a rare unusual treat anywhere at that time; then a great Cheshire cheese. Three venison steaks were cut ready for broiling, fat cold pork sliced up and treacle poured over it, a great pie something like a mince-pie, but which the daughters spoke of with honour as the "punken-pie," fresh and salt-fish brandered, oysters cooked in various ways. Lois wondered where would be the end of the provisions for hospitably receiving the strangers from the old country. At length everything was placed on the table, the hot food smoking; but all was cool, not to say cold, before Elder Hawkins (an old neighbour of much repute and standing, who had been invited in by Widow Smith to hear the news) had finished his grace, into which was embodied thanksgivings for the past and prayers for the future lives of every individual present, adapted to their several cases as far as the elder could guess at them from appearances. This grace might not have ended so soon as it did had it not been for the somewhat impatient drumming of his knife-handle on the table with which Captain Holdernesse accompanied the latter half of the elder's words.

When they first sat down to their meal, all were too hungry for much talking; but as their appetites diminished their curiosity increased, and there was much to be told and heard on both sides. With all the English intelligence Lois was, of course, well acquainted; but she listened with natural attention to all that was said about the new country, the new people among whom she had come to live. Her father had been a Jacobite, as the adherents of the Stuarts were beginning at this time to be called. His father, again, had been a follower of Archbishop Laud; so Lois had hitherto heard little of the conversation, and seen little of the ways of the Puritans. Elder Hawkins was one of the strictest of the strict, and evidently his presence kept the two daughters of the house considerably in awe. But the widow herself was a privileged person; her known goodness of heart (the effects of which had been experienced by many) gave her the liberty of speech which was tacitly denied to many, under penalty of being esteemed ungodly if they infringed certain conventional limits. And Captain Holdernesse and his mate spoke out their minds, let who would be present. So that on this first landing in New England, Lois was, as it were, gently let down into the midst of the Puritan peculiarities, and yet they were sufficient to make her feel very lonely and strange.

The first subject of conversation was the present state of the colony—Lois soon found out that—although at the beginning she was not a little perplexed by the frequent reference to names of places which she naturally associated with the old country. Widow Smith was speaking: "In county of Essex the folk are ordered to keep four scouts, or companies of minute-men; six persons in each company; to be on the look-out for the wild Indians, who are for ever stirring about in the woods, stealthy brutes as they are! I am sure I got such a fright the first harvest-time after I came over to New England, I go on dreaming, now near twenty years after Lothrop's business, of painted Indians, with their shaven scalps and their war-streaks, lurking behind the trees, and coming nearer and nearer with their noiseless steps."

"Yes," broke in one of her daughters, "and, mother, don't you remember how Hannah Benson

told us how her husband had cut down every tree near his house at Deerbrook, in order that no one might come near him, under cover; and how one evening she was a sitting in the twilight, when all her family were gone to bed, and her husband gone off to Plymouth on business, and she saw a log of wood, just like a trunk of a felled tree lying in the shadow, and thought nothing of it, till, on looking again a while after, she fancied it was come a bit nearer to the house, and how her heart turned sick with fright, and how she dared not stir at first, but shut her eyes while she counted a hundred, and looked again, and the shadow was deeper, but she could see that the log was nearer; so she ran in and bolted the door, and went up to where her eldest lad lay. It was Elijah, and he was but sixteen then; but he rose up at his mother's words, and took his father's long duck-gun down, and he tried the loading, and spoke for the first time to put up a prayer that God would give his aim good guidance, and went to a window that gave upon the side where the log lay, and fired, and no one dared to look what came of it, but all the household read the Scriptures, and prayed the whole night long till morning came, and showed a long stream of blood lying on the grass close by the log, which the full sunlight showed to be no log at all, but just a Red Indian covered with bark, and painted most skilfully, with his war-knife by his side."

All were breathless with listening, though to most the story, or such like it, were familiar. Then another took up the tale of horror:

"And the pirates have been down at Marblehead since you were here, Captain Holdernesse. 'Twas only the last winter they landed, French Papist pirates, and the people kept close within their houses, for they knew not what would come of it; and they dragged folk ashore. There was one woman among those folk—prisoners from some vessel, doubtless—and the pirates took them by force to the inland marsh; and the Marblehead folk kept still and quiet, every gun loaded, and every ear on the watch, for who knew but what the wild sea-robbers might take a turn on land next; and in the dead of the night they heard a woman's loud and pitiful outcry from the marsh, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!' And the blood of all who heard the cry ran cold with terror, till old Nance Hickson, who had been stone-deaf and bedridden for years, stood up in the midst of the folk all gathered together in her grandson's house, and said that as they, the dwellers in Marblehead, had not had brave hearts or faith enough to go and succour the helpless, that cry of a dying woman should be in their ears, and in their children's ears, till the end of the world. And Nance dropped down dead as soon as she had made an end of speaking, and the pirates set sail from Marblehead at morning dawn; but the folk there hear the cry still, shrill and pitiful, from the waste marshes, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!'"

"And by token," said Elder Hawkins's deep bass voice, speaking with the strong nasal twang of the Puritans (who, says Butler,

Blasphemed custard through the nose),

"godly Mr. Noyes ordained a fast at Marblehead, and preached a soul-stirring discourse on the words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these little ones, ye did it not unto me.' But it has been borne in upon me at times whether the whole vision of the pirates and the cry of the woman was not a device of Satan's to sift the Marblehead folk, and see what fruit their doctrine bore, and so to condemn them in the sight of the Lord. If it were so, the enemy had a great triumph, for assuredly it was no part of Christian men to leave a helpless woman unaided in her sore distress."

"But, Elder," said Widow Smith, "it was no vision; they were real living men who went ashore, men who broke down branches and left their footmarks on the ground."

"As for that matter, Satan hath many powers, and if it be the day when he is permitted to go about like a roaring lion, he will not stick at trifles, but make his work complete. I tell you many men are spiritual enemies in visible forms, permitted to roam about the waste places of the earth. I myself believe that these Red Indians are indeed the evil creatures of whom we read in Holy Scripture; and there is no doubt that they are in league with those abominable Papists, the French people in Canada. I have heard tell that the French pay the Indians so much gold for every dozen scalps off Englishmen's heads."

"Pretty cheerful talk this," said Captain Holdernesse to Lois, perceiving her blanched cheek and terror-stricken mien. "Thou art thinking that thou hadst better have stayed at Barford, I'll answer for it, wench. But the devil is not so black as he is painted."

"Ho! there again!" said Elder Hawkins. "The devil is painted, it hath been said so from old times; and are not these Indians painted, even like unto their father?"

"But is it all true?" asked Lois, aside, of Captain Holdernesse, letting the elder hold forth unheeded by her, though listened to, however, with the utmost reverence by the two daughters of the house.

"My wench," said the old sailor, "thou hast come to a country where there are many perils both from land and from sea. The Indians hate the white men. Whether other white men" (meaning the French away to the north) "have hounded on the savages, or whether the English have taken their lands and hunting-grounds without due recompense, and so raised the cruel vengeance of the wild creatures—who knows? But it is true that it is not safe to go far into the woods for fear of the lurking painted savages; nor has it been safe to build a dwelling far from a settlement; and it takes a brave heart to make a journey from one town to another, and folk do say the Indian creatures rise up out of the very ground to waylay the English; and then others affirm they are all in

league with Satan to affright the Christians out of the heathen country over which he has reigned so long. Then, again, the sea-shore is infested by pirates, the scum of all nations: they land, and plunder, and ravage, and burn, and destroy. Folk get affrighted of the real dangers, and in their fright imagine, perchance, dangers that are not. But who knows? Holy Scripture speaks of witches and wizards, and of the power of the Evil One in desert places; and even in the old country we have heard tell of those who have sold their souls for ever for the little power they get for a few years on earth."

By this time the whole table was silent, listening to the captain; it was just one of those chance silences that sometimes occur, without any apparent reason, and often without any apparent consequence. But all present had reason, before many months had passed over, to remember the words which Lois spoke in answer, although her voice was low, and she only thought, in the interest of the moment, of being heard by her old friend the captain.

"They are fearful creatures, the witches! and yet I am sorry for the poor old women, whilst I dread them. We had one in Barford when I was a little child. No one knew whence she came, but she settled herself down in a mud-hut by the common side; and there she lived, she and her cat." (At the mention of the cat, Elder Hawkins shook his head long and gloomily.) "No one knew how she lived, if it were not on nettles and scraps of oatmeal and such-like food given her more for fear than for pity. She went double, always talking and muttering to herself. Folk said she snared birds and rabbits in the thicket that came down to her hovel. How it came to pass I cannot say, but many a one fell sick in the village, and much cattle died one spring when I was about four years old. I never heard much about it, for my father said it was ill talking about such things; I only know I got a sick fright one afternoon when the maid had gone out for milk and had taken me with her, and we were passing a meadow where the Avon, circling, makes a deep round pool, and there was a crowd of folk, all still—and a still, breathless crowd makes the heart beat worse than a shouting, noisy one. They were all gazing towards the water, and the maid held me up in her arms to see the sight above the shoulders of the people; and I saw old Hannah in the water, her grey hair all streaming down her shoulders, and her face bloody and black with the stones and the mud they had been throwing at her, and her cat tied round her neck. I hid my face, I know, as soon as I saw the fearsome sight, for her eyes met mine as they were glaring with fury—poor, helpless, baited creature!—and she caught the sight of me, and cried out, 'Parson's wench, parson's wench, yonder, in thy nurse's arms, thy dad hath never tried for to save me, and none shall save thee when thou art brought up for a witch.' Oh! the words rang in my ears when I was dropping asleep for years after. I used to dream that I was in that pond, all men hating me with their eyes because I was a witch; and, at times, her black cat used to seem living again, and say over those dreadful words."

Lois stopped; the two daughters looked at her excitement with a kind of shrinking surprise, for the tears were in her eyes. Elder Hawkins shook his head, and muttered texts from Scripture; but cheerful Widow Smith, not liking the gloomy turn of the conversation, tried to give it a lighter cast by saying, "And I don't doubt but what the parson's bonny lass has bewitched many a one since with her dimples and her pleasant ways—eh, Captain Holdernesse? It's you must tell us tales of this young lass's doings in England."

"Ay, ay," said the captain, "there's one under her charms in Warwickshire who will never get the better of it, I'm thinking."

Elder Hawkins rose to speak; he stood leaning on his hands, which were placed on the table: "Brethren," said he, "I must upbraid you if ye speak lightly; charms and witchcraft are evil things. I trust this maiden hath had nothing to do with them, even in thought. But my mind misgives me at her story. The hellish witch might have power from Satan to infect her mind, she being yet a child, with the deadly sin. Instead of vain talking, I call upon you all to join with me in prayer for this stranger in our land, that her heart may be purged from all iniquity. Let us pray."

"Come, there's no harm in that," said the captain; "but, Elder Hawkins, when you are at work, just pray for us all, for I am afeard there be some of us need purging from iniquity a good deal more than Lois Barclay, and a prayer for a man never does mischief."

Captain Holdernesse had business in Boston which detained him there for a couple of days, and during that time Lois remained with the Widow Smith, seeing what was to be seen of the new land that contained her future home. The letter of her dying mother was sent off to Salem, meanwhile, by a traveller going thither, in order to prepare her Uncle Ralph Hickson for his niece's coming as soon as Captain Holdernesse could find leisure to take her; for he considered her given into his own personal charge until he could consign her to her uncle's care. When the time came for going to Salem, Lois felt very sad at leaving the kindly woman under whose roof she had been staying, and looked back as long as she could see anything of Widow Smith's dwelling. She was packed into a rough kind of country cart which just held her and Captain Holdernesse beside the driver. There was a basket of provisions under their feet, and behind them hung a bag of provender for the horse; for it was a good day's journey to Salem, and the road was reputed so dangerous that it was ill tarrying a minute longer than necessary for refreshment. English roads were bad enough at that period and for long after, but in America the way was simply the cleared ground of the forest; the stumps of the felled trees still remaining in the direct line, forming obstacles, which it required the most careful driving to avoid; and in the hollows, where the

ground was swampy, the pulpy nature of it was obviated by logs of wood laid across the boggy part. The deep green forest, tangled into heavy darkness even thus early in the year, came within a few yards of the road all the way, although efforts were regularly made by the inhabitants of the neighbouring settlements to keep a certain space clear on each side for fear of the lurking Indians, who might otherwise come upon them unawares. The cries of strange birds, the unwonted colour of some of them, all suggested to the imaginative or unaccustomed traveller the idea of war-whoops and painted deadly enemies. But at last they drew near to Salem, which rivalled Boston in size in those days, and boasted the name of one or two streets, although to an English eye they looked rather more like irregularly built houses, clustered round the meeting-house, or rather one of the meeting-houses, for a second was in process of building. The whole place was surrounded with two circles of stockades; between the two were the gardens and grazing ground for those who dreaded their cattle straying into the woods, and the consequent danger of reclaiming them.

The lad who drove them flogged his spent horse into a trot as they went through Salem to Ralph Hickson's house. It was evening, the leisure time for the inhabitants, and their children were at play before the houses. Lois was struck by the beauty of one wee toddling child, and turned to look after it; it caught its little foot in a stump of wood, and fell with a cry that brought the mother out in affright. As she ran out, her eye caught Lois's anxious gaze, although the noise of the heavy wheels drowned the sound of her words of inquiry as to the nature of the hurt the child had received. Nor had Lois time to think long upon the matter, for the instant after, the horse was pulled up at the door of a good, square, substantial, wooden house, plastered over into a creamy white, perhaps as handsome a house as any in Salem; and there she was told by the driver that her uncle, Ralph Hickson, lived. In the flurry of the moment she did not notice, but Captain Holdernesse did, that no one came out at the unwonted sound of wheels, to receive and welcome her. She was lifted down by the old sailor, and led into a large room, almost like the hall of some English manor-house as to size. A tall, gaunt young man of three or four and twenty sat on a bench by one of the windows, reading a great folio by the fading light of day. He did not rise when they came in, but looked at them with surprise, no gleam of intelligence coming into his stern, dark face. There was no woman in the house-place. Captain Holdernesse paused a moment, and then said:

"Is this house Ralph Hickson's?"

"It is," said the young man, in a slow, deep voice. But he added no word further.

"This is his niece, Lois Barclay," said the captain, taking the girl's arm, and pushing her forwards. The young man looked at her steadily and gravely for a minute; then rose, and carefully marking the page in the folio which hitherto had lain open upon his knee, said, still in the same heavy, indifferent manner, "I will call my mother, she will know."

He opened a door which looked into a warm bright kitchen, ruddy with the light of the fire over which three women were apparently engaged in cooking something, while a fourth, an old Indian woman, of a greenish brown colour, shrivelled up and bent with apparent age, moved backwards and forwards, evidently fetching the others the articles they required.

"Mother," said the young man; and having arrested her attention, he pointed over his shoulder to the newly arrived strangers, and returned to the study of his book, from time to time, however, furtively examining Lois from beneath his dark shaggy eyebrows.

A tall, largely made woman, past middle life, came in from the kitchen, and stood reconnoitring the strangers.

Captain Holdernesse spoke.

"This is Lois Barclay, Master Ralph Hickson's niece."

"I know nothing of her," said the mistress of the house, in a deep voice, almost as masculine as her son's.

"Master Hickson received his sister's letter, did he not? I sent it off myself by a lad named Elias Wellbeloved, who left Boston for this place yester morning."

"Ralph Hickson has received no such letter. He lies bedridden in the chamber beyond. Any letters for him must come through my hands; wherefore I can affirm with certainty that no such letter has been delivered here. His sister Barclay, she that was Henrietta Hickson, and whose husband took the oaths to Charles Stuart, and stuck by his living when all godly men left theirs——"

Lois, who had thought her heart was dead and cold a minute before at the ungracious reception she had met with, felt words come up into her mouth at the implied insult to her father, and spoke out, to her own and the captain's astonishment:

"They might be godly men who left their churches on that day of which you speak, madam; but they alone were not the godly men, and no one has a right to limit true godliness for mere opinion's sake."

"Well said, lass," spoke out the captain, looking round upon her with a kind of admiring wonder, and patting her on the back.

Lois and her aunt gazed into each other's eyes unflinchingly for a minute or two of silence; but the girl felt her colour coming and going while the elder woman's never varied; and the eyes of the young maiden were filling fast with tears, while those of Grace Hickson kept on their stare, dry and unwavering.

"Mother!" said the young man, rising up with a quicker motion than any one had yet used in this house, "it is ill speaking of such matters when my cousin comes first among us. The Lord may give her grace hereafter, but he has travelled from Boston city to-day, and she and this seafaring man must need rest and food."

He did not attend to see the effect of his words, but sat down again, and seemed to be absorbed in his book in an instant. Perhaps he knew that his word was law with his grim mother, for he had hardly ceased speaking before she had pointed to a wooden settle; and smoothing the lines on her countenance, she said, "What Manasseh says is true. Sit down here, while I bid Faith and Nattee get food ready; and meanwhile I will go tell my husband that one who calls herself his sister's child is come over to pay him a visit."

She went to the door leading into the kitchen, and gave some directions to the elder girl, whom Lois now knew to be the daughter of the house. Faith stood impassive, while her mother spoke, scarcely caring to look at the newly arrived strangers. She was like her brother Manasseh in complexion, but had handsomer features, and large, mysterious-looking eyes, as Lois saw, when once she lifted them up, and took in, as it were, the aspect of the sea-captain and her cousin with one swift searching look. About the stiff, tall, angular mother, and the scarce less pliant figure of the daughter, a girl of twelve years old, or thereabouts, played all manner of impish antics, unheeded by them, as if it were her accustomed habit to peep about, now under their arms, now at this side, now at that, making grimaces all the while at Lois and Captain Holdernesse, who sat facing the door, weary, and somewhat disheartened by their reception. The captain pulled out tobacco, and began to chew it by way of consolation; but in a moment or two his usual elasticity of spirit came to his rescue, and he said in a low voice to Lois:

"That scoundrel Elias, I will give it him! If the letter had but been delivered thou wouldst have had a different kind of welcome; but as soon as I have had some victuals I will go out and find the lad, and bring back the letter, and that will make all right, my wench. Nay, don't be down-hearted, for I cannot stand women's tears. Thou'rt just worn out with the shaking and the want of food."

Lois brushed away her tears, and looking round to try and divert her thoughts by fixing them on present objects, she caught her cousin Manasseh's deep-set eyes furtively watching her. It was with no unfriendly gaze, yet it made Lois uncomfortable, particularly as he did not withdraw his looks after he must have seen that she observed him. She was glad when her aunt called her into an inner room to see her uncle, and she escaped from the steady observance of her gloomy, silent cousin.

Ralph Hickson was much older than his wife, and his illness made him look older still. He had never had the force of character that Grace, his spouse, possessed, and age and indisposition had now rendered him almost childish at times. But his nature was affectionate, and stretching out his trembling arms from where he lay bedridden, he gave Lois an unhesitating welcome, never waiting for the confirmation of the missing letter before he acknowledged her to be his niece.

"Oh! 'tis kind in thee to come all across the sea to make acquaintance with thine uncle; kind in Sister Barclay to spare thee!"

Lois had to tell him that there was no one living to miss her at home in England; that in fact she had no home in England, no father nor mother left upon earth; and that she had been bidden by her mother's last words to seek him out, and ask him for a home. Her words came up, half choked, from a heavy heart, and his dulled wits could not take their meaning in without several repetitions; and then he cried like a child, rather at his own loss of a sister, whom he had not seen for more than twenty years, than at that of the orphan's standing before him, trying hard not to cry, but to start bravely in this new strange home. What most of all helped Lois in her self-restraint was her aunt's unsympathetic look. Born and bred in New England, Grace Hickson had a kind of jealous dislike to her husband's English relations, which had increased since of late years his weakened mind yearned after them, and he forgot the good reason he had had for his self-exile, and moaned over the decision which had led to it as the great mistake of his life. "Come," said she, "it strikes me that in all this sorrow for the loss of one who died full of years ye are forgetting in Whose hands life and death are!"

True words, but ill-spoken at that time. Lois looked up at her with a scarcely disguised indignation; which increased as she heard the contemptuous tone in which her aunt went on talking to Elias Hickson, even while she was arranging his bed with a regard to his greater comfort.

"One would think thou wert a godless man by the moan thou art always making over spilt milk, and truth is, thou art but childish in thine old age. When we were wed, thou left all things to the Lord; I would never have married thee else. Nay, lass," said she, catching the expression on Lois's face, "thou art never going to browbeat me with thine angry looks. I do my duty as I read it, and there is never a man in Salem that dare speak a word to Grace Hickson about either her works or her faith. Godly Mr. Cotton Mather hath said that even he might learn of me; and I would advise thee rather to humble thyself, and see if the Lord may not convert thee from thy ways, since he has sent thee to dwell, as it were, in Zion, where the precious dew falls daily on Aaron's beard."

Lois felt ashamed and sorry to find that her aunt had so truly interpreted the momentary expression of her features; she blamed herself a little for the feeling that had caused that expression, trying to think how much her aunt might have been troubled with something before the unexpected irruption of the strangers, and again hoping that the remembrance of this little misunderstanding would soon pass away. So she endeavoured to reassure herself, and not to give way at her uncle's tender trembling pressure of her hand, as, at her aunt's bidding, she wished him good night, and returned into the outer, or

"keeping"-room, where all the family were now assembled, ready for the meal of flour cakes and venison-steaks which Nattee, the Indian servant, was bringing in from the kitchen. No one seemed to have been speaking to Captain Holdernesse while Lois had been away. Manasseh sat quiet and silent where he did, with the book open upon his knee, his eyes thoughtfully fixed on vacancy, as if he saw a vision, or dreamed dreams. Faith stood by the table, lazily directing Nattee in her preparations; and Prudence lolled against the door-frame, between kitchen and keeping-room, playing tricks on the old Indian woman as she passed backwards and forwards, till Nattee appeared to be in a strong state of expressed irritation, which she tried in vain to repress, as whenever she showed any sign of it Prudence only seemed excited to greater mischief. When all was ready, Manasseh lifted his right hand, and "asked a blessing," as it was termed; but the grace became a long prayer for abstract spiritual blessings, for strength to combat Satan, and to quench his fiery darts, and at length assumed, so Lois thought, a purely personal character, as if the young man had forgotten the occasion, and even the people present, but was searching into the nature of the diseases that beset his own sick soul, and spreading them out before the Lord. He was brought back by a pluck at the coat from Prudence; he opened his shut eyes, cast an angry glance at the child, who made a face at him for all reply, and then he sat down, and they all fell to. Grace Hickson would have thought her hospitality sadly at fault if she had allowed Captain Holdernesse to go out in search of a bed. Skins were spread for him on the floor of the keeping-room; a Bible, and a square bottle of spirits were placed on the table to supply his wants during the night; and in spite of all the cares and troubles, temptations, or sins of the members of that household, they were all asleep before the town-clock struck ten.

In the morning, the captain's first care was to go out in search of the boy Elias, and the missing letter. He met the boy bringing it with an easy conscience, for, thought Elias, a few hours sooner or later will make no difference; to-night or the morrow morning will be all the same. But he was startled into a sense of wrong-doing by a sound box on the ears from the very man who had charged him to deliver it speedily, and whom he believed to be at that very moment in Boston city.

The letter delivered, all possible proof being given that Lois had a right to claim a home from her nearest relations, Captain Holdernesse thought it best to take leave.

"Thou'lt take to them, lass, maybe, when there is no one here to make thee think on the old country. Nay, nay! parting is hard work at all times, and best get hard work done out of hand. Keep up thine heart, my wench, and I'll come back and see thee next spring, if we are all spared till then; and who knows what fine young miller mayn't come with me? Don't go and get wed to a praying Puritan, meanwhile. There, there—I'm off! God bless thee!"

And Lois was left alone in New England.

AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

It is a pleasant way of the world that little can be done without enthusiasm. Though a work-a-day world full of men always afoot, and treading down the new thoughts of to-day into the common-places of to-morrow; though a prosy world, of which most inmates are content simply to jog along roads made by the few and accepted by the many, can never be a dull world. There may be a great many dull people in the numerous constituency by which representative men are placed in their seats; but a representative man, be he wise or stupid, can on no account be dull, though he may be, to an unlimited extent, ridiculous. When some new thought has to be pushed into notice, it is requisite that, by it and about it, the discoverer should, more or less, be crazed. The balance of his mind must be so far overturned as to ensure his belief in the paramount importance of the one particular idea. He must dream of it when sleeping, and discourse on it waking, in the street or the house, sitting or standing, riding or walking, full or hungry, in presence of one torpid listener or of an eager crowd, he must pound up his idea with his talk, so that whatever word he shall speak smells and tastes of it. Let the judge of a work pray for a well-balanced mind; but let the doer thereof put his whole weight on the top, and leave for the time being all the rest of the earth's inhabitants alone to manage all the rest of their affairs.

Thus it happens that there is a side from which almost every original man who has a special work of his own finding to do and means to do it, may be met with ridicule. Enthusiasm implies want of balance in the mind, yet the world's work is only to be done by help of enthusiasm. Every great teacher, every great inventor, has been an enthusiast.

Herr Johannes Ronge and Madame, his wife, are known as enthusiasts for the introduction into this country of Froebel's system of infant gardens. They uphold their system as if mothers could not love their children without Froebel's help, and as if there were no gate into intellectual life, so truly the Gate Beautiful, as that which is built by "stick-laying, plaiting, and pea work." The young they teach, and, to the old, they preach. They are not idle for an hour; they look at nothing but the work before them. Let each bride take from them as her dowry a few large intersected dice, a box of matches, wanting only phosphorus and sulphur to become to the outward eye as to the wit they are already, lucifers; add hereunto a quire of coloured paper, a handful of clay, and a plate of peas; let her receive these gifts with understanding, and the burden of men's lives will become light, all children will presently be joyous, and all men and women wise.

The gifts, however, are to be received with understanding; there must be a certain soul

put into the sticks and straws, that are the material part of a child's education. Take away the animating mind, and there is nothing that we may not laugh at in the mechanical part of the Infant Garden system. On the other hand there is a class of sincere men who, looking to its spirit only, grieve over it as godless, because it does not recognise original corruption in the child. Froebel and his disciples have based all their labour on a love of children, like that of the Master who set up a little child as pattern to us. Heresy or not, faith in the child, and a firm trust in its natural affections, are at the bottom of the doctrine which it is the business of the Herr and the Frau Ronge to disseminate in England. We are to put our hearts into the belief that every child is sent from Heaven, which appoints for it a first school upon earth, in the mother's lap and by the mother's knee. We are called upon to assent, not passively, but actively, to the fact that mothers have to begin the education of mankind —that all mothers are teachers of evil if not of good. Women have an instinct for teaching given to them. The little girl in the nursery is quite ready to set herself up as guide and monitress to brothers two or three years older than herself; girls become mentors at a very early age, and how many husbands are kept in good order by the love of training that is in the nature of their wives! It makes of the ill-natured and ill-bred, a scold or a busybody; but of a right woman the wholesomest of friends. According to the promoters of the Infant Gardens, "woman's mission" is to teach. The unmarried may help the married. If any unmarried woman can say that she does not like children, or that she finds teaching irksome, then there must have been some great defect in her own education; perhaps, also, she does not attempt to teach in the right manner, or her efforts are not met in the right spirit by those whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it ought to be, to encourage her with helpful ways and thankful words. If, indeed, the mother herself were always the first teacher of good to a child, she would know what love and happy patience any woman must use who attempts to aid her in her office; she would know that the value of a teacher is not tested by the accuracy of her French pronunciation, or the firmness of her touch on a piano. The question is, what is her touch upon that most exquisite of instruments, the heart of a young child? For upon that there is no hour of the day in which she does not play, and she had better break every string in the piano than put that out of tune by her unskilful handling. But where so much of the skill is simply love and the calm womanly instinct that reaches to as good conclusions as the best male treatise upon ethics, it must be the height of stupidity in any mother who has called for woman's help in education of her children, to chill in that woman the impulses of love, to wound the instincts on whose healthy action the well-being of her little ones depends.

The promoters of the Infant Gardens bid us trust in mothers, and endeavour to show girls the way to a sort of knowledge that shall make them in due time able to give thorough help to children of their own. Therefore, they are beginning to associate with their infant training system, Higher Schools and Ladies' Schools.

Fourteen years ago, Herr Ronge first organised schools in Germany upon the principle of direct co-operation between parents and teachers. During the first four years of his labour, that is to say, until the year 'forty-nine, many such schools were formed, especially in the large towns where there were Reform Communities bent upon developing in every way their guiding principle. Teacher and reformer were alike bent upon respecting the individual character of every one, and removing all unjust restraints upon its growth. With more or less of zeal, they strove in Germany against the Jesuit and the diplomatist, whose care it was to trim men closely to one pattern in the Church and in the State. Against the astuteness of these people, the new school of teachers proposed to bring into action something more invincible than they—a simple mother's love. It was said, Let mothers but know how to watch over the free and wholesome energy of children's minds; let little ones be trained to freedom in their earliest movements, and taught to acquire their earliest ideas by thinking for themselves; let them be, in the child's way, active and reasonable, and in their manhood who shall make them slaves? Therefore, these German Reform Communities were at the same time educational societies; each of them had a yearly election of its managing committee, and a quarterly meeting for report and discussion. There were founded also by Herr Ronge, Ladies' Societies composed of mothers who were not disposed or able to join any association having objects more remote than the immediate training of the young. The establishing of some very excellent schools was the result of these efforts.

There followed the reaction of the year 'fifty and Herr Ronge's exile. He brought his good thoughts with him to England, and his energy never abated. There was a new language to learn and an old effort to maintain by help of it. Avoiding all that was sectarian in its form, regarding it purely in Froebel's light as a means of bringing women and young children into the happiest and wholesomest relations with each other as teachers and taught, the sturdy labourer for genuine and individual development of every mind, became our apostle of the Kindergarten system, with his wife at his right hand helping him with all a woman's tact, and with much more than average ability. It is she who has conspicuously shown, by successful practice, the good sense of the educational doctrine that her husband has so long been preaching.

After a couple of years' effort with his English Kindergarten, Mr. Ronge proceeded to another part of his old scheme and organised, in 'fifty-three, a religious Reform Community; the members of which yielded a working committee after a few months. This committee helped in the foundation of a training school, but as the special aim of its religious effort is to be itself of no

sect, and to favour to the utmost free growth among men in heart, and mind, and soul—to cherish a sound spirit of inquiry under a firm trust in the Divine goodness—it is not likely to preach any religious doctrine that will be regarded, outside the pale of the Roman Church, as heresy in England. The parents of the children in the Kindergarten schools are their committees, which have stated periods of meeting, and an active oversight over all details of instruction.

In Manchester, the Kindergarten system has been received with emphatic favour. There is a successful Kindergarten and a training school; it is expected, also, that new schools upon this principle will be established there before the setting in of winter. Ladies of the best families have sought and obtained from Madame Ronge private instruction in a system of education curiously fitted to develop happily the minds of little people in accordance with the instincts that were certainly not given to be defied and crushed. They have obtained its help for their own nurseries, not willing to delegate wholly to strangers one of the first duties of the mother. Many governesses, also, have been trained, and for many more the ready means of training are provided. It is accepted widely among the best recommendations of a nursery governess that she takes pleasure in her work, and has been studying the Kindergarten system. In Leeds and other large towns the new method has been received with favour. Books and apparatus for the Kindergarten have been ordered for the most distant colonies—they have been sent to India and to Australia; they are used in teaching children of the poor, they have been supplied, also, to the royal nursery.

To the teachers' classes in Tavistock-place it is proposed now to add, as further development of the original plan, a high school for young ladies. Literature, science, and the peculiar duties of a woman's life, will be remembered in the discipline. Even in the scheme of this school, also, stress is laid upon the active management of parents. Throughout the system there is shown a strong desire to break down the old faith of parents that a son or a daughter, sent to school, is, as to that matter, done with till the holidays. Everything is made to tend towards a closer knitting of the household bond. There is full honour of the nature of the young, earnest desire for the free growth of all good energies that they possess, and a solemn, constant recognition of the relation between parent and child, which, after all, is that of a teacher and a pupil in its highest and best—or in its worst—human form.

CARTOUCHE ON THE STAGE.

The famous Parisian robber, Cartouche, has several times been produced upon the French stage. His last appearance was at the Ambigu-Comique, in a five-act drama by Messieurs Dennery and Dugué, the hero of which might just as well have been denominated Fra Diavolo or Jose-Maria. The piece may have brought money into the treasury, but it was utterly at variance with truth, and even with probability. The real Cartouche was a little, thin, wiry, leathery man, not five feet high; the stage Cartouche was Frederick Lemaître in all the fulness of his proportions and the force of his lungs. In the three hundred and sixty-six files of papers which have been preserved relative to Cartouche's band of robbers, mention is made of very diverse objects stolen—only once of a stolen watch. Doubtless, watches existed at that epoch (seventeen hundred and twenty-one), but they were very rare. Geneva was then sole watchmaker to the universe, and did not turn out more than five thousand watches a year. The first scene of M. Dennery's Cartouche opens with the theft of a watch. The dramatis personæ are made to observe that the brigand chief is always punctual, because he wears the best of watches. Watches are alluded to twenty times in the play. In the sixth scene, Cartouche comes back from London, where he never set foot; and he talks of nabobs at a period when both the word and the thing had no existence. Another character asks the way to the barracks (still in seventeen hundred and twenty-one); he might as well have asked the way to the railway station.

A strong protest has been lately made against these and other anachronisms and absurdities, by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who has written an authentic and exceedingly interesting history of Cartouche (Cartouche, Histoire Authentique), founded on six months' labour, devoted to the consultation of original documents in the libraries and archives of Paris. M. Maurice not only gives us a most striking sketch of the state of society at that epoch in the French capital, but he also acquaints us with the very curious means employed, while Cartouche was still a living and a breathing man, to set his image on the stage with perfect exactness.

It should be premised that, at that date, criminals were very easily visited; if they were great criminals, it was the fashion to visit them. Their friends, acquaintances, or well-wishers, came backwards and forwards to see them and bring them presents of money and other means of creature-comfort. Great ladies were not deterred by any nice scruples from going, or sending, to imprisoned murderers. Cartouche did not want for visitors, and especially for visitresses. Every lady who had any connexion with the court, slight or intimate, every lady who had the good luck to be acquainted with a counsellor, an attorney, or a huissier or bailiff, solicited, and sometimes paid dear for, the favour of seeing Cartouche in his dungeon. He was the lion of the day, but the lion in chains. It is stated that the Regent himself came, dressed up like a coarse wholesale dealer; which did not prevent Cartouche from recognising him, if only from the obsequious politeness of the gaoler and the turnkeys. Madame la Maréchale de Boufflers also paid him a visit, and gave him eight-and-forty francs, an odd sum in every sense of the word, and little enough for her to offer, seeing that she had

received considerably more than its equivalent. With this lady's visit is connected an episode.

Apocryphal biographers, speaking of Cartouche's amours, gave him credit for finding favour with some few ladies of rank; for which the only real approach to a foundation is his adventure with this very Madame de Boufflers. Towards the close of his career, when he was at the height of his glory, and consequently exposed to the greatest dangers, Cartouche was so hunted and harassed by his pursuers, that he knew not where to lay his head. With hundreds of thousands of francs at his disposal, a safe bed was often next to impossible to find: hence various expedients to obtain a night's lodging.

In the July which preceded his execution in November, Madame de Boufflers, residing in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, had left her bedroom window open on account of the heat, and was proceeding to undress for the night. Suddenly, without being warned by the slightest noise, she beheld a young man—Cartouche's career was cut short at twenty-eight—dressed in the height of fashion, climb over the balcony and jump into the chamber, exactly like a lover at the Opéra-Comique. At first, the great lady mistook the character of her visitor.

"Monsieur—what is the meaning of—this strange proceeding?"

"A thousand pardons, Madame la Maréchale; I am certain that you are acquainted with me—at least by reputation. You see before you Louis-Dominique Cartouche; you will excuse my entering into any further particulars. And now, attention: not a word, not a motion! I have entered alone, but your hotel is surrounded in all directions. Nevertheless, you have nothing to fear; it is no evil design which has brought me to your house. I only wish to become your debtor for a twofold benefit—for a good supper and the pleasure of sleeping in a good bed, which is a pleasure I have not enjoyed for many a day. There, make yourself quite at ease. You are a sensible woman; only grant my little request, and I give you my word of honour that no violence——" Seeing the lady's alarm subside, he added: "We are agreed—are we not? You are an angel: besides, you see these." And opening his coat, he displayed half a dozen English pistols. "Do not constrain me to make use of them. I will hide myself behind this curtain; order some supper to be brought up here, and tell your maid to go and sleep wherever suits her best. Her bed is in this cabinet; I know your house better than the man who built it. I shall be quite satisfied with that little bed, I promise you. As I told you, I particularly want a good night's rest. Come, do it at once; remember that I am behind the curtain. I shall wait there while your orders are given."

The Maréchale rang the bell; the footman brought a handsome repast, and retired, wondering that their mistress should eat a second supper, which appeared likely to be a hearty one. As to Mademoiselle Justine, having received permission to pass the evening elsewhere, she did not make her appearance at all. She was "affiliée"—enrolled in the gang—and had no difficulty in finding, at the corner of the street, her friend Belle-Humeur, a soldier in the Garde-Française, whose duty was to watch over his captain's safety.

The supper was gay—so gay that at last Madame la Maréchale took part in it, although, of course, there was only a single glass and a single knife and fork to make use of. Collectors of scandal, who might think the present a good opportunity, are met by a simple chronological statement. In the month of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-one, the widow of Louis-François, Duc de Boufflers, Peer and Maréchal of France, not less illustrious for the retreat of Malplaquet than for the defence of Lille, the good-natured and clever Maréchale was somewhat on the wrong side of sixty. Cartouche thoroughly enjoyed his supper, and pronounced everything exquisite, except the champagne. Next morning, therefore, wishing to show not only his gratitude but his connoisseurship, he sent the Maréchale a hundred bottles of first-rate quality, which he had had abstracted, by his locksmith Patapon, from the cellar of a financier, the father of the Pâris-Duverneys. The destination of the lost champagne having afterwards been revealed by the confession of the said Patapon on the rack, the financier brought an action against the Maréchale for the payment of the value of his wine. Madame de Boufflers defended the suit, pleading that she had fairly earned her wine. The judges were of her opinion.

This present of champagne was not the only way in which Cartouche testified his gratitude. Some time afterwards, when his people had stopped the Maréchale's carriage one evening in the Rue du Cherche-Midi, he recognised her livery. Hastening to the carriage-door, he said, "Let Madame de Boufflers pass freely to-day, and henceforward always." Then taking her hand as if to kiss it, he slipped on her finger a magnificent diamond which had been snatched a week before from that of Madame de Phalaris, who never saw it again. Truly, if Madame de Boufflers kept these very questionable gifts, she might, when she visited him in his tribulation, have offered a somewhat more liberal return than a couple of louis of twenty-four francs each.

More extraordinary visitors than the ladies and the Regent came. Measures were taken to exhibit at the same time in two Parisian theatres, with the approbation and permission of the authorities, the still living man whom the rack and the wheel were awaiting, and who, after all, was not yet condemned. For this purpose, they several times introduced into his dungeon the author and the principal actor of both the pieces; that is to say, for the Théâtre-Italien, Louis Riccoboni and Thomassin, whose real names were Tomaso Antonio Vicentini; and for the Théâtre-Français, Marc-Antoine Legrand and Maurice Quinault, both of them partners in the society of management.

In the interrogatory which he underwent on the sixteenth of December, seventeen hundred and twenty-one, Legrand avows that, having

been introduced by the lieutenant-criminel, together with his comrade, Maurice Quinault, into Cartouche's dungeon, he read to the prisoner the manuscript of his piece, and received from him several counsels by which he profited. That he noticed upon a table near him several twenty-five sou pieces, and that he asked him if he were in want of money; at which Cartouche answered that he was, because money served him to drink with his keepers, who were put to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience on his account. That, as for the rest, he did not complain of his food and drink, but only of his bed, which consisted of five bunches of straw. Legrand added, that M. the Lieutenant-criminel testified a desire to read the manuscript, because he was too busy preparing for the trial to go to the theatre and see the comedy acted, and that three days afterwards he had the honour of offering him (il lui fit hommage) a very handsome copy.

This was pretty well—or pretty ill; but in his last confession, in his testament de mort, as it was called, Balagny, one of Cartouche's confederates (a young man only twenty years of age, who was "broken" on the twenty-third of December), gave a much more explicit account of what occurred. "You know," he said, "that while the case for the prosecution was being got up, M. the Lieutenant-criminel and M. the Procureur du Roi (the king's attorney) dined and slept every day at the Châtelet, in a chamber over the gaoler's room. One day they came into my room with their napkins under their arm, with the air of people who had been enjoying a good dinner. They were accompanied by gentlemen in black coats, whom they told me were M. Legrand, the author of a piece entitled Cartouche, and M. Quinault, who had to fill the part of my unhappy comrade. They then sent for Cartouche himself, and after they had treated us to refreshments, they begged us to execute some thieves' tricks before them and to talk slang, which we willingly did. The two actors took notes of the slang, and repeated the tricks one by one as we performed them. At last the Procureur du Roi and the Lieutenant-criminel joined the game, and tried to "do" a handkerchief, a watch, and a snuff-box, at first badly enough, but afterwards a little better. Cartouche even declared that M. the Lieutenant-criminel had capabilities, and that if taken young, as he had been, he might have done something. We all laughed a great deal, and passed an excellent evening."

Barbier, who kept a journal at that period, which has been preserved, relates the story in nearly the same terms, and then adds: "It must be confessed that this is very indecent!" Afterwards he mentions the gossip that Parliament had had "the littleness" to send for these two worthy officials and reprimand them for having exhibited Cartouche in prison to such crowds of people. Cartouche was arrested on the fourteenth of October; on the twentieth, he figured, by proxy, on the stage. The Mercure de France records the first performance of "Arlequin-Cartouche, an Italian comedy in five acts, with no other dénoûment than the capture of the robber. It is a set of thieves' tricks, out of which several scenes have been composed and hurriedly put together, in order to forestal another piece bearing the same title which has been announced on the bills of the Théâtre Français. This comedy was performed, for the first time, on Monday, the twentieth of October, at the theatre of the Palais Royal. It was withdrawn after thirteen crowded representations, on the eleventh of November. Although it is a piece which consists entirely of action, we should not have failed to give some account of the principal scenes, in order to convey some idea of the piece to those who have not seen it; but respectable persons, to whose opinion we willingly submit, have counselled us not to enter into any such detail." These "respectable persons" are very annoying; they have put a stopper on the curiosity of posterity; for Barbier's journal is not more explicit. "Arlequin," he says, "who is very simple and a good actor, performs a hundred tricks of passe-passe or legerdemain." But in what those tricks consisted we shall probably never know. The authors of the Comédie Italienne only sketched out the canvas of their pieces, and left the dialogue to the imagination of the actors. Those only of their pieces were printed which had commanded a long success; and as this one was interrupted at the thirteenth performance, it is probable that it was never printed—at least, bibliomaniacs have hitherto been unable to ferret it out.

The authors and actors of the Comédie Italienne were quite in the right to make haste; their competitor's piece had been written two years, and what is more, had received the royal approval. "From the fifteenth of March, privilege of the king accorded to the Sieur Legrand, one of his ordinary comedians, to have printed a work of his composition, entitled le R. de C. (The Royaume; or, the Règne of Cartouche), and other works, both those which he has already composed, and those which he may compose hereafter." The permission to print did not carry with it the permission to act. The censorship, perceiving that the piece was a satire on the agents employed to take Cartouche, delayed its approbation until the bandit's actual capture should be effected, for which they had to wait more than two years. This took place on the fourteenth of October, seventeen hundred and twenty-one; and two days afterwards we find at the bottom of Legrand's manuscript, "Seen, and permitted to be represented."

Barbier thus expresses his opinion of these proceedings: "On Tuesday, the twenty-first, they played at the Comédie Française, Cartouche, a little piece written by Legrand, tolerably pretty; an astonishing number of people go to see it. For the rest, people of good sense will take it ill that they should allow the representation, on the stage, of a man who actually exists, who is interrogated (which is equivalent to being tried) every day, and whose end will be to be 'wheeled' (roué) alive. It is not decent." A few days after the execution, he adds: "To complete

the height of impertinence, the little comedy of Cartouche is printed. I bought it, together with the sentence of the criminals to be broken alive, in order to serve as testimonies of the foolish things that are done in this country. The public were so impatient to see this piece the first day of its performance, that the actors could not finish the first scene of Esop at Court, which ought to have been played first. The management was obliged to stop it, and yield to the tumultuous cries of the pit, who called for Cartouche. How will posterity judge of the taste of our epoch, if it learns that we preferred the piece of Cartouche to the comedy of Esop at Court? It must be allowed, however, that the Sieur Legrand, comedian to the king, the author of this little piece, has turned his subject, low of itself and somewhat repulsive, to the best advantage it was possible for him to do. He has contrived to enliven it by pleasantries or adventures which he imagined himself, or which he copied from real events in Cartouche's life, whom he went to see in prison, and with whom he had long conversations, in order to become better acquainted with the circumstances respecting his career, and to be able to paint his character after nature. This comedy was composed before Cartouche's capture, under the title of The Thieves; or, the Untakable Man. The comedians did not receive permission to play it, because it seemed an attack on the multitude of persons who were ordered to take Cartouche, and could not. We will not enter into this subject, for the reasons we have already stated."

Of the whole piece he only gives the couplets which were sung at the end, apparently because they have nothing whatever to do with Cartouche and his adventures. M. Maurice, however, having disinterred this literary curiosity, reprints it entire and textually, and recommends it for revival to the managers of the second-rate Parisian theatres, as an excellent and promising speculation. In case of its being reproduced there—perhaps even without that eventuality—we have a chance of seeing it on this side of the water. If somebody must be robbed for dramatic purposes, the robbers may as well plunder a dead and gone playwright as pervert and distort half-finished continuous tales by their helpless contemporaries. Legrand's performance is extremely comic, a good acting piece, and still better to read in the chimney-corner. Legrand himself, like Molière, was both an author and an actor, and was born in Paris on the very day of the decease of his illustrious predecessor, namely, the seventeenth of February, sixteen hundred and seventy-three. He has scarcely written any but occasional pieces; if you once admit this style of writing to take literary rank, the comedy of Cartouche is entitled to all praise, though it does seem strange that its concluding divertissement, comprising the musicians, the dancers, and the guests at the wedding, should have been submitted to the approval of an unhappy wretch who was only a few short days from the rack and the wheel.

A still stranger fact would have been the presence of Cartouche at the play, to see himself represented in character, which was not very far from happening. Legrand would hardly have refused him a ticket; at least, he owed him that in default of the three hundred francs which the biographers say he gave out of his dramatic author's rights. We have seen that his generosity was limited to a few pieces of five-and-twenty sous. The piece must have brought a large influx of cash to the theatre, for hundreds of spectators were turned away from the doors every time it was played, namely, up to the eleventh of November, when the performance was suddenly stopped by the authorities. It has never since been acted, which greatly increases the chances of success for the dramatic cobblers of the present day.

It was in the night between Monday and Tuesday that Cartouche took it into his head to go and see himself figuring by deputy upon the boards. He was confined in a dungeon with another man who, by chance, was a mason, and who was not bound. They made a hole into a sewerage tube, and dropped down into it without any inconvenience, because the water of the river passed through it and carried off everything. They removed a very large hewn stone and entered the cellar of a fruiterer, whose shop opened under the arcade. The mason had obtained possession of an iron bar in the course of his demolition of the sewer. From the cellar they mounted to the fruiterer's shop, which was only fastened with a small bolt inside; but it was too dark for them to see that. Unluckily for them there was a dog in the shop, who barked as dogs ought to bark at the sight of housebreakers. The servant-girl got up when she heard the noise, and shouted "Thieves!" out of the window with all her might and main. The master fruiterer came down with a light, and would have allowed his visitors to walk off quietly; but, again unluckily, four archers of the watch, who were leaving their beat, entered the shop to drink a glass of brandy. They recognised Cartouche, who had chains on his hands and feet, and they took him back to prison by the front gates. The gaolers were in a terrible fright when they saw him. The philanthropic fruiterer made a mint of money by showing the hole in the cellar to the gossips of Paris.

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BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII. A HAND AT CARDS.

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* Army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted, After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep, who in the popular, high-shouldered shaggy black spencer looked, in that attitude, like slumbering bears or dogs; the two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion, was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anti-climax, by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But, they had no ears for anything in their surprise. For, it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation; but, Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream; speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question!"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and

Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from!" cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection."

"There. Con-found it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his——"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it! You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered Suspected, by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed (which is invariably the case, all the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

"I say! Might I ask the favour? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned towards him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come!" said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know." (Which, by the way, was more than he could do himself.) "John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And *I* know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No!" sneered Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in, was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a Sheep of the Prisons."

Sheep was the cant word of the time for a spy, under the gaolers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared——

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connexion, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumour openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favour me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that!"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then, with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendly reassurances, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother Sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?——"

"Yes; I believe so."

"—In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day, may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. I'll see what I hold.—Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful—drank off another glassful—pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a

Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there: gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; had tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the Section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was, did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit, to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstance reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken. I admit that *I* am a spy, and that it is considered a discreditable station—though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my Ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister——"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, sir?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind about it."

The smooth manner of the spy, curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanour, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton,—who was a mystery to wiser and honester men than he—that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-Sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons; who was he?"

"French. You don't know him," said the spy, quickly.

"French, eh?" repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy; "though it's not important."

"Though it's not important," repeated Carton in the same mechanical way—"though it's not important——No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It—can't—be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't—be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

"Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; "there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will unreservedly admit, at this distance of time, was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment, prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here, Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here, Mr. Lorry perceived the reflexion on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end, if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got a old grudge again, is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea;" Mr. Cruncher dwelt upon this as quite a liberal offer; "or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in raging Paris, with Suspicion filling the air, for you to outlive denunciation, when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself, who, moreover, has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain Guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham, is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!"—Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do anything in my office, putting my head in great extra danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of refusal than the chances of consent. In short, I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember! I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through stone walls, and so can others. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising:

"So far, we have spoken before these two,

because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

FRUIT RIPENING IN TUSCANY.

A LIBERAL Englishman long resident in Florence, with wit to observe, and knowledge to bring to bear upon, and skill to record what passes, has watched with interest the political efforts of the Tuscans. He now tells us in a book, which compares the Tuscany of 'forty-nine with the Tuscany of 'fifty-nine, the true sequence of national events in that state during the last dozen years. By help of such a book we understand more thoroughly the meaning of what now passes in the country to which all Europe is looking with deep interest and active curiosity, for the writer—Mr. THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE—speaks of the affairs of Tuscany in as far as they were the affairs of Italy, and are the affair of every man who would see thought and honest action set free everywhere to help in the advancement of society.

That the world does not grow wise by royal edicts, but by the free, wholesome, individual working of each man among his fellows, is the truth lying at the heart of Mr. Trollope's history. In the bonds of despotism, whether they be leading-strings or fetters, men can only totter forward painfully. The bonds of the Austrian were leading-strings for Tuscany, when Leopold the First, grandfather of the last duke, governed the country. He was wiser than his cousins in the purple. With a liberal hand he restrained the tyrannical encroachments of the Church, and he himself ruled generously. Some trace also of the old republican vigour still held by the life of the people; who were then, as always, prosperous, cheerful, quick-witted, and easily content. There is no true man with a temper easy enough to bear the stranger's foot upon his neck.

The paternal spirit of authority will sanctify to the heart of a brave people, no man's claim to regard a whole community as part of his own private and personal estate. The Emperor of Austria was counting in the roll of his estate so many flocks and herds of men in Italy. His army was the dog to set upon them and collect them when they strayed beyond his bounds. But thunders of applause was heard in the theatres of Italy when Niccolini exclaims, through his noble tragedy on Arnold of Brescia, "The human race is a-weary of being termed a herd." "How well satisfied your people look," said somebody, in compliment to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, a little while before the great outbreak of 'forty-eight. "They are tranquil," was the reply. But through that tranquillity the patriotic verse of Giusti passed quietly from hand to hand and mouth to mouth. Men spoke his scorn upon themselves for their vassalage; it was the tranquillity of his "Land of the Dead," in which the dead whispered together underneath the

Lovely graveyard, that might make
The living covet death.

In fine then, brother corpses,
Let men sing out their stave!
Wait we, and see what ending
This living death may have.

There is a *Day of Anger*
In the service for the tomb!
Shall there not be, however far,
A Judgment-day to come?

While this pointed against Austria, the Italians were patriots, not knowing what should be the issue of their hopes. They were uneasy in the present, and looked through a vague sentiment of patriotism to a better future. Upon this sentiment they could allow the very Austrian himself to trade. "Italians," said the Archduke John to them, half a century ago, "is it the wish of your hearts to become again Italians?" If so, the condition of their enjoyment of this wish was that they should fight upon the side of Austria. "Italians, it is needed only to will it, for you to be again Italians." So they were told how the will was to be taken for the deed. "Italians," proclaimed an Austrian commander, three years later, "you are to become, all of you, an independent nation." The independence won through Austria was defined by Bellegarde for the people of Lombardy to be that their provinces "were definitively incorporated with the Austrian empire." "Italy," said Metternich, at last, in a despatch of the second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, "Italy is but a geographical denomination." Francis of Austria, when he heard that in sundry states of Europe, constitutions were being established, exclaimed that "the world was going mad!" And when he received compliments from the body of Professors of the University of Pavia, he said to them, "Remember always, gentlemen, that your duty is to form, not learned men, but obedient subjects." Italy, however, angered by the Austrian in Lombardy, had not fully recognised the indispensable condition of her independence to be a complete freedom from Austrian domination.

The predecessor of Pius the Ninth had been a helpless old man, personally harmless, but officially the maintainer, by grace of foreign bayonets, of the true Papal system of espials, confiscations, banishments, imprisonments, and executions. He died in the year 'forty-six, when roses were in blossom. The Roman Church had, of course, as a political state, its Liberals and Tories. Lambruschini, at the head of the Tories, strove to shut the gate against reforms, and fasten it with the old Austrian military padlock. Since reform is the drop of poison that will some day shatter the charmed glass of the popedom, since the decrepid Papal government must sicken and die if it be much exposed to the sharp, bracing air of human progress, there can be no doubt that, in the interests of the tiara, Lambruschini was the truest counsellor. On the other side there was a large body trusting in the beautiful dream

of the Piedmontese Abbé Gioberti, who supposed that a pope might rule as if he were another Saint John the Apostle, or the true Saint Peter, who bade men to lay aside all malice and all guile and hypocrisies.

On behalf of the liberal party, two cardinals were proposed for the vacant popedom. Although one of them was known to be much trusted by the people, the counsels of the liberals within the Sacred College were divided, and the greatest number of votes, though not the majority necessary for election, thus fell to the lot of Lambruschini. The two sections of the liberals took alarm upon this; by mutual consent dropped both their candidates; and joined their force for the election, almost at haphazard, of Giovanni Mastai, one of the obscurest members of the College. He was the quiet bishop of the distant little city of Imola, with so little influence at Rome, that, when he received the purple as Pius the Ninth, his eldest brother was a political prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. A month after his installation the new pope issued, on the sixteenth of July, eighteen forty-six, an edict declaring a general amnesty of all political offences. It was the first public sign of character he gave, and it was received with immense joy, not only in the Papal States, but throughout Italy. It was heightened when the next act of the pope was to declare the favourite cardinal, who had been desired as pope by the people, his chief councillor and secretary of state. Austria now regretted deeply that the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, whom she had sent to assure the election of Lambruschini, had arrived at Rome too late. Liberals in Italy believed that half their will at least was at once to be accomplished under the lead of that new portent, a Reforming Pope. What figs were they not to gather when the blossoms of this thistle ripened into fruit!

There was at this time no state in Italy so easy and prosperous as Tuscany. To pass into Tuscany from the States of the Church was, and is, to observe men, houses, cattle, tillage, towns, villages, even the aspect of Nature herself, changed for the better. When the good-natured Tuscan giant saw Neighbour Dwarf—the poor, commiserated popeland—rejoicing in amnesty and constitutional advances, she said (as Mr. Trollope suggests), with the Cornish giant, who admired Jack's feats in the swallowing of pudding, "Her can do that herself!"

Leopold the Second of Tuscany was an amiable man, bodily cousin of the Emperor of Austria, but spiritual son to the Pope. When his Holiness passed for a social and political reformer, Leopold reconciled much liberality of action with his conscience, because it was recommended by the keeper of his conscience. But he was not prepared for action at all hazards. The head of his house was at Vienna, and "my master," Metternich wrote, "will not permit the approach towards representative government in any state within the peninsula." Again, as a prince devout in reverence for the authority of Rome, which was regarded lightly by his people, Leopold the Second was inclined to break down the restraints on Church encroachment, which had been set up in the laws of Leopold the First. His desire was for a concordat with Rome, in direct antagonism to the policy of his wise grandfather and the spirit of his people. The spirit of the Grand-Ducal government had become less friendly to liberty for a year or two before the accession of Pius the Ninth. Political fugitives were not allowed the harbour they had found there. After the change of pope, during the whole year 'forty-six, the government and people were still moving in opposite directions. Mean efforts were made to propitiate the offended government of Austria. Two professors of the University of Pisa—Silvester Centofanti, the most respected, and Guiseppe Montanelli, the most influential, of the Tuscan public teachers—received warnings from the government. In the last month of the year there occurred the centenary of the expulsion of the Austrians from Genoa by the Genoese. All Italy kept it. Austria strove in vain to quench the bonfires that blazed out from top to top of the Apennines. In spite of the police, on the circle of hill-tops that surround Florence, the fires leaped out boldly as soon as the early winter night was dark.

In the year 'forty-seven, Pius the Ninth had begun to understand that, being a pope, he must, as a reformer, let I dare not wait upon I would. The King of Naples, by unstinted perjury, gilded despotic power with his sacred promises. His promise was so little trusted, that when, on the twenty-ninth of January, eighteen forty-eight, King Ferdinand swore to maintain the new constitution of his monarchy, it was jealously guarded by the people with an imprecation of unusual solemnity: "In the awful name of the Most Holy and Omnipotent God, who only can read the secrets of the heart, on whom we loudly call to be the judge of the purity and perfect loyalty of the intentions with which we have determined to enter on this new political course." The late detested and infamous King of Naples took this oath, and broke it under circumstances of atrocity unequalled in all royal annals.

In Tuscany, irresolution of the government was manifest to Austria, and, upon this, the wise man of Vienna played. While law had her seat in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, the despicable swarm of government spies and informers, known there as the Good Government, the "Buon Governo," had its own perfectly distinct offices in the Palazzo Non Finito. There had been a poor harvest; but Tuscans never starve, and they are, as to ordinary details of life, an easy-going people, not at all likely to set up bread-riots while they have bread in their mouths. But the agents of Austria seized on the fact as a means of alarming the Grand-Duke with riots of their own fomenting, and by the diffusion of communistic pamphlets which they had themselves imported. This is regarded as a delicate and subtle part of Austrian policy. On reliable authority it is asserted that Prince

Metternich himself used to direct the burrowers in these mines under the feet of Liberty, and to protect them in case of danger. A leader of libel and uproar, a native of Pinerolo, having been arrested by the Tuscan government, was claimed by the Austrian minister at Florence, although a Sardinian subject; and it then became officially known that his debts, which were considerable, had been lately paid by an Austrian agent. Tories of Rome, as men of the Holy Faith, or Sanfedisti, were not less unscrupulous in their hostility to the advancement of the people. One faithful man proclaimed in print that Pius the Ninth was not pope by canonical election, and that he was, in truth, an anti-pope. In the middle of April the Pope founded at Rome, as a rudimentary or tadpole Parliament, a Council of State. On the last day of May the same thing was decreed at Florence; but, in this first effort at a Parliament, there was little more to be found even of the tadpole than its tail. Rome, under the reforming Pope, had a national guard. Accordingly, by sovereign edict, still the only source of change, placarded in the customary manner on the city walls, a Tuscan national guard was established in September, 'forty-seven. The people were delighted; they went, full of gratitude, to the duke's palace, where they were received with a few spontaneous words of propitious omen. The duke returned then to the balcony outside, waved the national flag, and handed it down to those who stood below. An old archbishop was fetched out of his house to intone a Te Deum instantly, and then the people set to work upon grave questions of dress and accoutrement, with all the zeal of a small family of children busy over a new doll. The Grand-Duke meant well and yielded weakly. He would take no hint from Vienna to call soldiers in and stop the current of reform, but he yielded again weakly to the pressure of his imperial cousin and to the abrupt change which occurred in the Pope's mind; for this Grand-Duke never was a self-dependent man. Troops which he had refused as helpers in resistance to the wishes of his people, he did at last rely upon for support, in the abolition of all he had sworn to maintain.

An accidental conflict between the Florentines and the sbirri, or spies and informers of the Buon Governo, caused a two days' tumult without plunder or bloodshed. Tumult was a new thing in Tuscany, and although in England many an election riot is a graver matter in itself, there it meant the approach of revolution. At the same time Austrian soldiers in Italian towns were prompted to redouble their provoking insolence. In Milan a venerable magistrate was accidentally trodden down and killed under the defiant gallop through the streets of Austrian cavalry, scattering the populace to right and left.

It was in these days that Lord Minto went on his Italian mission. The Pope's nuncio had asked for a more active moral support from England in aid of Italian progress; and, in reply to a question from our government, that moral support had been defined as the presence of some persons "in the confidence of her Majesty's government, who could have a temporary opportunity of personally communicating with the Pope and his minister." Lord Minto was sent, therefore, to express England's belief that human right is human right, as opposed to the Austrian doctrine that wrong is divine right.

In January, 'forty-eight, Naples received a constitution. On the eighth of the next month Piedmont received the same, and, on the seventeenth, was promulgated the fundamental statute, which was the base of a new constitution, endowing Tuscany with a complete representative system. On the twenty-fourth of the same month, monarchy fell in France.

Great changes, stirring hope and fear, then followed rapidly in Europe. Soon, there was insurrection in Vienna, followed immediately by the rising against Austria of Lombardy and Venice. On the twenty-third of March, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, decided upon crossing the Ticino, after much misgiving overcome by the entreaties of the Lombards and the importunities of his own subjects. He knew that he could not trust the other sovereigns, that the Pope had now reached the extreme end of his tether, that there was no sound help to be had from the republicans of the Mazzini school—that he would stand, in fact, alone.

The belief that it was possible to associate a permanent spirit of progress and reform with governments under the influence of the Pope or the Emperor of Austria had been in those days the capital mistake of the Italians. But the Lombard insurrection suddenly stirred among the Tuscans a belief that if Italy was to advance fairly she must cease to carry Austria upon her back. Students and enthusiasts in Florence assembled in front of the municipality, demanding of that sole remaining fragment of the old republican manner of government "arms and all else necessary for their immediate departure to defend the frontier." The municipality at once applied to the Grand-Duke, and within two hours Leopold the Second had assented to the movement. When his assent was placarded, he proclaimed that he was "pressing on the conclusion of the powerful Italian league which he had always wished for," and he ended with the loyal cry of "Long live constitutional Italy!" Long might she live, indeed—she was not born!

It is asserted that a quantity of papers which had belonged to Radetzky were purchased for a very considerable sum in Milan, and that among them was a letter from the Grand-Duke, written at this time, telling him that he had sent him twelve thousand "canaille," which he hoped he would rid him of.

The subjects of the Pope formed volunteer bodies of "crusaders," and marched out "to the frontiers," blessed by his Holiness, with Father Gavazzi at their head as chaplain-general, and General Durando for their leader. Charles Albert had ordered Durando to invest Mantua, but Durando waited in vain for the necessary orders from the Roman ministers.

Only irresolute private words were heard from the Pope. The Sanfedisti caused many letters to be sent from Germany assuring him that a schism in the Church would be the consequence of any war between the Pope and emperor. At last, not to the soldiers, but to the priests, Pius the Ninth first announced the great change in his policy. On the twenty-ninth of May he read an encyclic letter to the cardinals assembled in consistory, disowning General Durando, and virtually declaring that upon the path of reform he dared advance no more. From that day Pius has been every inch a pope.

The people of Rome became angry, and their anger was fanned by the Sanfedisti, who threw among the crowd a rumour that in Friuli a Roman soldier had been found hung on a tree, with a paper fixed to his breast bearing the words, "This is the treatment reserved for the soldiers of Pio Nono." Italy had built hopes on the Pope, which fell as their foundation slipped from under them. During the last ten years, she has very wisely been rebuilding those hopes on a better basis.

While in Rome the Pope was reading that encyclic letter, four or five thousand Tuscan citizens and university lads untrained to arms, led by "exceedingly erudite persons who had nothing military about them save the honour, the courage, and the dress, having also for their artillery no more than three small cannon and a howitzer, dragged to the spot by post-horses and there left immovable, were defending an important post at Curtatone against Radetzky, who brought to the field twenty-eight Austrian battalions, twelve squadrons of cavalry, fifty-eight cannon, and five batteries of rockets.

"These boys," Radetzky said, "will make me lose an entire day!" They did, indeed, stay the advance of the Austrians long enough to enable the army of Charles Albert to win, on the day following the battle of Goito. It was accounted glorious after long fighting to overwhelm with five-and-thirty thousand trained soldiers this handful of undisciplined young patriots, who proved at this their Thermopylæ that there is in the mild Tuscans a soul of manhood which three centuries of despotism could not destroy.

But there was—there is not, but there was—weakness of inexperience. Ten years ago the first great want of Italy was half perceived, and in Tuscany, as elsewhere, there was a faith put in the words of the wilder sort of republicans, which has now been thoroughly relinquished by their deeds. They had their day, and Tuscans know to their own profit what manner of day it was. There were few there who understood that everything lay in the issue of Charles Albert's chivalrous encounter with the Austrian. The republicans helped Austria to discomfit the Sardinian king, because he was a king. They disdained compromise with monarchy, even when it was Italian; so they brought down again, the armed heel of a stranger empire on the people's necks.

Napoleon Guerrazzi, a shrewd, honest, and eloquent lawyer of Leghorn, although he had the mob of his own town at his disposal, was not elected by the Livornese as one of their four deputies when, in June, 'forty-eight, the first assembly of the Tuscan Chambers was to meet at Florence. But after a few months, Leghorn—a seaport swarming with porters, fishermen, and mariners, all ignorant, and all shouting for the unknown good which they called a republic—was torn by civil war. The hope of his fellow-citizens was in Guerrazzi, whom they sought in Florence and brought to their rescue. By his bold energy and eloquence, Leghorn was saved.

Guerrazzi, though a theoretical republican, was a practical man, and when, a month afterwards, the Archduke, unable to rule by the sole ministry of Montanelli, joined to him the obnoxious demagogue Guerrazzi, he found at the first interview good reason to believe that from the man he had most dreaded he would get the soundest help. Italy was then longing for a federal Italian constituency, the demand for it was strong, and Tuscany was eager to choose deputies who might perhaps have to decree the extinguishing of the archduchy. Montanelli shared this eagerness, but Guerrazzi fairly and boldly met it as a difficulty between sovereign and people. His concession that there should be nothing said or done by Tuscany in prejudice of Rome, even satisfied the Archduke; who gave way to the popular demand. Thereupon the people hurried off as usual to amuse themselves with a Te Deum, of which the archbishop was determined that for once they should be disappointed. They found the vast church empty, the lights out, and the altars stripped. The archbishop had left his palace, and no priest was to be found. Nobody then remembered that Radetzky was not beaten.

"Royal highness," wrote that general in February, 'forty-nine, to Archduke Leopold, "according to precise orders received from the imperial government and from the emperor our sovereign, it is gratifying to me to signify to your imperial highness, that if you will in all things, and through all things, conform to what has been already announced to your highness by the Aulic government, your highness need only abandon your states on terra firma and place yourself in safety at San Stefano; and I, as soon as I have subdued the demagogues of Sardinia, will fly to your aid with thirty thousand of my brave troops, and will replace you on the throne of your ancestors. If the courier, who will give this present letter into your own hands, brings back no answer, I shall consider the affair as arranged." When this letter arrived, the Archduke had already retired to Sienna, where he was seen in bed, professing to be detained by sickness, when messengers from his ministry urged his return to Florence. Montanelli went to reside near him, and his illness was believed in. One morning Montanelli found his serene highness up and well, and in very good humour. To the question whether he had signed the law for the assemblage of the Constituency, the Archduke answered that he had hitherto been too unwell, but that he would now do so without

further delay. He wanted, however, to get a little fresh air. Not even a servant knew that the airing he then went for, was that prescribed by Radetzky. He went to San Stefano.

When tidings of this journey reached Florence, the Chambers met, and were invaded by the populace declaring their unfaithful sovereign deposed, the Chambers dissolved, and citizens Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Manzoni a provisional triumvirate. Then again Guerrazzi by his eloquence softened the tumult and maintained the Chambers with a semblance of some constitutional authority. But when somebody proposed that the provisional government should be administered in the name of Leopold the Second, Guerrazzi, interrupting him with much impetuosity, declared that "he had served the prince with sincerity and fidelity, but that he had found him disloyal and untrustworthy; and that he should be lying to himself and to the public if he did not seize the opportunity of declaring that he now intended to govern solely in the name of the people." So the people dragged a huge tree into the piazza; Guerrazzi alone hindered them from setting it up as a thing of evil omen called a Tree of Liberty. The owners, drivers, ostlers and others, connected with horse traffic between Florence and Empoli, broke up the rails and burnt the railway station at Empoli; arms were to be given to good men and true; upon which there was a rush of rascals claiming to be good and true, by whom the arms were scrambled for.

On the twenty-third of March, in the year 'forty-nine, Charles Albert lost the battle of Novara. The Austrian power became absolute again, but a great part of Italy, and in it Tuscany, hardly observant of the loss, was still busy about the establishment of republican and constitutional ideas. All was lost for a season, and Charles Albert's heart was broken; but had not Mazzini come to make speeches in Florence? He demanded instant declaration of the republic, and fusion with that of Rome. Lawful representatives of the country, not a street populace, ought to decide concerning that, Guerrazzi urged. Mazzini replied that it was necessary not to persuade, but to impose the republic on people who did not know and could not understand its advantages. "But," urged Guerrazzi, "thus we do not reach our end; thus we arrive at bloodshed." "So much the better," cried Mazzini; "by blood so shed, the republic is solidified and sanctified." "Well, then," Guerrazzi proposed, "give me two thousand well-armed and tried men, and I will proclaim the Republic." "Two thousand!" shouted the mob, "ten, thirty thousand, if you want them!" The lists, accordingly, were opened for enrolment; every volunteer was cheered as he came up; but some two or three hundred names were all that could be got, and the postponement of the Red Republic was permitted. The heartiest patriots, who yielded heroes to the field at Curtatone, held aloof from the excesses of this period, and had returned to their old quietness.

Guerrazzi, made at last Dictator, though the trust put by moderate men in his moderation caused him to be looked upon with jealousy by those he led, found that he could not man Florence with troops unless he brought them from Leghorn. These rough and ragged soldiers from a rival municipality offended the populace of Florence. The ill-will rose to its height, and when, too late, the Dictator marched the Livornese away, stones were thrown, shots fired, a deadly strife began. The Livornese were hunted down and killed. That was the last day of rule for the republicans in Florence.

The mild Tuscans having slept upon this deed, were shocked beyond measure. The agitators, whether enthusiasts or Austrian fomenters of discord, kept within doors. The people, with the old Italian instinct, though they had a Parliament, turned to their municipality for help. The reactionists, early in the morning, had let the peasants into Florence by threes and by fours, and raised from a low murmur the cry of Death to Guerrazzi! That leader was trapped into prison, and his throne was offered back to the Grand-Duke. Then followed Te Deum singing, and the archbishop, this time, was so far from hiding himself, that he uncovered for that particular occasion an ancient picture of the Madonna that worked miracles whenever it saw daylight. To the archduke, who had now run away to Gaëta, it was said, "You will restore your constitutional throne, surrounded by popular institutions, as you wished it to be." He assented by proclamation, and so came back with the Austrians, who crept forward, none fairly knew how, from city to city. They disbanded, by their own authority, the national guard established by a fundamental statute which the sovereign had recognised and sanctioned. "Every form of liberty," observes Mr. Trollope, "was repressed and suppressed by those who protested the while their intentions to observe them all." The Constitution was abolished formally. An Austrian marshal at Verona exercised sovereign rights over the Tuscans. Austrian commandants punished ordinary civil crimes by military law. Tuscan citizens, even in Florence, were flogged by the order of an Austrian soldier. Police were fetched from Naples. Relatives of those who fell at Curtatone were shot at the altar when they carried garlands to the tombs upon the anniversary of that day, but in the same church were celebrated anniversaries of Austrian triumphs. Details of such things were recorded in a document on "Tuscany and Austria," which my Lord Normanby has pronounced very treasonable but very tedious; and upon which Mr. Trollope shrewdly remarks that "a long, long bill, rigidly scored up, every one of the numerous articles in which must be paid for, is, it must be owned, a very tedious document to the debtor when the day of reckoning has come."

Italy has, in fact, now been taught by her enemies what is the first necessity of life with her—Out with the Austrian! For the last ten years, she has been taking to heart the lesson of

her own vague efforts and excesses. There is no tumult now, there is no faith now in wild theories, there is no hope built upon the quicksand of the popedom. Never before, perhaps, has any nation watched events so wisely, and received so nobly a lesson learnt from folly and disaster. The experience which some nations have not acquired in centuries, seems now to have been acquired by Italy in ten years of extreme adversity. The contrast is presented thoroughly in Mr. Trollope's book; which dwells only upon Tuscany, but has an outlook over the whole stream of Italian history during the last dozen years.

LOIS THE WITCH.

PART THE SECOND.

It was hard up-hill work for Lois to win herself a place in this family. Her aunt was a woman of narrow, strong affections. Her love for her husband, if ever she had had any, was burnt out and dead long ago. What she did for him she did from duty; but duty was not strong enough to restrain that little member the tongue; and Lois's heart often bled at the continual flow of contemptuous reproof which Grace constantly addressed to her husband, even while she was sparing no pains or trouble to minister to his bodily ease and comfort. It was more as a relief to herself that she spoke in this way than with any desire that her speeches should affect him; and he was too deadened by illness to feel hurt by them; or, it may be, the constant repetition of her sarcasms had made him indifferent; at any rate, so that he had his food and his state of bodily warmth attended to, he very seldom seemed to care much for anything else. Even his first flow of affection towards Lois was soon exhausted; he cared for her because she arranged his pillows well and skilfully, and because she could prepare new and dainty kinds of food for his sick appetite; but no longer for her as his dead sister's child. Still he did care for her, and Lois was too glad of this little hoard of affection to examine how or why it was given. To him she could give pleasure, but apparently to no one else in that household. Her aunt looked askance at her for many reasons; the first coming of Lois to Salem was inopportune, the expression of disapprobation on her face on that evening still lingered and rankled in Grace's memory; early prejudices, and feelings, and prepossessions of the English girl were all on the side of what would now be called Church and State, what was then esteemed in that country a superstitious observance of the directions of a Papish rubric, and a servile regard for the family of an oppressing and irreligious king. Nor is it to be supposed that Lois did not feel, and feel acutely, the want of sympathy that all those with whom she was now living manifested towards the old hereditary loyalty (religious as well as political loyalty) in which she had been brought up. With her aunt and Manasseh it was more than want of sympathy; it was positive, active antipathy to all the ideas Lois held most dear. The very allusion, however incidentally made, to the little old grey church at Barford, where her father had preached so long, the occasional reference to the troubles in which her own country had been distracted when she left, and the adherence, in which she had been brought up, to the notion that the king could do no wrong, seemed to irritate Manasseh past endurance. He would get up from his reading, his constant employment when at home, and walk angrily about the room after Lois had said anything of this kind, muttering to himself, and once he had even stopped before her, and in a passionate tone bade her not talk so like a fool. Now all this was very different to his mother's sarcastic, contemptuous way of treating all poor Lois's little loyal speeches. Grace would lead her on—at least she did at first, till experience made Lois wiser—to express her thoughts on such subjects, till, just when the girl's heart was opening, her aunt would turn round upon her with some bitter sneer that roused all the evil feelings in Lois's disposition by its sting. Now Manasseh seemed, through all his anger, to be so really grieved by what he considered her error, that he went much nearer to convincing her that there might be two sides to a question. Only this was a view that it was like treachery to her dead father's memory to entertain.

Somehow Lois felt instinctively that Manasseh was really friendly towards her. He was little in the house; there was farming, and some kind of mercantile business to be transacted by him, as real head of the house; and as the season drew on, he went shooting and hunting in the surrounding forests with a daring which caused his mother to warn and reprove him in private, although to the neighbours she boasted largely of her son's courage and disregard of danger. Lois did not often walk out for the mere sake of walking, there was generally some household errand to be transacted when any of the women of the family went out; but once or twice she had caught glimpses of the dreary, dark wood, hemming in the cleared land on all sides, the great wood with its perpetual movement of branch and bough, and its solemn wail, that came into the very streets of Salem when certain winds blew, bearing the sound of the pine-trees clear upon the ears that had leisure to listen. And from all accounts, this old forest, girdling round the settlement, was full of dreaded and mysterious beasts, and still more to be dreaded Indians, stealing in and out among the shadows, intent on bloody schemes against the Christian people; panther-streaked, shaven Indians, in league, by their own confession as well as by the popular belief, with evil powers.

Nattee, the old Indian servant, would occasionally make Lois's blood run cold as she and Faith and Prudence listened to the wild stories she told them of the wizards of her race. It was often in the kitchen, in the darkening evening, while some cooking process was going on, that the old Indian crone, sitting on her haunches by the bright red wood embers which sent up no flame, but a lurid light reversing the shadows of

all the faces around, told her weird stories while they were awaiting the rising of the dough, perchance, out of which the household bread had to be made. There ran through them always a ghastly, unexpressed suggestion of some human sacrifice being needed to complete the success of any incantation to the Evil One; and the poor old creature, herself believing and shuddering as she narrated her tale in broken English, took a strange, unconscious pleasure in her power over her hearers—young girls of the oppressing race, which had brought her down into a state little differing from slavery, and reduced her people to outcasts on the hunting-grounds which had belonged to her ancestors.

After such tales it required no small effort on Lois's part to go out at her aunt's command into the common pasture round the town and bring the cattle home at night. Who knew but what the double-headed snake might start up from each blackberry-bush—that wicked, cunning, accursed creature in the service of the Indian wizards, that had such power over all those white maidens who met the eyes placed at either end of his long, sinuous, creeping body, so that, loathe him, loathe the Indian race as they would, off they must go into the forest to seek out some Indian man, and must beg to be taken into his wigwam, abjuring faith and race for ever? Or there were spells—so Nattee said—hidden about the ground by the wizards, which changed that person's nature who found them; that, gentle and loving as they might have been before, thereafter they took no pleasure but in the cruel torments of others, and had a strange power given to them of causing such torments at their will. Once Nattee, speaking low to Lois, who was alone with her in the kitchen, whispered out her terrified belief that such a spell had Prudence found; and when the Indian showed her arms to Lois, all pinched black and blue by the impish child, the English girl began to be afraid of her cousin as of one possessed. But it was not Nattee alone, nor young imaginative girls alone, that believed in these stories. We can afford to smile at them now; but our English ancestors entertained superstitions of much the same character at the same period, and with less excuse, as the circumstances surrounding them were better known, and consequently more explicable by common sense than the real mysteries of the deep, untrodden forests of New England. The gravest divines not only believed stories similar to that of the double-headed serpent, and other tales of witchcraft, but they made such narrations the subjects of preaching and prayer; and as cowardice makes us all cruel, men who were blameless in many of their relations of life, and even praiseworthy in some, became, from superstition, cruel persecutors about this time, showing no mercy towards any one whom they believed to be in league with the Evil One.

Faith was the person with whom the English girl was the most intimately associated in her uncle's house. The two were about the same age, and certain household employments were shared between them. They took it in turns to call in the cows, to make up the butter which had been churned by Hosea, a stiff old out-door servant, in whom Grace Hickson placed great confidence; and each lassie had her great spinning-wheel for wool, and her lesser for flax, before a month had elapsed after Lois's coming. Faith was a grave, silent person, never merry, sometimes very sad, though Lois was a long time in even guessing why. She would try in her sweet, simple fashion to cheer her cousin up, when the latter was depressed, by telling her old stories of English ways and life. Occasionally, Faith seemed to care to listen, occasionally she did not heed one word, but dreamed on. Whether of the past or of the future, who could tell?

Stern old ministers came in to pay their pastoral visits. On such occasions Grace Hickson would put on clean apron and clean cap, and make them more welcome than she was ever seen to do any one else, bringing out the best provisions of her store, and setting of all before them. Also, the great Bible was brought forth, and Hosea and Nattee summoned from their work to listen while the minister read a chapter, and, as he read, expounded it at considerable length. After this all knelt, while he, standing, lifted up his right hand, and prayed for all possible combinations of Christian men, for all possible cases of spiritual need; and lastly, taking the individuals before him, he would put up a very personal supplication for each, according to his notion of their wants. At first Lois wondered at the aptitude of one or two of his prayers of this description to the outward circumstances of each case; but when she perceived that her aunt had usually a pretty long confidential conversation with the minister in the early part of his visit, she became aware that he received both his impressions and his knowledge through the medium of "that godly woman, Grace Hickson;" and I am afraid she paid less regard to the prayer "for the maiden from another land, who hath brought the errors of that land as a seed with her, even across the great ocean, and who is letting even now the little seed shoot up into an evil tree, in which all unclean creatures may find shelter."

"I like the prayers of our Church better," said Lois, one day to Faith. "No clergyman in England can pray his own words, and therefore it is that he cannot judge of others so as to fit his prayers to what he esteems to be their case, as Mr. Tappau did this morning."

"I hate Mr. Tappau," said Faith, shortly, a passionate flash of light coming out of her dark, heavy eyes.

"Why so, cousin? It seems to me as if he were a good man, although I like not his prayers."

Faith only repeated her words, "I hate him."

Lois was sorry for this strong bad feeling; instinctively sorry, for she was loving herself, delighted in being loved, and felt a jar run through her at every sign of want of love in others. But she did not know what to say, and was silent at the time. Faith, too, went on turning her wheel with vehemence, but spoke never a word until her thread snapped, and

then she pushed the wheel away hastily and left the room.

Then Prudence crept softly up to Lois's side. This strange child seemed to be tossed about by varying moods: to-day she was caressing and communicative, to-morrow she might be deceitful, mocking, and so indifferent to the pain or sorrows of others that you could call her almost indignant.

"So thou dost not like Pastor Tappau's prayers?" she whispered.

Lois was sorry to have been overheard, but she neither would nor could take back her words:

"I like them not so well as the prayers I used to hear at home."

"Mother says thy home was with the ungodly. Nay, don't look at me so—it was not I that said it. I'm none so fond of praying myself, nor of Pastor Tappau for that matter. But Faith cannot abide him, and I know why. Shall I tell thee, cousin Lois?"

"No! Faith did not tell me, and she was the right person to give her own reasons."

"Ask her where young Mr. Nolan is gone to, and thou wilt hear. I have seen Faith cry by the hour together about Mr. Nolan."

"Hush, child, hush!" said Lois, for she heard Faith's approaching step, and feared lest she should overhear what they were saying.

The truth was that a year or two before there had been a great struggle in Salem village, a great division in the religious body, and Pastor Tappau had been the leader of the more violent, and, ultimately, the successful party. In consequence of this, the less popular minister, Mr. Nolan, had had to leave the place. And him Faith Hickson loved with all the strength of her passionate heart, although he never was aware of the attachment he had excited, and her own family were too regardless of manifestations of mere feeling to ever observe the signs of any emotion on Faith's part. But the old Indian servant Nattee saw and observed them all. She knew, as well as if she had been told the reason, why Faith had lost all care about father or mother, brother and sister, about household work and daily occupation, nay, about the observances of religion as well. Nattee read the meaning of the deep smouldering of Faith's dislike to Pastor Tappau aright; the Indian woman understood why the girl (whom alone of all the white people she loved) avoided the old minister, would hide in the wood-stack sooner than be called in to listen to his exhortations and prayers. With savage, untutored people, it is not "Love me, love my dog," they are often jealous of the creature beloved; but it is, "Whom thou hatest I will hate;" and Nattee's feeling towards Pastor Tappau was even an exaggeration of the mute, unspoken hatred of Faith.

For a long time the cause of her cousin's dislike and avoidance of the minister was a mystery to Lois; but the name of Nolan remained in her memory whether she would or no, and it was more from girlish interest in a suspected love affair than from any indifferent and heartless curiosity that she could not help piecing together little speeches and actions, with Faith's interest in the absent banished minister for an explanatory clue, till not a doubt remained in her mind. And this without any further communication with Prudence, for Lois declined hearing any more on the subject from her, and so gave deep offence. Faith grew sadder and duller as the autumn drew on. She lost her appetite, her brown complexion became sallow and colourless, her dark eyes looked hollow and wild. The 1st of November was near at hand; Lois, in her instinctive, well-intentioned efforts to bring some life and cheerfulness into the monotonous household, had been telling Faith of many English customs, silly enough, no doubt, and which scarcely lighted up a flicker of interest in the American girl's mind. The cousins were lying awake in their bed in the great unplastered room, which was in part storeroom, in part bedroom. Lois was full of sympathy for Faith that night. For long she had listened to her cousin's heavy, irrepressible sighs in silence. Faith sighed because her grief was of too old a date for violent emotion or crying. Lois listened without speaking in the dark, quiet night hours, for a long, long time. She kept quite still because she thought such vent for sorrow might relieve her cousin's weary heart. But when at length, instead of lying motionless, Faith seemed to be growing restless even to convulsive motions of her limbs, Lois began to speak, to talk about England, and the dear old ways at home, without exciting much attention on Faith's part, until at length she fell upon the subject of Hallow E'en, and told about customs then and long afterwards practised in England, and scarcely yet died out in Scotland. As she told of tricks she had often played, of the apple eaten facing a mirror, of the dripping sheet, of the basins of water, of the nuts burning side by side, and many other such innocent ways of divination by which laughing, trembling English maidens sought to see the form of their future husbands, if husbands they were to have, then Faith listened breathlessly, asking short, eager questions, as if some ray of hope had entered into her gloomy heart. Lois went on speaking, telling her of all the stories that would confirm the truth of the second sight vouchsafed to all seekers in the accustomed methods, half believing, half incredulous herself, but desiring, above all things, to cheer up poor Faith.

Suddenly Prudence rose up from her truckle-bed in the dim corner of the room. They had not thought that she was awake, but she had been listening long.

"Cousin Lois may go out and meet Satan by the brook-side if she will, but if thou goest, Faith, I will tell mother—ay, and I will tell Pastor Tappau, too. Hold thy stories, Cousin Lois, I am afeard of my very life. I would rather never be wed at all than feel the touch of the creature that would take the apple out of my hand as I held it over my left shoulder." The excited girl gave a loud scream of terror at the image her fancy had conjured up. Faith

and Lois sprang out towards her, flying across the moonlit room in their white nightgowns. At the same instant summoned by the same cry, Grace Hickson came to her child.

"Hush! hush!" said Faith, authoritatively.

"What is it, my wench?" asked Grace. While Lois, feeling as if she had done all the mischief, kept silence.

"Take her away, take her away!" screamed Prudence. "Look over her shoulder—her left shoulder—the Evil One is there now, I see him stretching over for the half-bitten apple."

"What is this she says?" said Grace, austerely.

"She is dreaming," said Faith; "Prudence, hold thy tongue." And she pinched the child severely, while Lois more tenderly tried to soothe the alarms she felt that she had conjured up.

"Be quiet, Prudence," said she, "and go to sleep. I will stay by thee till thou hast gone off into slumber."

"No, no! go away," sobbed Prudence, who was really terrified at first, but was now assuming more alarm than she felt from the pleasure she received at perceiving herself the centre of attention. "Faith shall stay by me, not you, wicked English witch."

So Faith sat by her sister, and Grace, displeased and perplexed, withdrew to her own bed, purposing to inquire more into the matter in the morning. Lois only hoped it might all be forgotten by morning, and resolved never to talk again of such things. But an event happened in the remaining hours of the night to change the current of affairs. While Grace had been absent from her room her husband had had another paralytic stroke: whether he, too, had been alarmed by that eldritch scream no one could ever know. By the faint light of the rush-candle burning at the bedside his wife perceived that a great change had taken place in his aspect on her return: the irregular breathing came almost like snorts—the end was drawing near. The family were roused, and all help given that either the doctor or experience could suggest. But before the late November morning light all was ended for Ralph Hickson.

The whole of the ensuing day they sat or moved in darkened rooms, and spoke few words, and those below their breath. Manasseh kept at home, regretting his father, no doubt, but showing but little emotion. Faith was the child that bewailed her loss most grievously; she had a warm heart, hidden away somewhere under her moody exterior, and her father had shown her far more passive kindness than ever her mother had done, for Grace made distinct favourites of Manasseh, her only son, and Prudence, her youngest child. Lois was about as unhappy as any of them, for she had felt strongly drawn towards her uncle as her kindest friend, and the sense of his loss renewed the old sorrow she had experienced at her own parents' death. But she had no time and no place to cry in. On her devolved many of the cares which it would have seemed indecorous in the nearer relatives to interest themselves in enough to take an active part: the change required in their dress, the household preparations for the sad feast of the funeral—Lois had to arrange all under her aunt's stern direction.

But a day or two afterwards—the last day before the funeral—she went into the yard to fetch in some fagots for the oven; it was a solemn, beautiful, starlit evening, and some sudden sense of desolation in the midst of the vast universe thus revealed touched Lois's heart, and she sat down behind the woodstack, and cried very plentiful tears.

She was startled by Manasseh, who suddenly turned the corner of the stack, and stood before her.

"Lois crying!"

"Only a little," she said, rising up, and gathering her bundle of fagots, for she dreaded being questioned by her grim, impassive cousin. To her surprise, he laid his hand on her arm, and said:

"Stop one minute. Why art thou crying, cousin?"

"I don't know," she said, just like a child questioned in like manner; and she was again on the point of weeping.

"My father was very kind to thee, Lois; I do not wonder that thou grievest after him. But the Lord who takest away can restore tenfold. I will be as kind as my father—yea, kinder. This is not a time to talk of marriage and giving in marriage. But after we have buried our dead I wish to speak to thee."

Lois did not cry now, but she shrank with affright. What did her cousin mean? She would far rather that he had been angry with her for unreasonable grieving, for folly.

She avoided him carefully—as carefully as she could, without seeming to dread him—for the next few days. Sometimes she thought it must have been a bad dream; for if there had been no English lover in the case, no other man in the whole world, she could never have thought of Manasseh as her husband; indeed, till now, there had been nothing in his words or actions to suggest such an idea. Now it had been suggested there was no telling how much she loathed him. He might be good, and pious—he doubtless was—but his dark, fixed eyes, moving so slowly and heavily, his lank black hair, his grey coarse skin, all made her dislike him now—all his personal ugliness and ungainliness struck on her senses with a jar since those few words spoken behind the haystack.

She knew that sooner or later the time must come for further discussion of this subject; but, like a coward, she tried to put it off, by clinging to her aunt's apron-string, for she was sure that Grace Hickson had far different views for her only son. As, indeed, she had, for she was an ambitious, as well as a religious, woman; and by an early purchase of land in Salem village the Hicksons had become wealthy people, without any great exertions of their own; partly, also, by the silent process of accumulation, for they had never cared to change their manner of living from the time when it

had been suitable to a far smaller income than that which they at present enjoyed. So much for worldly circumstances. As for their worldly character, it stood as high. No one could say a word against any of their habits or actions. Their righteousness and godliness was patent in every one's eyes. So Grace Hickson thought herself entitled to pick and choose among the maidens before she should meet with one fitted to be Manasseh's wife. None in Salem came up to her imaginary standard. She had it in her mind even at this very time—so soon after her husband's death—to go to Boston, and take counsel with the leading ministers there, with worthy Mr Cotton Mather at their head, if they could tell her of a well-favoured and godly young maiden in their congregations worthy of being the wife of her son. But, besides good looks and godliness, the wench must have good birth, and good wealth, or Grace Hickson would have put her contemptuously on one side. When once this paragon was found, and the ministers had approved, Grace anticipated no difficulty on her son's part. So Lois was right in feeling that her aunt would dislike any speech of marriage between Manasseh and herself.

But the girl was brought to bay one day in this wise. Manasseh had ridden forth on some business, which every one said would occupy him the whole day; but, meeting with the man with whom he had to transact his affairs, he returned earlier than any one expected. He missed Lois from the keeping-room where his sisters were spinning, almost immediately. His mother sat by at her knitting—he could see Nattee in the kitchen through the open door. He was too reserved to ask where Lois was, but he quietly sought till he found her—in the great loft, already piled with winter stores of fruit and vegetables. Her aunt had sent her there to examine the apples one by one, and pick out such as were unsound for immediate use. She was stooping down, and intent upon this work, and was hardly aware of his approach, until she lifted up her head and saw him standing close before her. She dropped the apple she was holding, went a little paler than her wont, and faced him in silence.

"Lois," he said, "thou rememberest the words that I spoke while we yet mourned over my father. I think that I am called to marriage now, as the head of this household. And I have seen no maiden so pleasant in my sight as thou art, Lois!" He tried to take her hand.

But she put it behind her with a childish shake of her head, and, half crying, said:

"Please, Cousin Manasseh, do not say this to me. I dare say you ought to be married, being the head of the household now; but I don't want to be married. I would rather not."

"That is well-spoken," replied he, frowning a little, nevertheless. "I should not like to take to wife an over-forward maiden, ready to jump at wedlock. Besides, the congregation might talk if we were to be married too soon after my father's death. We have, perchance, said enough, even now. But I wished thee to have thy mind set at ease as to thy future well-doing. Thou wilt have leisure to think of it, and to bring thy mind more fully round to it." Again he held out his hand. This time she took hold of it with a free, frank gesture.

"I owe you somewhat for your kindness to me ever since I came, Cousin Manasseh; and I have no way of paying you but by telling you truly I can love you as a dear friend, if you will let me, but never as a wife."

He flung her hand away, but did not take his eyes off her face, though his glance was lowering and gloomy. He muttered something which she did not quite hear, and so she went on bravely, although she kept trembling a little, and had much ado to keep from crying.

"Please let me tell you all. There was a young man in Barford—nay, Manasseh, I cannot speak if you are so angry; it is hard work to tell you any how—he said that he wanted to marry me; but I was poor, and his father would have none of it, and I do not want to marry any one; but if I did, it would be——" Her voice dropped, and her blushes told the rest. Manasseh stood looking at her with sullen, hollow eyes, that had a gathering touch of wildness in them, and then he said:

"It is borne in upon me—verily I see it as in a vision—that thou must be my spouse, and no other man's. Thou canst not escape what is foredoomed. Months ago, when I set myself to read the old godly books in which my soul used to delight until thy coming, I saw no letters of printer's ink marked on the page, but I saw a gold and ruddy type of some unknown language, the meaning whereof was whispered into my soul; it was, 'Marry Lois! marry Lois!' And when my father died I knew it was the beginning of the end. It is the Lord's will, Lois, and thou canst not escape from it." And again he would have taken her hand and drawn her towards him. But this time she eluded him with ready movement.

"I do not acknowledge it to be the Lord's will, Manasseh," said she. "It is not 'borne in upon me,' as you Puritans call it, that I am to be your wife. I am none so set upon wedlock as to take you, even though there be no other chance for me. For I do not care for you as I ought to care for my husband. But I could have cared for you very much as a cousin—as a kind cousin."

She stopped speaking; she could not choose the right words with which to speak to him of her gratitude and friendliness, which yet could never be any feeling nearer and dearer, no more than two parallel lines can ever meet.

But he was so convinced by what he considered the spirit of prophecy that Lois was to be his wife, that he felt rather more indignant at what he considered to be her resistance to the preordained decree, than really anxious as to the result. Again he tried to convince her that neither he nor she had any choice in the matter, by saying:

"The voice said unto me 'Marry Lois,' and I said, 'I will, Lord.'"

"But," Lois replied, "the voice, as you call it, has never spoken such a word to me."

"Lois," he answered, solemnly, "it will speak. And then wilt thou obey, even as Samuel did?"

"No; indeed I cannot!" she answered, briskly. "I may take a dream to be truth, and hear my own fancies, if I think about them too long. But I cannot marry any one from obedience."

"Lois, Lois, thou art as yet unregenerate; but I have seen thee in a vision as one of the elect, robed in white. As yet thy faith is too weak for thee to obey meekly, but it shall not always be so. I will pray that thou mayest see thy preordained course. Meanwhile, I will smoothe away all worldly obstacles."

"Cousin Manasseh! Cousin Manasseh!" cried Lois after him, as he was leaving the room, "come back. I cannot put it in strong enough words. Manasseh, there is no power in heaven or earth that can make me love thee enough to marry thee, or to wed thee without such love. And this I say solemnly, because it is better that this should end at once."

For a moment he was staggered; then he lifted up his hands, and said,

"God forgive thee thy blasphemy. Remember Hazael, who said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such things?' and went straight and did them, because his evil courses were fixed and appointed for him before the foundation of the world. And shall not thy paths be laid out among the godly as it hath been foretold to me?"

He went away, and for a minute or two Lois felt as if his words must come true, and that, struggle as she would, hate her doom as she would, she must become his wife; and, under the circumstances, many a girl would have succumbed to her apparent fate. Isolated from all previous connexions, hearing no word from England, living in the heavy, monotonous routine of a family with one man for head, and this man being esteemed a hero by most of those around him, simply because he was the only man in the family,—these facts alone would have formed strong presumptions that most girls would have yielded to the offers of such a one. But, besides this, there was much to tell upon the imagination in those days, that place, and time. It was prevalently believed that there were manifestations of spiritual influence—of the direct influence both of good and bad spirits—constantly to be perceived in the direct course of men's lives. Lots were drawn, as guidance from the Lord; the Bible was opened, and the leaves allowed to fall apart, and the first text the eye fell upon was supposed to be appointed from above as a direction. Sounds were heard that could not be accounted for; they were made by the evil spirits not yet banished from the desert places of which they had so long held possession; sights inexplicable and mysterious were dimly seen—Satan, in some shape, seeking whom he might devour. And at the beginning of the long winter season such whispered tales, such old temptations and hauntings, and devilish terrors, were supposed to be peculiarly rife. Salem was, as it were, showed up, and left to prey upon itself. The long, dark evenings, the dimly lighted rooms, the creaking passages, where heterogeneous articles were piled away out of reach of the keen-piercing frost, and where occasionally, in the dead of night, a sound was heard, as of some heavy falling body, when, next morning, everything appeared to be in its right place—so accustomed are we to measure noises by comparison with themselves, and not with the absolute stillness of the night-season—the white mist, coming nearer and nearer to the windows every evening in strange shapes, like phantoms,—all these, and many other circumstances, such as the distant fall of mighty trees in the mysterious forests girdling them round, the faint whoop and cry of some Indian seeking his camp, and unwittingly nearer to the white men's settlement than either he or they would have liked could they have chosen, the hungry yells of the wild beasts drawing near to the cattle pens, these were the things which made that winter life in Salem, in the memorable time of 1691-2, seem strange, and haunted, and terrific to many: peculiarly weird and awful to the English girl in her first year's sojourn in America.

And now imagine Lois worked upon perpetually by Manasseh's conviction that it was decreed that she should be his wife, and you will see that she was not without courage and spirit to resist as she did, steadily, firmly, and yet sweetly. Take one instance of the many, when her nerves were subjected to a shock, slight in relation it is true, but then remember that she had been all day, and for many days, shut up in doors, in a dull light, that at mid-day was almost dark with a long-continued snow-storm. Evening was coming on, and the wood fire was more cheerful than any of the human beings surrounding it; the monotonous whirr of the smaller spinning-wheels had been going on all day, and the store of flax down stairs was nearly exhausted, when Grace Hickson bade Lois fetch down some more from the store-room, before the light so entirely waned away that it could not be found without a candle, and a candle it would be dangerous to carry into that apartment full of combustible materials, especially at this time of hard frost, when every drop of water was locked up and bound in icy hardness. So Lois went, half-shrinking from the long passage that led to the stairs leading up into the store-room, for it was in this passage that the strange night sounds were heard which every one had begun to notice, and speak about in lowered tones. She sang, however, as she went, "to keep her courage up"—sang, however, in a subdued voice, the evening hymn she had so often sung in Barford church—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night—

and so it was, I suppose, that she never heard the breathing or motion of any creature near her till just as she was loading herself with flax to carry down she heard some one—it was Manasseh—say close to her ears:

"Has the voice spoken yet? Speak, Lois!

Has the voice spoken yet to thee—that speakest to me day and night, 'Marry Lois?'"

She started and turned a little sick, but spoke almost directly in a brave, clear manner:

"No! cousin Manasseh. And it never will."

"Then I must wait yet longer," he replied, hoarsely, as if to himself. "But all submission—all submission."

At last a break came upon the monotony of the long, dark winter. The parishioners once more raised the discussion of whether—the parish extending as it did—it was not absolutely necessary for Pastor Tappau to have help. This question had been mooted once before; and then Pastor Tappau had acquiesced in the necessity, and all had gone on smoothly for some months after the appointment of his assistant, until a feeling had sprung up on the part of the elder minister, which might have been called jealousy of the younger, if so godly a man as Pastor Tappau could have been supposed to entertain so evil a passion. However that might be, two parties were speedily formed, the younger and more ardent being in favour of Mr. Nolan, the elder and more persistent—and, at the time, the more numerous—clinging to the old grey-headed, dogmatic Mr. Tappau, who had married them, baptised their children, and was to them literally as a "pillar of the church." So Mr. Nolan left Salem, carrying away with him, possibly, more hearts than that of Faith Hickson's; but certainly she had never been the same creature since.

But now—Christmas, 1691—one or two of the older members of the congregation being dead, and some who were younger men having come to settle in Salem—Mr. Tappau being also older, and, some charitably supposed, wiser—a fresh effort had been made, and Mr. Nolan was returning to labour in ground apparently smoothed over. Lois had taken a keen interest in all the proceedings for Faith's sake, far more than the latter did for herself, as any spectator would have said. Faith's wheel never went faster or slower, her thread never broke, her colour never came, her eyes were never uplifted with sudden interest all the time these discussions respecting Mr. Nolan's return were going on. But Lois, after the hint given by Prudence, had found a clue to many a sigh and look of despairing sorrow, even without the help of Nattee's improvised songs, in which, under strange allegories, the helpless love of her favourite was told to ears heedless of all meaning, with the exception of those of the tender-hearted and sympathetic Lois. Occasionally she heard a strange chant of the old Indian woman's—half in her own language, half in broken English—droned over some simmering pipkin, from which the smell was, to say the least, unearthly. Once, on perceiving this odour in the keeping-room, Grace Hickson suddenly exclaimed,

"Nattee is at her heathen ways again; we shall have some mischief unless she is stayed."

But Faith, moving quicker than ordinary, said something about putting a stop to it, and so forestalled her mother's evident intention of going into the kitchen. Faith shut the door between the two rooms, and entered upon some remonstrance with Nattee; but no one could hear the words used. Faith and Nattee seemed more bound together by love and common interest than any other two among the self-contained individuals comprising this household. Lois sometimes felt as if her presence as a third interrupted some confidential talk between her cousin and the old servant. And yet she was fond of Faith, and could almost think that Faith liked her more than she did either mother, brother or sister; for the first two were indifferent as to any unspoken feelings, while Prudence delighted in discovering them only to make an amusement to herself out of them.

One day Lois was sitting by herself at her sewing-table, while Faith and Nattee were holding one of the secret conclaves from which Lois felt herself to be tacitly excluded, when the outer door opened, and a tall, pale young man, in the strict professional habit of a minister, entered. Lois sprang up with a smile and a look of welcome for Faith's sake, for this must be the Mr. Nolan whose name had been on the tongue of every one for days, and who was, as Lois knew, expected to arrive on the day before.

He seemed half surprised at the glad alacrity with which he was received by this stranger: possibly he had not heard of the English girl, who was an inmate in the house where formerly he had only seen grave, solemn, rigid, or heavy faces, and had been received with a stiff form of welcome, very different from the blushing, smiling, dimpled looks that innocently met him with the greeting almost of an old acquaintance. Lois having placed a chair for him, hastened out to call Faith, never doubting but that the feeling which her cousin entertained for the young pastor was mutual, although it might be unrecognised in its full depth by either.

"Faith!" said she, bright and breathless. "Guess——No," checking herself to an assumed unconsciousness of any particular importance likely to be affixed to her words, "Mr. Nolan, the new pastor, is in the keeping-room. He has asked for my aunt and Manasseh. My aunt is gone to the prayer-meeting at Pastor Tappau's, and Manasseh is away." Lois went on speaking to give Faith time, for the girl had become deadly white at the intelligence, while, at the same time, her eyes met the keen, cunning eyes of the old Indian with a peculiar look of half-wondering awe, while Nattee's looks expressed triumphant satisfaction.

"Go," said Lois, smoothing Faith's hair, and kissing the white, cold cheek, "or he will wonder why no one comes to see him, and perhaps think he is not welcome." Faith went without another word into the keeping-room, and shut the door of communication. Nattee and Lois were left together. Lois felt as happy as if some piece of good fortune had befallen herself. For the time her growing dread of Manasseh's wild, ominous persistence in his suit, her aunt's coldness, her own loneliness, were all forgotten, and she could almost have danced with joy.

Nattee laughed aloud, and talked and chuckled to herself: "Old Indian woman great mystery. Old Indian woman sent hither and thither; go where she is told, where she hears with her ears. But old Indian woman"—and here she drew herself up, and the expression of her face quite changed—"know how to call, and then white man must come; and old Indian have spoken never a word, and white man have hear nothing with his ears." So the old crone muttered.

All this time things were going on very differently in the keeping-room to what Lois imagined. Faith sat stiller even than usual; her eyes downcast, her words few. A quick observer might have noticed a certain tremulousness about her hands, and an occasional twitching throughout all her frame. But Pastor Nolan was not a keen observer upon this occasion; he was absorbed with his own little wonders and perplexities. His wonder was that of a carnal man—who that pretty stranger might be, who had seemed, on his first coming, so glad to see him, but had vanished instantly, apparently not to reappear. And, indeed, I am not sure if his perplexity was not that of a carnal man rather than that of a godly minister, for this was his dilemma. It was the custom of Salem (as we have already seen) for the minister, on entering a household for the visit which, among other people and in other times, would have been termed a "morning call," to put up a prayer for the eternal welfare of the family under whose roof-tree he was. Now this prayer was expected to be adapted to the individual character, joys, sorrows, wants, and failings of every member present, and here was he, a young pastor alone with a young woman, and he thought—vain thoughts, perhaps, but still very natural—that the implied guesses at her character, involved in the minute supplications above described, would be very awkward in a tête-à-tête prayer; so, whether it was his wonder or his perplexity, I do not know, but he did not contribute much to the conversation for some time, and at last, by a sudden burst of courage and impromptu hit, he cut the Gordian knot by making the usual proposal for prayer, and adding to it a request that the household might be summoned. In came Lois, quiet and decorous; in came Nattee, all one impassive, stiff piece of wood; no look of intelligence or trace of giggling near her countenance. Solemnly recalling each wandering thought, Pastor Nolan knelt in the midst of these three to pray. He was a good and truly religious man, whose name here is the only thing disguised, and played his part bravely in the awful trial to which he was afterwards subjected; and if at the time before he went through his fiery persecutions the human fancies which beset all young hearts came across him, we at this day know that these fancies are no sin. But now he prays in earnest, prays so heartily for himself, of his own spiritual need and spiritual failings, that each one of his hearers feels as if a prayer and a supplication had gone up for each of them. Even Nattee muttered the few words she knew of the Lord's Prayer; gibberish though the disjointed nouns and verbs might be, the poor creature said them because she was stirred to unwonted reverence. As for Lois, she rose up comforted and strengthened, as no special prayers of Pastor Tappau had ever made her feel. But Faith was sobbing, sobbing aloud, almost hysterically, and made no effort to rise, but lay on her outstretched arms spread out upon the settle. Lois and Pastor Nolan looked at each other for an instant. Then Lois said,

"Sir, you must go. My cousin has not been strong for some time, and doubtless she needs more quiet than she has had to-day."

Pastor Nolan bowed, and left the house; but in a moment he returned. Half opening the door, but without entering, he said,

"I come back to ask if perchance I may call this evening to inquire how young Mistress Hickson finds herself?"

But Faith did not hear this; she was sobbing louder than ever.

"Why did you send him away, Lois? I should have been better directly, and it is so long since I have seen him."

She had her face hidden as she uttered these words, and Lois could not hear them distinctly. She bent her head down by her cousin's on the settle, meaning to ask her to repeat what she had said. But in the irritation of the moment, and prompted possibly by some incipient jealousy, Faith pushed Lois away so violently that the latter was hurt against the hard sharp corner of the wooden settle. Tears came into her eyes; not so much because her cheek was bruised, as because of the surprised pain she felt at this repulse from the cousin towards whom she was feeling so warmly and kindly. Just for the moment Lois was as angry as any child could have been; but some of the words of Pastor Nolan's prayer yet rang in her ears, and she thought it would be a shame if she did not let them sink into her heart. But she dared not stoop again to caress Faith, but stood quietly by her, sorrowfully waiting, until a step at the outer door caused Faith to rise quickly, and rush into the kitchen, leaving Lois to bear the brunt of the new comer. It was Manasseh, returned from hunting. He had been two days away in company with other young men out of Salem. It was almost the only occupation which could draw him out of his secluded habits. He stopped suddenly at the door at seeing Lois, and alone, for she had avoided him of late in every possible way.

"Where is my mother?"

"At a prayer meeting at Pastor Tappau's. She has taken Prudence. Faith has left the room this minute. I will call her." And Lois was going towards the kitchen, when he placed himself between her and the door.

"Lois," said he, "the time is going by, and I cannot wait much longer. The visions come thick upon me, and my sight grows clearer and clearer. Only this last night, camping out in the woods, I saw in my soul, between sleeping and waking, the spirit come and offer thee two lots, and the colour of the one was white,

like a bride's, and the other was black and red, which is being interpreted a violent death. And when thou didst choose the latter the spirit said unto me, 'Come!' and I came, and did as I was bidden. I put it on thee with mine own hands, as it is preordained if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice and be my wife. And when the black and red dress fell to the ground, thou wert even as a corpse three days old. Now, be advised, Lois, in time. Lois, my cousin, I have seen it in a vision, and my soul cleaveth unto thee—I would fain spare thee."

He was really in earnest—in passionate earnest; whatever his visions, as he called them, might be, he believed in them, and this belief gave something of unselfishness to his love for Lois. This she felt at this moment, if she had never done so before, and it seemed like a contrast to the repulse she had just met with from his sister. He had drawn near her, and now he took hold of her hand, repeating in his wild, pathetic, dreamy way,

"And the voice said unto me, 'Marry Lois!'" And Lois was more inclined to soothe and reason with him than she had ever been before since the first time of his speaking to her on the subject, when Grace Hickson and Prudence entered the room from the passage. They had returned from the prayer meeting by the back way, which had prevented the sound of their approach from being heard.

But Manasseh did not stir or look round; he kept his eyes fixed on Lois, as if to note the effect of his words. Grace came hastily forwards, and, lifting up her strong right arm, smote their joined hands in twain, in spite of the fervour of Manasseh's grasp.

"What means this?" said she, addressing herself more to Lois than to her son, anger flashing out of her deep-set eyes.

Lois waited for Manasseh to speak. He seemed but a few minutes before to be more gentle and less threatening than he had been of late on this subject, and she did not wish to irritate him. But he did not speak, and her aunt stood angrily waiting for an answer.

"At any rate," thought Lois, "it will put an end to the thought in his mind when my aunt speaks out about it."

"My cousin seeks me in marriage," said Lois.

"Thee!" and Grace struck out in the direction of her niece with a gesture of supreme contempt. But now Manasseh spoke forth:

"Yea! it is preordained. The voice has said it, and the spirit has brought her to me as my bride."

"Spirit! an evil spirit then. A good spirit would have chosen out for thee a godly maiden of thine own people, and not a prelatist and a stranger like this girl. A pretty return, Mistress Lois, for all our kindness."

"Indeed, Aunt Hickson, I have done all I could—Cousin Manasseh knows it—to show him I can be none of his. I have told him," said she, blushing, but determined to say all out at once, "that I am all but troth-plight to a young man of our own village at home; and, even putting all that on one side, I wish not for marriage at present."

"Wish rather for conversion and regeneration. Marriage is an unseemly word in the mouth of a maiden. As for Manasseh, I will take reason with him in private; and, meanwhile, if thou hast spoken truly, throw not thyself in his path, as I have noticed thou hast done but too often of late."

Lois's heart burnt within her at this unjust accusation, for she knew how much she had dreaded and avoided her cousin, and she almost looked to him to give evidence that her aunt's last words were not true. But, instead, he recurred to his one fixed idea, and said:

"Mother, listen. If I wed not Lois, both she and I die within the year. I care not for life; before this, as you know, I have sought for death" (Grace shuddered, and was for a moment subdued by some recollection of past horror), "but if Lois were my wife I should live, and she would be spared from what is the other lot. That whole vision grows clearer to me day by day. Yet, when I try to know whether I am one of the elect, all is dark. The mystery of Free Will and Fore Knowledge is a mystery of Satan's devising, not of God's."

"Alas, my son, Satan is abroad among the brethren even now; but let the old vexed topics rest. Sooner than fret thyself again, thou shalt have Lois to be thy wife, though my heart was set far differently for thee."

"No, Manasseh," said Lois. "I love you well as a cousin, but wife of yours I can never be. Aunt Hickson, it is not well to delude him so. I say if ever I marry man I am troth-plight to one in England."

"Tush, child! I am your guardian in my dead husband's place. Thou thinkest thyself so great a prize that I would clutch at thee whether or no, I doubt not. I value thee not, save as a medicine for Manasseh, if his mind get disturbed again, as I have noted signs of late."

This, then, was the secret explanation of much that had alarmed her in her cousin's manner; and if Lois had been a physician of modern times she might have traced somewhat of the same temperament in his sisters as well—in Prudence's lack of natural feeling and impish delight in mischief, in Faith's vehemence of unrequited love. But as yet Lois did not know, any more than Faith, that the attachment of the latter to Mr. Nolan was not merely unreturned, but even unperceived, by the young minister.

He came, it is true, came often to the house, sat long with the family, and watched them narrowly, but took no especial notice of Faith. Lois perceived this, and grieved over it; Nattee perceived it, and was indignant at it, long before Faith slowly acknowledged it to herself, and went to Nattee the Indian woman, rather than to Lois her cousin, for sympathy and counsel.

"He cares not for me," said Faith. "He cares more for Lois's little finger than for my

whole body," the girl moaned out in the bitter pain of jealousy.

"Hush thee, hush thee, prairie bird. How can he build a nest when the old bird has got all the moss and the feathers? Wait till the Indian has found means to send the old bird flying far away." This was the mysterious comfort Nattee gave.

Grace Hickson took some kind of charge over Manasseh that relieved Lois of much of her distress at his strange behaviour. Yet at times he escaped from his mother's watchfulness, and at such opportunities he would always seek Lois, entreating her, as of old, to marry him—sometimes pleading his love for her, oftener speaking wildly of his visions and the voices which he heard foretelling a terrible futurity.

We have now to do with the events which were taking place in Salem beyond the narrow circle of the Hickson family; but as they only concern us in as far as they bore down in their consequences upon the future of those people whom I have already named, I shall go over their narrative very briefly. The town of Salem had lost by death, within a very short time preceding the commencement of my story, nearly all its venerable men and leading citizens—men of ripe wisdom and sound counsel. The people had hardly yet recovered from the shock of their loss, as one by one the patriarchs of the primitive little community had rapidly followed each other to the grave. They had been beloved as fathers, and looked up to as judges in the land. The first bad effect of their loss was seen in the heated dissension which sprang up between Pastor Tappau and the candidate Nolan. It had been apparently healed over; but Mr. Nolan had not been many weeks in Salem, after his second coming, before the strife broke out afresh, and alienated many for life who had till now been bound together by the ties of friendship or relationship. Even in the Hickson family something of this feeling soon sprang up; Grace being a vehement partisan of the elder pastor's more gloomy doctrines, while Faith was a passionate, if a powerless, advocate of Mr. Nolan. Manasseh's growing absorption in his own fancies and imagined gift of prophecy making him comparatively indifferent to all outward events, did not tend either to the fulfilment of his visions, or the elucidation of the dark mysterious doctrines over which he had pondered too long for the health either of his mind or body; while Prudence delighted in irritating every one by her advocacy of the views of thinking to which they were most opposed, and in retailing every gossiping story to the person most likely to disbelieve, and be indignant at what she told with an assumed unconsciousness of any such effect to be produced. There was much talk of the congregational difficulties and dissensions being carried up to the general court, and each party naturally hoped that, if such were the course of events, the opposing pastor and that portion of the congregation that adhered to him might be worsted in the struggle.

Such was the state of things in the township when, one day towards the end of the month of February, Grace Hickson returned from the weekly prayer meeting, which it was her custom to attend at Pastor Tappau's house, in a state of extreme excitement. On her entrance into her own house she sat down, rocking her body backwards and forwards, and praying to herself; both Faith and Lois stopped their spinning in wonder at her agitation before either of them ventured to address her. At length Faith rose, and spoke:

"Mother, what is it? Hath anything happened of an evil nature?"

The brave, stern, old woman's face was blenched, and her eyes were almost set in horror, as she prayed; the great drops running down her cheeks.

It seemed almost as if she had to make a struggle to recover her sense of the present homely accustomed life, before the could find words to answer:

"Evil nature! Daughters, Satan is abroad, is close to us. I have this very hour seen him afflict two innocent children, as of old he troubled those who were possessed by him in Judea. Hester and Abigail Tappau have been contorted and convulsed by him and his servants into such shapes as I am afeard to think on; and when their father, godly Mr. Tappau, began to exhort and to pray, their howlings were like the wild beasts' of the field. Satan is of a truth let loose amongst us. The girls kept calling upon him as if he were even then present among us. Abigail screeched out that he stood at my very back in the guise of a black man; and truly, as I turned round at her words, I saw a creature like a shadow vanishing, and turned all of a cold sweat. Who knows where he is now? Faith, lay straws across on the door-sill."

"But if he be already entered in," asked Prudence, "may not that make it difficult for him to depart?"

Her mother, taking no notice of her question, went on rocking herself, and praying, till again she broke out into narration:

"Reverend Mr. Tappau says that only last night he heard a sound as of a heavy body dragged all through the house by some strong power; once it was thrown against his bedroom door, and would, doubtless, have broken it in, if he had not prayed fervently and aloud at that very time; and a shriek went up at his prayer that made his hair stand on end; and this morning all the crockery in the house was found broken and piled up in the middle of the kitchen floor; and Pastor Tappau says that as soon as he began to ask blessing on the morning's meal, Abigail and Hester cried out, as if some one was pinching them, Lord, have mercy upon us all! Satan is of a truth let loose."

"They sound like the old stories I used to hear in Barford," said Lois, breathless with affright.

Faith seemed less alarmed; but then her dis-

like to Pastor Tappau was so great that she could hardly sympathise with any misfortunes that befel him or his family.

Towards evening Mr. Nolan came in. In general, so high did party spirit run, Grace Hickson only tolerated his visits, finding herself often engaged at such hours, and being too much abstracted in thought to show him the ready hospitality which was one of her most prominent virtues. But to-day, both as bringing the latest intelligence of the new horrors sprung up in Salem, and as being one of the Church militant (or what the Puritans considered as equivalent to the Church militant) against Satan, he was welcomed by her in an unusual manner.

He seemed oppressed with the occurrences of the day; at first it appeared to be almost a relief to him to sit still, and cogitate upon them, and his hosts were becoming almost impatient for him to say something more than mere monosyllables, when he began:

"Such a day as this I pray that I may never see again. It is as if the devils whom our Lord banished into the herd of swine had been permitted to come again upon the earth. And I would it were only the lost spirits who were tormenting us; but I much fear that certain of those whom we have esteemed as God's people have sold their souls to Satan, for the sake of a little of his evil power, whereby they may afflict others for a time. Elder Sherringham hath lost this very day a good and valuable horse, wherewith he used to drive his family to meeting, his wife being bedridden."

"Perchance," said Lois, "the horse died of some natural disease."

"True," said Pastor Nolan, "but I was going on to say, that as he entered into his house, full of dolour at the loss of his beast, a mouse ran in before him so sudden that it almost tripped him up, though an instant before there was no such thing to be seen; and he caught at it with his shoe and hit it, and it cried out like a human creature in pain, and straight ran up the chimney, caring nothing for the hot flame and smoke."

Manasseh listened greedily to all this story, and when it was ended he smote upon his breast, and prayed aloud for deliverance from the power of the Evil One; and he continually went on praying at intervals through the evening with every mark of abject terror on his face and in his manner—he, the bravest, most daring hunter in all the settlement. Indeed, all the family huddled together in silent fear, scarcely finding any interest in the usual household occupations. Faith and Lois sat with arms entwined, as in former days before the former had become jealous of the latter; Prudence asked low, fearful questions of her mother and of the pastor as to the creatures that were abroad, and the ways in which they afflicted others; and when Grace besought the minister to pray for her and her household, he made a long and passionate supplication that none of that little flock might ever so far fall away into hopeless perdition as to be guilty of the sin without forgiveness—the Sin of Witchcraft.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND AN INFANT MAGNET.

Your Eye-witness was thoroughly sick of Smallport. He had used it up utterly. He had wrung it dry. The sight of canvas shoes and round straw hats had become a positive misery and nuisance to him, and he was even tired of paying twice the proper amount for every article which he found it necessary to consume.

What was it, then, that caused your Eye-witness to write to London putting off the matter of business which demanded his presence there?

It was THE INFANT MAGNET!

Passing by the shut-up "Rooms" which are to be found in most watering-places, and which are almost always, like these in question, shut up, your Eye-witness observed, pasted upon the door-post, a large printed bill, which at once caught and riveted his attention.

It was a good and promising placard, surely. It told the public of Smallport that Miss Rebecca Salamans (better known as the Infant Magnet) would appear for that night only at the Assembly Rooms, and would, "besides exhibiting other phenomena," go through certain performances in animal magnetism, a list of which (including an act called the "Rigid Legs") was appended beneath.

The "Rigid Legs!" Was it for one moment to be supposed that the E. W. could go away from Smallport without seeing the rigid legs? Nor let any ill-disposed person hastily jump to the conclusion that the E. W. was, in his keen longing to witness the act thus designated, influenced by any base or unworthy motive. No; the legs here spoken of were the legs of Master Raphael, and Master Raphael was the Magnet's brother. All here is propriety, and equal rigidity of principle—and of leg.

And as it appeared, on further perusal of the advertisement, of body too. This Magnetic Infant, besides being able so to affect the lower limbs of Master Raphael that they shall become immovable as bars of iron, is in the habit of producing (by a few passes) such a condition of his entire frame, that his head being placed on one chair and his heels upon another, he can without other support sustain the weight of a gentleman of twenty-two stone sitting down upon him. Nor is this all. Master Raphael's phrenological sensitiveness is, it seems, very great. On his organ of music being touched by the Infant Magnet he will beat time "so accurately, that, on a slow measure being changed in any part for a quick air, no mistake will occur in his accompaniment." A degree of sensitiveness this, of which one has perhaps met with an instance or two before. "Mutatis *mun*tandis," the bill goes on to say, "similar results will be obtained by touching other organs." The organ of combativeness, by-the-by, it is pleasant to find, is singularly under control, for we read

that the magnetist will by a single pass render futile all Master Raphael's attempts to strike her, and will "reduce him when at the height of his frenzy to such extreme rigidity that he will again sustain a heavy weight, *as before*." This "as before" seems to point at the twenty-two stone gentleman again, and we think there are but few of us whose combativeness would sustain its full energy were we to be sat down upon by a personage of so plethoric a habit.

The aspect presented by the Assembly Rooms on the occasion was the reverse of exhilarating. A little strip of Kidderminster carpet to comfort the feet of the occupants of the front row; a small and rickety dressing-table with some seedy damask for a cover, and two composite candles upon it to light a room about fifty feet long; twelve persons seated on benches round the dressing-table, and four bathing-machine boys upon a distant form, who had been let in for nothing—these were the component parts of the coup-d'œil which greeted your Eye-witness when he entered the Rooms at Smallport, bent on examining dispassionately, and estimating truly, the performances of the Infant Magnet. Traditions are in existence of days when duchesses have danced minuets in those Rooms, and of weekly assemblies, of wit and rank and beauty, which took place in those apartments in the palmy days of Smallport. Such days are over now, and only the traditions of them hang about the place, just as the plaster ornaments hang from the ceiling, the cobwebs from the cornice, and the paper in damp strips from the cracking walls.

There seemed no particular reason why the twelve persons who were waiting for the exhibition to begin should communicate with each other in whispers, yet it was in such covert tones that they spoke, and everything they did was so furtive, that the crunching of the apples by the bathing-machine boys resounded through the room till it echoed again. In such a silence as this it will readily be imagined that any unusual noise would attract immense attention, and that when from behind a huge screen, which nearly covered one end of the room, there arose a sound of pouring out of water, of the clinking of a soap-dish, of the friction of soap upon a towel, of the escape of this slippery article, of its recapture, of rubbing, of rinsing, of splashing—when these sounds, we say, reached the ears of the audience, and when they reflected that the Infant Magnet alone was behind the screen, then it was that the conviction forced itself upon them that this gifted creature was engaged at her toilet.

It has been said that the public was aware that the Magnetic Infant was the only inhabitant of the screened-off portion of the room; and, indeed, about this there could be no sort of doubt, for both the Professor who exhibited her and Master Raphael (the proprietor of the Rigid Legs) were standing by the door assisting the old lady who took the money, and whose imperfect acquaintance with the currency rendered their presence highly desirable.

Three large flat-irons, or tailor's geese, having been, at three separate journeys, brought from some place of concealment and placed with a bang, and a show of much effort, upon the dressing-table, the Professor began his address. He was a little, middle-aged gentleman, but compact and stout, with short bristling hair, and a dyed moustache. The Professor leaned one hand upon the table, and, placing the other akimbo, eyed his audience with a mixture of suspicion, and of a foreknowledge that they would not be perfectly satisfied with what they were going to see. His stock of words appeared to be singularly limited. He had a habit of leaving his sentences incomplete, abandoning each commonly at an early stage, and getting on to the next, in a sanguine hope that it might turn out more manageable than its predecessor,—but for these defects, and an imperfect acquaintance with the subject he was lecturing upon, the Professor would have been, perhaps, one of the most remarkable orators of modern times. The eloquence of our lecturer was slow, with pauses of great duration. It was of this sort:

"It is generally admitted, or rather I should say that the remarks which I am about to make. The practice, or it would be preferable to say the science, of mesmerism, or rather animal magnetism. It is well known that even among the ancient Egyptians, one of whom, the renowned Mesmer. And, indeed, in our own day, many are of opinion: but there have always been, at all times, those whom the evidence of their senses will not convince. While in the study of Phrenology, being myself engaged in, and I shall feel happy to examine the heads of any lady or gentleman present, and at my temporary residence in the neighbouring town, number 48, Swallow-street. The exhibition which is about to take place in which the heavy iron weights which are placed as you see; and the medical world, the science of mesmerism having in its noisier aspects yielded to the calmness of truth; the accomplished young lady, whom I came in contact with but eight days ago, being here to illustrate my meaning: with these few remarks explanatory of the nature of the performance and of mesmerism, or rather animal magnetism, we will introduce——"

The Infant Magnet appears from behind the screen—a little girl, apparently about fifteen, but probably older, with a good, intelligent, and rather pretty face, and a singularly elegant and graceful manner. After curtseying to the audience, she seats herself at the table, places her little finger and the part of the inside of her hand between it, and the wrist upon the handle of one of the flat-irons, and tips up the end of the iron which is farthest from her, the other extremity remaining upon the table. This is done several times, with each of the irons in turn.

The effect of this prodigious feat is somehow so very small upon the audience, that the Professor seems to feel it necessary to apologise.

"We have been disappointed," the Professor says, "of the music. The musician having at

the last moment; the effect is materially increased by the adaptation of the action of the weights to tune; the whole exhibition is marred. If any lady or gentleman present would; there is a piano in the room; they would confer a great obligation. Perhaps some lady or gentleman would;" and the wretched Professor looks helplessly and hopelessly from one unpromising face to another, and the bathing-machine boys wriggle uneasily on their form, as if they thought they were being personally alluded to. There is a great pause.

"If any lady or gentleman would play any little tune, it would add to the interest of the performance," remarked the Professor.

"What sort of a tune?" said a tall man, standing in a dark part of the room, and leaning against the wall.

"Any tune in the world," said the Professor.

"Home, sweet home?" inquired the tall man.

The Professor, after consulting the Magnet, and after much argument in an under tone, says that the Magnet would prefer a Polka. But it would appear that the tall man does not know any other, for he remains immovable against the wall. There is another pause.

"If no lady or gentleman will oblige us," says the Professor, "we must do as well as we can without. The exhibition will now proceed."

More tipping up of one end of the flat-irons. At length the Magnet, who seems inclined to laugh, whispers to the Professor. He leans over with his knuckles upon the table, and smiles in a sickly manner upon the audience.

"Perhaps some lady or gentleman would like to feel the weight of the irons, or to endeavour to raise them as done by the infant Magnet."

Silence and inaction on the part of the audience, each member of which seems to think that his neighbour is being addressed.

"It will materially increase the effect, if any lady or gentleman would try," says the hapless Professor. After which there occurs the longest silence of all, which is broken by an explosion of laughter coming from one of the bathing-machine boys, who is promptly turned out. After this there is more whispering between the Professor and the Magnet, and then the lecturer, leaning again with his knuckles on the table, and again regarding the public with a sickly smile, says once more:

"It will materially increase the effect of the performance if any lady or gentleman will kindly favour us with the loan of a watch."

Assuredly this is an exhibition in which the audience is expected to contribute largely to its own amusement. There is by no means that alacrity to answer this last appeal that might have been expected; but, at length a noble and public-spirited Frenchman (the same that bathes daily with his wife and family all in rose-coloured dresses) is pushed forward by his wife, and, with agony depicted in every feature, tenders his watch to the Professor.

The goose is again tipped up and the watch placed, to the increased anguish of the French gentleman, where the end of the iron would fall if allowed to descend. The iron is suffered to drop again till it nearly touches the watch-glass, and is then canted back again.

"Aie!" cries the proprietor of the rose-coloured bathing-dress, snatching his watch up again and putting it in his pocket; "enough for me." Nor will all the persuasions of his better half, with whom he carries on a long and brisk argument in their native tongue, persuade him to risk his timepiece again. The Professor, during this discussion, looks on with a smile of proprietorship, as if it was part of the entertainment, and it being impossible to eke out the time any longer, it is now announced that Master Raphael (the rigidly disposed young gentleman) will promptly make his appearance.

His appearance was that of an ill-looking youngster, about sixteen or seventeen, short of his age, but tough and strongly built. The flat-irons and the dressing-table being removed, this young gentleman placed himself in the middle of the room, standing in the attitude of the genteel beggars who on Saturday night place themselves by the side of the kerb-stone with a box of lucifer-matches in their hands, and looking down at the pavement. The Infant Magnet then proceeded to make the mesmeric passes, as if she were draping him with magnetism from the head to the feet, and wrapping these last up with especial care in the mesmeric garment, the Professor standing all the time with his arms extended in an expectant "pose," and ready to catch our young friend as soon as he should go off.

Very soon and very suddenly he does go off, tumbling all stiff and straight into the Professor's arms, who, propping him from behind, invites the audience to come and test for themselves the rigidity of his limbs in any way they think proper. They think proper to answer to this appeal very readily, and (especially the bathing-machine boys) to pinch the calves, to wrench the jaw, to grasp the throat, and to tug generally at the limbs of Master Raphael in a very edifying manner. While all this was going on, a member of the company with whom your Eye-witness happened to be acquainted, suddenly pulled the boy's clasped hands asunder, the firm locking together of these being one of the principal evidences of the lad's general rigidity. He who had thus succeeded in invalidating this test now called the attention of the Professor to what had happened.

"That-er-er-signifies-er-nothing," was the unanswerable explanation of this truly great man. As for the boy, he quietly and scientifically joined his hands together again as soon as they were liberated—just as if he had been conscious. Perhaps he was.

Our young friend was next placed on his back with his head and shoulders supported by one chair, and his heels and part of his legs by another. The Infant Magnet and the Professor then stood upon him, making a united weight of probably some seventeen stone. If no part of the boy but the back of his head and the extremities of his heels had rested upon the chairs

this would have been a surprising feat, but it was not so; the chairs were brought well under his shoulders, and half way towards the calves of his legs.

By many graceful passes and wavings of a white pocket-handkerchief, the Infant Magnet now succeeded in de-mesmerising the superior half of Master Raphael's frame, leaving only the lower limbs in the magnetised state. In a word, the next act exhibited was to be that which bears the exquisitely humorous title of the "Rigid Legs."

The reader may, without being possessed of any great muscular power, achieve the "Rigid Legs" act, as completely as it was performed by Master Raphael. Let him (the reader) seat himself in a strong chair, and take a firm hold of the seat with both hands; let him stretch his legs out straight in front of him not to touch the ground, and he will find that he can keep them in that position with a full-grown human being standing upon his insteps. It will be necessary that the amateur acrobat shall be held into his chair, as was the case with Master Raphael, as otherwise, acrobat, chair, and all, must infallibly be overbalanced and brought to the ground by the weight of the full-grown human being.

The "Rigid Legs" having been done justice to, a few more lucid remarks follow from the Professor:

"It will now be our interesting office to consider, or rather that of the young lady to so act upon the phrenological organisation; nor can any more interesting study be conceived; and most persons will admit. The sensitiveness of our young friend's cranium being such; whether we test the organ of self-esteem, or of veneration, or that of sublimity" (an organ of sublimity!), "but the fearful struggles and violence demonstrated in the exhibition of that of combativeness, no person can doubt the truth of the science after witnessing; and myself being, as I have remarked, a practical phrenologist. Whilst the development of tune can be brought into action by musical one, if any lady or gentleman will kindly favour us by playing any little air——"

"*Would* any lady or gentleman oblige us by performing a tune upon the piano?" continued the lecturer, as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him and had never been suggested before.

All this time the Infant Magnet is engaged in preparing Master Raphael for the phrenological test. She now pronounces him to be in perfect readiness, and comes to consult the Professor as to the exact position (to the eighth of an inch) of the organ of self-esteem. Having with the assistance of this gentleman got it to the utmost nicety, the Magnet does not let it go again, but continues to poke the bump in question with her infant forefinger till our youth, beginning perhaps to find his situation uncomfortable, gets up and proceeds to develop his idea of the usual manifestations of the quality in question. He begins by buttoning up his coat at the waist (which it appears is an infallible sign of self-esteem). Then he converts his forefinger and thumb into a barbarous imitation of an eye-glass, and holding this phantom optical aid to his eye, walks round the room with his head on one side, with a kind of paralytic strut, stopping suddenly from time to time as if he had forgotten something.

The mountebank who had taught the young impostor this nonsense, had also taught him that the sublimest acme of veneration was to be shown by a figure kneeling upon one knee, with the head thrown back and the hands clasped in the attitude of the Exeter Hall negro when he cries, with a jingle of his chains, "Am I not a man and a brother?" But neither the mountebank, nor the professor, nor the Infant Magnet, nor the boy's mother had taken due pains that evening to prepare him for all emergencies in one important particular. They had sent him to the show in a "Dickey;" a dreadful subterfuge (the sale of which should be illegal) which bears the semblance of a shirt; while, in reality, it is only the front of one. The Dickey behaved very well for a long time. Through all the squarings and strikings out, the buffetings of the air, and the cuffings of imaginary adversaries, it kept its place; but when, in the final crisis of destructiveness, our youngster flung himself, wallowing on the ground, then the last thread, or the final tape, or the critical button, or something or other, gave way, and the deceptive piece of wearing apparel dawned upon the company in all its native hideousness. It was too much for the gravity of even the Magnet herself. All eyes went to the shirt-front; whisperings and covert laughter, and explosive splutterings of bathing-machine boys, gathered force and volume, till at last the attention of the combative youth himself was drawn to the derangement of his attire, and, as he rolled over in one of his paroxysms, he managed to turn his back to the audience, and capture the floating ends of the treacherous Dickey—and thrust it back into his waistcoat.

Climax, and finishing stroke of humbug! Fitting end of an exhibition with as much of Magnetism in it, as of anything else that is genuine and real. And one thing serious let the reader take note of—that the paltry fabric of this poor sham, was shored up and held together by the aid of two young creatures, a boy and a girl entering newly into life, but entering it by what a road of falsehood and deceit!

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IX. THE GAME MADE.

WHILE Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look, did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon."

"I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself wot I've had the honour of odd jobbing till I'm grey at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so—I don't say it is, but even if it wos. And which it is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarter—a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not more so. Well, that 'ud be imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways wos in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin' agen the business to that degree as is ruinating—stark ruinating! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favour of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without the t'other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it wos so, which I don't say it is——"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will *not*, sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice—"which I don't say it is—wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prewaricate to you, sir), let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother; don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug—if it wos so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with conwictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here a goin' on dreadful round him, in

the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough fur to bring the price down to porterage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it wos so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad!" said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have ensured access to him, once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much, would be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep, and sit by, careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more, if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words, with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell Her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable Her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," he said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which), passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs, which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding-coat and top-boots, then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir?" said Carton, wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to?"

"I have been a man of business, ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty!"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't She weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It *is* a thing to thank God for; is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude

or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by! your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would they not?"

"You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said:

"I should like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days of very long ago?"

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered:

"Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!), and by many associations of the days when what we call the World was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it?"

"I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat; "but you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton. "I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the Court to-morrow?"

"Yes, unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My Spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

"Good night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for, the man eyed him inquisitively.

"Good night, citizen."

"How goes the Republic?"

"You mean the Guillotine. Not ill. Sixty-three to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes, of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a Barber!"

"Do you often go to see him——"

"Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?"

"Never."

"Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he shaved the sixty-three to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honour!"

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking, to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him, that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the wood-sawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good night, Englishman."

"Good night, citizen."

"But go and see that droll dog," the little man persisted, calling after him. "And take a pipe with you!"

Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him. "Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said:

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled

manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died, years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even travelled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding gaols; and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material, that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gentility hid its head in red nightcaps, and put on heavy shoes, and trudged. But, the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors, there was a little girl with a mother, looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried the child over, and before the timid arm was loosed from his neck asked her for a kiss.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Now, that the streets were quiet, and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but, he heard them always.

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge, of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend, in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again, he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea.—"Like me!"

A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened colour of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep—whom many fell away from in dread—pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look, on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Before that unjust Tribunal, there was little or no order of procedure, ensuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and ceremonies, had not first been so monstrously abused, that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Eager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spec-

tators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs empannelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favourable leaning in that quarter, to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and re-taken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, President."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine."

"Good."

"Thérèse Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed.

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the mean while, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together, and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here, an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannonier that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but, The Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him; "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it, very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his feasting wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows.

LIFE.

Life is a tree, and we and all mankind
Are but the tender germ or fruit thereon.
Some born to blossom, some to fade away,
Some to endure the end by furthest stay.
And so it haps, at first in waxen buds
Doth Infancy appear; then Childhood, rich
In promise of the great hereafter, smiles
Amid its rosy bloom; and afterward
There cometh Boyhood, green in all device,
In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs
But sour and undefined. Then followeth Man,
Assuming both the tone of rounder thought
And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious year,
With mellow grace do dwell within the minds
Until the heavy-laden weight of age

Struggleth with life, e'en as the fruitage ripe
Doth wrestle with its stem; and then both fall
To earth from whence both sprang.
Yet, mortal, hear,
And chiefly note, O man, the fruit shall die
Whilst thou endure the vast eternity.
Let then thine end be such thou may'st rejoice
In the full garner of thy Master's choice.

CLOCKS MADE OF FLOWERS.

Flowering, botanists tell us, usually takes place at a definite period of a plant's existence, and this precise and important epoch is regulated by certain laws, hitherto unexplained, but called periodicity. Of all the propensities of plants, none seem more strange than their different periods of blossoming; some producing their flowers in winter or at the very first dawning of spring, many when the spring is established, some at midsummer, and others not until autumn. One of the earliest blossoms is the snowdrop, which has been described as

The herald of the flowers
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguered brethren; supplicantly
It prays stern Winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms, and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

The small, white blossom of the witlow grass, which is so delicately minute that a specimen of both flower and foliage could be enclosed in a circle not larger than a lady's ring, is a herald of the flowers, peeping up above the snow during the month of February. The black-rooted hellebore (Helleborus niger), on the contrary, chooses to flower last of all the plants, and waits until Christmas, when, heedless of the cold, it sends forth its clear white blossoms, thus winning for itself the name of the Christmas rose.

Gilbert White illustrates the law of periodicity by the vernal and autumnal crocus (Crocus satirus), which have such an affinity that the best botanists only make varieties of the same genus, of which there is only one species, not being able to discern any difference in the corolla, or in its internal structure. Yet the vernal crocus expands its flowers by the beginning of March at farthest, and often in very rigorous weather; and cannot be retarded but by some violence offered: while the autumnal (the saffron) defies the influence of the spring and summer, and will not blow till most plants begin to fade and run to seed. This circumstance is one of the wonders of the creation, little noticed because a common occurrence; yet it would be as difficult of explanation as the most stupendous phenomenon in nature.

Periodicity is supposed to be chiefly dependent on the temperature of the climate in which the plants grow; because it is observed that, when transferred to other climates where the seasons are reversed, they have for some time a tendency to flower at their accustomed period of the year, but ultimately accommodate themselves to the new seasons. However, in the same climate, some individuals of a species, from a peculiar idiosyncrasy, regularly flower earlier than others. Decandolle mentions a horse chesnut-tree at Geneva which always flowered a month before its neighbours. On the twentieth of March, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, when the First Napoleon made his memorable return from the island of Elba, a horse chesnut-tree in the Tuileries Garden was found in full blossom, and, ever since, the Parisians have watched this tree with interest every spring for the first appearances of flowering. Within the last few years, however, another and a younger tree has eclipsed the "marronnier du vingt Mars," by blossoming three or four days before it. Matter-of-fact persons, who have examined this Bonapartist tree, assert that its flowering is not due to any patriotic feeling, but is owing to the particularly favourable position which it occupies; being planted where it can catch every ray of sun, and where it is protected from the cold winds.

As the flowering of different species takes place at different seasons of the year, so also many species open their flowers only at certain hours of the day.

This periodicity of plants in opening and closing their blossoms has enabled many ingenious botanists, including Linnæus, to form floral dials or clocks, by means of which the different hours of the day may be ascertained. Commencing at three o'clock in the morning (for no flower wakes up before the lark), the goat's-beard blossom forms one of the best floral indices of the hours of the day, opening at sunrise and closing at noon. This plant, while flowering, is easily recognised by its sea-green stem, two feet high, and by its long green leaves, almost as slender as young wheat, which distinguish it at once from the other species of compound flowers, with their variously-cut foliage. After blossoming, the plant may be known by its round downy ball of light brown seeds, to which the plant owes its rustic name of goat's-beard. It is also called noonday flower, jack-go-to-bed-at-noon, and star of Jerusalem.

The daisies sprinkling our meadows, received their pretty name from their opening only to the morning light, and many persons have felt like Chaucer:

And whanne that it is eve, I renne blithe
As soon as ever the sunne gineth west,
To seene this flowre, how it will go to rest.

He also says:

That well by reason men callé it maie,
The daisie or els the eie of the daie.

And Spencer in the Faerie Queene speaks of—

The little dazy that at evening closes.

The common centaury (Erythraca centaurium) is another plant which wakes up with the sun. It is a frequent flower on heaths, and on cliffs by the sea, from June to September; but, in cloudy weather, the beautiful rose and golden coloured blossoms are all closed

up, nor are they ever to be seen in full beauty after three o'clock.

At about four o'clock the dandelion (Taraxacum dens leonis) spreads its golden blossoms to the rising sun; and five o'clock is announced by the flowering of the smooth hawk's-beard (Crepis tectorium) growing upon the walls. Towards six o'clock the viper's grass (Scarzonera) blossoms, while from six to seven the flowers of various kinds of sow's thistle (Sonchus) and hawkweed (Hieracium) make their appearance. Precisely at seven o'clock the flowers of the common lettuce (Lactuca sativa) burst forth into bloom; and, between seven and eight, Venus's looking-glass (Specularic speculum) begins to show its pretty self, from which it may perhaps be inferred that the goddess is not a very early riser. At eight o'clock, if the sky be neither cloudy nor rainy, the scarlet pimpernel (Anagallis arvensis) unfolds its blossoms. Nine o'clock is marked by the flowering of the creeping mouse-ear hawkweed (Hieracium lubium). From nine to ten of a summer's morning the red sandwort (Arenaria rubra), with its starry blossoms like silver pennies—varying in colour from a deep purple to a delicate lilac or white—may be seen spangling the grass in their full loveliness; but, by four o'clock, each blossom is closed up from the dews which twilight brings. At ten, a poisonous sort of juniper, the purple savin (Juniperus subina), opens its flower leaves. Punctually at eleven, the common star of Bethlehem (Ornithogelum umbellatum) expands its star-like white and green blossoms, flowering during two or three weeks, but never unfolding except in bright sunshine, and even then not before eleven; hence gardeners often call it eleven-o'clock-lady, and the French term it la belle d'onze heures. The Alpine single-flowered hawkweed (Hieracium alpinum) comes out at the same time. No plant by its flowering distinctly marks mid-day; although many varieties of figtrees blossom about that time.

Commencing at one o'clock, there is the succory (Chicorium), and, at two, the squill hyacinth (Scilla pomeridiana). The common marigold (Calcutula arvensis) is put down in the calendar for three o'clock; but this is found to be uncertain. By four o'clock, the four o'clock flower (Mirabilis lichetome) blooms; and, at five o'clock, the flower of the wall, hawkweed (Hieracium murarum) makes its appearance.

From five to six, the pale rose-coloured petals of the sweet-scented night-flowering catchfly (Silene noctiflora) disclose themselves. And, on portions of the sides of those towering and majestic cliffs which border the shore for several miles along the east of Dover, thousands of these starry blossoms are seen in their full glory about eight o'clock in the evening, growing on stems about a foot high, and exhaling a powerful perfume resembling prussic acid. When, however, this odour is borne upon the sea breeze, it is said to be delicious. The flowers retain their peculiarity of opening only in the evening, even after they are gathered; and their scent is then almost too powerful to be borne in a room.

At six o'clock the evening primrose (Anothera brinnis) opens its large primrose-coloured, somewhat fragrant blossoms, just when the summer twilight is on its way. Its mode of expanding is curious; the petals being held together at the summit by the hooked ends of the calyx, the segments of the flower-cup at first separate at the base, and the yellow petals peep through these openings a long time before the flower is fully blown. The expansion is very gradual until the blossom is free from the hooks at the top; but, when this is effected, it unfolds very quickly for a minute or two, and then stops; after which it opens slowly, spreading itself out quite flat. The whole of this process sometimes occupies half an hour, and often a little sudden noise is made as it jerks the topmost hooks asunder. The flowers hang next day discoloured and flaccid, so that the plant has little beauty until evening. Occasionally, however, a blossom or two may be seen fully open even at noonday.

The night-flowering stock (Matthiola tristis) is all day withered, needing the air of night to freshen it into vigour and sweetness. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening during the summer, the queen of night flowers, the magnificent night-flowering cerens (Cerens noctiflora) begins to open its blossoms; and, by eleven o'clock, these are in full blow. The calyx of the flower, when open, is nearly a foot in diameter. The inside is of a splendid yellow colour, appearing like the rays of a bright star, while the outside is of a dark brown. The petals, being purely white, add considerably to the lustre of the golden star; and while they are in bloom, these flowers are certainly unsurpassed for beauty and fragrance. Another cerens (Cerens myticalus) is also night-flowering, beginning to open between seven and eight, and being fully expanded by ten o'clock.

At eight o'clock, in hot weather, the beautiful flowers of the marvel of Peru (Mirabilis jalapa) unfold themselves, but it sometimes happens if the weather is cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime.

The nine o'clock flower, the latest, is called the mournful geranium (Geranium triste). Linnæus named all night-flowering blossoms mournful plants (Florus triste), and many, this geranium included, deserve the name from their dull colour. During the daytime the sulphur-coloured flowers of the geranium have no smell; but, after flowering, they exhale until daylight an exquisite aroma of cinnamon.

The expansion and closing of flowers is supposed to be regulated by light and moisture. A plant accustomed to flower in daylight at a certain time, will continue to expand its flowers at the wonted period, even when kept in a dark room. Decandolle made a series of experiments on the flowering of plants kept in darkness, and in a cellar lighted by lamps. He found that the law of periodicity continued to operate for a considerable time, and that in artificial light

some flowers opened, whilst others, such as species of convolvulus, still followed the clock hours in their opening and closing.

Some flowers bloom and decay in a day, and are therefore called ephemeral; whilst others continue to open and close for several days before withering. The corolla usually beginning to fade after the flower has been fertilised.

Many flowers or heads of flowers do not open during cloudy or rainy weather, and hence have been called meteoric. The closing of the flowers in these circumstances is doubtless intended to protect the pollen from the injurious effects of moisture.

The scarlet pimpernel (Anagallis arvensis), shepherd's barometer or poor man's weather-glass, is the best floral barometer; because, not only does the flower never open on a rainy day, but long before the shower is coming it is conscious of its approach, and closes upits petals. This peculiarity was noticed by Derham, in his Physico Theology; by Lord Bacon, who calls it winco-pipe; and by Leyden. Not only does the pimpernel shut up its blossoms during rainy and cloudy weather; but it is one of the best of the clock flowers, opening its petals in our latitude at about ten minutes past seven in the morning, and closing them a few minutes after two in the afternoon. Dr. Seeman, the naturalist of Kellett's Arctic Expedition, mentions the regular closing of the flowers during the long day of an Artic summer. "Although, he says, "the sun never sets while it lasts, the plants make no mistake about the time, when, if it be not night, it ought to be; but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, they droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favoured climes." This naturalist adds that, if ever man should reach the Pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish and his timepiece out of order, the plants will show him the way; their sleeping leaves will tell him that midnight is at hand; and that, at that time, the sun is standing in the north.

The chickweed flower is one of the best, as it is one of the commonest, indicators of the changes of weather. It has been recommended that the traveller by the roadside should wrap his cloak around him if the flower is not quite closed; for rain, if not come, is not far off. But, if the chickweed flower be fully expanded, he may walk gaily on, with a pretty good assurance that, for four hours at least, he may be safe from rain.

Miss Anne Pratt, in her Flowering Plants and Ferns of Great Britain, says, that constant as the flowers are under their accustomed circumstances, yet there are certainly cases in which, if unusual darkness come upon them, they do, as Dr. Seeman expresses it, make a "mistake." This lady further states that some years ago an eclipse of the sun having brought darkness at mid-day, she took a lantern and went out to examine the flowers and leaves, and found both folded up just as at midnight. Various species of garden convolvulus, the pheasant's eye, and several other flowers, were quite closed, and daisies and marigolds had "gone to bed with the sun." The leaves of lupins, laburnums, and acacias, all hung drooping as at night-time; and, as the darkness gradually disappeared, the flowers and leaves opened and stood erect as if to meet the dawn.

DRIFT.

A TARDY PARDON.

The chronicle of John Capgrave, the Friar of Lynn, in Norfolk, a learned though laborious writer of the fifteenth century, contains a brief narrative of the defection of one of the most serviceable and staunchest friends of King Edward the Second; who, after quelling half a score of rebellions, turned rebel himself.

"In this same yere" (1321-2), "one Andrew Harcla, whech took Thomas of Lancastir, and broute him to the Kyng, and whom the Kyng had rewarded gretly, and mad erl of Carlyle, ros ageyn the Spenseres. And whanne he say it myte not availe, thei were so wallid with the Kyngis grace, he rebelled openly, and drow to the Scottis, and favoured ther part agayn the Kyng. Thanne was there a nobil knyte in that cuntre, cleped Sir Anthony Lucy. He, supposing to stand the bettir in the Kyngis grace, sodeynly fel upon this tyraunt at Karlhill, took him, put him in yrunnes, and brout him to London to the Kyng, and there was he schamefully deposed of all worchip, and deed as a tretoure."

Well might the old monk write "schamefully deposed of all worchip," for the sentence on Sir Andrew de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle, ran to this effect:

"He and his heirs are to lose the dignity of the earldom for ever, he is to be ungirt of his sword, and his golden spurs are to be hacked from his heels." He is further adjudged to be drawn, hanged, and beheaded; one of his quarters to be hanged at the top of the tower of Carlisle, another at the top of the tower of Newcastle, the third on the bridge at York, the fourth at Shrewsbury, and his head to be spiked on London-bridge.

But the memory of this warrior lay green in the heart of his sister Sarah. When the restless, changeful king had fallen by the hands of assassins, and his high-spirited son had come to the throne, though the crows and kites had feasted off the flesh of her brother's body, and its bones had whitened to the sun and the storm, fit burial was obtained for the relics. The king's prerogative was exercised for this sacred solace in the following formula:

"The King to his beloved and faithful Antony de Lucy, warden of his castle of Carlisle, greeting." (Perhaps the identical person who had made Sir Andrew prisoner.) "We command you that you cause to be delivered without delay the quarter of the body of Andrew de Harcla, which hangs by command of the Lord Edward late King of England, our father, upon the walls of the said castle, to our beloved Sarah, formerly the wife of Robert de Leyburn, sister to the

aforesaid Andrew, to whom we of our grace have granted that she may collect together the bones of the same Andrew, and commit them to holy sepulture whenever she wishes, or to her attorney. And this you shall in no wise omit. Witness the King, at York, the 10th day of August, by the King himself."

The like letters are directed to the authorities of the towns in which the earl's remains had been exposed. The record of this mandate is on the Close roll of the tenth year of King Edward the Third, among the great Chancery records of the country.

LOIS THE WITCH.

PART THE THIRD.

"THE sin of witchcraft." We read about it, we look on it from the outside; but we can hardly realise the terror it induced. Every impulsive or unaccustomed action, every little nervous affection, every ache or pain was noticed, not merely by those around the sufferer, but by the person himself, whoever he might be, that was acting, or being acted upon, in any but the most simple and ordinary manner. He or she (for it was most frequently a woman or girl that was the supposed subject) felt a desire for some unusual kind of food—some unusual motion or rest—her hand twitched, her foot was asleep, or her leg had the cramp; and the dreadful question immediately suggested itself, "Is any one possessing an evil power over me by the help of Satan?" and perhaps they went on to think, "It is bad enough to feel that my body can be made to suffer through the power of some unknown evil-wisher to me, but what if Satan gives them still further power, and they can touch my soul, and inspire me with loathful thoughts leading me into crimes which at present I abhor?" and so on, till the very dread of what might happen, and the constant dwelling of the thoughts, even with horror, upon certain possibilities, or what were esteemed such, really brought about the corruption of imagination at least, which at first they had shuddered at. Moreover, there was a sort of uncertainty as to who might be infected—not unlike the overpowering dread of the plague, which made some shrink from their best-beloved with irrepressible fear—the brother or sister who was the dearest friend of their childhood and youth, might now be bound in some mysterious deadly pact with evil spirits of the most horrible kind—who could tell? And in such a case it became a duty, a sacred duty, to give up the earthly body which had been once so loved, but which was now the habitation of a soul corrupt and horrible in its evil inclinations. Possibly, terror of death might bring on confession, and repentance, and purification. Or if it did not, why away with the evil creature, the witch, out of the world, down to the kingdom of the master whose bidding was done on earth in all manner of corruption and torture of God's creatures. There were others who, with these more simple, if more ignorant, feelings of horror at witches and witchcraft, added the desire, conscious or unconscious, of revenge on those whose conduct had been in any way displeasing to them. Where evidence takes a supernatural character, there is no disproving it. This argument comes up: "You have only the natural powers; I have supernatural. You admit the existence of the supernatural by the condemnation of this very crime of witchcraft. You hardly know the limits of the natural powers; how then can you define the supernatural? I say that in the dead of night, when my body seemed to all present to be lying in quiet sleep, I was in the most complete and wakeful consciousness, present in my body at an assembly of witches and wizards with Satan at their head; that I was by them tortured in my body because my soul would not acknowledge him as its king; that I witnessed such and such deeds. What the nature of the appearance was that took the semblance of myself, sleeping quietly in my bed, I know not; but once admit the possibility of witchcraft, and you cannot disprove my evidence." This evidence might be given truly or falsely, as the person witnessing believed it or not; but every one must see what immense and terrible power was abroad for revenge. Then, again, the accused themselves ministered to the horrible panic abroad. Some, in dread of death, confessed from cowardice to the imaginary crimes of which they were accused, and of which they were promised a pardon on confession. Some, weak and terrified, came honestly to believe in their own guilt, through the diseases of imagination which were sure to be engendered at such a time as this.

Lois sat spinning with Faith. Both were silent, pondering over the stories that were abroad. Lois spoke first.

"Oh, Faith! this country is worse than ever England was, even in the days of Master Matthew Hopkinson, the witch-finder. I grow frightened of every one, I think. I even get afeard sometimes of Nattee!"

Faith coloured a little. Then she asked,

"Why? What should make you distrust the Indian woman?"

"Oh! I am ashamed of my fear as soon as it arises in my mind. But you know her look and colour were strange to me when first I came; and she is not a christened woman; and they tell stories of Indian wizards; and I know not what the mixtures are which she is sometimes stirring over the fire, nor the meaning of the strange chants she sings to herself. And once I met her in the dusk, just close by Pastor Tappau's house, in company with Hota, his servant; it was just before we heard of the sore disturbance in his house, and I have wondered if she had aught to do with it."

Faith sat very still, as if thinking. At last she said,

"If Nattee has powers beyond what you and I have, she will not use them for evil; at east not evil to those whom she loves."

"That comforts me but little," said Lois. "If she has powers beyond what she ought to have, I dread her though I have done her no

evil; nay, though I could almost say she bore me a kindly feeling. But such powers are only given by the Evil One; and the proof thereof is that, as you imply, Nattee would use them on those who offend her."

"And why should she not?" asked Faith, lifting her eyes, and flashing heavy fire out of them at the question.

"Because," said Lois, not seeing Faith's glance, "we are told to pray for them that despitefully use us, and to do good to them that persecute us. But poor Nattee is not a christened woman. I would that Mr. Nolan would baptise her; it would, maybe, take her out of the power of Satan's temptations."

"Are you never tempted?" asked Faith, half scornfully; "and yet I doubt not you were well baptised."

"True," said Lois, sadly. "I often do very wrong; but perhaps I might have done worse if the holy form had not been observed."

They were again silent for a time.

"Lois," said Faith, "I did not mean any offence. But do you never feel as if you would give up all that future life, of which the parsons talk, and which seems so vague and so distant, for a few years of real vivid blessedness to begin to-morrow—this hour, this minute? Oh, I could think of happiness for which I would willingly give up all those misty chances of heaven——"

"Faith, Faith!" cried Lois, in terror, holding her hand before her cousin's mouth, and looking around in fright. "Hush! you know not who may be listening; you are putting yourself in his power."

But Faith pushed her hand away, and said, "Lois, I believe in him no more than I believe in heaven. Both may exist, but they are so far away that I defy them. Why all this ado about Mr. Tappau's house—promise me never to tell living creature, and I will tell you a secret."

"No!" said Lois, terrified. "I dread all secrets. I will hear none. I will do all that I can for you, Cousin Faith, in any way; but just at this time I strive to keep my life and thoughts within the strictest bounds of godly simplicity, and I dread pledging myself to aught that is hidden and secret."

"As you will, cowardly girl, full of terrors, which, if you had listened to me, might have been lessened, if not entirely done away with." And Faith would not utter another word, though Lois tried meekly to entice her into conversation on some other subject.

The rumour of witchcraft was like the echo of thunder among the hills. It had broken out in Mr. Tappau's house, and his two little daughters were the first supposed to be bewitched; but round about, from every quarter of the town, came in accounts of sufferers by witchcraft. There was hardly a family without one of these supposed victims. Then arose a growl and menace of vengeance from many a household—menaces deepened, not daunted, by the terror and mystery of the suffering that gave rise to them.

At length a day was appointed when, after solemn fasting and prayer, Mr. Tappau invited the neighbouring ministers and all godly people to assemble at his house, and unite with him in devoting a day to solemn religious services, and to supplication for the deliverance of his children, and those similarly afflicted, from the power of the Evil One. All Salem poured out towards the house of the minister. There was a look of excitement on all their faces; eagerness and horror was depicted on many a face, while stern resolution, amounting to determined cruelty, if the occasion arose, was seen on others.

In the midst of the prayer, Hester Tappau, the younger girl, fell into convulsions; fit after fit came on, and her screams mingled with the shrieks and cries of the assembled congregation. In the first pause, when the child was partially recovered, when the people stood around exhausted and breathless, her father, the Pastor Tappau, lifted his right hand, and adjured her, in the name of the Trinity, to say who tormented her. There was a dead silence; not a creature stirred of all those hundreds. Hester turned wearily and uneasily, and moaned out the name of Hota, her father's Indian servant. Hota was present, apparently as much interested as any one; indeed, she had been busying herself much in bringing remedies to the suffering child. But now she stood aghast, transfixed, while her name was caught up and shouted out in tones of reprobation and hatred by all the crowd around her. Another moment and they would have fallen upon the trembling creature and torn her limb from limb—pale, dusky, shivering Hota, half guilty-looking from her very bewilderment. But Pastor Tappau, that gaunt, grey man, lifting himself to his utmost height, signed to them to go back, to keep still while he addressed them; and then he told them that instant vengeance was not just, deliberate punishment; that there would be need of conviction, perchance of confession—he hoped for some redress for his suffering children from her revelations, if she were brought to confession. They must leave the culprit in his hands, and in those of his brother ministers, that they might wrestle with Satan before delivering her up to the civil power. He spoke well, for he spoke from the heart of a father seeing his children exposed to dreadful and mysterious suffering, and firmly believing that he now held the clue in his hand which should ultimately release them and their fellow-sufferers. And the congregation moaned themselves into unsatisfied submission, and listened to his long, passionate prayer, which he uplifted even while the hapless Hota stood there, guarded and bound by two men, who glared at her like bloodhounds ready to slip even while the prayer ended in the words of the merciful Saviour. Lois sickened and shuddered at the whole scene; and this was no intellectual shuddering at the folly and superstition of the people, but with tender moral shuddering at the sight of guilt which she believed in, and at the evidence of men's hatred and abhorrence, which, when shown even to the guilty, troubled and

distressed her merciful heart. She followed her aunt and cousins out into the open air with downcast eyes and pale face. Grace Hickson was going home with a feeling of triumphant relief at the detection of the guilty one. Faith alone seemed uneasy and disturbed beyond her wont, for Manasseh received the whole transaction as the fulfilment of a prophecy, and Prudence was excited by the whole scene into a state of discordant high spirits.

"I am quite as old as Hester Tappau," said she; "her birthday is in September and mine in October."

"What has that to do with it?" said Faith, sharply.

"Nothing, only she seemed such a little thing for all those grave ministers to be praying for, and so many folk come from a distance—some from Boston they said—all for her sake, as it were. Why, didst thou see it was godly Mr. Henwick that held her head when she wriggled so, and old Madam Holbrook had herself helped upon a chair to see the better. I wonder how long I might wriggle before great and godly folk would take so much notice of me? But I suppose that comes of being a pastor's daughter. She'll be so set up there'll be no speaking to her now. Faith! thinkest thou that Hota really had bewitched her? She gave me corn-cakes the last time I was at Pastor Tappau's, just like any other woman, only, perchance, a trifle more good-natured; and to think of her being a witch after all!

But Faith seemed in a hurry to reach home, and paid no attention to Prudence's talking. Lois hastened on with Faith, for Manasseh was walking alongside of his mother, and she kept steady to her plan of avoiding him, even though she pressed her company upon Faith, who had seemed of late desirous of avoiding her.

That evening the news spread through Salem that Hota had confessed her sin, had acknowledged that she was a witch. Nattee was the first to hear the intelligence. She broke into the room where the girls were sitting with Grace Hickson, solemnly doing nothing, because of the great prayer-meeting in the morning, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy, mistress, everybody! take care of poor Indian Nattee, who never do wrong, but for mistress and the family; Hota one bad wicked witch, she say so herself; oh, me! oh, me!" and stooping over Faith, she said something in a low, miserable tone of voice, of which Lois only heard the word "torture." But Faith heard all, and turning very pale, half accompanied, half led Nattee back to her kitchen. Presently, Grace Hickson came in. She had been out to see a neighbour; it will not do to say that so godly a woman had been gossiping; and, indeed, the subject of the conversation she had held was of too serious and momentous a nature for me to employ a light word to designate it. There was all the listening and repeating small details and rumours, in which the speakers have no concern, that constitutes gossiping; but in this instance, all trivial facts and speeches might be considered to bear such dreadful significance, and might have so ghastly an ending, that such whispers were occasionally raised to a tragic importance. Every fragment of intelligence that related to Mr. Tappau's household was eagerly snatched at; how his dog howled all one long night through, and could not be stilled; how his cow suddenly failed in her milk only two months after she had calved; how his memory had forsaken him one morning for a minute or two in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and he had even omitted a clause thereof in his sudden perturbation; and how all these forerunners of his children's strange illness might now be interpreted and understood—this had formed the staple of the conversation between Grace Hickson and her friends. There had arisen a dispute among them at last as to how far these subjections to the power of the Evil One were to be considered as a judgment upon Pastor Tappau for some sin on his part; and if so, what? It was not an unpleasant discussion, although there was a good deal of difference of opinion; for as none of the speakers had had their families so troubled, it was rather a proof that they had none of them committed any sin. In the midst of all this talk, one, entering in from the street, brought the news that Hota had confessed all, had owned to signing a certain little red book which Satan had presented to her, had been present at impious sacraments, had ridden through the air to Newbury Falls, and, in fact, had assented to all the questions which the elders and magistrates, carefully reading over the confessions of the witches who had formerly been tried in England, in order that they might not omit a single inquiry, had asked of her. More she had owned to, but things of inferior importance, and partaking more of the nature of earthly tricks than of spiritual power. She had spoken of carefully adjusted strings, by which all the crockery in Pastor Tappan's house could be pulled down or disturbed; but of such intelligible malpractices the gossips of Salem took little heed. One of them said that such an action showed Satan's prompting, but they all preferred to listen to the grander guilt of the blasphemous sacraments and supernatural rides. The narrator ended with saying that she was to be hung the next morning, in spite of her confession, even although her life had been promised to her if she acknowledged her sin; for it was well to make an example of the first-discovered witch, and it was also well that she was an Indian, a heathen, whose life would be no great loss to the community. Grace Hickson on this spoke out. It was well that witches should perish off the face of the earth, Indian of English, heathen, or worse, a baptised Christian who had betrayed the Lord, even as Judas did, and had gone over to Satan. For her part, she wished that the first-discovered witch had been a member of a godly English household, that it might be seen of all men that religious folk were willing to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, if tainted with this devilish sin. She spoke sternly and well. The last comer said that her words might be brought to

the proof, for it had been whispered that Hota had named others, and some among the most religious families of Salem, whom she had seen among the unholy communicants at the sacrament of the Evil One. And Grace replied that she would answer for it, all godly folk would stand the proof, and quench all natural affection rather than that such a sin should grow and spread among them. She herself had a weak bodily dread of witnessing the violent death even of an animal; but she would not let that deter her from standing among those who cast the accursed creature out from among them on the morrow morning.

Contrary to her wont, Grace Hickson told her family much of this conversation. It was a sign of her excitement on the subject that she thus spoke, and the excitement spread in different forms through her family. Faith was flushed and restless, wandering between the keeping-room and the kitchen, and questioning her mother particularly as to the more extraordinary parts of Hota's confession, as if she wished to satisfy herself that the Indian witch had really done those horrible and mysterious deeds.

Lois shivered and trembled with affright at the narration, and the idea that such things were possible. Occasionally she found herself wandering off into sympathetic thought for the woman who was to die, abhorred of all men, and unpardoned by God, to whom she had been so fearful a traitor, and who was now, at this very time—when Lois sat among her kindred by the warm and cheerful firelight, anticipating many peaceful—perchance happy—morrows—solitary, shivering, panic-striken, guilty, with none to stand by her and exhort her, shut up in darkness between the cold walls of the town prison. But Lois almost shrank from sympathising with so loathsome an accomplice of Satan, and prayed for forgiveness for her charitable thought; and yet, again, she remembered the tender spirit of the Saviour, and allowed herself to fall into piety, till at last all her sense of right and wrong became so bewildered that she could only leave all in God's hands, and just ask that He would take all creatures and all events into His hands.

Prudence was as bright as if she were listening to some merry story—curious as to more than her mother would tell her—seeming to have no particular terror of witches or witchcraft, and yet to be especially desirous to accompany her mother the next morning to the hanging. Lois shrank from the cruel, eager face of the young girl as she begged her mother to allow her to go. Even Grace was disturbed and perplexed by her daughter's pertinacity.

"No!" said she. "Ask me no more. Thou shalt not go. Such sights are not for the young. I go, and I sicken at the thoughts of it. But I go to show that I, a Christian woman, take God's part against the devil's. Thou shalt not go, I tell thee. I could whip thee for thinking of it."

"Manasseh says Hota was well whipped by Pastor Tappau ere she was brought to confession," said Prudence, as if anxious to change the subject of discussion.

Manasseh lifted up his head from the great folio Bible, brought by his father from England, which he was studying. He had not heard what Prudence said, but he looked up at the sound of his name. All present were startled at his wild eyes, his bloodless face. But he was evidently annoyed at the expression of their countenances.

"Why look ye at me in that manner?" asked he. And his manner was anxious and agitated. His mother made haste to speak:

"It was but that Prudence said something that thou hast told her—that Pastor Tappau defiled his hands by whipping the witch Hota. What evil thought has got hold of thee? Talk to us, and crack not thy skull against the learning of man."

"It is not the learning of man that I study: it is the word of God. I would fain know more of the nature of this sin of witchcraft, and whether it be, indeed, the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. At times I feel a creeping influence coming over me, prompting all evil thoughts and unheard-of deeds, and I question within myself, 'Is not this the power of witchcraft?' and I sicken and loathe all that I do or say, and yet some evil creature hath the mastery over me, and I must needs do and say what I loathe and dread. Why wonder you, mother, that I, of all men, strive to learn the exact nature of witchcraft, and for that end study the word of God? Have you not seen me when I was, as it were, possessed with a devil?"

He spoke calmly, sadly, but as under deep conviction. His mother rose to comfort him.

"My son," she said, "no one ever saw thee do deeds, or heard thee utter words, which any one could say were prompted by devils. We have seen thee, poor lad, with thy wits gone astray for a time, but all thy thoughts sought rather God's will in forbidden places, than lost the clue to them for one moment in hankering after the powers of darkness. Those days are long past; a future lies before thee. Think not of witches or of being subject to the power of witchcraft. I did evil to speak of it before thee. Let Lois come and sit by thee, and talk to thee."

Lois went to her cousin, grieved at heart for his depressed state of mind, anxious to soothe and comfort him, and yet recoiling more than ever from the idea of ultimately becoming his wife—an idea to which she saw her aunt reconciling herself unconsciously day by day, as she perceived the English girl's power of soothing and comforting her cousin, even by the very tones of her sweet cooing voice.

He took Lois's hand.

"Let me hold it. It does me good," said he. "Ah, Lois, when I am by you I forget all my troubles—will the day never come when you will listen to the voice that speaks to me continually?"

"I never hear it, Cousin Manasseh," she said, softly; "but do not think of the voices. Tell me of the land you hope to enclose from the forest—what manner of trees grow on it?"

Thus, by simple questions on practical affairs, she led him back in her unconscious wisdom to the subjects on which he had always

shown strong practical sense. He talked on these with all due discretion till the hour for family prayer came round, which was early in those days. It was Manasseh's place to conduct it, as head of the family; a post which his mother had always been anxious to assign to him since her husband's death. He prayed extempore; and to-night his supplications wandered off into wild, unconnected fragments of prayer, which all those kneeling around began, each according to her anxiety for the speaker, to think would never end. Minutes elapsed, and grew to quarters of the hour, and his words grew only more emphatic and wilder, praying for himself alone, and laying bare the recesses of his heart. At length his mother rose, and taking Lois by the hand, for she had faith in Lois's power over her son, as being akin to that which the shepherd David playing on his harp had over the king Saul sitting on his throne. She drew her towards him, where he knelt facing into the circle, with his eyes upturned, and the tranced agony of his face depicting the struggle of the troubled soul within.

"Here is Lois," said Grace, almost tenderly; "she would fain go to her chamber." (Down the girl's face the tears were streaming.) "Rise, and finish thy prayer in thy closet."

But at Lois's approach he sprang to his feet, sprang aside.

"Take her away, mother. Lead me not into temptation. She brings me evil and sinful thoughts. She overshadows me, even in the presence of my God. She is no angel of light, or she would not do this. She troubles me with the sound of a voice bidding me marry her, even when I am at my prayers. Avaunt! Take her away!"

He would have struck at Lois if she had not shrunk back, dismayed and affrighted. His mother, although equally dismayed, was not affrighted. She had seen him thus before; and understood the management of his paroxysm.

"Go, Lois! the sight of thee irritates him, as once that of Faith did. Leave him to me."

And Lois rushed away to her room, and threw herself on her bed like a panting, hunted creature. Faith came after her slowly and heavily.

"Lois," said she, "wilt thou do me a favour? It is not much to ask. Wilt thou arise before daylight, and bear this letter from me to Pastor Nolan's lodgings? I would have done it myself, but mother has bidden me to come to her, and I may be detained until the time when Hota is to be hung; and the letter tells of matters pertaining to life and death. Seek out Pastor Nolan wherever he may be, and have speech of him after he has read the letter."

"Cannot Nattee take it?" asked Lois.

"No!" Faith answered, fiercely. "Why should she?"

But Lois did not reply. A quick suspicion darted through Faith's mind sudden as lightning. It had never entered there before.

"Speak, Lois. I read thy thoughts. Thou wouldst fain not be the bearer of this letter?"

"I will take it," said Lois, meekly. "It concerns life and death, you say?"

"Yes!" said Faith, in quite a different tone of voice. But, after a pause of thought, she added, "Then as soon as the house is still I will write what I have to say, and leave it here, on this chest; and thou wilt promise me to take it before the day is fully up, while there is yet time for action."

"Yes! I promise," said Lois. And Faith knew enough of her to feel sure that the deed would be done, however reluctantly.

The letter was written—laid on the chest; and, ere day dawned, Lois was astir, Faith watching her from between her half-closed eyelids—eyelids that had never been fully closed in sleep the livelong night. The instant Lois, cloaked and hooded, left the room, Faith sprang up, and prepared to go to her mother, whom she heard already stirring. Nearly every one in Salem was awake and up on this awful morning, though few were out of doors, as Lois passed along the streets. Here was the hastily erected gallows, the black shadow of which fell across the street with ghastly significance; now she had to pass the iron-barred gaol, through the unglazed windows of which she heard the fearful cry of a woman, and the sound of many footsteps. On she sped, sick almost to faintness, to the widow woman's where Mr. Nolan lodged. He was already up and abroad, gone, his hostess believed, to the gaol. Thither Lois, repeating the words "for life and for death!" was forced to go. Retracing her steps, she was thankful to see him come out of those dismal portals, rendered more dismal for being in heavy shadow, just as she approached. What his errand had been she knew not; but he looked grave and sad, as she put Faith's letter into his hands, and stood before him quietly waiting until he should read it, and deliver the expected answer. But, instead of opening it, he held it in his hand, apparently absorbed in thought. At last he spoke aloud, but more to himself than to her:

"My God! and is she then to die in this fearful delirium? It must be—can be—only delirium that prompts such wild and horrible confessions. Mistress Barclay, I come from the presence of the Indian woman appointed to die. It seems she considered herself betrayed last evening by her sentence not being respited, even after she had made confession of sin enough to bring down fire from heaven; and it seems to me the passionate, impotent anger of this helpless creature has turned to madness, for she appals me by the additional revelations she has made to the keepers during the night—to me this morning. I could almost fancy that she thinks, by deepening the guilt she confesses, to escape this last dread punishment of all, as if, were one tithe of what she says true, one could suffer such a sinner to live. Yet to send her to death in such a state of mad terror! What is to be done?"

"Yet Scripture says that we are not to suffer witches in the land," said Lois, slowly.

"True; I would but ask for a respite till the prayers of God's people had gone up for His mercy. Some would pray for her, poor wretch as she is. You would, Mistress Barclay, I am sure?" But he said it in a questioning tone.

"I have been praying for her in the night many a time," said Lois, in a low voice. "I pray for her in my heart at this moment; I suppose they are bidden to put her out of the land, but I would not have her entirely Godforsaken. But, sir, you have not read my cousin's letter. And she bade me bring back an answer with much urgency."

Still he delayed. He was thinking of the dreadful confession he came from hearing. If it were true, the beautiful earth was a polluted place, and he almost wished to die, to escape from such pollution, into the white innocence of those who stood in the presence of God.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Lois's pure, grave face, upturned and watching his. Faith in earthly goodness came over his soul in that instant, "and he blessed her unaware."

He put his hand on her shoulder with an action half paternal—although the difference in their ages was not above a dozen years—and, bending a little towards her, whispered half to himself, "Mistress Barclay, I thank you; you have done me good."

"I," said Lois, half affrighted—"I done you good! How?"

"By being what you are. But perhaps I should rather thank God, who sent you at the very moment when my soul was so disquieted."

At this instant they were aware of Faith standing in front of them, with a countenance of thunder. Her angry look made Lois feel guilty. She had not enough urged the pastor to read his letter, she thought; and it was indignation at this delay in what she had been commissioned to do with the urgency of life or death, that made her cousin lower at her so from beneath her straight black brows. Lois explained how she had not found Mr. Nolan at his lodgings, and had had to follow him to the door of the gaol. But Faith replied, with obdurate contempt,

"Spare thy breath, Cousin Lois. It is easy seeing on what pleasant matters thou and the Pastor Nolan were talking. I marvel not at thy forgetfulness. My mind is changed. Give me back my letter, sir; it was about a poor matter—an old woman's life. And what is that compared to a young girl's love?"

Lois heard but for an instant; did not understand that her cousin, in her jealous anger, could suspect the existence of such a feeling as love between her and Mr. Nolan. No imagination as to its possibility had ever entered her mind; she had respected him, almost revered him—nay, had liked him as the probable husband of Faith. At the thought that her cousin could believe her guilty of such treachery her grave eyes dilated, and fixed themselves on the flaming countenance of Faith. That serious, unprotesting manner of perfect innocence must have told on her accuser, had it not been that at the same instant the latter caught sight of the crimsoned and disturbed countenance of the pastor, who felt the veil rent off the unconscious secret of his heart. Faith snatched her letter out of his hands, and said,

"Let the witch hang! What care I? She has done harm enough with her charms and her sorcery on Pastor Tappan girls. Let her die, and let all other witches look to themselves; for there be many kinds of witchcraft abroad. Cousin Lois, thou wilt like best to stop with Pastor Nolan, or I would pray thee to come back with me to breakfast."

Lois was not to be daunted by jealous sarcasm. She held out her hand to Pastor Nolan, determined to take no heed of her cousin's mad words, but to bid him farewell in her accustomed manner. He hesitated before taking it, and when he did, it was with a convulsive squeeze that almost made her start. Faith waited and watched all with set lips and vengeful eyes. She bade no farewell; she spake no word; but grasping Lois tightly by the back of the arm, she almost drove her before her down the street till they reached their home.

The arrangement for the morning was this: Grace Hickson and her son Manasseh were to be present at the hanging of the first witch executed in Salem, as pious and godly heads of a family. All the other members were strictly forbidden to stir out until such time as the low-tolling bell announced that all was over in this world for Hota, the Indian witch. When the execution was ended, there was to be a solemn prayer-meeting of all the inhabitants of Salem; ministers had come from a distance to aid by the efficacy of their prayers in these efforts to purge the land of the devil and his servants. There was reason to think that the great old meeting house would be crowded, and when Faith and Lois reached home, Grace Hickson was giving her directions to Prudence, urging her to be ready for an early start to that place. The stern old woman was troubled in her mind at the anticipation of the sight she was to see before many minutes were over, and spoke in a more hurried and incoherent manner than was her wont. She was dressed in her Sunday best; but her face was very grey and colourless, and she seemed afraid to cease speaking about household affairs for fear she should have time to think. Manasseh stood by her, perfectly, rigidly still; he also was in his Sunday clothes. His face, too, was paler than its wont, but it wore a kind of absent, rapt expression almost like that of a man who sees a vision. As Faith entered, still holding Lois in her fierce grasp, Manasseh started and smiled; but still dreamily. His manner was so peculiar, that even his mother stayed her talking to observe him more closely; he was in that state of excitement which usually ended in what his mother and certain of her friends esteemed a prophetic revelation. He began to speak, at first very low, and then his voice increased in power:

"How beautiful is the land of Beulah, far over the sea, beyond the mountains. Thither the angels carry her, lying back in their arms like one fainting. They shall kiss away the black circle of death, and lay her down at the feet of the Lamb. I hear her pleading there for those on earth who consented to her death. O Lois! pray also for me, pray for me, miserable!"

When he uttered his cousin's name all their eyes turned towards her. It was to her that his vision related! She stood among them, amazed, awe-stricken, but not like one affrighted or dismayed. She was the first to speak:

"Dear friends, do not think of me; his words may or may not be true. I am in God's hands all the same, whether he have the gift of prophecy or not. Besides, hear you not that I lend where all would fain end. Think of him, and of his needs. Such times as these always leave him exhausted and weary when he comes out of them."

And she busied herself in cares for his refreshment, aiding her aunt's trembling hands to set before him the requisite food, as he now sat tired and bewildered, gathering together with difficulty his scattered senses.

Prudence did all she could to assist and speed their departure. But Faith stood apart, watching in silence with her passionate, angry eyes.

As soon as they had gone on their solemn, fatal errand, Faith left the room. She had not tasted food or touched drink. Indeed, they all felt sick at heart. As soon as her sister had gone up-stairs, Prudence sprang to the settle on which Lois had thrown down her cloak and hood.

"Lend me your muffles and mantle, Cousin Lois. I never yet saw a woman hanged, and I see not why I should not go. I will stand on the edge of the crowd; no one will know me, and I will be home long before my mother."

"No!" said Lois, "that may not be. My aunt would be sore displeased. I wonder at you, Prudence, seeking to witness such a sight." And as she spoke she held fast her cloak, which Prudence vehemently struggled for.

Faith returned, brought back possibly by the sound of the struggle. She smiled—a deadly smile.

"Give it up, Prudence. Strive no more with her. She has bought success in this world, and we are but her slaves."

"Oh, Faith!" said Lois, relinquishing her hold of the cloak, and turning round with passionate reproach in her look and voice, "what have I done that you should speak so of me; you, that I have loved as I think one loves a sister?"

Prudence did not lose her opportunity, but hastily arrayed herself in the mantle, which was too large for her, and which she had, therefore, considered as well adapted for concealment; but, as she went towards the door, her feet became entangled in the unusual length, and she fell, bruising her arm pretty sharply.

"Take care another time how you meddle with a witch's things," said Faith, as one scarcely believing her own words, but at enmity with all the world in her bitter jealousy of heart. Prudence rubbed her arm and looked stealthily at Lois.

"Witch Lois! Witch Lois!" said she at last, softly, pulling a childish face of spite at her.

"Oh, hush, Prudence! Do not bandy such terrible words. Let me look at thine arm. I am sorry for thy hurt, only glad that it has kept thee from disobeying thy mother."

"Away, away!" said Prudence, springing from her. "I am afeard of her in very truth, Faith. Keep between me and the witch, or I will throw a stool at her."

Faith smiled—it was a bad and wicked smile—but she did not stir to calm the fears she had called up in her young sister. Just at this moment the bell began to toll. Hota, the Indian witch, was dead. Lois covered her face with her hands. Even Faith went a deadlier pale than she had been, and said, sighing, "Poor Hota! But death is best."

Prudence alone seemed unmoved by any thoughts connected with the solemn, monotonous sound. Her only consideration was that now she might go out into the street and see the sights, and hear the news, and escape from the terror which she felt at the presence of her cousin. She flew up-stairs to find her own mantle, ran down again, and past Lois, before the English girl had finished her prayer, and was speedily mingled among the crowd going to the meeting-house. There also Faith and Lois came in due course of time, but separately, not together. Faith so evidently avoided Lois, that she, humbled and grieved, could not force her company upon her cousin, but loitered a little behind; the quiet tears stealing down her face, shed for the many causes that had occurred this morning.

The meeting-house was full to suffocation; and, as it sometimes happens on such occasions, the greatest crowd was close about the doors, from the fact that few saw on their first entrance where there might be possible spaces into which they might wedge themselves. Yet they were impatient of any arrivals from the outside, and pushed and hustled Faith, and after her Lois, till the two were forced on to a conspicuous place in the very centre of the building, where there was no chance of a seat, but still space to stand in. Several stood around, the pulpit being in the middle, and already occupied by two ministers in Geneva bands and gowns, while other ministers, similarly attired, stood holding on to it, almost as if they were giving support instead of receiving it. Grace Hickson and her son sat decorously in their own pew, thereby showing that they had arrived early from the execution. You might almost have traced out the number of those who had been at the hanging of the Indian witch by the expression of the countenances. They were awe-stricken into terrible repose; while the crowd pouring in, still pouring in, of those who had not attended the execution, looked all restless, and excited, and fierce. A buzz went round the meeting that the stranger minister who stood along with Pastor Tappau in the pulpit was no other than Dr. Cotton Mather himself, come all the way from Boston to assist in purging Salem of witches. And now Pastor Tappao began his prayer, extempore, as was the custom. His words were wild and incoherent, as might be expected from a man who had just been consenting to the bloody death of one who was but a few days ago a member of his own family; violent and passionate, as was to be looked for in the father of children whom he believed to suffer so fearfully from the crime he would denounce before

the Lord. He sat down at length from pure exhaustion. Then Dr. Cotton Mather stood forward; he did not utter more than a few words of prayer, calm in comparison with what had gone before, and then he went on to address the great crowd before him in a quiet, argumentative way, but arranging the mode and arrangement of what he had to say with something of the same kind of skill which Antony used in his speech to the Romans after Cæsar's death. Some of Dr. Mather's words have been preserved to us, as he afterwards wrote them down in one of his works. Speaking of those "unbelieving Sadducees" who doubted the existence of such a crime, he said. "Instead of their apish shouts and jeers at blessed Scripture, and histories which have such undoubted confirmation as that no man that has breeding enough to regard the common laws of human society will offer to doubt of them, it becomes us rather to adore the goodness of God, who from the mouths of babes and sucklings has ordained truth, and by the means of the sore-afflicted children of your godly pastor has revealed the fact that the devils have with most horrid operations broken in upon your neighbourhood. Let us beseech Him that their power may be restrained, and that they go not so far in their evil machinations as they did but four years ago in the city of Boston, where I was the humble means, under God, of loosing from the power of Satan the four children of that religious and blessed man, Mr. Goodwin. These four babes of grace were bewitched by an Irish witch; there is no end to the narration of the torments they had to submit to. At one time they would bark like dogs, at another purr like cats; yea, they would fly like geese, and be carried with an incredible swiftness, having but just their toes now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, and their arms waved like those of a bird. Yet at other times, by the hellish devices of the woman who had bewitched them, they could not stir without limping, for, by means of an invisible chain, she hampered their limbs, or sometimes, by means of a noose, almost choked them. One in especial was subjected by this woman of Satan to such heat as of an oven, that I myself have seen the sweat drop from off her, while all around were moderately cold and well at ease. But not to trouble you with more of my stories, I will go on to prove that it was Satan himself that held power over her. For a very remarkable thing it was that she was not permitted by that evil spirit to read any godly or religious book, speaking the truth as it is in Jesus. She could read Popish books well enough, while both sight and speech seemed to fail her when I gave her the Assembly's Catechism. Again, she was fond of that prelatical Book of Common Prayer which is but the Roman mass-book in an English and ungodly shape. In the midst of her sufferings, if one put the Prayer-book into her hands it relieved her. Yet mark you, she could never be brought to read the Lord's Prayer, whatever book she met with it in, proving thereby distinctly that she was in league with the devil. I took her into my own house, that I, even as Dr. Martin Luther did, might wrestle with the devil and have my fling at him. But when I called my household to prayer, the devils that possessed her caused her to whistle, and sing, and yell in a discordant and hellish fashion."

At this very instant a shrill, clear whistle pierced all ears. Dr. Mather stopped for a moment.

"Satan is among you!" he cried. "Look to yourselves." And he prayed with fervour, as if against a present and threatening enemy; but no one heeded him. Whence came that ominous, unearthly whistle? Every man watched his neighbour. Again the whistle, out of their very midst. And then a bustle in a corner of the building, three or four people stirring, without any cause immediately perceptible to those at a distance, the movement spread, and directly after a passage even in that dense mass of people was cleared for two men, who bore forwards Prudence Hickson, lying rigid as a log of wood, in the convulsive position of one who suffered from an epileptic fit. They laid her down among the ministers who were gathered round the pulpit. Her mother came to her, sending up a wailing cry at the sight of her distorted child. Dr. Mather came down from the pulpit and stood over her, exorcising the devil in possession, as one accustomed to such scenes. The crowd pressed forward in mute horror. At length her rigidity of form and feature gave way, and she was terribly convulsed—torn by the devil, as they called it. By-and-by the violence of the attack was over, and the spectators began to breathe again, though still the former horror brooded over them, and they listened as if for the sudden ominous whistle again, glanced fearfully around, as if Satan were at their backs picking out his next victim.

Meanwhile, Dr. Mather, Pastor Tappau, and one or two others were exhorting Prudence to reveal, if she could, the name of the person, the witch, who, by influence over Satan, had subjected the child to such torture as that which they had just witnessed. They bade her speak in the name of the Lord. She whispered a name in the low voice of exhaustion. None of the congregation could hear what it was. But the Pastor Tappau, when he heard it, drew back in dismay, while Dr. Mather, knowing not to whom the name belonged, cried out, in a clear, cold voice,

"Know ye one Lois Barclay; for it is she who hath betwitched this poor child?"

The answer was given rather by action than by word, although a low murmur went up from many. But all fell back, as far as falling back in such a crowd was possible, from Lois Barclay, where she stood, and looked on her with surprise and horror. A space of some feet, where no possibility of space had seemed to be not a minute before, left Lois standing alone, with every eye fixed upon her with hatred and dread. She stood like one speechless, tongue-tied, as if in a dream. She a witch! accursed as witches were in the sight of God and man! Her smooth,

healthy face became contracted into shrivel and pallor, but she uttered not a word, only looked at Dr. Mather with her dilated, terrified eyes.

Some one said, "She is of the household of Grace Hickson, a God-fearing woman." Lois did not know if the words were in her favour or not. She did not think about them even; they told less on her than on any person present. She a witch! and the silver glittering Avon, and the drowning woman she had seen in her childhood at Barford, at home in England, were before her, and her eyes fell before her doom. There was some commotion—some rustling of papers; the magistrates of the town were drawing near the pulpit and consulting with the ministers. Dr. Mather spoke again.

"The Indian woman, who was hung this morning, named certain people, whom she deposed to having seen at the horrible meetings for the worship of Satan; but there is no name of Lois Barclay down upon the paper, although we are stricken at the sight of the names of some——"

An interruption—a consultation. Again Dr. Mather spoke.

"Bring the accused witch Lois Barclay near to this poor suffering child of Christ."

They rushed forward to force Lois to the place where Prudence lay. But Lois walked forward of herself.

"Prudence," she said, in such a sweet, touching voice, that long afterwards those who heard it that day, spoke of it to their children, "have I ever said an unkind word to you, much less done you an ill turn? Speak, dear child. You did not know what you said just now, did you?"

But Prudence writhed away from her approach, and screamed out, as if stricken with fresh agony,

"Take her away! take her away! Witch Lois, witch Lois, who threw me down only this morning, and turned my arm black and blue." And she bared her arm, as if in confirmation of her words. It was sorely bruised.

"I was not near you, Prudence!" said Lois, sadly. But that was only reckoned fresh evidence of her diabolic power.

Lois's brain began to get bewildered. Witch Lois! She a witch, abhorred of all men. Yet she would try to think, and make one more effort.

"Aunt Hickson," she said, and Grace came forwards—"am I a witch, Aunt Hickson?" she said; for her aunt, stern, harsh, unloving as she might be, was truth itself, and Lois thought—so near to delirium had she come—if her aunt condemned her, it was possible she might indeed be a witch.

Grace Hickson faced her unwillingly.

"It is a stain upon our family for ever," was the thought in her mind.

"It is for God to judge whether thou art a witch, or not. Not for me."

"Alas, alas!" moaned Lois; for she had looked at Faith, and learnt that no good word was to be expected from her gloomy face and averted eyes. The meeting-house was full of eager voices, repressed, out of reverence to the place, into tones of earnest murmuring that seemed to fill the air with gathering sounds of anger, and those who had at first fallen back from the place where Lois stood were now pressing forwards and round about her, ready to seize the young friendless girl and bear her off to prison. Those who might have been, who ought to have been, her friends, were either averse or indifferent to her; though only Prudence made any open outcry upon her. That evil child cried out perpetually that Lois had cast a devilish spell upon her, and bade them keep the witch away from her; and, indeed, Prudence was strangely convulsed when once or twice Lois's perplexed and wistful eyes were turned in her direction. Here and there girls, women uttering strange cries, and apparently suffering from the same kind of convulsive fit as that which had attacked Prudence, were centres of a group of agitated friends, who muttered much and savagely of witchcraft, and the list which had been taken down only the night before from Hota's own lips. They demanded to have it made public, and objected to the slow forms of the law. Others, not so much or so immediately interested in the sufferers, were kneeling around, and praying aloud for themselves and their own safety, until the excitement should be so much quelled as to enable Dr. Cotton Mather to be again heard in prayer and exhortation.

And where was Manasseh? What said he? You must remember that all the stir of the outcry, the accusation, the appeals of the accused, all seemed to go on at once amid the buzz and din of the people who had come to worship God, but remained to judge and upbraid their fellow-creature. Till now Lois had only caught a glimpse of Manasseh, who was apparently trying to push forwards, but whom his mother was holding back with word and action, as Lois knew she would hold him back, for it was not for the first time that she was made aware how carefully her aunt had always shrouded his decent reputation among his fellow citizens from the least suspicion of his seasons of excitement and incipient insanity. On such days, when he himself imagined that he heard prophetic voices and saw prophetic visions, his mother would do much to prevent any besides his own family from seeing him; and now Lois, by a process swifter than reasoning, felt certain, from her one look at his face, when she saw it, colourless and deformed by intensity of expression, among a number of others all simply ruddy and angry, that he was in such a state that his mother would in vain do her utmost to prevent his making himself conspicuous. Whatever force or argument Grace used, it was of no avail. In another moment he was by Lois's side, stammering with excitement and giving vague testimony, which would have been of little value in a calm court of justice, and was only oil to the smouldering fire of that audience.

"Away with her to gaol!" "Seek out the witches!" "The sin has spread into all households!" "Satan is in the very midst of us!" "Strike and spare not!" In vain Dr. Cotton

Mather raised his voice in loud prayers, in which he assumed the guilt of the accused girl, no one listened, all were anxious to secure Lois, as if they feared she would vanish from before their very eyes; she, white, trembling, standing quite still in the tight grasp of strange, fierce men, her dilated eyes only wandering a little now and then in search of some pitiful face—some pitiful face that among all those hundreds was not to be found. While some fetched cords to bind her, and others, by low questions, suggested new accusations to the distempered brain of Prudence, Manasseh obtained a hearing once more. Addressing Dr. Cotton Mather, he said, evidently anxious to make clear some new argument that had just suggested itself to him: "Sir, in this matter, be she witch or not, the end has been foreshown to me by the spirit of prophecy. Now, reverend sir, if the event be known to the spirit, it must have been foredoomed in the councils of God. If so, why punish her for doing that in which she had no free will?"

"Young man," said Dr. Mather, bending down from the pulpit and looking very severely upon Manasseh, "take care! you are trenching on blasphemy."

"I do not care. I say it again. Either Lois Barclay is a witch, or she is not. If she is, it has been foredoomed for her, for I have seen a vision of her death as a condemned witch for many months past—and the voice has told me there was but one escape for her, Lois—the voice you know——" In his excitement he began to wander a little, but it was touching to see how conscious he was that by giving way he would lose the thread of the logical argument by which he hoped to prove that Lois ought not to be punished, and with what an effort he wrenched his imagination away from the old ideas, and strove to concentrate all his mind upon the plea that, if Lois was a witch, it had been shown him by prophecy; and if there was prophecy there must be foreknowledge; if foreknowledge, foredoom; if foredoom, no exercise of free will, and, therefore, that Lois was not justly amenable to punishment.

On he went, plunging into heresy, caring not—growing more and more passionate every instant, but directing his passion into keen argument, desperate sarcasm, instead of allowing it to excite his imagination. Even Dr. Mather felt himself on the point of being worsted in the very presence of this congregation, who, but a short half-hour ago, looked upon him as all but infallible. Keep a good heart, Cotton Mather! your opponent's eye begins to glare and flicker with a terrible yet uncertain light—his speech grows less coherent, and his arguments are mixed up with wild glimpses at wilder revelations made to himself alone. He has touched at the limits, he has entered the borders of blasphemy, and with an awful cry of horror and reprobation the congregation rise up, as if one man, against the blasphemer. Dr. Mather smiled a grim smile, and the people were ready to stone Manasseh, who went on, regardless, talking and raving.

"Stay, stay!" said Grace Hickson. (All the decent family shame which prompted her to conceal the mysterious misfortune of her only son from public knowledge done away with by the sense of the immediate danger to his life.) "Touch him not. He knows not what he is saying. The fit is upon him. I tell you the truth before God. My son, my only son, is mad."

They stood aghast at the intelligence. The grave young citizen who had silently taken his part in life close by them in their daily lives—not mixing much with them, it was true, but looked up to, perhaps, all the more—the student of abstruse books on theology fit to converse with the most learned ministers that ever came about those parts—was he the same with the man now pouring out wild words to Lois the witch, as if he and she were the only two present. A solution of it all occurred to them. He was another victim. Great was the power of Satan! Through the arts of the devil that white statue of a girl had mastered the soul of Manasseh Hickson. So the word spread from mouth to mouth. And Grace heard it. It seemed a healing balsam for her shame. With wilful, dishonest blindness she would not see—not even in her secret heart would she acknowledge that Manasseh had been strange, and moody, and violent long before the English girl had reached Salem. She even found some specious reason for his attempt at suicide long ago. He was recovering from a fever—and though tolerably well in health, the delirium had not finally left him. But since Lois came how headstrong he had been at times! how unreasonable! how moody! What a strange delusion was that which he was under of being bidden by some voice to marry her! How he followed her about, and clung to her, as under some compulsion of affection! And over all reigned the idea that, if he were indeed suffering from being bewitched, he was not mad, and might again assume the honourable position he had held in the congregation and in the town, when the spell by which he was held was destroyed. So Grace yielded to the notion herself, and encouraged it in others, that Lois Barclay had bewitched both Manasseh and Prudence. And the consequence of this belief in those days was, that Lois was to be tried, with little chance in her favour, to see whether she was a witch or no; and if a witch, whether she would confess, implicate others, repent, and live a life of bitter shame, avoided by all men, and cruelly treated by most; or die impenitent, hardened, denying her crime upon the gallows.

And so they dragged Lois away from the congregation of Christians to the goal to await her trial. I say "dragged her," because, although she was docile enough to have followed them whither they would, she was now so faint as to require extraneous force—poor Lois! who should have been carried and tended lovingly in her state of exhaustion, but, instead, was so detested by the multitude, who looked upon her as an accomplice of Satan in all his evil doings, that they cared no more how they treated her

than a careless boy cares how he handles the toad that he is going to throw over the wall.

When Lois came to her full senses she found herself lying on a short hard bed in a dark square room, which she at once knew must be a part of the city goal. It was about eight feet square, it had stone walls on every side, and a grated opening high above her head, letting in all the light and air that could enter in about a square foot of aperture. It was so lonely, so dark to that poor girl, when she came slowly and painfully out of her long faint. She did so want human help in that struggle which always supervenes after a swoon; when the effort is to clutch at life, and the effort seems too much for the will. She did not at first understand where she was; did not understand how she came to be there, nor did she care to understand. Her physical instinct was to lie still, and let the hurrying pulses have time to calm. So she shut her eyes once more. Slowly, slowly the recollection of the scene in the meeting-house shaped itself into a kind of picture before her. She saw, as it were, within her eyelids, that sea of loathing faces all turned towards her, as towards something unclean and loathly. And you must remember, you who in the nineteenth century read this tale, that witchcraft was a real terrible sin to her, Lois Barclay, two hundred years ago. The look on their faces, stamped on heart and brain, excited in her a sort of strange sympathy. Could it, oh God!—could it be true that Satan had obtained the terrific power over her and her will, of which she had heard and read? could she indeed be possessed by a demon and be indeed a witch, and yet till now have been unconscious of it? And her excited imagination recalled with singular vividness all she had ever heard on the subject—the horrible midnight sacrament, the very presence and power of Satan; every angry thought against her neighbour, against the impertinences of Prudence, the overbearing authority of her aunt, the persevering crazy suit of Manasseh, the indignation—only that morning, but such ages off in real time—at Faith's injustice. Oh, could such evil thoughts have had devilish power given to them by the father of evil, and, all unconsciously to herself, have gone forth as active curses into the world! And so on the ideas went careering wildly through the poor girl's brain—the girl thrown inward upon herself. At length the sting of her imagination forced her to start up impatiently. What was this? A weight of iron on her legs—a weight stated afterwards, by the gaoler of Salem prison, to have been "not more than eight pounds." It was well for Lois it was a tangible ill, bringing her back from the wild illimitable desert in which her imagination was wandering. She took hold of the iron, and saw her torn stocking her bruised ankle, and began to cry pitifully out of strange compassion with herself. They feared, then, that even in that cell she would find a way to escape. Why, the utter ridiculous impossibility of the thing convinced her of her own innocence and ignorance of all supernatural power; and the heavy iron brought her strangely round from the delusions that seemed to be gathering around her.

No! she never could fly out of that deep dungeon; there was no escape, natural or supernatural, for her, unless by man's mercy. And what was man's mercy in such times of panic? Lois knew that it was nothing; instinct more than reason taught her that panic educes cowardice, and cowardice cruelty. Yet she cried, cried freely, and for the first time, when she found herself ironed and chained. It seemed so cruel, so much as if her fellow-creatures had really learnt to hate and dread her—her, who had had a few angry thoughts, which God forgive, but whose thoughts had never gone into words, far less into actions. Why, now she could love all the household at home if they would but let her; yes, even yet, though she felt that it was the open accusation of Prudence and the withheld justifications of her aunt and Faith that had brought her to her present strait. Would they ever come and see her? would kinder thoughts of her, she who had shared their daily bread for months and months, bring them to see her, and ask her whether it were really she who had brought on the illness of Prudence, the derangement of Manasseh's mind?

No one came. Bread and water were pushed in by some one, who hastily locked and unlocked the door, and cared not to see if he put them within his prisoner's reach, or perhaps thought that physical fact mattered little to a witch. It was long before Lois could reach them, and she had something of the natural hunger of youth left in her still, which prompted her, lying her length on the floor, to weary herself with efforts to obtain the bread. After she had eaten some of it the day began to wane, and she thought she would lay her down and try to sleep. But before she did so the gaoler heard her singing the Evening Hymn—

> Glory to thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light.

And a dull thought came into his dull mind that she was thankful for few blessings if she could tune up her voice to sing praises after this day of what, if she were a witch, was shameful detection in abominable practices, and if not—— Well, his mind stopped short at this point in his wondering contemplation. Lois knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, pausing just a little before one clause, that she might be sure that in her heart of hearts she did forgive. Then she looked at her ankle, and the tears came into her eyes once again, but not so much because she was hurt, as because men must have hated her so bitterly before they could have treated her so. Then she lay down, and fell asleep.

The next day she was led before Mr. Hathorn and Mr. Curwin, justices of Salem, to be accused legally and publicly of witchcraft. Others were there accused like her. And when the prisoners were brought in, they were cried out at by the abhorrent crowd. The two Tappaus, Prudence, and one or two other girls of the same age were there, in the character of victims of the spells of the accused. The prisoners

were placed about seven or eight feet from the justices, and the accusers between the justices and them; the former were then ordered to stand right before the justices. All this Lois did at their bidding with something of the wondering docility of a child, but not with any hope of softening the hard, stony look of detestation that was on all the countenances around her, save those that were distorted by more passionate anger. Then an officer was bidden to hold each of her hands, and Justice Hathorn bade her keep her eyes continually fixed on him, for this reason—which, however, was not told to her—lest, if she looked on Prudence, the girl would either fall into a fit, or cry out that she was suddenly and violently hurt. If any heart could have been touched of that cruel multitude, they would have felt some compassion for the sweet young face of the English girl, trying so meekly to do all that she was bidden, her face quite white, yet so full of sad gentleness, her grey eyes, a little dilated by the very solemnity of her position, fixed with the intent look of innocent maidenhood on the stern face of Justice Hathorn. And thus they stood in silence one breathless minute. Then they were bidden to say the Lord's Prayer. Lois went through it as if alone in her cell; but, as she had done alone in her cell the night before, she made a little pause before the prayer to be forgiven as she forgave. And at this instant of hesitation—as if they had been on the watch for it—they all cried out upon her for a witch, and when the clamour ended the justices bade Prudence Hickson come forwards. Then Lois turned a little to one side, wishing to see at least one familiar face, but when her eyes fell upon Prudence the girl stood stock-still, and answered no questions, nor spoke a word, and the justices declared that she was struck dumb by witchcraft. Then some behind took Prudence under the arms, and would have forced her forwards to touch Lois, possibly esteeming that as a cure for her being bewitched. But Prudence had hardly been made to take three steps before she struggled out of their arms, and fell down writhing as in a fit, calling out with shrieks, and entreating Lois to help her, and save her from her torment. Then all the girls began "to tumble down like swine" (to use the words of an eye-witness), and to cry out upon Lois and her fellow-prisoners. These last were now ordered to stand with their hands stretched out, it being imagined that if the bodies of the witches were arranged in the form of a cross they would lose their evil power. By-and-by Lois felt her strength going, from the unwonted fatigue of such a position, which she had borne patiently until the pain and weariness had forced both tears and sweat down her face, and she asked, in a low, plaintive voice, if she might not rest her head for a few moments against the wooden partition. But Justice Hathorn told her she had strength enough to torment others, and should have strength enough to stand. She sighed a little, and bore on, the clamour against her and the other accused increasing every moment; the only way she could keep herself from utterly losing consciousness was by distracting herself from present pain and danger, and saying to herself verses of the Psalms as she could remember them, expressive of trust in God. At length she was ordered back to gaol, and dimly understood that she and others were sentenced to be hanged for witchcraft. Many people now looked eagerly at Lois ,to see if she would weep at this doom. If she had had strength now to cry she might—it was just possible that it might—have been considered a plea in her favour, for witches could not shed tears, but she was too exhausted and dead. All she wanted was to lie down once more on her prison-bed, out of the reach of men's cries of abhorrence, and out of shot of their cruel eyes. So they led her back to prison, speechless and tearless.

But rest gave her back her power of thought and suffering. Was it, indeed, true that she was to die? She, Lois Barclay, only eighteen, so well, so young, so full of love and hope as she had been till but these little days past. What would they think of it at home—real, dear home at Barford, in England? There they had loved her; there she had gone about, singing and rejoicing all the day long in the pleasant meadows by the Avon side. Oh, why did father and mother die, and leave her their bidding to come here to this cruel New England shore, where no one had wanted her, no one had cared for her, and where now they were going to put her to a shameful death as a witch? And there would be no one to send kindly messages by to those she should never see more. Never more. Young Lucy was living, and joyful—probably thinking of her, and of his declared intention of coming to fetch her home to be his wife this very spring. Possibly he had forgotten her; no one knew. A week before she would have been indignant at her own distrust in thinking for a minute that he could forget. Now, she doubted all men's goodness for a time; for those around her were deadly, and cruel, and relentless.

Then she turned round, and beat herself with angry blows (to speak in images), for ever doubting her lover. Oh! if she were but with him! Oh! if she might but be with him! He would not let her die; but would hide her in his bosom from the wrath of this people, and carry her back to the old home at Barford. And he might even now be sailing on the wide blue sea, coming nearer, nearer, every moment, and yet be too late after all.

So the thoughts chased each other through her head all that feverish night, till she clung almost deliriously to life, and wildly prayed that she might not die; at least, not just yet, and she so young!

Pastor Tappau and certain elders roused her up from a heavy sleep late on the morning of the following day. All night long she had trembled and cried, till morning light had come peering in through the square grating up above. It soothed her, and she fell asleep, to be awakened, as I have said, by Pastor Tappau.

"Arise!" said he, scrupling to touch her, from his superstitious idea of her evil powers. "It is noonday."

"Where am I?" said she, bewildered at this unusual wakening, and the array of severe faces all gazing upon her with reprobation.

"You are in Salem gaol, condemned for a witch."

"Alas! I had forgotten for an instant," said she, dropping her head upon her breast.

"She has been out on a devilish ride all night long, doubtless, and is weary and perplexed this morning," whispered one, in so low a voice that he did not think she could hear; but she lifted up her eyes, and looked at him, with mute reproach.

"We are come," said Pastor Tappau, "to exhort you to confess your great and manifold sin."

"My great and manifold sin," repeated Lois to herself, shaking her head.

"Yea, your sin of witchcraft. If you will confess, there may yet be balm in Gilead."

One of the elders, struck with pity at the young girl's wan, shrunken look, said, that if she confessed, and repented, and did penance, that possibly her life might yet be spared.

A sudden flash of light came into her sunk, dulled eye. Might she yet live? Was it yet in her power? Why no one knew how soon Ralph Lucy might be here to take her away for ever into the peace of a new home! Life! Oh, then, all hope was not over—perhaps she might yet live, and not die. Yet the truth came once more out of her lips, almost without any exercise of her will.

"I am not a witch," she said.

Then Pastor Tappau blindfolded her, all unresisting, but with languid wonder in her heart as to what was to come next. She heard people enter the dungeon softly, and heard whispering voices; then her hands were lifted up and made to touch some one near, and in an instant she heard a noise of struggling, and the well-known voice of Prudence shrieking out in one of her hysterical fits, and screaming to be taken away and out of that place. It seemed to Lois as if some of her judges must have doubted of her guilt, and demanded yet another test. She sat down heavily on her bed, thinking she must be in a horrible dream, so compassed about with dangers and enemies did she seem. Those in the dungeon—and by the oppression of the air she perceived that they were many—kept on eager talking in low voices. She did not try to make out the sense of the fragments of sentences that reached her dulled brain, till all at once a word or two made her understand they were discussing the desirableness of applying the whip or the torture to make her confess, and reveal by what means the spell she had cast upon those whom she had bewitched could be dissolved. A thrill of affright ran through her; and she cried out, beseechingly,

"I beg you, sirs, for God's mercy sake, that you do not use such awful means. I may say anything—nay, I may accuse any one if I am subjected to such torment as I have heard tell about. For I am but a young girl, and not very brave, or very good, as some are."

It touched the hearts of one or two to see her standing there; the tears streaming down from below the coarse handkerchief tightly bound over her eyes; the clanking chain fastening the heavy weight to the slight ankle; the two hands held together as if to keep down a convulsive motion.

"Look!" said one of these. "She is weeping. They say no witch can weep tears."

But another scoffed at this test, and bade the first remember how those of her own family, the Hicksons even, bore witness against her.

Once more she was bidden to confess. The charges, esteemed by all men (as they said) to have been proven against her, were read over to her, with all the testimony borne against her in proof thereof. They told her that, considering the godly family to which she belonged, it had been decided by the magistrates and ministers of Salem that she should have her life spared if she would own her guilt, make reparation, and submit to penance; but that if not, she, and others convicted of witchcraft along with her, were to be hung in Salem market-place on the next Thursday morning (Thursday being market day). And when they had thus spoken they waited silently for her answer. It was a minute or two before she spoke. She had sat down again upon the bed meanwhile, for indeed she was very weak. She asked, "May I have this handkerchief unbound from my eyes, for indeed, sir, it hurts me?"

The occasion for which she was blindfolded being over, the bandage was taken off, and she was allowed to see. She looked pitifully at the stern faces around her, in grim suspense as to what her answer would be. Then she spoke:

"Sir, I must choose death with a quiet conscience rather than life to be gained by a lie. I am not a witch. I know not hardly what you mean when you say I am. I have done many, many things very wrong in my life; but I think God will forgive me them for my Saviour's sake."

"Take not His name on your wicked lips," said Pastor Tappau, enraged at her resolution of not confessing, and scarcely able to keep himself from striking her. She saw the desire he had, and shrank away in timid fear. Then Justice Hathorn solemnly read the legal condemnation of Lois Barclay to death by hanging, as a convicted witch. She murmured something which nobody heard fully, but which sounded like a prayer for pity and compassion on her tender years and friendless estate. Then they left her to all the horrors of that solitary, loathsome dungeon, and the strange terror of approaching death.

Outside the prison walls the dread of the witches, and the excitement against witchcraft, grew with fearful rapidity. Numbers of women, and men, too, were accused, no matter what their station of life and their former character had been. On the other side, it is alleged that upwards of fifty persons were grievously vexed by the devil, and those to whom he had imparted of his power for vile and wicked considerations. How much of malice, distinct, un-

mistakable personal malice, was mixed up with these accusations, no one can now tell. The dire statistics of this time tell us that fifty-five escaped death by confessing themselves guilty, one hundred and fifty were in prison, more than two hundred accused, and upwards of twenty suffered death, among whom was the minister I have called Nolan, who was traditionally esteemed to have suffered through hatred of his co-pastor. One old man, scorning the accusation, and refusing to plead at his trial, was, according to the law, pressed to death for his contumacy. Nay, even dogs were accused of witchcraft, suffered the penalties of the law, and are recorded among the subjects of capital punishment. One young man found means to effect his mother's escape from confinement, fled with her on horseback, and secreted her in the Blueberry Swamp, not far from Taplay's Brook, in the Great Pasture; he concealed her here in a wigwam which he built for her shelter, provided her with food and clothing, and comforted and sustained her until after the delusion had passed away. The poor creature must, however, have suffered dreadfully, for one of her arms was fractured in the all but desperate effort of getting her out of prison.

But there was no one to try and save Lois. Grace Hickson would fain have ignored her altogether. Such a taint did witchcraft bring upon a whole family, that generations of blameless life was not at that day esteemed sufficient to wash it out. Besides, you must remember that Grace, along with most people of her time, believed most firmly in the reality of the crime of witchcraft. Poor, forsaken Lois, believed in it herself, and it added to her terror, for the gaoler, in an unusually communicative mood, told her that nearly every cell was now full of witches; and it was possible he might have to put one, if more came, in with her. Lois knew that she was no witch herself; but not the less did she believe that the crime was abroad, and largely shared in by evil-minded persons who had chosen to give up their souls to Satan; and she shuddered with terror at what the gaoler said, and would have asked him to spare her this companionship if it were possible. But somehow her senses were leaving her, and she could not remember the right words in which to form her request, until he had left the place.

The only person who yearned after Lois—who would have befriended her if he could—was Manasseh: poor, mad Manasseh. But he was so wild and outrageous in his talk, that it was all his mother could do to keep his state concealed from public observation. She had for this purpose given him a sleeping potion; and, while he lay heavy and inert under the influence of the poppy-tea, his mother bound him with cords to the heavy, antique bed in which he slept. She looked broken-hearted while she did this office, and thus acknowledged the degradation of her first-born—him of whom she had ever been so proud.

Late that evening Grace Hickson stood in Lois's cell, hooded and cloaked up to her eyes. Lois was sitting quite still, playing idly with a bit of string one of the magistrates had dropped out of his pocket that morning. Her aunt was standing by her for an instant or two in silence, before Lois seemed aware of her presence. Suddenly she looked up, and uttered a little cry, shrinking away from the dark figure. Then, as if her cry had loosened Grace's tongue, she began:

"Lois Barclay, did I ever do you any harm?" Grace did not know how often her want of loving kindness had pierced the tender heart of the stranger under her roof; nor did Lois remember it against her now. Instead, Lois's memory was filled with grateful thoughts of how much that might have been left undone, by a less conscientious person, her aunt had done for her, and she half stretched out her arms as to a friend in that desolate place, as she answered,

"Oh no, no! you were very good! very kind!"

But Grace stood immovable.

"I did you no harm, although I never rightly knew why you came to us."

"I was sent by my mother on her death-bed," moaned Lois, covering her face. It grew darker every instant. Her aunt stood, still and silent.

"Did any of mine ever wrong you?" she asked, after a time.

"No, no; never, till Prudence said——Oh, aunt, do you think I am a witch?" And now Lois was standing up, holding by Grace's cloak, and trying to read her face. Grace drew herself, ever so little, away from the girl, whom she dreaded, and yet sought to propitiate.

"Wiser than I, godlier than I, have said it. But, oh, Lois, Lois! he was my first-born. Loose him from the demon, for the sake of Him whose name I dare not name in this terrible building, filled with them who have renounced the hopes of their baptism; loose Manasseh from his awful state, if ever I or mine did you a kindness!"

"You ask me for Christ's sake," said Lois. "I can name that holy name—for oh, aunt! indeed, and in holy truth, I am no witch; and yet I am to die—to be hanged! Aunt, do not let them kill me! I am so young, and I never did any one any harm that I know of."

"Hush! for very shame! This afternoon I have bound my first-born with strong cords, to keep him from doing himself or us a mischief—he is so frenzied. Lois Barclay, look here!" and Grace knelt down at her niece's feet, and joined her hands as if in prayer—"I am a proud woman, God forgive me! and I never thought to kneel to any save to Him. And now I kneel at your feet, to pray you to release my children, more especially my son Manasseh, from the spells you have put upon them. Lois, hearken to me, and I will pray to the Almighty for you, if yet there may be mercy."

"I cannot do it; I never did you or yours any wrong. How can I undo it? How can I?" And she wrung her hands in intensity of conviction of the inutility of aught she could do.

Here Grace got up, slowly, stiffly, and sternly. She stood aloof from the chained girl in the remote corner of the prison cell near the door,

ready to make her escape as soon as she had cursed the witch, who would not, or could not, undo the evil she had wrought. Grace lifted up her right hand, and held it up on high, as she doomed Lois to be accursed for ever, for her deadly sin, and her want of mercy even at this final hour. And, lastly, she summoned her to meet her at the judgment-seat, and answer for this deadly injury done to both souls and bodies of those who had taken her in, and received her when she came to them an orphan and a stranger.

Until this last summons, Lois had stood as one who hears her sentence and can say nothing against it, for she knows all would be in vain. But she lifted her head when she heard her aunt speak of the judgment-seat, and at the end of Grace's speech she, too, lifted up her right hand, as if solemnly pledging herself by that action, and replied:

"Aunt! I will meet you there. And there you will know my innocence of this deadly thing. God have mercy on you and yours!"

Her calm voice maddened Grace, and making a gesture as if she plucked up a handful of dust off the floor, and threw it at Lois, she cried:

"Witch! witch! ask mercy for thyself—I need not your prayers. Witches' prayers are read backwards. I spit at thee, and defy thee!" And so she went away.

Lois sat moaning all that night through. "God comfort me! God strengthen me!" was all she could remember to say. She just felt that want, nothing more,—all other fears and wants seemed dead within her. And when the gaoler brought in her breakfast the next morning, he reported her as "gone silly;" for, indeed, she did not seem to know him, but kept rocking herself to and fro, and whispering softly to herself, smiling a little from time to time.

But God did comfort her, and strengthen her too. Late on that Wednesday afternoon, they thrust another "witch" into her cell, bidding the two, with opprobrious words, keep company together. The new comer fell prostrate with the push given her from without; and Lois, not recognising anything but an old ragged woman lying helpless on her face on the ground, lifted her up; and lo! it was Nattee—dirty, filthy indeed, mud-pelted, stone-bruised, beaten, and all astray in her wits with the treatment she had received from the mob outside. Lois held her in her arms, and softly wiped the old brown wrinkled face with her apron, crying over it, as she had hardly yet cried over her own sorrows. For hours she tended the old Indian woman—tended her bodily woes; and as the poor scattered senses of the savage creature came slowly back, Lois gathered her infinite dread of the morrow, when she, too, as well as Lois, was to be led out to die, in face of all that infuriated crowd. Lois sought in her own mind for some source of comfort for the old woman, who shook like one in the shaking palsy at the dread of death—and such a death.

When all was quiet through the prison in the deep dead midnight, the gaoler outside the door heard Lois telling, as if to a young child, the marvellous and sorrowful story of one who died on the cross for us and for our sakes. As long as she spoke, the Indian woman's terror seemed lulled; but the instant she paused, for weariness, Nattee cried out afresh, as if some wild beast were following her close through the dense forests in which she had dwelt in her youth. And then Lois went on, saying all the blessed words she could remember, and comforting the helpless Indian woman with the sense of the presence of a Heavenly Friend. And in comforting her, Lois was comforted; in strengthening her, Lois was strengthened.

The morning came, and the summons to come forth and die came. They who entered the cell found Lois asleep, her face resting on the slumbering old woman, whose head she still held in her lap. She did not seem clearly to know where she was when she awakened; the "silly" look had returned to her wan face; all she seemed to know was that somehow or another, through some peril or another, she had to protect the poor Indian woman. She smiled faintly when she saw the bright light of the April day; and put her arm round Nattee, and tried to keep the Indian quiet with hushing, soothing words of broken meaning, and holy fragments of the Psalms. Nattee tightened her hold upon Lois as they drew near the gallows, and the outrageous crowd below began to hoot and yell. Lois redoubled her efforts to calm and encourage Nattee, seemingly unconscious that any of the opprobrium, the hootings, the stones, the mud, was directed towards her herself. But when they took Nattee from her arms, and led her out to suffer first, Lois seemed all at once to recover her sense of the present terror. She gazed wildly around, stretched out her arms as if to some person in the distance, who was yet visible to her, and cried out once with a voice that thrilled through all who heard it, "Mother!" Directly afterwards the body of Lois the Witch swung in the air, and every one stood, with hushed breath, with a sudden wonder, like a fear of deadly crime, fallen upon them.

The stillness and the silence were broken by one crazed and mad, who came rushing up the steps of the ladder, and caught Lois's body in his arms, and kissed her lips with wild passion. And then, as if it were true what the people believed, that he was possessed by a demon, he sprang down, and rushed through the crowd, out of the bounds of the city, and into the dark dense forest, and Manasseh Hickson was no more seen of Christian man.

The people of Salem had awakened from their frightful delusion before the autumn, when Captain Holdernesse and Ralph Lucy came to find out Lois, and bring her home to peaceful Barford, in the pleasant country of England. Instead, they led them to the grassy grave where she lay at rest, done to death by mistaken men. Ralph Lucy shook the dust off his feet in quitting Salem, with a heavy, heavy heart; and lived a bachelor all his life-long for her sake.

Long years afterwards Captain Holdernesse

sought him out to tell him some news that he thought might interest the grave miller of the Avonside. Captain Holdernesse told him that in the previous year, it was then 1713, the sentence of excommunication against the witches of Salem was ordered in godly sacramental meeting of the church to be erased and blotted out, and that those who met together for this purpose "humbly requested the merciful God would pardon whatsoever sin, error, or mistake was in the application of justice through our merciful High Priest, who knoweth how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those that are out of the way." He also said that Prudence Hickson — now woman grown — had made a most touching and pungent declaration of sorrow and repentance before the whole church, for the false and mistaken testimony she had given in several instances, among which she particularly mentioned that of her cousin Lois Barclay. To all which Ralph Lucy only answered,

"No repentance of theirs can bring her back to life."

Then Captain Holdernesse took out a paper, and read the following humble and solemn declaration of regret on the part of those who signed it, among whom Grace Hickson was one:

"We, whose names are undersigned, being, in the year 1692, called to serve as jurors in court at Salem, on trial of many who were by some suspected guilty of doing acts of witchcraft upon the bodies of sundry persons; we confess that we ourselves were not capable to understand, nor able to withstand, the mysterious delusions of the powers of darkness, and prince of the air, but were, for want of knowledge in ourselves, and better information from others, prevailed with to take up with such evidence against the accused, as, on further consideration, and better information, we justly fear was insufficient for the touching the lives of any (Deut. xvii. 6), whereby we fear we have been instrumental, with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon ourselves and this people of the Lord the guilt of innocent blood; which sin, the Lord saith in Scripture, he would not pardon (2 Kings, xxiv. 4), that is, we suppose, in regard of his temporal judgments. We do, therefore, signify to all in general (and to the surviving sufferers in special) our deep sense of, and sorrow for, our errors, in acting on such evidence to the condemning of any person; and do hereby declare, that we justly fear that we were sadly deluded and mistaken, for which we are much disquieted and distressed in our minds, and do therefore humbly beg forgiveness, first of God for Christ's sake, for this our error; and pray that God would not impute the guilt of it to ourselves nor others; and we also pray that we may be considered candidly and aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the power of a strong and general delusion, utterly unacquainted with,
ters of that nature.

We do heartily a
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according to our prese
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the whole world; prayi
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you would bless the inher
he may be entreated for th
Foreman, T

To the reading of this paper R
no reply save this, even more gloomi

"All their repentance will avail
my Lois, nor will it bring back her life."

Then Captain Holdernesse spoke once m
and said that on the day of the general fast, ap
pointed to be held all through New England,
when the meeting-houses were crowded, an old,
old man with white hair had stood up in the place
in which he was accustomed to worship, and had
handed up into the pulpit a written confession,
which he had once or twice essayed to read for
himself, acknowledging his great and grievous
error in the matter of the witches of Salem, and
praying for the forgiveness of God and of his
people, ending with an entreaty that all then
present would join with him in prayer that his
past conduct might not bring down the displeasure of the Most High upon his country,
his family, or himself. That old man, who was
no other than Justice Sewall, remained standing
all the time that his confession was read; and
at the end he said, "The good and gracious God
be pleased to save New England and me and my
family." And then it came out that for years
past Judge Sewall had set apart a day for humiliation and prayer to keep fresh in his mind a sense
of repentance and sorrow for the part he had
borne in these trials, and that this solemn anniversary he was pledged to keep as long as he
lived, to show his feeling of deep humiliation.

Ralph Lucy's voice trembled as he spoke.
"All this will not bring my Lois to life again,
or give me back the hope of my youth."

But—as Captain Holdernesse shook his head
(for what word could he say, or how dispute what
was so evidently true)—Ralph added, "What is
the day, know you, that this justice has set apart?"

"The twenty-ninth of April."

"Then on that day will I, here at Barford in
England, join my prayers as long as I live with
the repentant judge, that his sin may be blotted
out and no more had in remembrance. She
would have willed it so."

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